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The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

Magazine

January
20 Cents

Norma Talmadge

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and
A Happy New Year
yours
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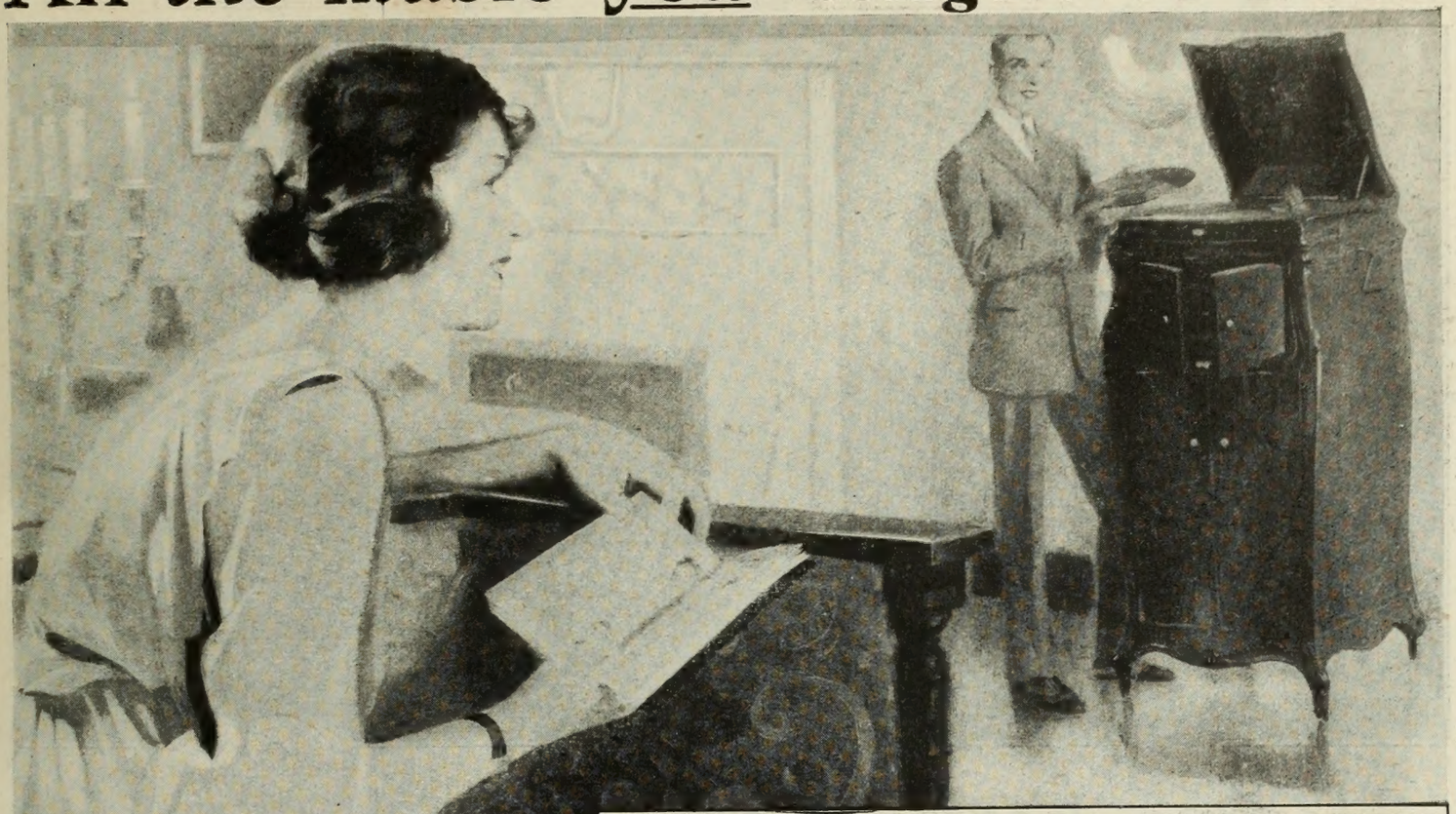
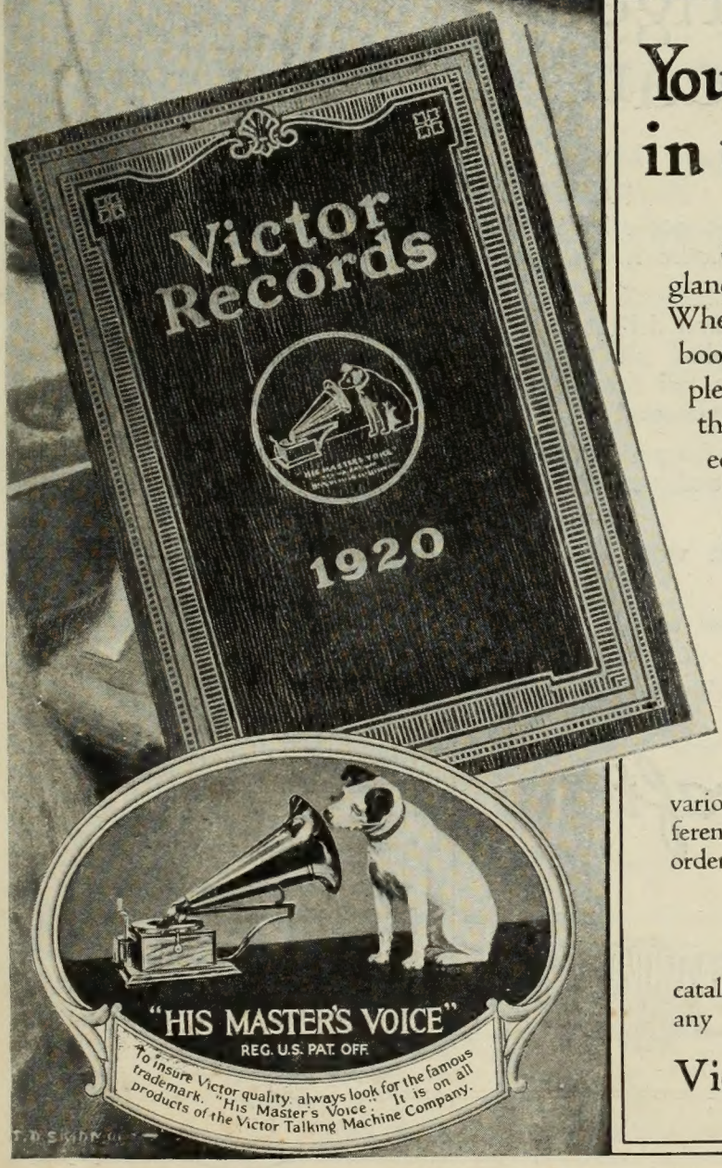
All the music you delight to hear





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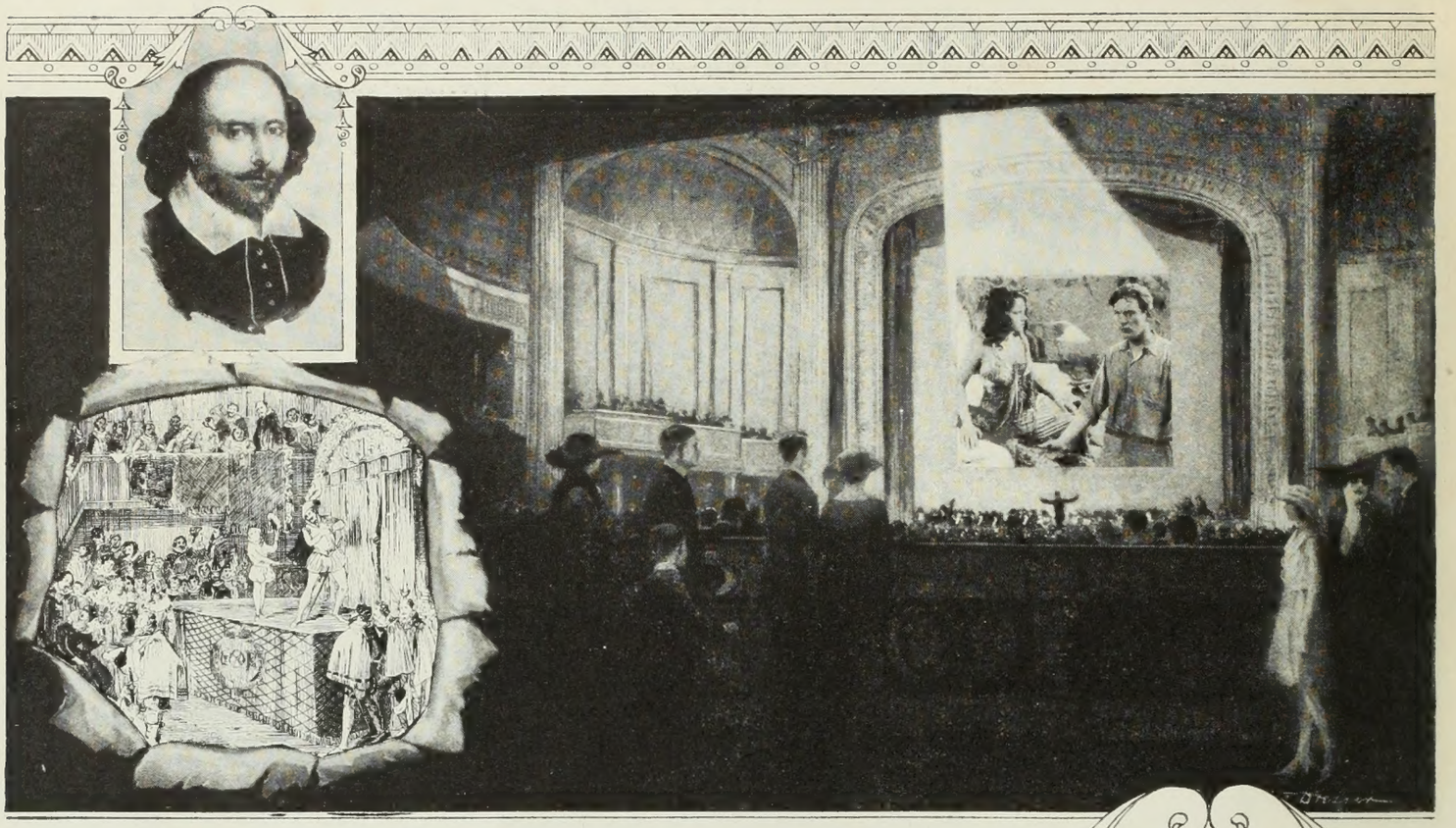

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JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVII No. 2

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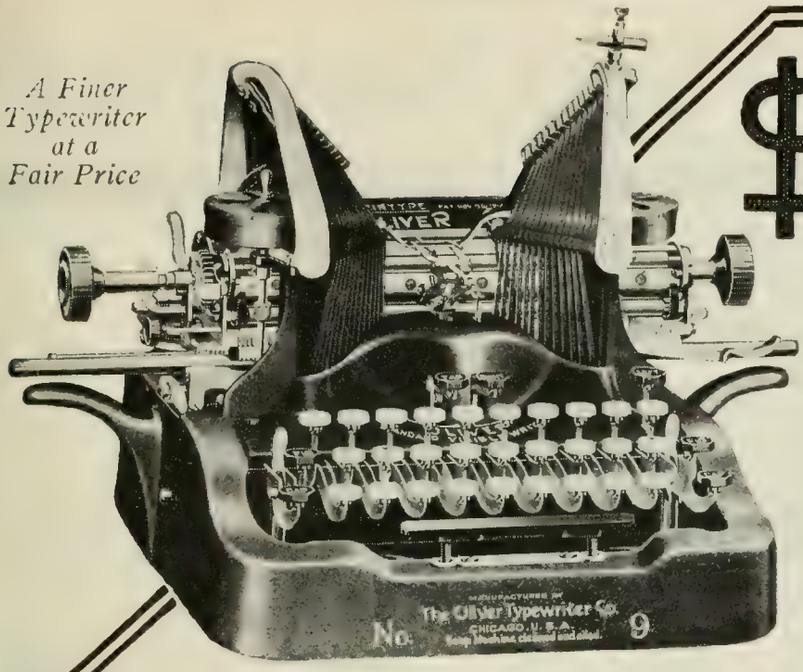

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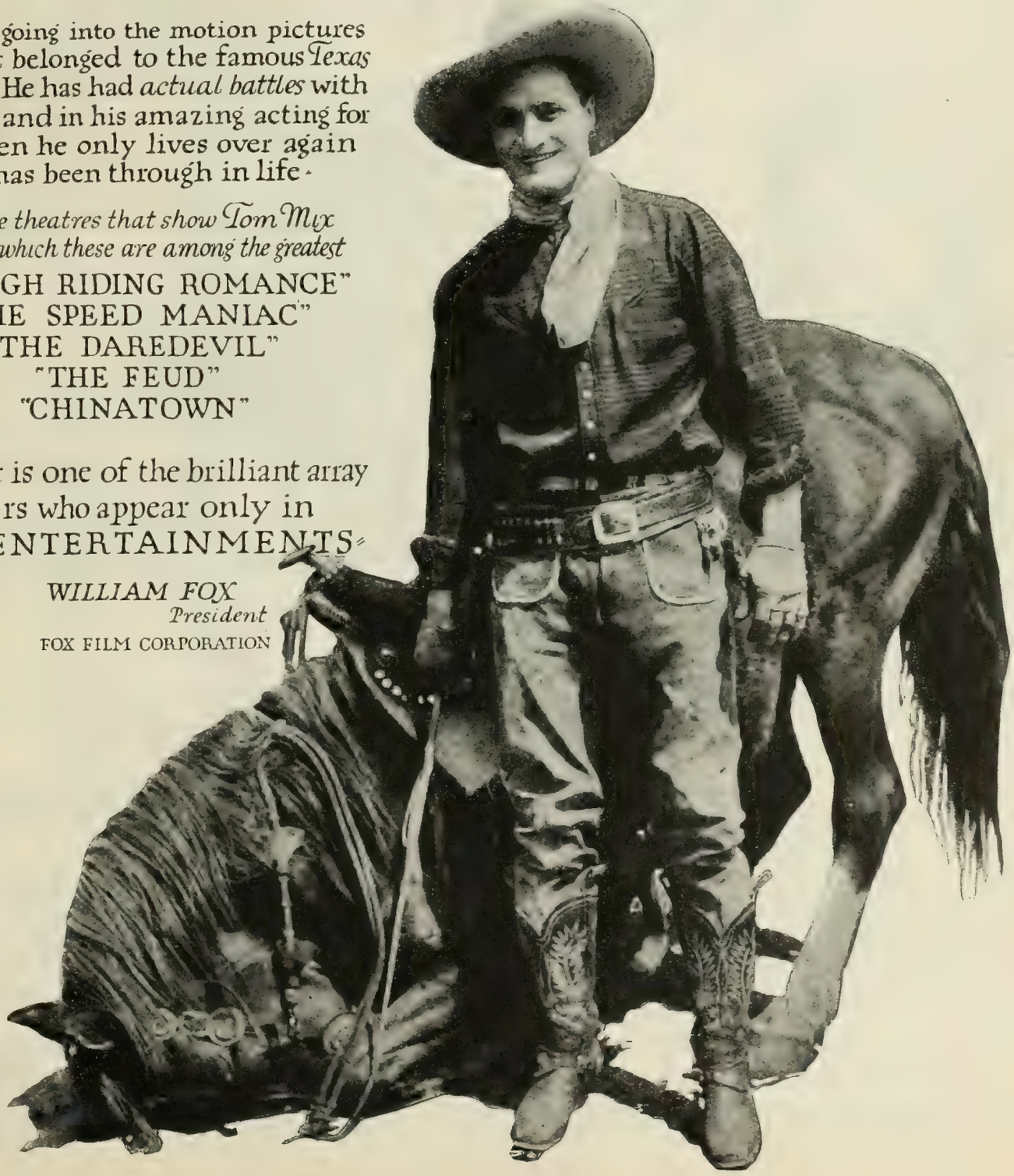

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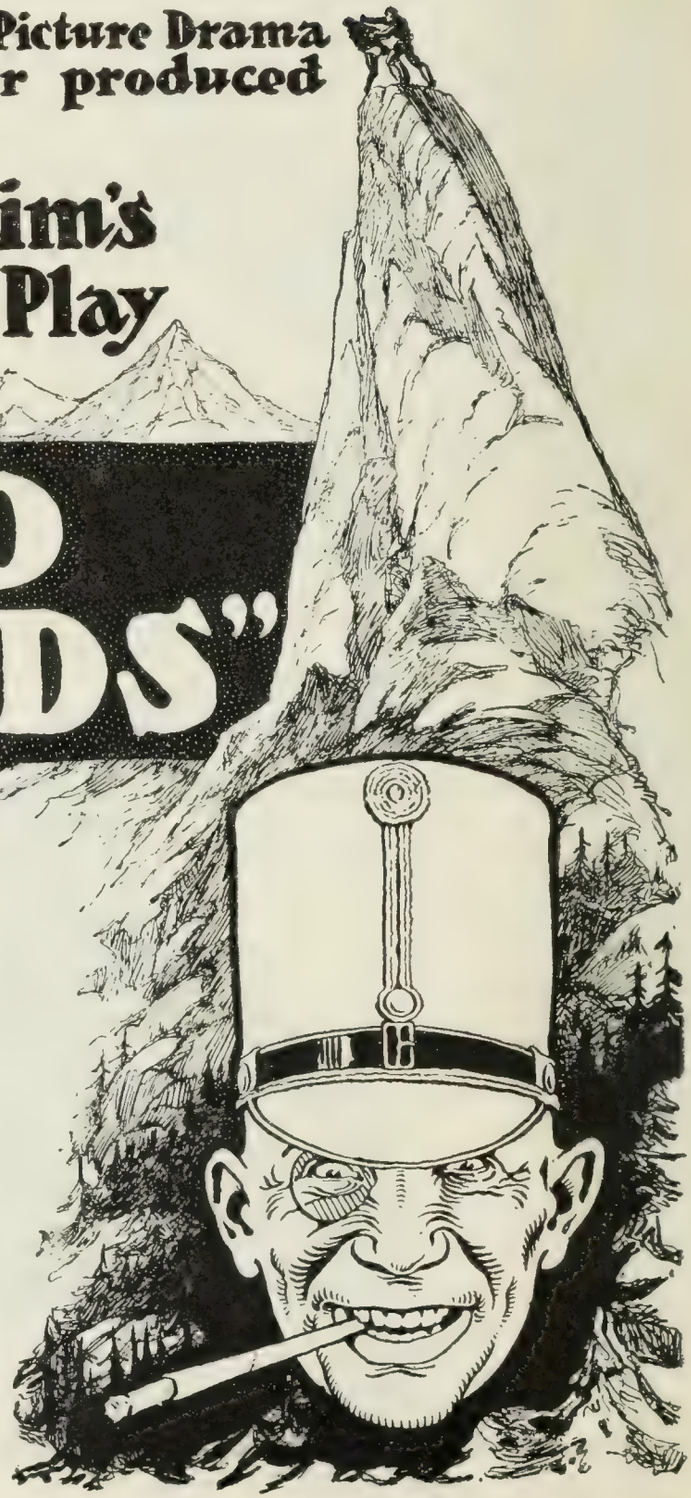

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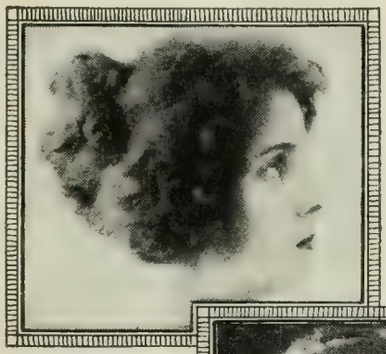

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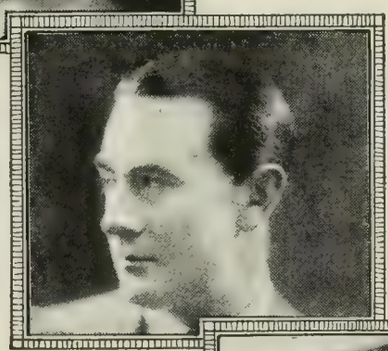

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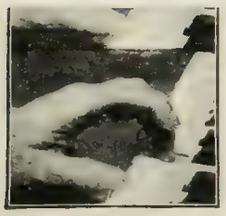
A Merry Christmas TWELVE TIMES

See Page 114



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NERVE EXHAUSTION

How We Become Shell-Shocked in Every-Day Life

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

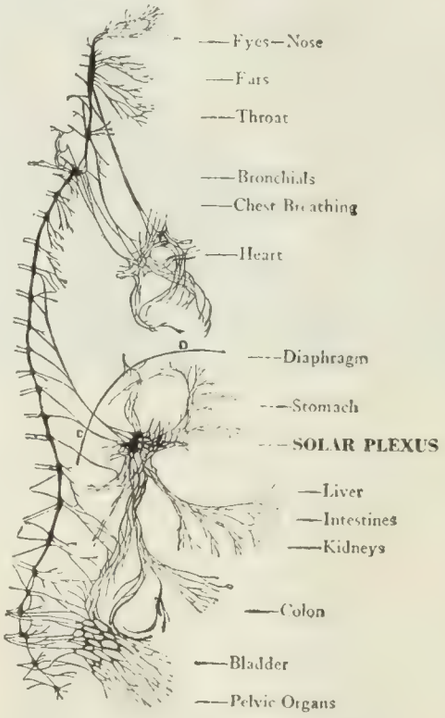
One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organ (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion, constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is, and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibres in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of today, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from every day Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Bound in cloth, 50 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The "FLU" Coming Again

A warning has been sent forth by the Board of Health of various cities that the Spanish Influenza will break out again this winter. Dr. Royal S. Copeland, the Health Commissioner of New York, is especially emphatic in this warning.

The "Flu" killed more than twice as many people during the few months that it raged than were killed in the war during the entire four years, and those who recovered from the disease were left seriously weakened in constitutional power. Over 6,000,000 died of the "Flu" in India alone.

The real cause of the "Flu" is not known. We know that it is a disease involving the respiratory tracts, therefore, by making these tracts healthier through breathing deeply, a great step will be made toward immunity. The proper method of breathing is described by diagrams in the book "Nerve Force."

Clothing the body scientifically is another important factor in the prevention of the "Flu." This subject and other important points are clearly and exhaustively discussed in a special 16 page booklet I have written on the Prevention of Colds. I shall agree to send a copy of this booklet free to purchasers of the book "Nerve Force," mentioned above. Address:

PAUL VON BOECKMANN,
Studio 55, 110 West 40th Street, New York

The Beauty Market

MAN visits the mart of commerce daily, to gamble with chance, and to battle with his own kind in the struggle for power and wealth, to buy . . . . Beauty.

WOMEN of Fashionable Society vie with each other in a struggle just as keen, to win position, to make a successful marriage, by selling . . . . Beauty.

BUT many are those who fail, and many who find that their triumphs are as dead sea fruit, that there is only bitternsss in the mercenary exchange of fashion—The Beauty Market.

WATCH YOUR THEATRE FOR

"The Beauty Market"

presenting

Katherine MacDonald

The American Beauty

The story of a girl struggling between the demands of her world of society for a marriage of wealth and position, and her desire to wed the man she really loves. What would you do in her place?

A First National — FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS CIRCUIT — *Special Attraction*

Produced by the Katherine MacDonald Pictures Corporation

Directed by Colin Campbell

If you long for more color

Use this famous treatment for rousing sluggish skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for five minutes with a piece of ice and dry carefully.

For pale, sallow skins requiring greater stimulation, use the NEW STEAM TREATMENT. You will find it in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

To make your skin noticeably lovely—Give it the regular care it had when you were a baby

WHEN you were a baby, your skin was exquisitely soft—clear, delicate—daintily rose-pink and white.

People loved to touch your rose-petal cheeks, your soft, smooth, little hands.

Do you ever stop to think what kept your skin so fine and soft? What is keeping it now from being as fine and soft as it can be?

No matter how you have neglected your skin, you *can* make it exquisite in texture. You *can* have the glorious color of youth. You must begin at once to give your skin the tender, regular care it received when you were a baby.

Every night before retiring, cleanse it thoroughly—just as thoroughly as a baby's skin is cleansed every night. If your skin has lost its delicacy and clearness, use the particular Woodbury treatment indicated for its needs.

Do you want more color? Are your pores enlarged? Have you disfiguring blemishes or blackheads? These conditions are the result of neglect and the constant exposure to which your skin is subjected. The right Woodbury treatment, used nightly, will correct them.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and have your first treatment tonight. The feeling the first two or three treatments leave on your skin will tell you how much good its regular use is going to do you. In a week or ten days you will begin to notice a decided improvement—the greater clearness, smoothness, fineness and color you long for.

Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 cents.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., 501 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens, Co., Limited, 501 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." It contains scientific advice on the skin and scalp, and full directions for all the famous Woodbury treatments.

CONSTANCE BINNEY has become one of the busiest young ladies of the theatre. After a day's work at the studio—on "Erstwhile Susan," her first starring vehicle—she speeds to a playhouse where she speaks her lines in "39 East".

Alfred Cheney Johnston

ALTHOUGH Ina Claire has not cast her shadow on the silversheet lately, you will remember her in "The Puppet Crown". Now she is the principal player in a new David Belasco comedy, "The Gold Diggers," running in Manhattan.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

AS the lovely figurante of purposeful pictures, Corinne Griffith fulfills the rosy predictions made for her when she was playing small parts. She is very southern, Corinne, and frankly confesses she rides no hobbies.

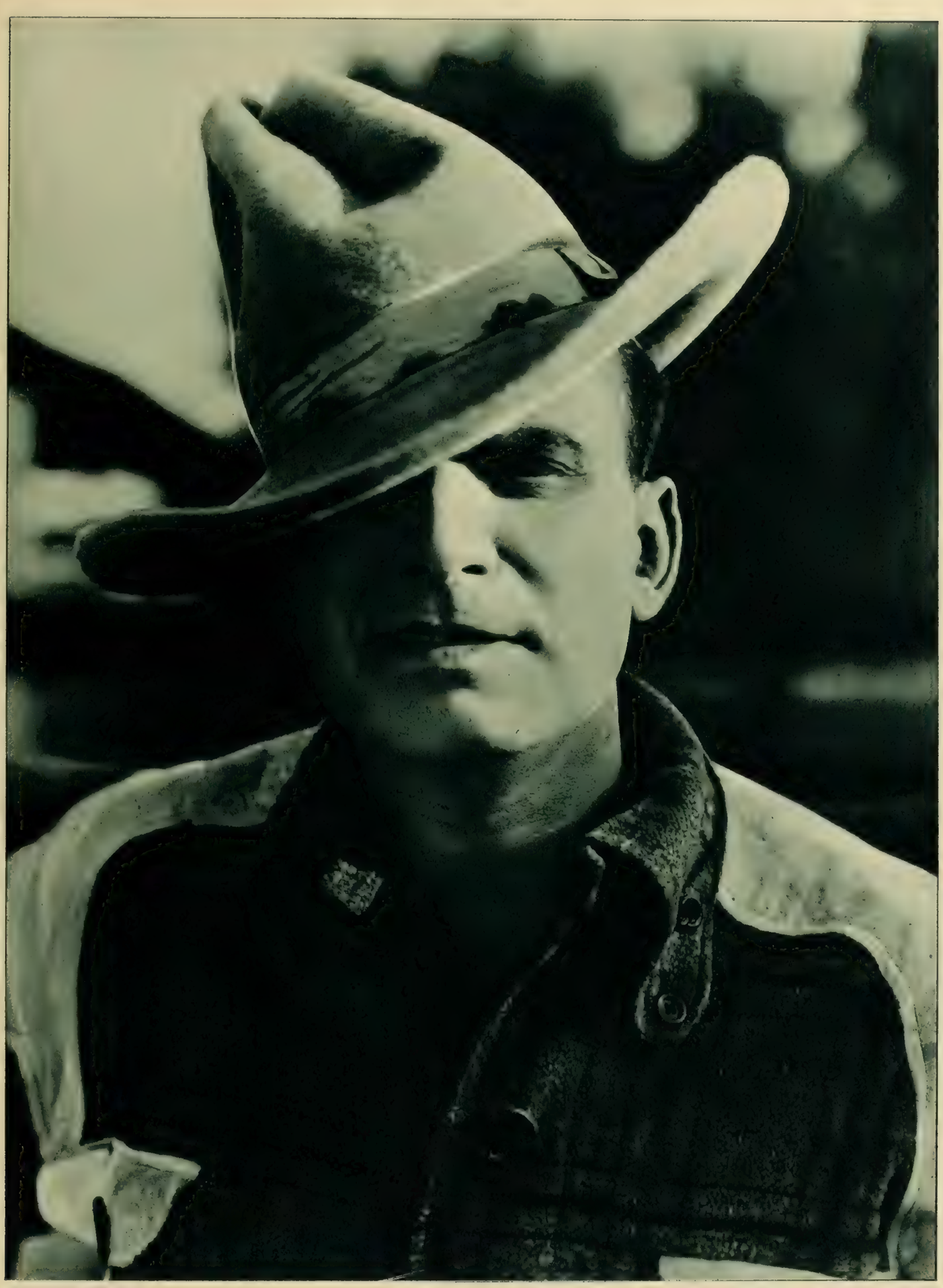
Hixon-Connelly, K.C.

SIMPLY—a new portrait of Wally. And from this correct resemblance you'd never believe that one of Mr. Reid's early parts was that of the heroic if grimy blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation". He's "The Lottery Man" now.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

ZENA KEEFE, destined for early stardom, is one of the youngest veterans in pictures—meaning that, while her film experience has been long and varied, she's so young that close-ups hold no terrors for her.

ALAN FORREST holds the record for screen fidelity. He was Mary Miles Minter's leading man for three years, when the little blonde was with American. He did a serial for Universal, and now he is playing opposite May Allison.



A BIT rough and western, what? Douglas Fairbanks is slinging a wicked sneer here, but the name of his new picture is "Cheer Up!" He always seems glad to have an opportunity to wear a woolly shirt and a tilted stetson.

WE have never been proficient in mathematics, but we're willing to wager that none of the ladies who figure in the Ziegfeld entertainments have anything on Sennett's Phyllis Haver. Hasn't she grown amazingly, these last few months?

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

Vol. XVII January, 1920 No. 2

The Law of Example

HERE and there in verse we come across some version or other of the rhapsodic exclamation, "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws!"

Investigation proves that it was Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun who wrote with a great deal of cool truth in 1703: "I once knew a very wise man who believed if one were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

The fact remains that the law of example has always been of more far-reaching influence than the law of the statute-books. Whenever an art has become part of a people's daily life it has been more than a reflection; it has been a hand-book of manners and morals; a code of existence.

The great art of the Greeks gave its form to every phase of Hellenic existence. The more monumental arts of the Egyptians became the thing they lived for. The luxurious commerical arts of Augustan Rome became the daily pattern of the Imperial world. The splendors of the Italian Renaissance were reflected in a corresponding uplift of all the cities from whence they shone—and who shall say whether the awakening of the people made the art, or whether the art awakened the people? Assuredly the rise of a grand literature in Elizabethan England reflected a day of power, but as surely the English culture of today has its roots implanted in the deep subsoil of Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

The Motion Picture in America is the most comprehensive movement toward a universal art-expression in several centuries. The picture is an admitted force, but if it is to be a force for betterment it must mirror life—not a saccharine make-believe nor a perverse existence. We can adjust our moral make-up in a mirror, but not in the distorting glasses of Coney Island. The songs of our day are for the eyes, and in the great art that we have created there rises a law potent though unsummoned: the law of example.

Clarks or Williams

PROBABLY it's neither—or both. Mr. and Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams seem to be equal partners in their marriage concern, and while she is by no means merely an officer's wife, his activities prove that he is considerably more than merely an actress' husband. Before her marriage Miss Clark was quite averse to working on the West Coast, but the possibilities of a real home in the wide spaces of yard and room which California affords seems to have completely overcome that feeling. Her whole photoplay reputation was based on pictures made in and around New York City.

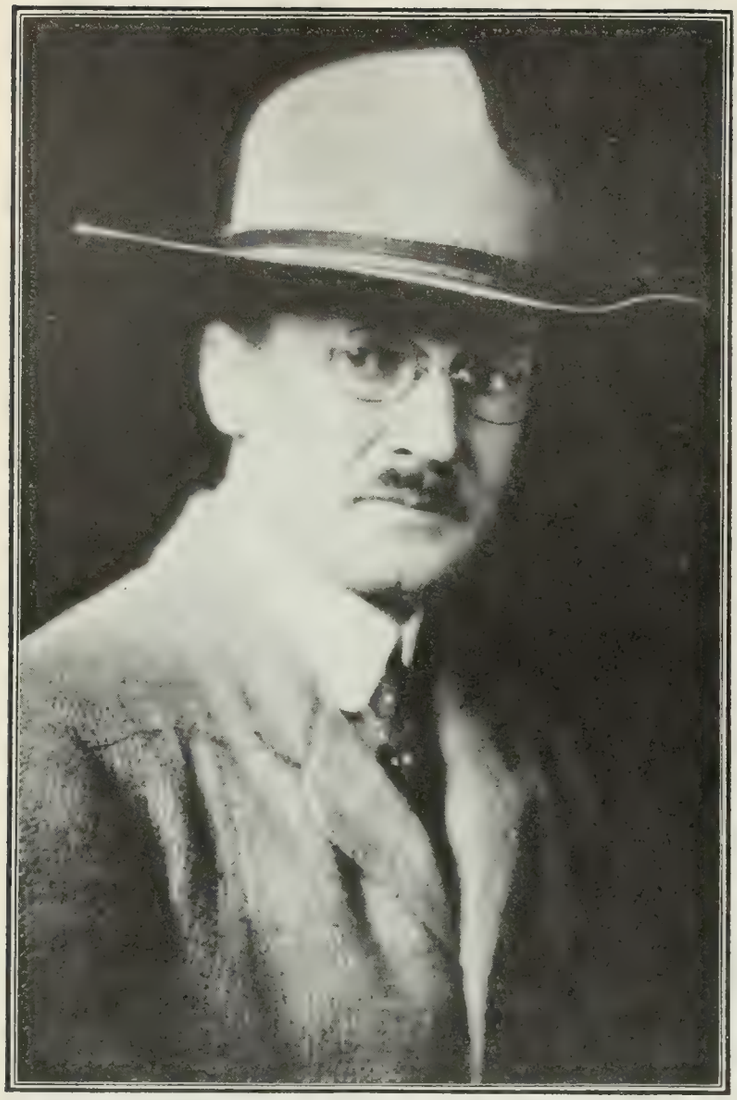
At the left, Marguerite Clark — a doll figure, veritably! — in the drawing-room of her splendid house.

AT the side of the house is a garden of multicolored flowers. It reminds you of a millionaire's conservatory in the cold countries during midwinter, except that instead of possessing glass for a roof it has the blue sky, and its warm winds are not the exhalations of steam pipes and artificial humidors, but the breezes of the Pacific, warmed in the radiance of semi-tropic sunshine. The house itself is white, and at a distance it looks like a white jewel in an emerald setting.

ville burg?

THIS is the first photograph the Williamses have had taken since he dropped Lieutenant and whipcord, to resume civies and Mister. Also, this is very first series of pictures of their lovely home. To those who do not know Los Angeles, let us say that the Williams' choice of a home on Wilshire Boulevard, rather than on Sunset or Hollywood or any of their adjacent streets, speaks volumes for their love of quiet and high-class conservatism. Wilshire is the aristocratic Way of social Los Angeles, a westering thoroughfare of wealth and fashion. The other streets are the brilliant avenues of filmdom itself, and are much more professional.

Directly below, you may behold Marguerite Williams and a lot of other flowers. At the right of this floral observation, an apartment which might be described by almost any genius at naming things as the music-room.



A talk with Stewart Edward White makes you feel like a six year old at the circus.

49 *rhinoceroses*
17 *elephants*
52 *buffalo*
27 *leopards*

And here is a lion fight yarn that will thrill you—if you are thrillable.

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

NO, the list above is not a new version of the animals that went in two by two nor a list of the 1919 tenants of Mr. Noah's well known ark.

Merely a leaf from the sporting notebook of Stewart Edward White, famous author, sportsman, society favorite and major of the California Grizzlies during their recent service in France.

Novelists as a general thing aren't thrilling talkers. But when I got through with Stewart Edward White I felt like a six-year-old who has just seen his first circus. I had learned so much and so intimately about lions that if I'd met one on Hollywood Boulevard I should have walked up to shake hands.

Mr. White, who a short time ago burst into the movies with a picturization of his well known novel "The Westerners," had been lured from his fashionable Burlingame home to the movie precincts of Hollywood to see a preview of his first screen venture. He slipped unobtrusively into the dim lobby of the Hollywood Hotel and no doubt cherished fond visions of being able to slip out the same way.

Doubtless the majority of the celebrities and satellites that frequent that section of moviedom failed to connect the sandy, slender man in worn and unfashionable tweeds with the mighty hunter who once slew four lions in about as many minutes. Frankly, he looks most harmless. I darn near overlooked him myself. In which case I should not have had a peep into the famous notebook nor heard about the greatest lion battle ever staged single-handed by a white man in Africa.

The news recently drifted through from England that the British Government during its campaign against the Germans in East Africa used the maps of routes and waterholes made and explored for the first time by White during his 22-months trip into this unknown section, also carried the tip as to the four lions.

Now Mr. White didn't want to talk about it, never had talked about it and, except for his conscience and my previous knowledge, would have denied it flatly. Under the terrific fire of my cross examination he admitted the feat, and when he once got warmed up on his favorite topic of lions, I was able to sit back and listen. Since he tells it much better than I can ever hope to write it, I can give you his own version of the thrilling battle, probably one of the most daring, unusual and startling encounters that ever took place in the dense jungles of Africa between a white man and wild beasts.

"It was really quite simple," he said, trying not to look as annoyed as he felt, "nothing to talk about, you know. The lions had been bothering a bit, roaring at night, so that we couldn't get the sleep we needed and so on this particular morning I wandered out to see if I could dig up any of 'em. I was strolling along with my gun bearer when over the top of an ant hill—they're about three feet high out there—I saw a big lioness peeping at me.

"I took a pop at her for luck and her tail flipped up, which is generally a pretty good obituary. Just then, a lion stepped around the corner of the ant hill and paused to look at me accusingly. His suspicions evidently being justified, he started for me and I let him have it, stopping him with a wound in his shoulder. I glanced down at my gun and when I looked up, there, on the other side of the ant hill stood the most magnificent lion I ever saw. When we measured him later the top of his head stood even with my shoulder.

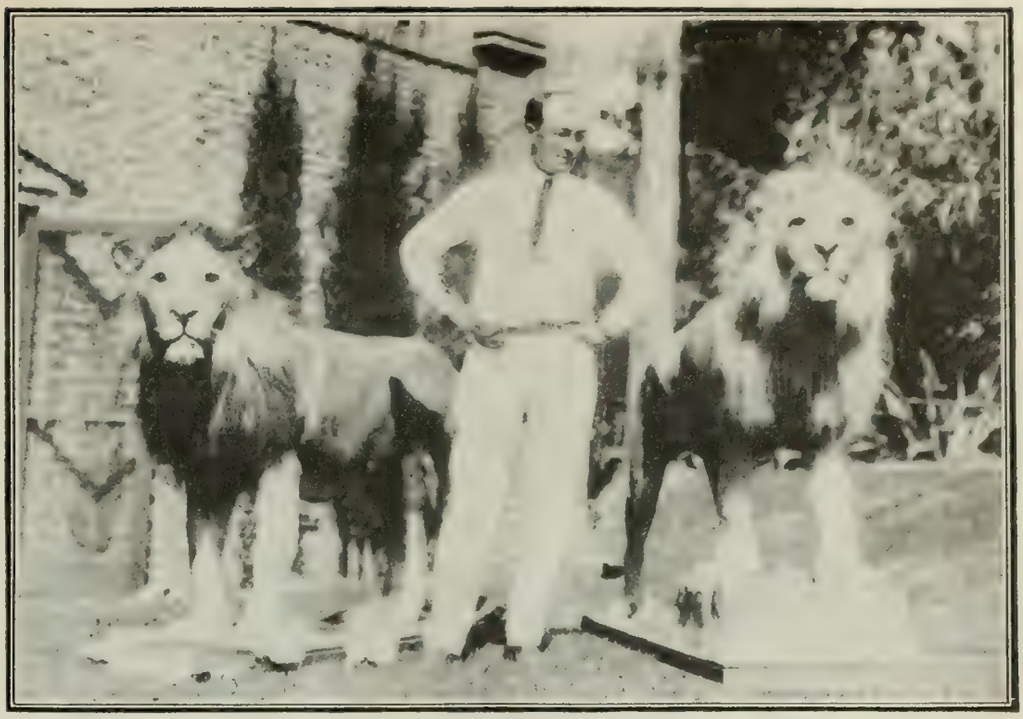
"Right there I made one of those mistakes that lead the murderer to the gallows. Instead of finishing up the first lion, who came back just then, I took a shot at this new one because he was such a beauty. I only wounded him and both of them started for me. At precisely the same moment the old lady had a resurrection. Where the fourth one came from I never knew. Apparently he materialized out of blue air. If the remains had not been present afterwards, I should have believed him the figment of my overwrought brains—which was slightly overbalanced on the subject of lions just then.

"From that time on it was like trying to shut a door on a bunch of puppies—you shove it closed, but you never get 'em all at the same time—some darn fool always has his nose out. My gun bearer was a good boy and he stuck. Otherwise the entire bunch deserted. The trees around there rained darkies for half an hour afterwards. I'm admitting freely if it hadn't been for maintaining my prestige as a little tin god with those savages, I'd probably hold the African altitude record myself. But I decided that I might as well be eaten by a nice, clean lion as sliced up by a bunch of black heathens. But for a while there was hardly any place I could think of where I wouldn't rather have been.

"One lion is sport, two are thrilling, but three is indecent and four is like the prohibition amendment—they can't do it. Lion shooting is sport but excess is always a curse.

"I shot 18 times and luckily only missed three times. I put 15 shots into the four. The last lion was just four feet away when I got him.

—And a Couple of Lions!



Two of the four lions—martyrs to the fallacy that one man is not equal to four such big kitties. Picture taken at Mr. White's Burlingame home. At the left—the African Chief and two of his wives, whom he offered to lend to Mr. White on his lion-hunting expedition.

"Lions are good sports as well as good sport," he went on, after a reminiscent pause. "They are game, they are courageous, they can take an enormous amount of punishment. They have dignity and a sense of humor.

"A lion will never attack you in the day time unless you annoy him or start something. He will pass you by with dignity, not to say disdain. I have never known a lion to attack in daylight unprovoked. So invariable is this rule that when once a lion seemingly attacked me without cause, I investigated, to find that the old devil had my entire sympathy.

"I was walking along the edge of a ravine when a lion suddenly charged me from the brush. It was so unusual that when I had shot him I slipped around to see if I could discover what was up. As I reached the far end, I saw a beautiful lioness just leaving. The ravine was a delightful spot and near the center I found a fat zebra, freshly killed and hardly touched. The old sport had picked out this spot and invited a lady friend to luncheon. No wonder he jumped when I disturbed him. Better men than he have done the same.

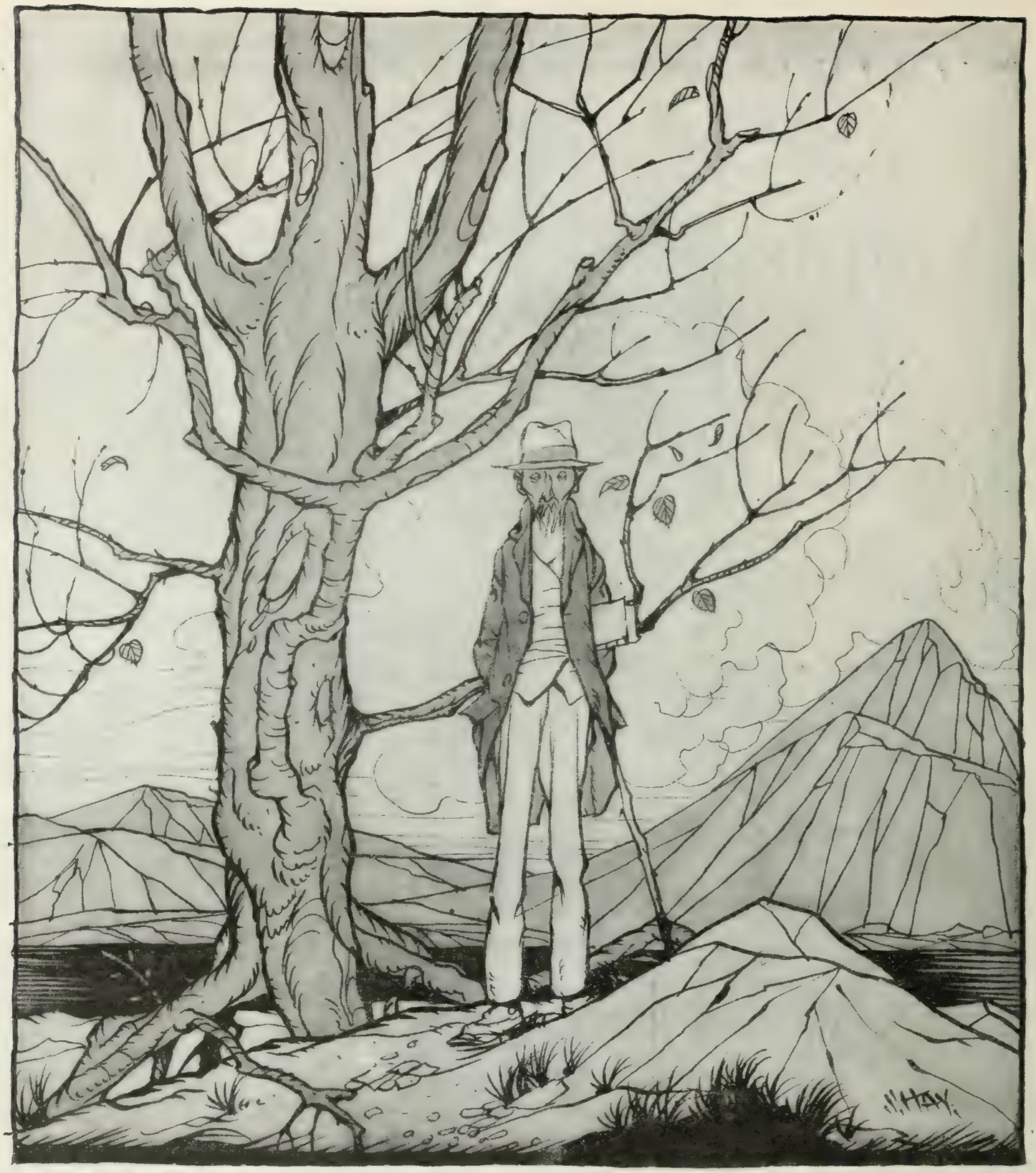
"People have the impression that a lion charges in bounds, because when he runs he bounces along the ground. But that isn't true. He charges exactly as a dog goes after a ball. I was attacked by one once and my traveling companion, who had an analytical mind and a stop watch, was sitting on top of a bluff some distance away. He was too far to give me any assistance, so he took out his watch and timed the bird between a rock and a tree. We reduced it afterward to terms of a hundred yards and discovered he was running in 7 flat. Which shows that speed is necessary in dealing with them.

"If you get the jump on a lion you can embarass and bluff him out of everything. He is not afraid, only annoyed." (I was willing to take his word for it.) "Of course at night in Africa no man who doesn't court death will step outside the light of his camp fire.

"There was a fellow in one part of the country who was known as 'the friend of the lion.' He had succeeded in getting certain game laws passed in their favor. He had a motorcycle and while he was riding it across the veldt one day he accidentally ran over some good old lion's tail. You have doubtless seen a dog chase a motorcycle, but

(Continued on page 129)

Mr. White with R. J. Cunninghame, the famous lion-hunter and guide of the Roosevelt expedition.



The Censor

By Randolph Bartlett

Illustration by S. Hay

THE censor lives in a world, not made by God, but by his own dismal imagination.

When God made His world, all living things "male and female created he them"; the censor's world is sexless.

God made sunlight in which men and women should know joy and laughter; the censor fears happiness and shrouds his world in gloom.

God clothed His world in brilliant colors, flowers and grass and leaves; the censor looks upon these as "the devil's gauds," and his world is barren.

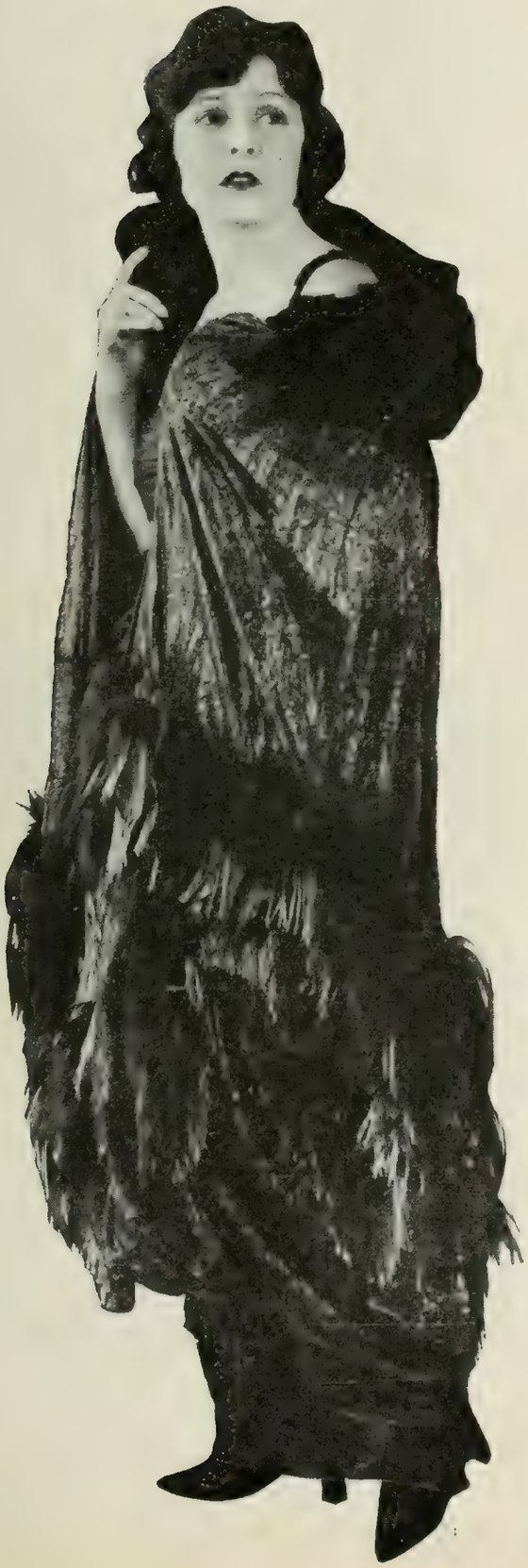
In the censor's world men and women cannot love and children cannot be born.

God's world is a world of love and life; the censor's world is a world of suspicion and fear and death.

Look Who's Been Shopping!

Pictures that show us how we would appear were we as fair as Norma Talmadge and as well gowned.

Suggestive of war-time days is the smart little hat with its military-like visor which Miss Talmadge wears at such a bewitching angle. Of gold embroidered brocade shot with black, it is very up to date with its monkey fur and raw ostrich feather trimming placed at the top of the crown.



Miss Talmadge chooses for her evening wrap a gorgeous affair of black and silver brocade. Forming a most becoming background is the large collar of black velvet which is also used to face the sides. Monkey fur, of course, is the trimming, but to enhance its silky blackness a fringe of heavy silver cord is used under each row of fur

There is nothing to take the place of a smartly tailored trotteur and this is the type of frock which Miss Talmadge so very effectively wears for the busy hours of the day. Of puritan-like simplicity, it has a narrow collar and cuffs and a tucked vestee of sheerest organdy. The black grosgrain ribbon tie is an attractive addition.

Norma Talmadge is just the type to bring out the gracefulness of this draped frock. Satin with the most lustrous sheen is used for the girdle and cleverly draped skirt while georgette of matching color forms the waist collared and cuffed with the daintiest of net and lace. A single ornament with an enormous tassel is the only trimming a model so clever as she requires.

It has been rightly said that black satin is the most striking color. And indeed who would not look with special interest at a black satin frock having a lace underskirt and trimmings of jet where it is set off by the gleaming whiteness of beautiful neck and arms. Frances knew this when she designed it.

There is nothing left to be desired in furs when one is the happy possessor of this coat from Russek's. Baby lamb being the material it is easily draped and so in draping this coat gets its smart effect. The voluminous sleeves in kimono style are widely cuffed with chinchilla and this same fur makes the cape collar of unusual shape.

We don't know who to admire most—Russek for making such a wonderful ermine coat, or Frances for such a bewitching, thoroughly youthful frock. We can't see much of the coat but we're glad Norma did not entirely cover the soft drapings of this satin and lace model.

Frances was daring but nevertheless most successful in the satin frock of purple—over-bloused with terra cotta chiffon—and as if that were not enough, there's green, blue and yellow worsted embroidery for good measure.

When she is very, very youthful—well, no matter, we can't all enjoy a baby lamb coat richly but nevertheless youthfully trimmed with squirrel. And when there's a robin's egg blue brim to a squirrel hat that has tiny buds for trimming, one is bound to sigh over the years that have passed since sweet sixteen. Why did Russek do it?

The Pope's Pictures

By REV. WILL W. WHALEN

The Catholic Church is now a successful producer of photoplays, intended as wholesome entertainment rather than propaganda.

IT is estimated that more than one million Catholics attend the movies daily. Some of them attend their own pictures, produced for them, and exhibited by them.

There is in New York City the Catholic Art Association, which is three years old and looks as if it has come to stay. In three years it has turned out three pictures, with a still-unnamed eight-reeler in embryo. It makes its appeal to its own people, but it is not a busy puritan trying to legislate all pleasure out of the other fellow's existence.

O. E. Goebel is the scenario writer, the director, and the distributor of the films. None of the ordinary release channels are used. The association has its own corps of agents, its offices in all the principal cities. It doesn't advertise in the moving picture journals. The pulpits hand out all the boosts these pictures need.

The first picture made by the association was "The Victim," dealing with the confessional. This was a nine-reel feature. Then came "The Transgressor." Later the association sent out "The Light Eternal," a pictured life of Christ.

A scene from the Catholic Art Association's photoplay, "The Victim."

O. E. Goebel, president of the Catholic Art Association, and author, director and distributor of its films. Below, a scene from "The Transgressor."

Tito laughed joyously. "How can I expect you to have the face and body like that, and be shut up like a nun?"

LOMBARDI, Ltd.

In which it is revealed that the rarest gift of money is leisure to those in pursuit of love.

By
DOROTHY ALLISON

THE atelier of Tito Lombardi shone warm and glowing and rose-hued in the spring sunshine which crept through its spacious skylight. A brilliant medley of tapestry, statues, draperies and antiques of all kinds, it might have been the favorite room of a millionaire connoisseur. Nevertheless, it was known to thousands on the social register as the sanctum-sanctorum of the most exclusive designer this side of Paris.

At this precise moment, however, the master of the establishment was not concerned with robes and fabrics. He was standing beside the model throne engaged in a half earnest, half bantering conversation with a girl who posed there in an easy attitude although she was obviously conscious of the power of her beauty. For her beauty was undeniable in spite of the shallow brown eyes and the selfish lines of her wonderfully carved lips. But these defects are not apparent when one is twenty and a symphony of curves, flesh-tints and a certain charm. And Phyllis Manning was all of this and more.

"And do I not give you lots of things and spend my monee to make you happy?" Tito was asking anxiously, his dark, vivid face upturned to the blond head of the girl. "And is there anything between us which is not good? No, no, Carissima."

"You're just the best man alive," Phyllis answered purringly. "When I think what you have done for me! The other girls just die of envy. And to think you've never even kissed me! Why have you never kissed me, Tito?"

Tito smiled with a flash of white teeth and then grew serious instantly.

"Listen, bambina, I tell you. Me, I am queer fellow. All the girls, the pretty girls who work here, they not understand me. One girl—that little what you call imp Daisy—she think when she come here that she must let me give her the kiss to hold her job. She follow me around my shop to make what she call 'the sacrifice.' At first I no understand, then I do and I get the scare. This I am not used to. All my girls they are good girls, they make 'no sacrifice.' I do not—what you say—know they are alive.

"Do you know why this is so, carissimo?" he went on, his soft brown eyes growing more tender. "It is because one woman she has all my dreams and hopes. When she say, 'Tito I love you, I be your wife,' then there will be that kiss for which I wait so long. But till then, never."

Phyllis seated herself more artistically on the model stool and answered his passionate tones in her own icy, composed voice

"You know I never promised to marry you!" said Phyllis, the mannequin. "I said I'd try to love you—and I will!"

"I must have my career first, Tito," she said calmly. "You know I want to become a great actress before I marry. Marriage is so sort of final. And I must leave you now."

"Where you go, sole mio?" Tito asked caressingly.

A slightly embarrassed expression flitted across Phyllis' perfect features.

"A friend of mine, a Mr. Tarrant, has asked me to go for a spin in the park," she said nervously. "A rich broker. I met him at a party. Are you jealous?"

Tito laughed joyously. "How can I expect you to have the face and body like that and be shut up like a nun? Of course every man in this world is craze for you. Carissima, when I do not trust you I do not love you."

"Well, I'm off then," said the girl carelessly. "Au'voir, old dear. Thank you for everything." And with a kiss blown from her pink fingers, she was gone.

Tito stood in the long room in which dusk was fast gathering. So engrossed was he in the memory of Phyllis' beauty that he failed to see the figure of a young girl which entered softly and stood near the model throne watching him. It was the figure of Norah, his devoted assistant, who had been his right hand ever since he started his establishment in a small shop on lower Fifth Avenue. Her beauty was not as obvious, as blatant as that of Phyllis, but a keen eye could have seen that it was undeniable in spite of her plain, somber shop dress.

"Tito," she said gently.

He turned sharply at the sound of her voice and welcomed her with an elaborate, Italian gesture.

"Ah, Norah, my little friend, how it goes to-day?" he beamed. "But you have not the care-free air. Is it Hodgkins who bothers you with those so tiresome accounts?"

"It is only for your sake that we are worried, Tito," the girl said gravely. "Hodgkins would not be a good business manager if he did not tell you how involved your affairs are. You could free yourself from debt if you would collect the money people owe you."

"But these people, they are my friends," Tito remonstrated. "You do not make a dun on a friend, Norah."

Norah's piquant face first frowned, then dimpled. "You're impossible, Tito," she said gently. "Run along now to the reception-room. Mrs. Warrington Brown is waiting for you, that fat wife of the oil magnate, you remember. She says you promised her a gown that is 'different.'"

Tito arose languidly and started toward the door. "I make her the gown called 'The Husband at Home.' Very restful, very chic and a little bit naughty. But that fat woman! With all my genius, the gown would keep her husband at home. She spoil the day for me."

He went out, murmuring imprecations on the unhappy dowager. Norah, her face betraying the love which she never hinted at in his presence, followed, to quiet his mutterings as they neared the patron. Long ago, she had accepted his passion for Phyllis, and with the poise of her firm little character she had learned to treat him merely as her friend and employer. But she could not help her dreams or the look of longing that would creep into her eyes when she knew he could not see it.

Just now, however, her mind was not on her own troubles. Lida Moore, a show-girl, and her devoted friend for years, had telephoned that she was in great trouble and must see her at once. Norah had left word that she was to be shown into the private office of the establishment, but she was unprepared for the girl's entrance as she rushed in, tear-stained, sobbing, half-hysterical.

When Norah had soothed her until her words became more coherent, she told the old, old story of violated trust and brief, shattered happiness.

"You never knew, Norah," she sobbed. "I tried to keep it from you. I wish I had never left here. Tito was so good to me and you and Mollie were like big sisters. But I did leave, and I suppose you know the rest."

"I only know what the girls have gossiped about," said Norah steadily. "They said you had moved into a wonderful apartment and had a big blue car and gorgeous furs and a string of pearls. Lida, I know what your salary is and you couldn't do all that unless some man—who is he, Lida?"

"I had hoped you wouldn't hear," said the other dully. "Well, here are the pearls, the car is outside and the man is the man I love.

"And he has left me," she went on, her voice again rising to hysteria. "He has gone to someone as young as I was when he first met me. He made me a settlement and left. There was nothing I could do. 'Good-by, Lida,' he said, 'I wish it hadn't been you,'" and with another outburst of self-pity, the girl threw herself full length on the chaise-longue.

Norah bent over her, aching with pity. "The brute," she murmured. "But he isn't worth one of your tears, Lida. You must forget him and love some decent man as your husband—an honorable love."

"Never in all my life," sobbed the girl, "can I care for anyone as I have for Robert Tarrant."

At the name, Norah suppressed a gasp of recognition. She had met Tarrant on one of the trips he had made to the atelier to see Phyllis. She had also reason to believe that Phyllis had lied about the nature of the "harmless drives" which she and Tarrant had taken. But she said nothing to Lida, only quieted her with caresses and words of hope until she was composed enough to make her way back into the car again.

Meanwhile a little romance of a far more cheerful nature was progressing in the anteroom just off the atelier. The heroine was the diminutive "Daisy," who had startled Tito with her willingness to be "sacrificed," and the hero was Riccardo Tosello, whose

wealth as a "vermicelli king" had for years made him the target for ambitious mannequins with object, matrimony. Daisy, however, knew him not as the "vermicelli king." To her he was simply "Ricky," a handsome young Italian who hung about the place out of working hours. When she asked him what he did, he told her that he "ran an automobile," and neglected to mention that the huge touring car which he drove was his own.

Just now Ricky was pouring a flood of persuasive language into Daisy's pink ear while she listened half frightened, half fascinated.

"Say, duckie, I must have you, just naturally must," he insisted. "And you might just as well slip me that 'Yes' now because I'll bother you to death till you do. Come on—won't you have me, lovey?"

"Are you offering me marriage?" asked Daisy primly.

"Surest thing you know," he answered with conviction. "Honorable marriage. Bride's cake, veils, rice and that little gold band that your sex thinks so well of. And besides that, Daisy, heaps and heaps of L. O. V. E."

"It's my first honorable proposal," said the child dreamily. "My, it does give you a thrill just like the movies. I just wish you wasn't a chauffeur, because I do like you. Only I can't, honest I can't."

Ricky started back in surprise and disappointment. "Why, Daisy?" he asked in a voice choked with emotion.

"I've made up my mind to have money and plenty of it," answered the little mannequin firmly. "All my life I've longed for the luxury you read about in those swell stories by Elinor Glynn. I'd rather have you than anybody if you could give it to me. But you can't, and I'm not going to marry a mere mechanic."

"If that's the case, I'm off," said Ricky broken-heartedly. "Good-by, Daisy, forever and forever."

As he started for the door, Daisy called him back in a small, startled voice.

"Don't go away mad, Ricky," she pleaded. "I like you awfully, honest I do. Only I'm so sick of being poor! Couldn't we play around and be pals and not talk about getting married so soon?"

The old joy flashed back into Ricky's expressive face. "Surest thing you know," he said gayly. "I'll swipe a car from my boss and we'll go joy riding to-night. Better run now. The fitting-room is calling you."

As the child flitted away, Ricky clenched his slim brown fist in a gesture of determination.

"I must have her," he said, half aloud. "But she must come to me for myself alone and not for my money. If she couldn't love me as a poor chauffeur she would never love me as a millionaire."

With the passing of a month, the business affairs of Lombardi, Ltd., grew more and more involved. Finally a day came when Hodgkins, the shrewd, harassed business manager, called a conference in which Tito and Norah alone were present.

"I've been over the books several times," Hodgkins was saying. "I've told you what to expect. But you'd never listen to me."

"All-a-time you tell me dese business things," Tito remonstrated, gesturing violently, "but all time business goes on as you say usual."

Lombardi, Ltd.

NARRATED, by permission, from the Screen Classics, Inc. production, (released by Metro), adapted and scenarioized by June Mathis from the play by Frederick and Fanny Hatton, produced on the stage by Oliver Morosco. Directed by Jack Conway under the supervision of Maxwell Karger, with this cast:

Tito Lombardi.....Bert Lytell
Norah.....Alice Lake
Mollie.....Vera Lewis
Phyllis Manning.....Juanita Hansen
Riccardo Toselli ("Ricky") George McDaniel
Robert Tarrant.....Jos. Kilgour
Lida.....Ann May
Max Strohm.....John Stepping
Daisy.....Jean Acker

Norah followed, to quiet the mutterings of Tito, as they neared the distinguished patron.

"I'm sorry, T. L.," said the business manager firmly, "but this time it's final. We're busted. The bank won't renew our loan and it's due to-morrow. We put up that oil stock of yours as security. Well, the company's stock has taken an awful slump and all of your other securities are tied up at the bank on your last loan."

Tito ran his fingers desperately through his black hair. "You mean to tol' me those swift running oils, they have quit?" he gasped.

Hodgkins nodded his head in dismal assent.

"The bank, he won't renew?"

"No."

"That look pretty bad," Tito admitted gloomily. Then his face brightened with his irrepressible Latin optimism. "But me, I have always my two hands to work and my genius to design the robes. And I have the wonderful assistant," he went on, reaching out his hand to Norah. "And soon," he added softly, "the most beautiful wife in world."

But when he sought out this prospective perfect wife, he found not consolation but a greater loss. For Phyllis had heard of the financial fiasco in the establishment of Lombardi, Ltd., and her only thought was of how to escape from her entanglement with the firm and still keep her reputation for sweetness.

"Tito, I have something to tell you, and I'm afraid you will be angry with me," she murmured plaintively.

"Angry with you!" Tito gasped, raising her slim hand to his lips. "Do not get such imaginations. Do I not love you more than any other man loves a woman?"

"But perhaps I'll never learn to care for you the way you want me to," wept Phyllis, who now gathered it was time for the tears. "And perhaps—perhaps I love someone else."

Tito shrank back as if someone had struck him a physical blow. But when he spoke, it was very quietly and with great feeling.

"Don't say it, Phyllis," he begged. "It hurt me too much."

"You know I never promised to marry you," said the mannequin with the air of a beautiful martyr. "I said I'd *try* to love you and I will. There isn't really anyone else."

"What a little rotter you are," said a voice from a settee in the darkened corner. "Lying to Tito like that. Why don't you tell him the truth?"

Tito and Phyllis both turned as if moved by the same mechanical hand and faced Lida, who had been lying, half asleep, in the chaise-longue.

Phyllis, alarmed and angry, began to gather up her furs. "I'm going," she said in a frightened voice which she tried in vain to make dignified.

"No, you're not," said Lida, firmly. "You're going to stay right here until I'm through." Then turning on the girl before Tito could intervene, she asked, "Well, are you going to tell him or shall I?"

"I don't know what you mean," answered Phyllis brazenly.

"Don't you?" rejoined Lida, ironically. "Well, then, I'll tell you one thing, you are a little fool to trust Bob Tarrant."

At the name, Tito recoiled in disgust. "But Phyllis," he said in a broken voice, "he is not a good man."

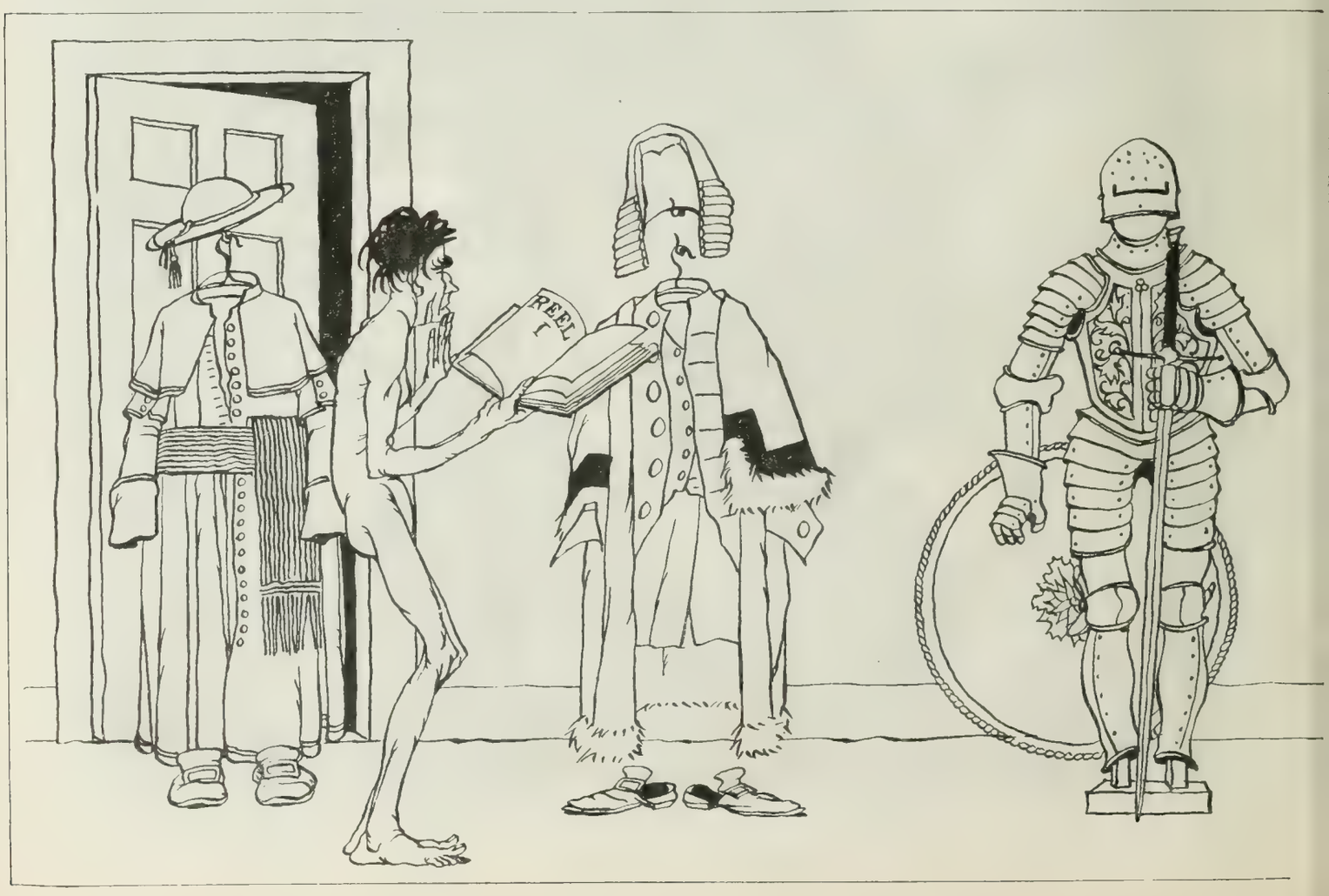
Phyllis, by this time thoroughly aroused, threw discretion to the winds.

"I can take care of myself, thank you," she told them. "Anyway, the whole row is all her fault. If you had kept your mouth shut he would never have known it was Bob. But all this won't do you any good. Bob is mine now and I intend to keep him."

And with a swirl of skirts she was gone, leaving Tito crushed and broken in the darkened room amid the ruins of his dreams.

But when the first shock of this new blow was over, he began to find consolation in unrealized devotion from his friends and helpers, although this could never take the place of the great love that was gone. But it was soothing to feel that he had gained such true affection from sources that he had never suspected. Old Mollie, the fat, untidy fitter who nevertheless could evolve a vision from a few yards of tulle and five pins, came to him sobbing and swore that, wages or no wages, she would never desert Lombardi, Ltd. His three prettiest mannequins shyly offered to lend him their joint savings which, however, would not retrieve the fortunes of a toy bank. And Eloise, the most perfect 36 that ever displayed a negligee, for once discarded her chewing gum and affected airs for a simple, sincere expression of regret at his misfortunes.

But it was Ricky—careless, inconsiderate, irresponsible Ricky, who gave to Tito the final proof of what real friendship might mean. It was not entirely to his credit since he had



thought for only one person and that suggestion came from her. He had sought out Daisy for one final attempt to break the ice of her mercenary little heart.

"It's me, cutey," he said resignedly. "Back again to be refused. I hate to let a day go without asking you, because some day you might get a change of heart."

Daisy's big blue eyes suddenly dropped and her peach-blow color deepened. "Well, Ricky," she faltered, "I guess perhaps to-day's the day."

"What?" shouted Ricky, as with one bound he cleared the space between them and gathered her up in his arms. "You mean you'll take me, honey? I thought you loved someone else, someone richer—like Phyllis."

"I am tired of being poor," Daisy admitted, her head snuggled against his shoulder, "but oh, Ricky, money isn't everything."

There was a long moment of silence and then Ricky spoke very softly.

"I have a great surprise for you, dear. Better than a ring even or the limousine you wanted. You think I'm poor, don't you—just a chauffeur? Well, you're wrong, kiddy. I'm really a millionaire."

"Then the first thing you do," gasped Daisy as soon as she could speak for surprise and delight, "the very first thing is to get Hodgkins to tell you how much money Mr. Lombardi owes the bank and then hustle and pay it. I'd rather have that than all the limousines on Fifth Avenue."

So it was arranged as simply as all that. And mingled with the pleasure of helping an old friend, Ricky had the joy of knowing that the first thought of his little sweetheart had not been for her own selfish amusement but for another's sorrow.

It was Hodgson who told Tito in the prim little business office that had been the scene of so many bitter struggles with the hated accounts. At first the head of Lombardi, Ltd., had wept and stormed and refused to accept so great a favor even from a friend. But when Hodgson explained that Daisy had insisted on the arrangement as a condition to her marriage, Tito grew calmer and agreed. Then, just as his delight at his financial rescue was beginning to dawn, Hodgkins, darkened it by another revelation.

"I have something to tell you about Norah," said Hodgkins.

Tito uttered an exclamation of alarm. "Norah," he cried "she is not ill? There is nothing wrong?"

"It's worse than that," said Hodgkins, sheepishly. "I want to marry her."

If one of his wax models had walked up and proposed an elopement, Tito could not have been more astonished. Then his amazement changed to a deep distress, even terror at the thought of losing Norah.

"Dio!" he cried, "you should not get-a married. You old ledgers and cash books. Don't make me laugh. Besides, Norah she is going in these little shops with me."

"But you'd give her up to me," said Hodgkins with confidence.

Suddenly Tito became inflamed with a wild fury of indignation. "Me give her up!" he almost shouted. "Maybe you the best bookkeeper in the world, but for a husband for a girl like my Norah—never, never! My little girl who work for me all these years!"

"Well, I haven't asked her yet," said Hodgkins calmly "You might ask her for me and explain all my good points."

"Me, ask Norah to marry you?" gasped Tito, "I never heard such nervousness! You send Norah to me and don' speak one of those words we been talking about."

Hodgkins promised with a vigorous shake of his head.

"Nothin' about marriage," Tito insisted; "no proposes, no love, no spoons. Send Norah to me quick and don't mention no words."

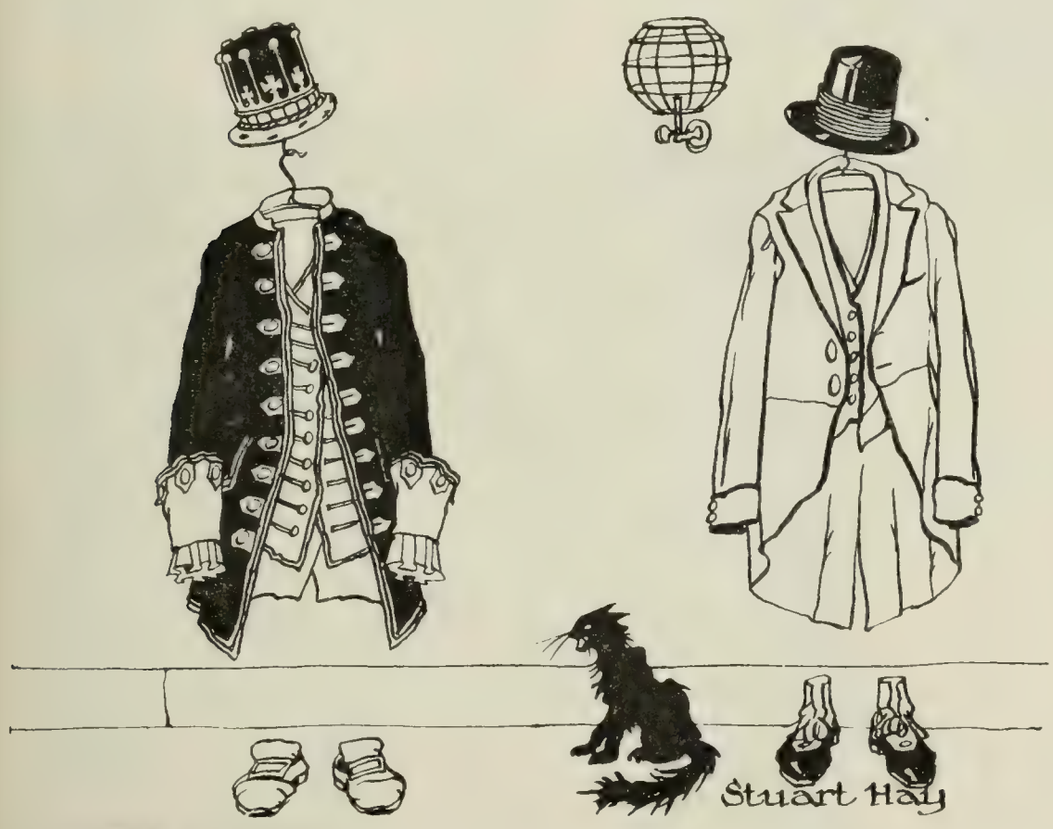
With unwonted meekness, Hodgkins agreed and went down to send Norah to the atelier. But when the girl arrived and stood questioningly in the threshold, all Tito's domineering bravado had left him. He met her eye imploringly.

"Why that dismal look, Tito?" she asked lightly. "Just when everything has turned out so lovely. And something even more wonderful is going to happen."

Excited and alarmed, Tito flew into a sudden and violent rage.

"He told you, he told you," he shouted. "And just now sitting on top of those couches he promise me he would not say any of those words. Don't listen to him, Norah. He craze in the head. He just like those North Poles—so cold you never reach him."

Norah's eyes opened with *(Continued on page 128)*



I AM a priest, my child! Beneath this tasseled hat I reflect, with the philosophy of years and learning, upon the sadness of a world where forgiveness and mercy, not cold justice, should rule. Beneath my robe there is a heart beating with compassion for all mankind.

I am incarnate justice! I am the vengeance of the law.

I am Sir Ronald Vere de Vere! My creed? A lady's wrongs to avenge, my king to acclaim, my sword to keep bright, my knightly honor to preserve untarnished. With my lance in rest, a gallant steed beneath, a sunlit field before—what ho! Fight today, and think naught of tomorrow!

I am the Duke of Disdain! Out of my way, common herd! And you, priest, made to shrive me in my ultimate hour—you, learned judge, created to defend my rights in courts of law—you, knight, to kill where neither priest nor potentate prevails—

I am—dear me, who am I? I am the glass of fashion. My top-piece came from Paris, my coat from Bond street, my boots cost eight pounds the pair—

Honest, now, *who am I?*

Only the character man.

Yes, sir—coming, sir—immediately, sir—what part now, sir?

But Three Months Didn't Cure Him

What good is his mechanical education doing him now?

Douglas MacLean tried engineering and banking, travel and the stage, and hit his stride and the thing he liked to do only when he met LosAngeles and the lenses.

ONE of Douglas MacLean's staunchest admirers is a minister in Washington, D. C.—a fine, lovable old man who started his son on a career as a mechanical engineer, and consented to the boy's fling at the stage only because he thought "three months would cure him."

In compliance with his father's wishes, Douglas MacLean went from Philadelphia to the Northwestern University preparatory school at Evanston, Ill., and then entered the Lewis Institute of Technology in Chicago.

After leaving school, he met Daniel Frohman in New York, and unburdened a dramatic enthusiasm dating from his appearance with the school amateurs in Chicago. The producer told him young men of education were needed on the stage, and gave him a letter of introduction to John Emerson. Engagements with Maude Adams and as a stock leading man followed; then—the movies.

He has appeared in support of Mary Pickford, Alice Brady, Enid Bennett, Vivian Martin, Clara Kimball Young, Mollie King, Frances Nelson and Gail Kane. On the stage he has played with Margaret Anglin, Maude Fealy, Marjorie Rambeau, Mary Servoss and Jane Grey.

Photoplays in which he had especial opportunities were "The Hun Within," starring Dorothy Gish; Mary Pickford's "Captain Kidd, Jr.," and "Johanna Enlists."

Now he is a star in his own right.

Mostly, Standing is a Born Actor

Not an unpleasant way to spend an afternoon—what?

Wyndham Standing's histrionic ancestry entitles him to be listed in the theatrical peerage; and as a matter of fact his distinguished brother, Sir Guy, is a Knight.

SOME men are born actors, some achieve acting and some have acting thrust upon them. If the theatrical "Who's Who" is any guide, Wyndham Standing is the result of all three. But mostly he was born one. For, if ever an actor came into this world with his lines in his mouth, as it were, and his make-up on his face, that actor was Wyndham, the son of Herbert Standing, the brother of Sir Guy Standing, cousin of William Carleton and god-son of Sir Charles Wyndham.

Not a chance had he at escaping the footlights. He couldn't be anything but an actor any more than he could look like anything but an Englishman, although he is a naturalized American now and very proud of his newly acquired "papers."

PHOTOPLAY found him in his "chambers" in the upper West eighties. The mere fact that he is in it, makes a New York apartment look like "Chambers"—he is as English as that.

He had just finished his part with Constance Talmadge in "A Temperamental Wife." Standing supported the brunette sister, Norma, in "By Right of Conquest," one of her more recent vehicles. For Thomas Ince, he served in "The Bugle Call" with William Collier, Jr. With Elsie Ferguson he was in "Rose of the World;" with Pauline Frederick in "Paid In Full." Tourneur recruited him for "My Lady's Garter."

He is thirty-nine years old; married to an English wife.

Victuals

You can't combine the two; so Wanda Hawley became a silent star and did her own cooking.

Every so often Wanda Hawley and her husband pack up and go camping.

BURTON HAWLEY insisted that he ought to doff the wringled khaki shirt that he wore for something more fashionable. Mrs. Burton insisted that he oughtn't.

"Can't you be comfortable when you're comfortable?" she queried. "You know, he owns a garage,—I mean, we own it,—down the boulevard, and he thinks that he must always be stylish when he's at home." (The last to the writer.)

Mrs. Burton Hawley, alias Wanda Petit, more recently alias Wanda Hawley, is one of those modern women who can do several things at once. She told me that she is quite used to the problem of boiling her husband's eggs, putting on her make-up and eating her breakfast at the same time in the morning, and that anything so seemingly intricate as finding his collar button, darning his sox and autographing a few dozen of her latest photographs in fifteen minutes is quite a mere bagatelle.

And,—listen, girls,—here's her formula for successful cuisine:

Take voice culture!

It happened that Wanda's family had her career mapped out for her before she ever had a chance to think for herself. She was to be a grand opera prima donna, she was informed as soon as she was old enough to know the meaning of that pretentious word, and her mother had her put through a strict course of training vocally, as well as at the piano. The result is that she can sit down now and tick off a few Rachmaninoff preludes and Bach fugues without winking an eye, although she claims that she can't sing because an operation for laryngitis caused her to lose her voice and all that, and because she's a picture player she isn't expected in the ordinary course of events to warble.

"But," she said, "I'm not at all sorry I learned how to sing. The study of voice gives you something that nothing else does. It teaches you poise,—how to stand on your feet,—and you can even apply it to cooking. It's this way. You learn proportion and economy; make every little bit of breath count, just like you have to measure out the eggs and salt and make a little cream do the work of a whole lot in these days of the H. C. of L."

And then, girls, she went on to say that voice culture gives you an eye,—or is it an ear?—for the beautiful; teaches you to garnish your dishes, and to make your things look pretty on the table. At this point Friend Hubby interposed. Said that his wife had better study more voice, because she'd burned the biscuits that morning.

"I didn't at all," she said near-tearfully. "You're horrid to say all these things before a strange man. I never burned the biscuits, and besides, I gave you lobster for dinner tonight. I broiled it."

"You did *not* broil it," from hubby, "you baked it."

"I *did*," said his wife. "Lobster is the nicest thing in the world next to movies."

Whereupon it was gleaned that Miss Hawley's favorite things in this life are beside the foregoing crustaceous delicacy, strawberry ice cream and, sh! near-beer, a combination which if eaten together, is warranted to make you sick.

A little later in the conversation Miss Hawley remarked that she

As "Peg," in the screen production of Laurette

and Voice

By
VAN COURTLAND

thinks that Norma Talmadge is the apple of her eye, just perfectly darling, and too brunettely beautiful to talk of at random. You ask her if she wishes she were a brunette, and she says that she's glad that she's a blonde, but please not to look at her because she forgot to curl her hair.

And! Wanda Hawley, that dainty, entrancing heroine of "The Way of a Man with a Girl," says that she'd like to be a man! She's always wanted to go out at night without an escort, and be able to go in swimming in the village creek like the fellers do, although she guesses that women are 'coming into their own' now and so she needn't bother to eat her heart out because she was born feminine.

"She never has anything to wear and her hair always looks terrible," thrust Hubby when his wife said that her hair wasn't curled. "Women are always like that, and believe me, after four years of conjugal existence I will inform the rest of my sex that their wives always manage to get the best of them."

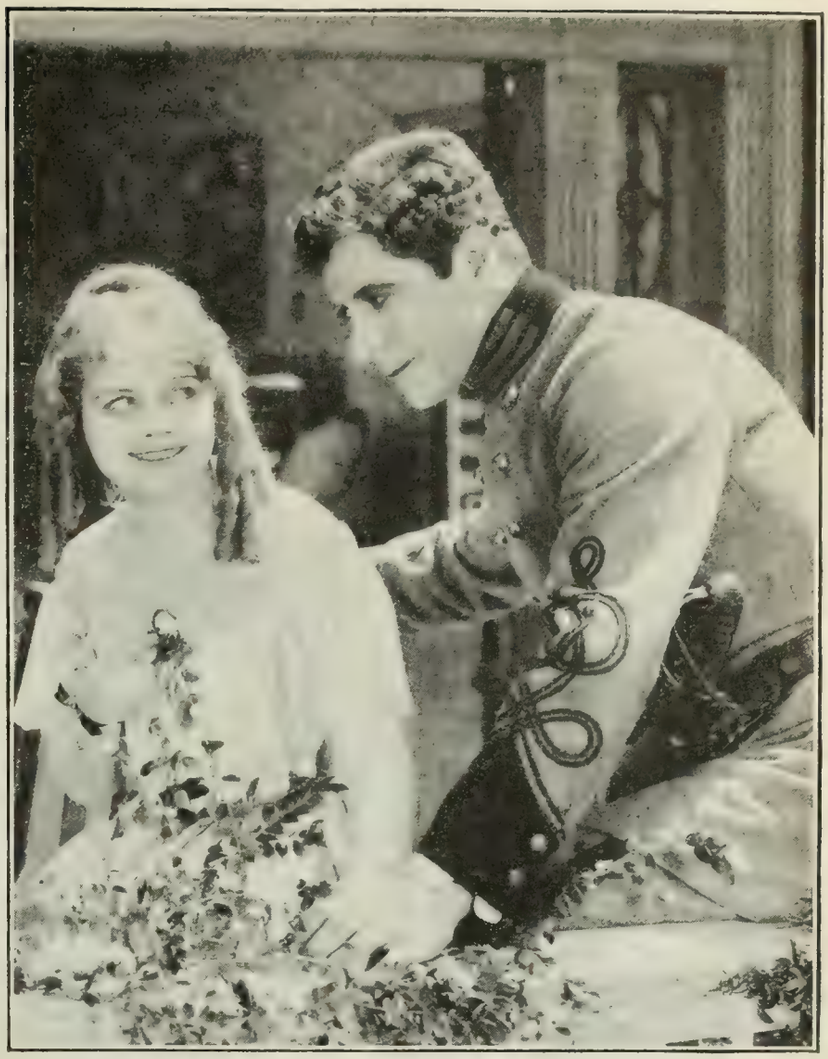
"Yes, I guess the male sex is following where it's led," suggested Miss Hawley dryly. "You always want me to play tennis and shoot off 12-gauge shotguns and ride frisky horses."

"What do you like to do?" I ventured.

"Eat," popped Mr. Burton. "She says she's dieting, but she always eats everything in sight."

"Uh—huh," answered his wife, "I guess so. Next to that and pictures and playing the piano I'd rather drive a car."

"Yes, and she always insists on going forty down Hollywood Boulevard," rejoined the wearer of the khaki shirt. "The other night a cop stopped her and told her that she'd better slow down after this to twenty miles an hour; that she'd be arrested if she ever went faster. Gee! if it 'ud been me I'd have got pinched."



With Major Robert Warwick in "Secret Service," one of the first productions she appeared in after the signing of her three-year contract with Lasky.

This young married couple, in spite of differences of opinion in places so minor that differences don't count, is one of the happiest in the cinema colony. Between pictures they sneak away from town and go camping, and Mrs. Hawley says that she gets freckled and sunburned and begins to peel, and Mr. Hawley groans that the mechanics at the garage forget to ring up the change in the cash register and lose all the tools.

But in spite of all the arguments anent lobster broiled vs. lobster baked, and whether or not the biscuits were burned, they never find any particular difference due to the fact that Mrs. H. is getting into the big lights of picturedom and receives proposals by mail from admirers who don't know that she's married. And Hubby never objects to his wife going away on location and not taking him along, because he knows that she knows that he has to watch one Mount Olive garage and see that Bryant Washburn's car has sufficient oil and that of Wally Reid no flat tires.

He never had any objection at all when word was received some two years ago that William Fox wanted his wife to play ingenue in "The Derelict" with Stuart Holmes.

"She always used to emote into the mirror and watch Norma Talmadge like a hawk," said he, "and we both thought that since she had once wanted to go on the stage and was successful several seasons in playing piano accompaniments on the tours of Albert Spalding and other singers,—she went then by her given name, Selma Pittack,—she might perhaps be a success."

The day that pictures first saw her, Wanda Petit,—as she was then known,—was frightened to death. At any rate, she finished the Holmes play successfully, played two more Foxes in the East, and was at length sent West to play in Tom Mix woollies.

And then is when she showed the first signs of temperament. One day they wanted her to ride a horse that everybody knew was frisky. She climbed aboard, and the crittur got skittish-like and she unclimbed and said that she positively wouldn't go yachting on the bronc'!

"Do you know?" the Blonde One interjected, "I've always had a secret desire to play tough parts. Not the kind where the girl is all wrong, but where her toughness is merely the veneer over a good soul. They're so peppy!"

She did say, moreover, that her three Won'ts are thus: (1) she will not "vamp"; (2) she won't overact, nor (3) will she adhere to one type of screen heroine.

(Continued on page 127)

Taylor's stage success; with Thomas Meighan.

Her Applause

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Propaganda Still With Us During the war, we heard in whispers that the melodramatists would describe as dark, much about the insidious propaganda that the Germans would like to put across in pictures. Incidentally we put across a great deal of propaganda ourselves, pictorially, and some of it is semi-officially credited with bucking up the French nation in the crisis of the conflict.

Most people imagine that picture propaganda is directly international, and with the resumption of a general peace signed or unsigned, the screen drama with a purpose can be levelled only at poor red Russia, where we would like to have them get down to a government that amounts to something, and quit calling strikes over here.

As a matter of fact, the propaganda film is flourishing today, in America, as never before.

The political propaganda is in the form of advance volleys from the masked batteries of the Republican and Democratic parties. Each of these parties would like to collar, very privately, at least one of the big news reels. Perhaps they will round up several before the open stump season commences, but to date they have made very little impression on any of the established services. In addition to these—if they get them—they will have films very plainly marked "Hands off—political argument!" And they will have the same argument in other films very heavily sugar-coated. Money is said to have been advanced for the film purposes of several favorite sons, and one perennial visitor among these promising boys has friends who are the real parties behind a news reel just started, according to fairly reliable reports in the managerial offices.

National propaganda is of a broader sort, and, generally speaking, it is constructive and healthy. Canada, for instance, is making no secret of its film activities. It is boosting its land, its wonderful crops, its great spaces still unsettled, its opportunities for home life and solid wealth based upon the soil.

Then and Now Seven or eight years ago Roscoe Arbuckle—the same plus-size, genial, alert individual that he is today—was making merriment in a little tabloid musical comedy shop on East First Street, Los Angeles. The highest price of admission was a quarter, and the highest salary—which he didn't get—would have been scorned by the third assistant of a 1919 ironworker.

Last month the Vernon ball team, the pride of Los Angeles as far as the National sport is concerned, won the Pacific Coast championship, as bitterly contested an affair as the World Series between Cincinnati and Chicago.

One of those most pleased, of course, was the team's owner, who counts it, notwithstanding its tremendous annual cost of maintenance, a pleasant side issue upon which he can bestow some of his spending money, thus giving others pleasure and his home town a local pride.

Mr. Arbuckle is the owner.

The difference wrought by these few years is only one of the golden stories of the photoplay industry.

Barnum Was Right And he remains right. The American public enjoys being humbugged today as much as it did when the rotund circusman introduced his collection of freaks to a gaping populace that couldn't be fooled on politics, economics or religion, but enjoyed, now and then, a false fillip in its amusements. The statement that we, nationally, respond amicably to a showman's jest at and not with us is subject, of course, to many reservations. We have attained a critical level on dramatic entertainment not thought possible even a decade ago. Thanks mainly to the good music propaganda in the better photoplay theatres, we are being educated nationally in melody. We like jazz, but at times we ask intelligently for the European composer who never heard of jazz.

Nevertheless, now and then a bit of pure hokus-pokus comes along which we swallow hook, line and little lead sinker.

Witness the "personal appearance" of the picture bathing girl.

Some sharp salesman had the idea that the vogue of "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" would be vastly increased by the toddling-along of the Sennett girls. So, some girls accompanied the picture—we never saw any of these girls in Sennett's films, but they may have been there despite our usually sharp eyesight—and on Broadway, the home of sophistication, they had to club the crowd to keep it in order before the box-office. A far better exhibition of anatomy is contrived in almost any musical show.

Then a pair of enterprising young gentlemen in Chicago found a few cabaret maidens out of work, took them down to Wilson Beach, rolled them over a few barrels and into the water—filming them the while in what was kindly described as a comedy—and started out with the celluloid and sellyougirl combination. They cleaned up a net of $600 the first week, but that was a preliminary canter. In Tarkingtonian Indiana they rounded off a profit of $1200 a week with great regularity. A Wisconsin firm tried it next, and they also made a golden getaway. The latest manifestation accompanies "A Scream in the Night," with "The Jungle Girls in person."

The Costume Play Samuel Goldwyn enters the ranks of the picture prophets to say: "The costume play will come back, but it will come back as a transcript of reality, a vision of life as it was lived; not as the elocutionists and the delsarte teachers believed that it was lived. They are responsible for the disappearance of the costume play—not the fashion of the play itself. Theoretically and properly, the costume play ought to give the motion picture its greatest opportunity. It gives us a chance to put novelty on the screen, and beauty. Certainly a man in our conventional attire and a woman in a skirt too scant for modesty and too tight to walk in are by no means pictorial subjects as a gentleman and a lady of the early Georges."

That eminently realistic young producer, "Mickey" Neilan, whose major reputation is built up on real-life touches, feels much the same way.

He says: "The trouble with the old costume pictures, the ones that absolutely prohibited period plays right at the start of the movies, was that they were directed by queer birds who believed that one or two hundred years ago people really lived in blank verse, to say nothing of speaking it. According to them, you had to compose a sonnet to get a drink of water, and if you wanted to be colloquially equivalent to 'Hello, kid—how are you?' you did it with a set of six-cylinder words accompanied by a twelve-cylinder flock of gestures. I believe our great-great-great grandfathers were as snappy as we are and got as much fun out of life as we do, and were just about as natural and realistic and unconventional—even if they did wear funny collars and ribbons on their knee-pants. I want a chance to put some real folks into an ancient setting, and I am going to find that chance."

And the next thing will be to convince the timid and highly modern exhibitor.

The Film's Farthest North A trade item of the month announces that The Hudson Bay Company has combined with the Educational Films Corporation for the making of dramatic, scientific, educational and industrial pictures.

To such celluloid persons as are bounded on the north by Fiftieth street and on the south by the New York Times; or to those whose mental confine is the valley of the Los Angeles river, this is a mere industrial paragraph. But to men and women of imagination, to people who still cherish the spell of association and the thrill of immemorial adventure, this note releases enchanting reflections.

The Hudson Bay Company is the one great, grim relic of pioneer days left to us on this continent. It will shortly celebrate its second centenary in London. For more than a century it was an absolute monarchy in Canada. Its Factors carried a rude, stern civilization into forests untracked by human feet except those encased in moccasins, down streams whose waters have never been furrowed save by the muskellunge and the birch-bark prow of a canoe. These Factors were more than master traders. They were the law and the gospel. They wielded the power of life and death, and their doings, sometimes splendid, sometimes dark, were the inspiration of such novelists as Sir Gilbert Parker and his whole literary following. Nor is the Hudson Bay Company a matter of history, by any means. With the opening-up of most of habitable Canada to settlement the Company's empire has come, in civil matters, pretty generally under the direct administration of the Canadian government, but its physical resources and its artistic and scientific possibilities still persist as never before—what with new advantages of accessibility.

The deal which lays its virgin miles under the sunbright axe of the camera was made in London, and it will undertake its cinemic mission with the vigor it once bestowed exclusively upon furs.

The film has officially chronicled a new farthest north.

New Times, New Insults Anyone who doubts the country's ability to get accustomed to the prohibition viewpoint need only read the account of the San Francisco woman, who, stumbling over a keg in the darkened aisle of a *salon* of picture entertainment, promptly sued the management for $100,000.

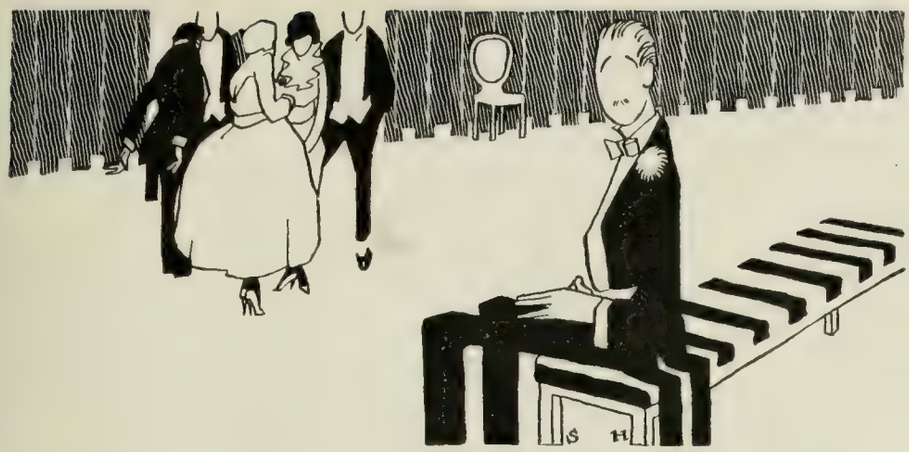
How rapidly we progress! Anyone stumbling over a keg a couple of months ago would have surreptitiously rolled it out and away, considering the manager a true friend and earnestly hoping that the baby barrel contained something other than the common mixture of oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen in which we live, move and promise to pay.

As a further instance of our rapid slide toward teetotality, this incident took place in California, the wine-growing state in which freedom of the palate once meant as much as freedom of the press in Louisville; a state where the prohibition law first seemed as welcome as was the newly-drafted Emancipation Proclamation in Virginia.

An Audacious Example Director Raymond Wells announces, without any trace of trepidation, that he is going to film the whole Bible, allowing fifty-two reels between Genesiac chaos and the Revelations upon desolate Patmos.

Mr. Wells may have been inspired by the speed with which our rotund residence was put together; according to the first of the Sacred Books, the greatest manufacturing job in time or eternity was turned out of the shop of space in six days.

That being the case, the imperturbable film business thinks itself equal to a review at least of the universal work in a year.



But He Doesn't Dance!

Harrison Ford's one drawback to being our most romantic leading-man.

By
SIDNEY VALENTINE

THE most approved type of leading man must do three things well: he must make love in a way which will put Adonis and all those other old-timers back where they belong; he must be able to conduct a rescue—whether aquatic or dramatic—in a satisfactory manner; and—he must dance.

Harrison Ford, it must be admitted, is very much among those present when it comes to the final fadeout and all that sort of thing. He has given the heavy a stiff time of it more than once—but he doesn't dance. One of the screen's best drawing-room love-makers doesn't dance! Not that he has any particular objections to that form of diversion, but, according to his own statement, "I simply cannot learn—and I *have* tried."

"I have a phonograph in my little flat which has been as faithful as my negro cook," he said, "but I've learned less about dancing than about cooking in the two years I've been in California.

"I cook like a French chef," he went on with almost Irish glibness. (He's plain American, however.) "And," seriously, "I'm not at all sorry for having learned all the cuisine secrets of said colored cook, for she has decided to take a flight of romance and in two weeks I'll be a lonely old bachelor once more. And unless I can induce mother to come out from New York, I'll make use of my culinary knowledge. You see I figure mother might not stand for my cooking."

One would expect nothing else than to discover him to be a veritable couch-cootie, a social jaguar, an ardent follower of the old King Jazz. Outwardly, indeed, he has many of the fashionable foibles of his type such as the tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, the bandolined black hair, the laughing brown eyes, the wool socks, and a penchant for butter scotch pie which he doesn't dare eat because it is fattening. These are, however, pictorial wardrobe, necessary to his profession.

Harrison (no relative of Henry) Ford, who says that the only reason he regretted falling off a street-car, recently, was because no one got a picture of the performance, showing just how he did it.

Mr. Ford thinks, anyway, that mere handsomeness is a pretty poor excuse for wanting to be an actor. He believes that the camera registers "below the skin" and that the mental grasp of a role is the important thing. He has an idea that much can be learned from historic personages, and so he turns literature's pages where he can find inspiration in such celebrated examples as Abelard, Leander, Romeo, Anthony and scores of others.

In pursuing this notion, Mr. Ford has become a collector of unusual books. His *grande passion* — first editions and art bindings. He almost refuses to talk about himself—that is, his pedigree and the size of his shirt and other things, personal and private, which usually interest a picture hero's following, but he will talk to an unconscionable hour about his books or about art. Art in marble, between covers, or on red seal records.

When someone who had recently seen him in one of his especially posed love scenes wrote and asked Mr. Ford if he had any particular philosophy of lovemaking, he confessed to nothing more intricate

Above, with Marguerite Clark, in "Girls." Center, with Vivian Martin, in "You Never Saw Such a Girl."

than that when one played opposite such beautiful women as Constance Talmadge, Vivian Martin and Lila Lee, a fellow who couldn't make love to them wasn't much good. He was Lila Lee's first leading man and Cuddles has been heard to say that he was her nicest leading man! He has a library that she likes to browse through and some Beardsley sketches that interest her tremendously. (For Lila draws, you know.) Someone asked if he was enraptured with every one of the beautiful girls he played opposite

"Of course I am," he admitted. "I think that every one of those girls is a peach. And furthermore, I think that the key to success in acting is to have a note of sincerity 'way down underneath. It's bound to tell in one's work. I think John Barrymore has it. And Elsie Ferguson. And of the strictly picture-bred actresses, the Talmadges."

"Are you a 'strictly picture-bred' actor, Mr. Ford?"

"Not exactly," he laughed. "I left school when about fourteen to go on the stage. That was in St. Louis, and for a long time I got no further than being a stage hand. I finally did get a couple of minor parts—one with Wm. H. Crane in 'Rolling Stones' and another with Robt. Edeson in 'Excuse Me.' They didn't get me very far but I'm awfully glad for the experience. I learned a lot about stage direction which will some day come in handy when I've made enough money to produce some of the choicest plays of Chatterton, Davidson and Middleton."

That, he said, is a secret ambition—to give private performances of those authors' plays in a theater like the Greenwich Village—in downtown New York.

"Really," he continued philosophically, "I'm glad for every experience, however insignificant it may seem to others. I'm glad for my 'extra' days in pictures. I'm glad for everything that may help me to realize my remotest ambitions."

In "You Never Saw Such a Girl," with Vivian Martin, he had to go out to the aviation field and take some lessons in piloting a plane. Long ago—or rather before he entered his twenties and the pictures (he's about twenty-four now)—he had to learn to do cartwheels and more strenuous calisthenics for a part in "Rolling Stones." But none of these newly-acquired accomplishments detract in any way from his consummate *savoir faire*—the art of being a gallant swain to tread upon the hearts of the sub-debs and stenographers who watch him upon the screen.

He reached in his pocket and pulled out some unopened letters which had come from the studio that morning and began tearing the stamps from the ones of foreign postmark. What was this? Some new post-bellum thrift idea?

"Why, I save these for the cook, as she pastes them on cardboard and frames them. She already has several pictures, as she chooses to call them, and they are to adorn the walls of her new home."

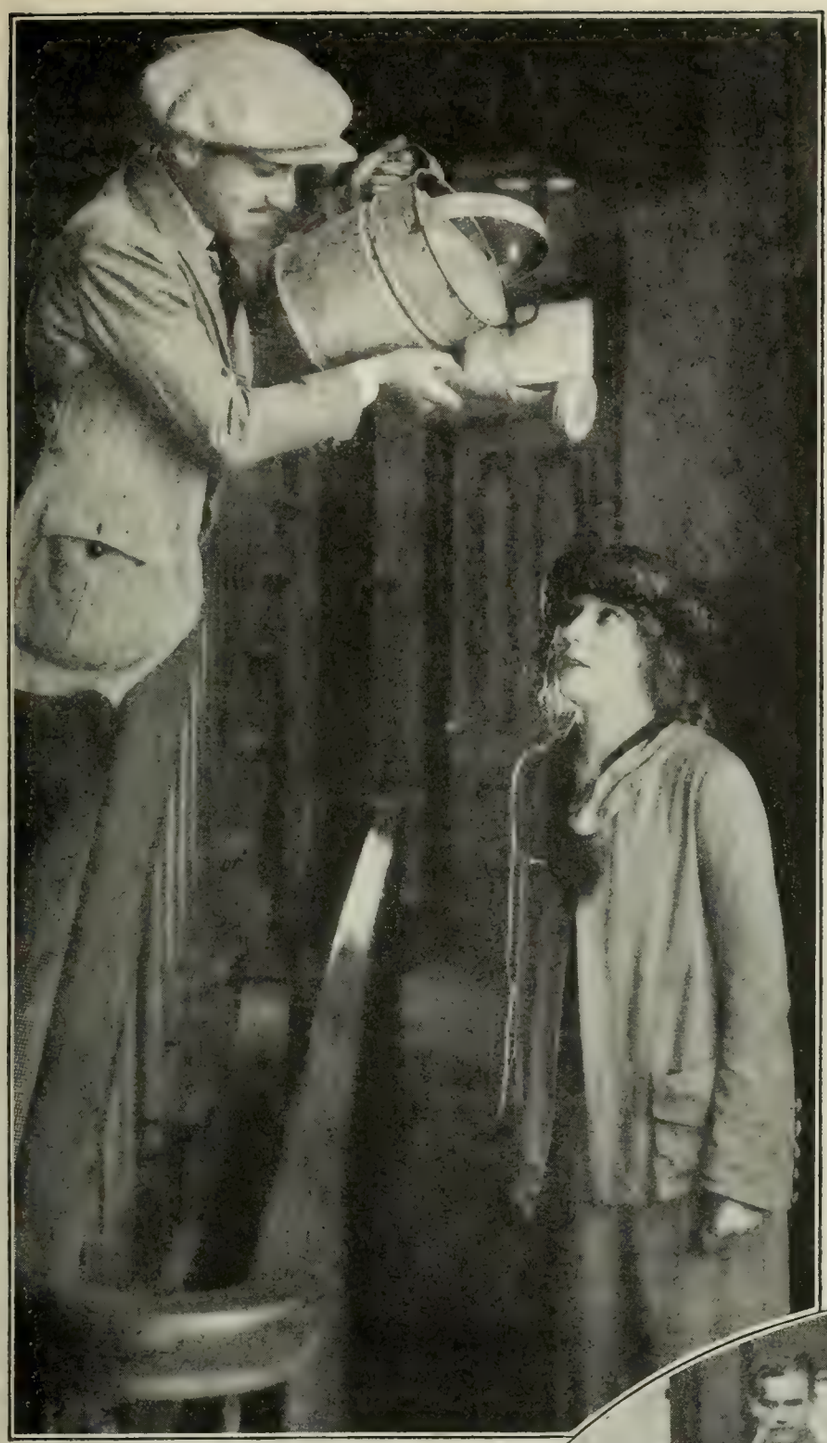
Perhaps he isn't a dancin' fool—an archbishop of ballroom eurythmics—but this photofamous young man who saves stamps for his cook to frame is unique—and he can make love, can't he, girls?

It's funny how a few years can change a fellow's viewpoint. We showed this picture to two boys, and the twelve-year-old said "Gee, look at the ice-cream!" But the eighteen-year-old said "Gee, look at Lila Lee!"

Nearly a Bean Magnate

Sid Franklin went West for purposes other than picture-directing. But look at him now.

By
ALFRED A. COHN



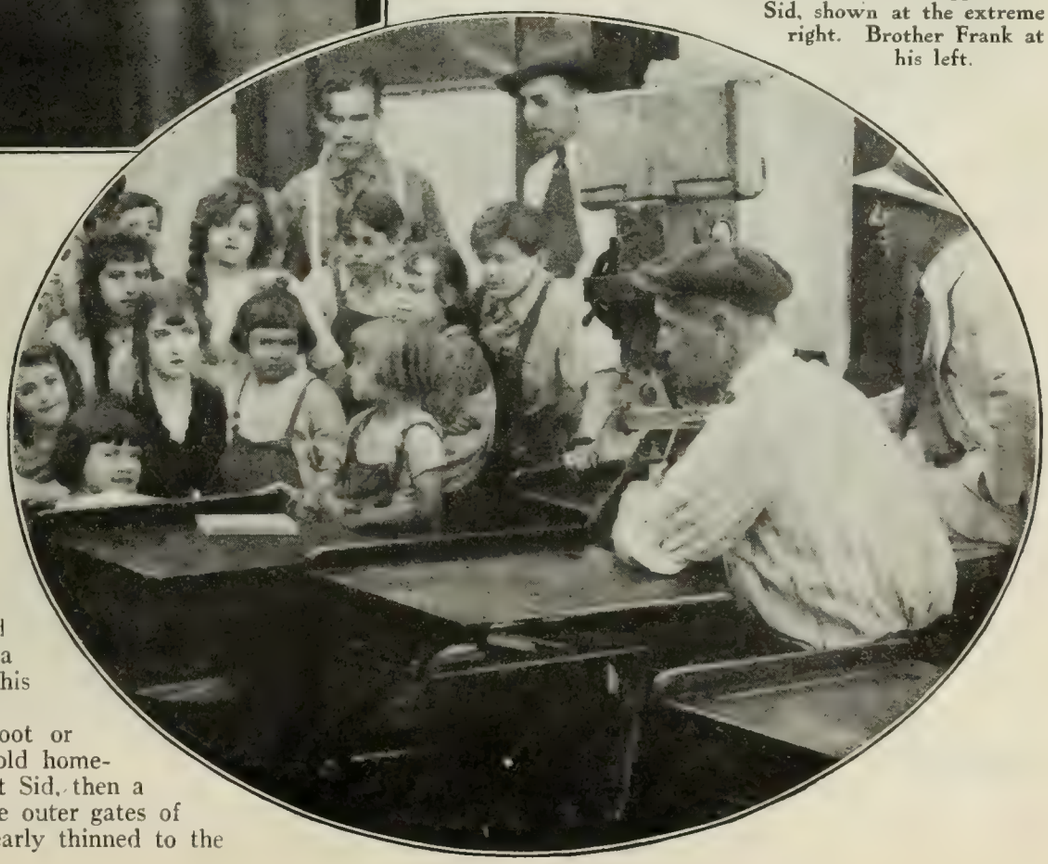
While the barometer registered 100 percent sunshine, Sid befuddled the weather man by employing a sprinkling can—and that is how Mary got wet from the storm in "The Hoodlum."

HAD Horatio Alger lived until the celluloid age, that authorial "Onward and Upward" guide to aspiring youth would undoubtedly have written a story about the barefoot boy with the poor old widow-mother who hung around the movie studio until he got a job carrying a camera, and things—and became a great director in a few months and lifted the mortgage, and so on. And he would without a doubt have taken Sid Franklin as his hero.

Not that Sid hung around barefoot or that there was a mortgage on the old homestead or anything else like that. But Sid, then a beardless youth, did hang around the outer gates of his "paradise" till his shoes were nearly thinned to the ground; and all in all, he had a harder time breaking into the game, than many of Alger's heroes of a generation ago had breaking into the rich broker's office. Of course the absence of a mortgage was a handicap to his aspirations, but had there been one it probably would have been shaken off anyhow during the slight misunderstanding that San Francisco and Mother Earth had in 1906, for our hero hailed from the city by the Golden Gate.

Getting right down to facts, the young man who has been guiding the artistic footsteps of Mary Pickford, was about nineteen years old when he came to Los Angeles to seek his fortune. Of course loyal San Franciscans will scoff at the idea that one of her sons, or any of them, should seek his fortune in Los Angeles, but even at that early age Sid was original. He hadn't any idea of becoming a motion picture celebrity because there were no such animals at that time. Perhaps he thought of being a rich orange grower. It was reported once that he had thought of becoming a bean magnate or something of that sort; but

(Continued on page 125)



Showing the Franklins directing a kid picture in the old days at Fine Arts. Dorothy Gish is in the center. Due to staring at Dorothy, the engraver nearly clipped off Sid, shown at the extreme right. Brother Frank at his left.

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

By

ARABELLA BOONE

What Anne said was lost in the honeysuckle vine of the House of the Green Gables, and the wise old house kept their secret as it had kept many others before them.

Wherein a little orphan girl's happiness is born of this triumvirate: a remarkable imagination, courage in a crisis, and love.

"LAND sakes, Marilla," gasped Mrs. Pie, shading her face with her sunbonnet as she peered down the dusty road. "That ain't a boy Matthew's got with him. It's a girl."

Marilla Cuthbert, gaunt and prim in an immaculate apron, adjusted her spectacles and anxiously followed the pointing finger of her neighbor. Mrs. Pie and Josie, her pretty, affected daughter, had "just run over" conveniently at the time when Marilla was expecting her brother Matthew with the little boy whom she had adopted from the bleak orphan asylum on the hill. All the folks in the neighboring farms agreed that Marilla "took an awful chance," but they admitted that a boy might be useful to help in the fields and do the chores.

The small figure bobbing up and down beside Matthew in the old buggy certainly did not look like a boy. And as it drew nearer and Matthew stopped before the green-gabled farm-house with a hearty "Whoa!" to old Bess, there was no doubt left as to its excessive femininity.

Matthew climbed out heavily and then lifted the child to the ground in his sturdy arms. She was tiny and freckled and frightened in an ill-fitting gingham dress and a funny little straw hat decorated with one stiff quill from the tail of a peacock—evidently her own idea of adornment. But something in her wistful upturned face touched the heart of Marilla even while she was saying in her coldest tones:

"Matthew Cuthbert, will you kindly tell me who that is? And where is our boy, if you please?"

Matthew shifted wretchedly from one foot to another. "There wasn't any boy," he mumbled. "Only her."

Marilla's steely eyes flashed blue fire. "Well, this is a pretty piece of business—" she began, but her reproaches were interrupted by a sob from the orphan who was inconsiderate enough to belong to the wrong sex.

"I might have known it was too beautiful to last," she sobbed. "I might have known nobody would really want me. All the way down the road I've been pretending to be a lady fair on her way home to her castle. And now there won't be any castle or trees or pigs for me after all—just only the orphan asylum."

Marilla tried not to let the smile that had crept into her eyes reach her thin mouth. "I guess we'll have to let you stay a while until we investigate this," she said grudgingly.

At this wonderful news, the uninvited orphan threw both her slim arms about Marilla's neck and kissed her with a resounding smack. Now Marilla's lips were still sticky from the preserves she had just been tasting and the little girl licked her own lips joyously and whispered, "It's plum, isn't it?"

Marilla's twinkle now was unmistakable. But she only reached out one long arm and drew the little girl in front of her like a prisoner before a judge.

"What's your name, child?" she said, severely.

The little girl hesitated for a minute and then said with a rush, "Will you please call me Geraldine Cordelia Fitzgerald?"

"*Call* you Geraldine Cordelia!" exclaimed Marilla. "Is that your name?"

"It isn't exactly my name," the orphan explained gravely. "But I like to imagine it is. My real name's unromantic. It's just plain Anne."

At this, Mrs. Pie, who with Josie had been regarding the scene with critical scorn, broke into the conversation.

"It's romantic enough for you, I guess," she said with a sharp cackle. "They didn't pick you out for your looks, that's certain. Lawful heart, did any one ever see such freckles? And hair as red as carrots!"

The little group turned in astonishment to her and then back again to Anne, who had grown first scarlet and then pale with indignation. She caught her breath with an angry gasp, fixed her huge blue eyes on Mrs. Pie's acid face and answered:

"It's rude to hurt other people's feelings. How would you like to be told that you are fat and clumsy and probably haven't a spark of imagination?"

With well feigned horror, Marilla took Anne sternly by the hand and led her up to the little attic room reserved for the boy she ought to have been. But once up there, her severe expression vanished.

"You hadn't ought to say such things, Anne," she admonished correctly. Then, the smile breaking out from its long imprisonment, "but you said to Elmira Pie what I've been hankering to say for the last thirty years."

Left alone to "tidy up" in the prim little attic bedroom, Anne looked about her with gleaming eyes. "It isn't as dazzling as a castle chamber," she said, half aloud, "but then it isn't a dank and dismal dungeon like the orphan asylum. And there are all the trees outside and the river. I sit by the window and watch the river like the Lady of Shalot with a mirror and everything."

And thus under the green-gabled roof began the first day of a new life for Anne of the orphan asylum—a life which though sorrowful in spots was never gray or monotonous. For Anne possessed God's best gift to humanity, the vivid imagination which can turn this drab everyday life of ours into a brilliant dream world.

Sunlight and leafy tracery and apple-blossoms and underneath it all a little girl in a big pinafore shelling peas. She was pretending that every tenth pea was a caramel and was crushing them with exaggerated pleasure when a large rubber ball came crashing through the branches and bounced heavily on her curly head. As she sprang to her feet and the peas went rolling in every direction, an impish laugh rang out above her and the figure of a freckled, barefoot boy slid down the trunk and sprang out of the reach of her clutching fingers.

Over the fence, into the chicken yard, through the gate and over the haystacks ran the boy with Anne in close pursuit. His legs were longer but Anne had learned to run at the orphan asylum and her wind was better so that she gained on him with every turn. She had just succeeded in tripping him up and was pummeling the exhausted urchin with both fists when Marilla turned the corner with a black-coated ecclesiastical figure beside her. "Anne has improved very much since she has been with us," she was saying. "She is so helpful with the housework. And then she's so quiet and gentle."

At this moment a shriek of victory from the gentle Anne

Anne of Green Gables

NARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay produced by Realart Pictures Corp., made, in turn, from a scenario by Frances Marion, adapted from the four "Anne" books by L. M. Montgomery, published by Page & Co., Boston. The cast:

Anne Shirley.....Mary Miles Minter
Marilla Cuthbert.....Marcia Harris
Matthew Cuthbert.....Frederick Burton
Gilbert Blythe.....Paul Kelly
Diana Barry.....Laurie Lovelle
Mrs. Pie.....Lila Romer

startled both the speaker and her companion. Dusty, disheveled and flushed with triumph, she had both knees on her tormentor's shoulders and was commanding him to "say uncle" before she would release her hold.

"For pity's sake, Anne!" cried Marilla, and the two combatants sprang to their feet and tried to brush the dust from their torn garments.

"This is the Reverend Figtree, Anne," said Marilla severely, turning to the tall figure beside her. "I was just telling him how gentle you were. Stand up and shake hands with that boy like a little lady. He's a neighbor of yours and his name is Gilbert."

The two grimy little paws which had just been pummeling each other met in a handshake which was half shy, half belligerent. But as Gilbert's eyes caught the averted gaze of his little assailant, he suddenly decided that girls were not so bad after all and that there was something in the upturned glance of this one that was mysteriously appealing.

"That's right," said the reverend gentleman approvingly. "And now as a further peace-offering, I invite you both to a Sunday-school picnic in the woods to-morrow."

Anne was thrilled through and through at the prospect of her first picnic. But disaster followed close upon this dazzling prospect.

The day before, she had decked herself out in a gorgeous piano scarf, a sheaf of peacock feathers and Marilla's topaz brooch—the entire costume representing the evening dress of the Countess Geraldine Cordelia Fitzgerald. Marilla had appeared unexpectedly just as she was putting the finishing touches on the costume and had sternly ordered her back to the kitchen and her own prosaic gingham apron. But, on the morning of the picnic when Marilla had gone to search for the brooch, she had found it missing.

Anne had frantically denied having lost the ornament but when Marilla sternly insisted that she confess or stay in her room all day, she admitted with many tears that she had dropped it over the bridge. Marilla, still further infuriated by her carelessness, ordered her to stay home from the picnic and locked her in her room, turning a deaf ear to the child's piteous pleadings.

The events of that day remained in Anne's memory long after more important events had faded. She still laughs at the thought of how she crept out of the window, climbed down the trellis and stumbled through the woods in a frenzied search for the picnic party. On the way she stopped to pet a friendly little animal which looked like a squirrel but seemed far tamer. And then suddenly every one she met on the road seemed to avoid her and turned away from her questions as to the whereabouts of the Sunday-school expedition.

" 'Pon my soul," said one deaf old man to another, "but there's been a skunk powerful near this place."

Anne did not know what a skunk was, but she soon found it necessary to pin a clothespin on her nose and in this state met the picnic party. They, too, scattered at her approach and she was forced to eat her lunch in melancholy solitude on the grass. She wandered home, a desolate little figure and sobbed herself to sleep on a haystack in the barn.

And here Matthew found her just after Marilla had discovered the missing brooch under the bureau scarf. He carried her into the house, where Marilla burned the offending picnic finery and comforted her with bread and jam and much affectionate scolding.

"But for mercy's sake, child," stormed Marilla, "why did you tell me you lost the brooch, when you hadn't?"

"You said I had to confess," murmured Anne sleepily. "I thought mebbe if I told a real good confession, you would let me go. And then I prayed to the Lord to get me there somehow. And He did, but I don't think much of His way of doing it," and her drowsy head sunk lower on Marilla's shoulder.

These, and other memories of her later school-days, formed the medley of recollections that remained with Anne whenever she recalled the house with the Green Gables. Among them was the near-tragedy of the funeral barge which almost terminated Anne's career as a weaver of dreams.

She had been reading the "Idyls of the King" and her imagination had been caught by the tragic story of "Elaine."

"Why can't we act it out on the river?" she suggested to the other girls at recess. "There is an old raft in the boat-house that would do for a barge and we could deck it out with flowers so that the wood wouldn't show."

So afternoon found them busy with their improvised stage properties on the bank of the placid river. Anne, by common consent, was "Elaine." She had slipped a white nightgown of Marilla's over her blue checked dress and her head bore the virginal crown of lilies which is always the property of this mournful maiden.

A little group of school-boys from the village had come to scoff at this amateur play-acting but remained to direct and advise with calm masculine superiority. Among them was Gilbert. "Better

look out, Anne—Elaine, I mean," he warned her. "That old raft looks mighty leaky to me."

Now if Anne had felt any doubt as to the safety of the expedition before, wild horses would not have drawn an admission of fear from her after Gilbert's admonition. She refused to answer him but calmly settled herself on the barge, lying flat on her back with her hands crossed on her breast in the conventional funereal fashion, while the girls covered her with flowers from the Green Gables garden.

Slowly they pushed her off from the bank while they chanted the lyrical measures in the "Idyls." All went well until the raft swung around the bend in the river and caught the eddies that swirled at the turn. Then suddenly the lily maid of Astelot came to life with a scream, shook her flowers from her bier and stood swaying on the spinning barge. "It's leaking," she shrieked. "Help me! I'm sinking!"

The girls, knowing that they could not save her, rushed to the house for help. But Gilbert in one bound reached the river's bend, tore off his coat and plunged in after the half-fainting heroine. He caught her just as she was sinking and made his way to the shore with a few powerful strokes.

As he lifted her to the bank and saw that her eyes were half closed with weakness and terror, he stooped and gently kissed her cheek. Whereupon, the dying maiden's eyes suddenly flew open and she became a very indignant little girl. She blinked for a moment and then shook her head at her rescuer in mute reproach.

"How dare you!" she sputtered, brushing the water from her eyes. But she neglected to remove her head from his shoulder and somehow Gilbert kissed her again.

Safely home again, and under the ministration of Marilla's hot tea and blankets, Anne decided that the episode must have been a dream. Her musings were cut short by the entrance of Matthew, whom she could hear talking excitedly in the next room. Marilla seemed to be trying to calm him but he refused to listen.

"They are dragging the river, I tell you," he shouted it. "They are hunting for the body of our little girl."

Dragging the blanket behind her, Anne made three bounds into the kitchen and flew into the arms of the astonished Matthew. "You can't kill me that way, uncle," she laughed. "I was never born to be drowned."

"But they found a body," Matthew stammered, utterly dazed with relief and bewilderment.

"Oh, that thing," sniffed Anne, "that was the scare-crow who played the part of the old boatman. Did they think that was me? I am flattered."

At this moment Gilbert knocked and entered. The two old people vanished as if by magic and left him standing shyly before Anne with a small glistening object in his hand.

"It's an engagement ring," he whispered. "It was the best one they had at the jewelry store. I'll have it all paid for a year from next June if all goes well. But it isn't half good enough for you, Anne."

Anne slipped the sparkling wonder on her finger and cast her adoring eyes up to his. "I wasn't really angry when you kissed me," she told him. "I won't ever pretend to be any more. Try it, Gilbert, and see."

And Gilbert tried—and saw.

High school days faded into graduation and Anne in the glory of her white organdie and carnations was ready to face her first term in college when a sudden blow crushed all her rosy dreams. Matthew, whose health had been gradually failing through the past year, died suddenly at the close of one August day, with his eyes fixed on the sunset and his hand in Anne's. And the young girl, only lately emerged from the short skirts of her orphan days, found the burden of Green Gables' support transferred to her slender shoulders.

She applied for the post of teacher at the little red schoolhouse where she herself had been taught. Somewhat to her surprise, she was elected without any opposition except from Abednego Pie, father of Josie Pie, who had always cherished a lurking grudge against the young orphan. This natural antagonism had not been mitigated by the fact that Josie had set her cap very vigorously for Gilbert. But for all

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"Geraldine isn't my real name. But I like to imagine it is. My real name is unromantic!"

A Flyer

Would you believe that Pauline Frederick was a prim Bostonese, that Lillian Gish nearly died from over-eating or that Charlie Ray's folks raised him to be a druggist?

Billie and Gladys Brockwell. No, they're not sisters. Billie is Gladys' intensely youthful mother, who was not yet thirty when her daughter essayed a leading role in pictures!

EVERYBODY knows that you can't get away from a past—particularly your own.

If they don't, it's not the fault of some of our very best dramatists, who might have gone bankrupt long ago but for their knowledge of this tragic fact.

No matter how virtuous you may have become, how far along the road of redemption you may have traveled, how deeply the skeleton may be buried, don't kid yourself into a false feeling of security, because in the third act the Past is going to rise up and smite you. (Ask Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Tanqueray, Henry Ford or others who have been successfully smitten.)

Now movie stars, no matter how bright and beautiful, are no different than other mortals. They, too, have pasts. You may have suspected as much. Rumor may even have blown it to your ear. Well, take heart, for some of your worst conjectures are about to be confirmed.

I know it's an awful thing to contemplate the fact that Mack Sennett's mother wanted him to be a priest. It almost seems lese majesty to reveal the fact that the groove on the side of Grant's Tomb was not caused by a cannon ball, but was worn there by Priscilla Dean's small—well, at least by her sliding down it all day long on her panties—as long as they lasted. And many hearts will ache beneath the knowledge that Warren Kerrigan was the ugliest baby his mother ever saw.

From these few facts you may have gathered that it is the mothers who have given me my information. Nothing can equal the indiscretion of mothers concerning their offspring. Even a woman who won't discuss the complete and natural inferiority and depravity of the masculine sex, can be won into conversation about babies—especially her own. So I went to H. Q.

Naturally, on such a quest, I began with the mother of the Pickfords—Mary, Jack and Lottie. Being mother, general manager, chief advisor, treasurer,

Warren Kerrigan's mother confesses that he was the homeliest baby she ever saw in her life! Can such things be?

in Pasts

By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

grandmamma (to Miss Mary Pickford Rupp, Lottie's four year old daughter) must be an exceedingly exhausting business, because by the time I caught up with Mrs. Charlotte Pickford in Mary's beautiful bungalow dressing house at the Brunton studio, I felt like a puppy that had been chasing its tail.

It was a little bit hard even then, to tear her mind away from the glowing present and focus it upon years gone by. She sat on a corner of the cretonne hung; wicker divan, her black hair showing not the faintest trace of gray, her fashionable white tricolet suit revealing her plump, pretty figure. She is essentially the "pal" type of mother. While I found in her an immense amount of mother instinct, and a passionate love for children, she has established an equality between herself and her children that is not common.

"Mary Pickford never had a spanking in her whole life," she said calmly. (This is the spectre of which I warned mothers. Can't you just hear eight year old Susie and Jane and Agnes confronting a forthcoming licking with

Eight-year-old Susie and Jane and Agnes are herewith provided with verbal ammunition to wreck the American home: "Mary Pickford never had a spanking in her life!"

Mary MacLaren is quite proud of the fact that she looks much, much more like her mother than her gorgeous sister, Katherine MacDonald.

"Oh mama, you shouldn't whip me. Just look at Mary Pickford and her mother *never* spanked her at all.") "I never believed in punishing a child like that. Mary was an awfully good child. I ought to know, too, because the other two were regular little devils. But Mary was always a kind, sweet, happy little girl. She mothered Lottie, and she mothered me, and it's a wonder Jack didn't turn her hair white before it was grown. She positively worshipped him. That was the strongest trait of all her childhood—her complete devotion to Jack.

"But not one of my children ever had a hand lifted against them, though goodness knows there were times when I could hardly restrain myself, they were that full of mischief and inventiveness. I don't know what my ambitions for them might have been, if necessity hadn't forced my hand. Perhaps it's a

The whole Farrar family—Lou-Tellegen, Geraldine, her mother and her father: Syd Farrar, famous old-time ball-player.

good thing it did, for they'd none of them ever have gotten on the stage any other way, and I might have thrown them into lines where they wouldn't have been successful. But with us it was a matter of making a living for the whole family, and Mary started acting when she was five years old. As for Jack, if they'd had birth control films, I daresay he'd have been born in the movies.

"Mary's childhood was taken up between acting and Jack. Her grandmother was alive then, an invalid, and Mary used to stand against her knee and recite her little parts. She learned remarkably fast, too. Managers would hardly believe it. When she wasn't at that she was watching over Jack, whose habit it was to carry half the state of Ohio behind his ears and under his nails and on his knees. He was the dirtiest child I ever saw—a regular magnet for it—though there wasn't an ounce of harm in him. And how it worried Mary! She was so neat and dainty. She'd scrub him and scrub him—and in ten minutes he'd be as dirty as ever.

"Mary was my helper. When she wasn't more than six, she'd consult with me about our problems, while Jack was out trying to beat Mr. Wright by flying without an airship and Lottie was sewing. From all indications I should have made a dressmaker out of her. She sewed all the time and everything in the house. She used to sew our clothes up so we couldn't get into them."

Above, Mary Pickford when she first went on the stage. Below, Clara Kimball Young, with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kimball, in the garden of her home in Hollywood.

"There are lots of mothers who will be interested to know just how you brought Mary up," I remarked, thinking of the matinee audiences of mothers and kiddies who had packed the theaters to see "Daddy Longlegs."

"Just by love," said Mrs. Pickford, smoothing her knee with a hand whose magnificent rings showed that in this instance at least love had paid heavy dividends. "Every mother in the world would succeed if she'd use love and reason in place of force and superiority."

It didn't take me long to discover one thing. If it hadn't been for widows and orphans, the screen would have lost some of its most dazzling lights. The Gishes are another example of that.

Everybody knows that the Gishes and the Pickfords grew up together and were playmates. But who would have supposed that Mary, Dorothy and Jack would form one team, and Lillian and Lottie the other?

"Lillian adored dolls," said little Mrs. Gish, as we sat looking out over the lovely sunken gardens, the sun dial

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PAULINE FREDERICK and her mother, photographed in the garden of the home they occupy in Hollywood, California. "Polly's" mother has always been her daughter's best pal, and wisest counselor. They work and play, together.

Just a few pictures like this would convince any paper-hanger that all he needs, to become a director, is a megaphone. Bob Leonard and his assistants have perched on the scaffolding to shoot directly into this balcony set.

A couple of white slaves, judging by the costumes. "The White Slave" was done at Vitagraph, in the early days, by Clara Kimball Young and Earle Williams, whom you see here.

Joe Martin—the short, hairy gentleman sitting on the post takes great pride in his perfect understanding of the Eng gives him an order twice it makes him so peevish that he

The great camera prizes are unexpected accidents, caught by chance. This side-car disaster happened during Locklear's airplane stunts at Universal City. The car, negotiating a turn at nearly a mile a minute, was destroyed. No serious damage to the occupant.

Wonder what a sunshine comedy dog-catcher thinks about? Nothing much. Wonder what three dog-catchers think about? Less'n that. Wonder what the Boston Bull and that miserable little fluffy insect—oh, dear! To whom were we speaking of what, anyway?

—has just informed an interviewer that he lish language, and that if his director ever just monkeys around all day.

A form of joy-ride formerly popular when folks had grievances in the rural districts. Revived, with plenty of tar and feathers, for Ince's "Bolshevism."

Kid McCoy gets the sleep-medicine again. However, he is Jesse Lasky's trainer here, and the bout is on the Lasky lawn, in Hollywood.

A male vampire off duty isn't so awfully demoralizing. These seashore kids vote Mr. Cody, the professional home exterminator, a very regular guy.

Scene from Act I

WRITE YOUR OWN THIRD ACT

ACT II

Cecil: You must be strong for us both. Leave me before your beauty overpowers me. Go, girl, go.

Imogene: Never! I have told mother all! I am yours! Kiss me! Mother says a cold coronet will match my hair perfectly.

ACT III

This space reserved for your own version of a third act. Go ahead. You can't write a worse one than the other two.

Place: A Cowtown in Nevada.
Dramatis Persona Non Grata: Cecil Crosseye, a remittance man. Imogene the millionaire cattleman's beautiful daughter.
Time: Self-adjustable.
Scene: Millionaire Cattleman's Ranch Drawing Room.

Apologies to William Fox, William Farnum, and Louise Lovely. A member of the editorial staff has had this play in her system for a long time and is taking unscrupulous advantage of the editor's absence on a painting trip.

ACT I

Imogene: (*pleading*), I love you, suffering rattlesnakes, how I love you. Marry me and the ranch is yours.

Cecil: (*business of mental anguish and heroic self restraint*), No, it can never be.

Imogene: No, no, Cecil, you are too good, too noble to break my girlish heart.

Cecil: (*starting in surprise*), Then you know. Yes, 'tis true I am a nobleman. I must tell you all. I am the missing Duke of Crosseyeshire, but I can never marry until I clear the family name. My great grandmother once sat down before the queen was seated. She was near-sighted, and the Crosseyeshires were disgraced.

Imogene: I still love you—marry me, Cecil. We need never go back to England.

Cecil: My brave girl.

Scene from Act II

Good Boy Bad Boy

By
GENE COPELAND

Frankie Lee plays both kinds, and his only dislikes are dressed-up parts, fire scenes and fishes.

HE'S as nonchalant as a pampered matinee idol and as sweetly serious as a debutante ingenue—at least, that's the way he appears when an interviewer interrupts a morning of play. But as soon as he's left alone again he is all *"boy"*—and as natural, as bluntly frank, as teasing, as rough and tumble as they make 'em.

He is veritably a little dynamo for his six and one half years, his forty pounds, his thirty-eight inches and soft brown hair and deep blue eyes.

Though Frankie Lee has been in pictures more or less continuously during the last two and a half years, he had never before been really interviewed. The event made very little impression on his busy little brain, however, and before I had barely spoken a salutory word to his mother, he burst forth with "Aw, come on up stairs and see my schoolroom first! I got lot of things I want to show you."

The treat in store for me proved to be the exhibition of his boxing gloves which he sometimes puts on when Papa comes home from writing subtitles, and his beetle bugs which were a Christmas present from Theda Bara, and his machine gun, a gift from Mary Pickford, his drawing paraphernalia from Dorothy Dalton, and his books and numerous mechanical toys, all presents from admirers.

When asked whom of all the famous and beautiful women he has played with that he admired most, or rather, with whom he enjoyed working the most, he elusively and diplomatically replied, "Oh, I like 'em all!" And this, his mother declares, is quite characteristic of him.

As a baby, he was never the crying kind and he has never been known to pout except "sometimes, when they make him do it in the pictures," his mother says.

"He is so very obedient that I sometimes almost wish he *would* be naughty," Mrs. Lee laughed. "The only time he weeps is when he leaves his pets to go to the studio."

Gladys Brockwell was the first of his screen ladies, I believe, in "One Touch of Sin." And there have been Mary in "Daddy Long Legs," Dorothy Dalton in "Quicksands," and Pauline Frederick in "Bonds of Love" and Mildred Manning in "The Westerners" and Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man" and now it's Mabel, for Mabel Normand has him working with her—doing a comedy part and wearing ragamuffin clothes, which is just what he likes.

The supreme moment of that great picture, "The Miracle Man" is the instant in which the faith of the little crippled boy contrives a real and astounding cure.

"Dressed-up" parts, fire scenes, and fishes are his triplet abominations.

At the studios where he works he is the pet from the star down to the grip, yet he is entirely unspoiled because he has such an active little brain that he hasn't a spark of self-consciousness. The same naturalness exhibited in preferring to show me the school-room to talking about himself and the pictures is evidenced on the studio lot. He is all attention and interest when he is being directed, and insists on reading, or having his part of the script read to him. But as soon as the scene is finished, he is off chasing butterflies around the lot or playing with his lasso or aeroplane, two toys which he inveterately carries to work.

His naturalness, his simplicity and unaffectedness might suggest that he is the child Charlie Ray of picturedom. However, it is vain to prognosticate about his future on the screen, for at the present writing, he wants it quite definitely understood that when he grows up he intends to be a director. Which ambition does not seem so highly improbable to Reginald Barker of Goldwyn and some of the children of the neighborhood in which Frankie lives since he startled them all the other day by producing a scenario which he had written himself and called "The Wife's Children."

His personal prides are his mother, the boxing-gloves he puts on with his father, the beetle bugs Theda Bara gave him, the machine gun presented by Mary Pickford, and his drawing paraphernalia—a gift from Dorothy Dalton.

With Pauline Frederick, in her most recent picture, "The Stronger Love."

All Frankie's dramatic sense and knowledge of the theater has been acquired and developed by his experience in pictures, as neither his mother or father are thespians. He was discovered when he was four years old by a Universal director who took him out to that plant and initiated him by putting him in atmosphere. That was the only "extra" work he ever had to do.

He is endowed with such a vividly original imagination that it is not difficult to understand how he was almost immediately given parts. It is probably from his Celtic blood that he gets the glib imagination, as his mother is of French-Irish descent. His dry seriousness would reveal the Anglo-Saxon, for his father is of English stock, though little Frankie is American, as he patriotically declares.

He has become an out-and-out sportsman—necessitated largely by the character of the parts he has been cast to portray. He swims, drives a motor boat, and has just recently learned to "ride fancy"—as he calls English jockeying.

Like most of young America, he is a movie fan, but not in the usual sense of the word. For Frankie is not interested in his own or the others' acting. He watches the sets for technical details and also the direction of the picture.

A New Art in an Old University

Columbia, of New York, is foremost in official scholastic recognition to the advancing motion picture.

By FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

(Head of the Department of Photoplay Composition, Columbia University)

"To teach people to appreciate the finer things in a photoplay," that is one of the missions of Miss Patterson's department. Above—Hamilton Hall, headquarters of Columbia's new department.

NOT long ago a certain pathologist in Chicago, after examining a great many types, made the startling announcement that all Bolsheviks and motion picture writers are maniacs, and added "their mental deficiency is shown by their terrible crimes." This is a bit discouraging to some of us, but perhaps he is right. At all events it is something of a coincidence that Columbia University first chose East Hall—the last relic of the old Bloomingdale Insane Asylum which used to occupy the college site—as a fitting abode for the newly established courses in Photoplay Composition. That was in 1914, with Dr. Victor Freeburg as professor in charge. But the classes soon outgrew their early quarters and now they are housed with befitting dignity in Hamilton Hall, the new art of the photoplay trying out its young wings side by side with ancient Latin and archaic Greek and the science of astronomy which almost antedates the world.

One of the ideals of the University is to bring general knowledge within reach of the many rather than special knowledge to the few. The gentle art of story telling in *words* has long held an honorable place on its curriculum and that of other universities. Lately the study of Dramatic Composition has been admitted to the esoteric circle. But Columbia has the distinction of being the first college or university to recognize the tremendous possibilities of the gentle art of story telling by means of *pictures*, to realize that the photoplay in its highest form is essentially artistic, and that wielded by trained and skillful writers its power is illimitable. Columbia felt that a day would come when there would be a demand for scenario writers of culture and undisputed ability, and in addition there was the immediate need to teach people the appreciation of the finer things in the photoplay, which appreciation will eventually result in a demand for better plays on the part of the public. Hence the establishment of a course in Photoplay Composition which has since developed into five.

To these classes there comes as diversified a group of people, I venture to say, as ever gathered together in a common interest. Any one of the classes is in itself an interesting psychological study. The students range from the veriest amateur who has rosy hopes of writing a photoplay in three lessons and as many hours which will startle the world and net its author a cool thousand or so, to the blue-stocking who is going in for a Ph. D. degree and plans to use the science of aesthetics as applied to a comparative study of the photoplay and the drama for her thesis. There are young women who feel they ought to be able to form bright and new opinions upon the latest photoplay as well as the latest books or the latest plays or the latest turn in the political situation. A dramatist came in order to know how to adapt his play to cinematic form rather than submit it to the ungentle hand of the hack continuity writer. Short story writers have come for the same reason. Teachers of English come that they may find out which plays can be used as objective illustration in teaching the classics, or for which should they hoist the figurative red flag. One man high up in the world of advertising was sent by his firm to learn more about photoplays the better to advertise them. There have been actors and actresses in the class who were ambitious to write stories as well as to act them. One young director who had a "movie star" for a wife, was eager to prepare himself to write the vehicles in which she was to be starred. I heard subsequently that these laudable aspirations were cruelly cut short by a suit for divorce.

Then there are college students who want the course as a necessary part of a liberal education in this day and age when there is scarcely anyone, "highbrow" or "lowbrow," whose pleasure and recreation does not embrace at least a "movie" or two a week. There is the young reporter who has learned that a part of the course is devoted to the development of cinematic criticism which will be more analytical and more adequate than much of the so-called criticism that is offered at the present time. He may have turned out excellent copy on a variety of subjects but he is not therefore a trained motion picture critic. How can a writer show that a setting intensifies the dramatic moment of a play or delineates character if he knows nothing about the dramatization of setting? Or how can he show the lack of artistic stress in a certain significant interior when he knows nothing about pictorial composition? How can he comment upon deviations from the printed or produced version

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Photograph by Evans

Allan Dwan

who has composed many different kinds of sunshine tableaux in the past few years, began his earning life as an electrical engineer in the Middle West. His pictorial service, starting with Essanay, has been carried on with brilliance and grace wherever photoplays are made in America. His cinematic essays have included such widely differing subjects as the roistering personal expressions of Douglas Fairbanks, the passionate dramas of Norma Talmadge, and the romantic early comedies of Dorothy Gish, an output of plays best represented, perhaps, by "The Half-Breed," "Panthea," and "Betty of Greystone." His latest photoplay is a version of Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune." This pose is Mr. Dwan's most characteristic directorial attitude.

Photograph by Evans

Maxwell Karger

came from music to the screen. This does not mean that he clerked in a song-shop or taught voice and other wind instruments on a side street. He was a first violin of the Metropolitan Operahouse orchestra in New York, and brought to the sunny silences an intense dramatic faculty combined with a virtuoso's love of grace, ease and perfection of small details. He has manifested many of these qualities in the works that have proceeded from the Metro studio in Hollywood, California, where he is director-general. Like Mr. Dwan, who regards him amiably across the page, Mr. Karger is still a young man, tremendously energetic and approaching rather than reaping the maximum harvest of a creative life.

Specs Without Glass

Harold Lloyd wears 'em merely for comedy effect on the stage, but now he has to use the sure-enough kind, with glass, in real life.

By
ANABEL
LEIGH

IMAGINE getting up early in the morning to meet Harold Lloyd and get a bird's-eye view of Los Angeles from the veranda of the Rolin studio—and then finding said L. A. nicely enveloped in a thick blue haze!

And then picture to yourself the debonair Mr. Lloyd sitting on the front steps of the old-fashioned mansion that houses the comedy factory, feeding a nickel's worth of liver to the office cat!

This Mr. Lloyd is quite one of the most astonishing young men in pictures, inasmuch as off stage he doesn't look at all as he does in front of the camera, and he doesn't seem to use slang. He's business-like to the nth degree, and when I encountered him, was heavily engrossed in telling the aforementioned liver-eating feline that she's not going to have to have tin cans tied to her sleekness any more for comedy effect.

When Lloyd used to be known professionally as "Lonesome Luke," he wore skin-tight trousers and a funny little hat that sat squarely on the top of his head. But now, in his silk pongees and leather-covered motor car he declared that Luke was considerable of a nightmare to him. He was too much like Charlie Chaplin, and, with all due respect to the world's premier farceur, Lloyd had a hankering that he'd like to be just a little bit like Harold Lloyd, in other words, be *himself*.

Ever since he was a kid he had yearned to be an actor, and even in the bread-and-milk-and-early-to-bed era he'd compose and act out dramalets on the bed coverlet. And once he got acquainted with an actor who taught him how to make-up, whereupon he proceeded to make-up all the fellows in the

Specs with glass, this time, for this is Mr. Lloyd's newest picture, taken on the day he emerged from the hospital after the disastrous bomb explosion that threatened—but fortunately didn't bring—disfigurement for life.

that Fay Tincher originally adopted her stripes, Lloyd just naturally claimed tortoise goggles as his own.

I quizzed Lloyd about his ideal girl; whether or not he's ever been vamped, and if he's ever been proposed to.

"Never been proposed to," quoth he laconically. "Never been vamped, and don't expect that I shall ever be. I'm hopeless along that line. Speaking of the ideal girl,—my ideal,—she isn't anybody in particular. She must be young, and slender, and of wonderful disposition. I once thought that I found her,—but I guess I didn't. My ideal is the quiet, the ladylike, the sweet-souled girl. Like my mother."

(Continued on page 124)

neighborhood, and organize a stock company!

This same thespian craze is in his bones now, and he'll tell you that some day,—some day when they don't want him any more in comedy,—he's going to direct a serious feature. He wouldn't miss a current Tourneur or Griffith or an Elsie Ferguson or Henry Walthall opera for a million cartwheels, because he wants to get their ideas of what's what.

"Everybody," he announced simply, "loses his personal popularity, sooner or later. When mine's gone, I want to direct."

Comedy,—particularly the kind with slapsticks in it,—generally harbors a coterie of slang-talking "eggs." Lloyd in this respect is more like a high-school boy who's never been spoiled by contact with the world. Interviewers somehow or other always seem to make him, as they do Dorothy Gish, use an excess of contemporary phraseology, such as "She's the goil I'd swim th' P'cific tuh rescew."

And actors, when they get up in the world, are quite too often bothered with an excess of "temperament," which, in the broadest sense, is nothing more or less than a disposition to avoid doing such things as don't appeal to them. Some members of the profession call this exalted state "upstage."

"Why be upstage?" Lloyd asks blandly when you ask his opinion. "I like to go and see the wonderful work someone else does, and I go out and say 'My word, how bad I am!' You can get ideas from everybody. Why be upstage and spoil your chances of getting them?"

As he talked, my subject kept fumbling an odd-looking pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. But there wasn't any glass in them. Why this? methought. Why be annoyed with mere optical camouflage? But it's like this:

When he started out as Lonesome Luke, Lloyd wanted something in his make-up that wasn't being worn. Glasses always lend more or less of a bizarre effect, and for the same reason

"There's something about Harold Lloyd—" say his admirers. We'll say so, too. And we'll say that the something about Harold Lloyd is Bebe Daniels.

Painted by A. B. Elliott

And Now—"Cinematic Mensurgraphy"

THE slow motion movie camera, which has already amazed picture patrons by its revelation of the action of athletes under greatly retarded motion, is now being used in the reclamation of crippled soldiers, and is an improvement upon mensurgraphy, or the science of employing the still camera in the study of the human frame. Limping that heretofore puzzled surgeons can now be diagnosed and corrected. The patient hobbles before the camera under the surgeon's direction. Later, on the screen in the clinical projection room, the creeping film shows the patient moving 250 times slower than he actually did, permitting the surgeons to leisurely and minutely study the movement of the ailing limb, ascertaining just which ligaments or muscles are delinquent. The charted wall is frequently used in checking up on the faulty evolution of a limb-movement, as contrasted with the same movement of the normal limb.

A Review of the New Pictures

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat., Off.

By

JULIAN JOHNSON

"Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave," a delicious satire upon an army, a nation, and boys, is the unquestioned peak of the photoplay month. Douglas MacLean, its star, threatens to establish himself as a juvenile comedian of the first order.

WE are not half so much in need, here in America, of dramatic persons to tell us how far we should proceed in forgiving our wives, browbeating our employers, stimulating our beverages or non-stimulating our love affairs as we are of those other rare dramatic persons who can hand us genuine laughs. Many a fight has been busted up by a crafty jokesmith. Many a doubtful issue has been rescued by an apropos story. Many a crushed heart has been saved from breaking by the relief of a smile. What if we did win the war? We seem to be engaged in a whole series of wars at home. What if we did shake off the Teuton yoke? Almost every man has, or thinks he has, a particularly heavy yoke of another sort around his neck just now. The capitalist glares at the proletarian, and the proletarian barks back at the capitalist, and the bolshevik mutters against both of them.

We need real diversion, and while that sometimes comes in a wonderful play about human hearts, like "The Miracle Man," or "Broken Blossoms," it comes surest, and unfailingly, when some Spencerian divining-rod touches the wellsprings of laughter.

For that reason I say that the unquestioned peak of the photoplay month of which I am writing—that is to say, October, and the first days of November—has been that delicious satire upon an army, a nation, and boys, "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave." Mary Roberts Rinehart wrote the original story, and, by the T. H. Ince concern, it has been perfectly transferred to celluloid in all its parts and meanings.

It introduces a young comedian of the first order. Douglas MacLean, who has never done anything conspicuous, here becomes, in a bound, what Ernest Truex is to the stage. It is true that the actor depends upon his material, and cannot, no matter what his endowments, thresh his way to fame independent of any literary surrounding. But granted that MacLean goes on getting good pieces, you will witness the establishment of a high-class juvenile comedian of the first order, judged by the tenets of any dramatic creed. "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave" is an extraordinary story, extraordinarily well put on, but even this does not befog MacLean's issue: throughout he is doing an extraordinary piece of acting.

I liked this piece, too, because it is the first really natural essay upon our mushroom military system, which, growing to gigantic proportions over night, contained as many comic features as it held features glorious. Only, we have never dared to discant on its absurdities before; we were only, and quite properly, praising its heroisms and its great international efficiency.

But here we have a training camp, raw as to human life as it is in buildings, inhabited by as cheerful, dogged, lovable and block-headed a set of American boys as ever led a forlorn hope or raised inferno on Hallowe'en. The plot starts by discarding its trousers, when Sergeant Gray—played by Mr. MacLean—insists on putting on his whipcord tailor-mades instead of his issue uniform, on the eve of leave and against orders. Sergeant Gray's excuse, that the issue uniforms are of such poor material, causes the irate officer of the day to tear up the uniforms of the whole file, leaving the rawboned lads only their shoes, their underwear and their slickers. In this charming array our hero, Sergeant Gray, sets forth upon his amours, and the object of the same is the *fille* of the camp's commanding Major General, who has already been

"The Vengeance of Durand" is not up to Rex Beach's best screen material. It features the marked beauty of Alice Joyce.

"Please Get Married," adapted by Metro from a stage farce, provides Viola Dana whimsicalities, some of which are funny.

"L'Apache" is the story of two Franco-American girls in Paris, both played strikingly by Dorothy Dalton.

unhorsed and disgraced before his men by Sergeant Gray's over-affectionate dog.

Not to spoil a real pleasure for you by an arid Baedekker of Gray's adventures, let me commend you, without more comment, to the Sergeant and his chunky little confection, Doris May. It's a real production. It has the feel and snap of the army in it, plus Mrs. Rinehart's engaging merriment. Oh yes—do you like *bran buns?* I do—always have. Possibly that is partly accountable for my passion for this picture. I hope you like bran buns. The plot is built on them.

IN OLD KENTUCKY—First National

"In Old Kentucky," for more than a quarter of a century one of the perennial joys of the theater, has been translated into celluloid by Marshall Neilan, with Anita Stewart as Madge. Charles T. Dazey's play is a natural scenario and Neilan displays his customary keen judgment in adhering closely to the original. But the picture softens the somewhat stiff lines of the melodrama by its diversity of beautiful scenery and the introduction of quaint characters. Miss Stewart's characterization of the mountain girl is different from anything she has ever done, and better than most—more interesting, more spontaneous, perhaps because less conventional than what have come to be regarded as "Stewart roles." An extra thrill is provided in the incident where Madge crosses the chasm to rescue her sweetheart. In the play she swung across on a rope. In the picture she jumps a horse across the broken bridge. One doubts that the management risked the life of several million dollars worth of star in this feat, but the thrill remains. Some girl did it. Mahlon Hamilton is the hero—the hardest part in any play. E. J. Connolly and Adele Farrington contribute much joy as the bibulous colonel and the lady he has wooed for many years, between drinks. But the gem of the cast is an unnamed, toothless, frock-coated negro retainer. Neilan has always claimed to be the greatest director of fish in the world, and he has a few working for him in the opening scene. He extends his biological field later, by employing a colony of ants. "In Old Kentucky" will make millions of eyes happy.

EVERYWOMAN—Artcraft

The late Walter Browne's morality play of the above name, as produced by Henry W. Savage, enjoyed as wide and peculiar a vogue as was ever accorded a theatrical representation in these untidied States. While not deep enough to be classed as a piece of literature, it was far better, far more thoughtful, than the average play of any living author, and possessed the added—and priceless—value of sound dramatic appeal. It has been produced for the screen by the Lasky institution, George Melford directing, and I think it will go around again, and win again, with Violet Heming in the role that Laura Nelson Hall, and her many successors, made lovely and pathetic and orotund on the incandescent platforms. Screened, it also has some of the sly qualities that made Channing Pollock call "The Wanderers" a system of "smuggling thrills to the godly." To translate: mixed up with the properest moral lessons imaginable there is a whole lot of magnificence, sensuous display and physical lure. Since this is not an almanac or a book of reminiscence it is hardly the place to talk about theme or plot of "Everywoman," one of the best known compositions of the past two decades. Miss Heming plays the title part, it seems to me, with her small and shapely foot held just a bit too much on the pedal of pathos. Sometimes she nearly makes it bathos. However—her depiction is a good one in the main. There never has been a Vice, on stage or screen, so gorgeous or glittering as Bebe Daniels. Irving Cummings is strikingly melodramatic as Passion. Theodore Roberts, as Wealth, is as incomparable as usual. Clara Horton makes Youth a quaint, childish figure—a different figure from the Youth of the stage, indeed, and just as appealing. The mature arts of James Neill are finely deployed in the melancho-satiric, Greek-chorus sort of figure, Nobody. And so on down the great list of characterizations. The production is opulent and unsparing in its edifices, its spaces, its displays, its very evident expenditures.

PLEASE GET MARRIED—Metro

One of the feats of our current, apartment-house civilization is the way we camouflage the obvious things of life. We make

the ice-box look like a pianola, cause the dining-room to be seven or eight rooms in one, replace the old-fashioned attic by the roomy box-couch, and the talking machine, when not squeaking, resembles a writing-desk or a what-not. This domestic dissembling, reflected on the screen, makes the bedroom farce of the stage—anything but a bedroom farce. We are awfully frank about the bedrooms on the stage. And getting franker. Last year we had several plays in which the hero and the heroine were alternately under the covers, and one in which *she* was in bed and *he* was under the bed, at the same time. This year we do the impossible by having one play in which both of them are in the same bed, at the same time, and pretty much all of the time, and quite discreetly! To get down to cases—and beds: Metro has taken "Please Get Married," one of the mattressiest of last year's footlight farcelets, and, in transforming it into a vehicle for her stellarship, Viola Dana, takes most of the coverlid effects out, and substitutes Dana whimsicalities. Some of them are funny, and some of them are not. One cannot help reflecting that Miss Dana is a bit out of control, here. The comic talents which she sprung upon a delighted world in "Satan Junior" have gone to seed. They are all right, at their roots. But they need control. To me, the principal enjoyment of the picture was in watching a real juvenile's debut. That juvenile is Antrim Short. Watch him go, and grow.

THE MYSTERY OF THE YELLOW ROOM—Realart

The chief mystery is, what is it all about? I remember, and I think you remember, Gaston Leroux's corking French mystery story. In translating this to screen language, Emile Chautard, director and adaptor, has missed fire. He has a series of episodes marvellously good—if they led up to anything. He develops characters which are breathlessly dramatic—if they had anything to get dramatic about. Ethel Grey Terry, as the persecuted Mathilde Stangerson, is both pretty and intense, and you know pretty women are seldom intense, and intense women are almost never pretty. So there's a triumph, to start with, but when the play is over you leave feeling like a gump for having wasted breath and sympathy over a young person of such mild disasters, after all. Mr. Chautard's French reporter is voluble, vivid and super-earnest. But the American newspaper man, who is a reflection of the country he lives in, with its cool nonchalance and effective though decidedly undramatic methods, must perforce laugh at him and his profundith and his uproar. He may be a perfectly normal Gallic journalist—though we doubt it—but here he is a lot of stuff and nonsense. It is a pity that this finely photographed picture play, with its tense and splendid individual scenes, artistically set and artfully composed, gets nowhere. If you happened in the theater and were called out at the end of five minutes' observation, you would deplore missing a real screen treat. But, staying for the whole performance, you deplore wasting an evening. Just as there are many vivid episodes, so there are many finely drawn and well played parts.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL—Goldwyn

A long time ago the indestructible Fannie Ward did a rollicking stage play called "The New Lady Bantock." This, in the transparencies, becomes "Strictly Confidential." The change of name means nothing; it is merely one of the interminable series of names changed on exhibitorial demand without reason. Where is this nonsense going to stop? Well, anyway: Lady Bantock, originally, was a mischievous elf in a family of aristocratic servants in the family of Lord Bantock, owner of a vast, grim, gloomy castle in rural England. She was the daughter of a band of strolling players, returned to her dour, proud serving relatives by a kindly theatrical manager who thought he was doing the best thing for her. How she breaks out, scandalizes them, returns to the stage, goes far, far away, and marries a young man who, unknown to her, is heir to the Bantock properties, comes home to conquer—all this is the tale unfolded. In it Madge Kennedy is prim, elfish and captivating in Miss Ward's old stage part, though those who saw Miss Ward will agree that she gave a far more brilliant and dashing

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"Strictly Confidential" from a Fannie Ward stage play, features Madge Kennedy, prim, elfish and captivating.

William Desmond has developed a strong vein of comedy, which he proves in "Dangerous Waters."

Kenneth Harlan is the shell-shocked hero of a murder mystery picture, "The Trembling Hour."

The Mother of the Sub-Deb

And besides being Bab's literary parent, Mary Roberts Rinehart has three real sons of her own.

By DELIGHT EVANS

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART never had to *learn* to write.

She never was a newspaper woman.

She brought up three sons from babyhood to boyhood before she took up her pen.

When she decided to write, she just sat down and wrote. Today she is one of the best-known literary women of our time—and she is, besides, a wife and a mother before she is a personage.

She is still a young woman. Her life now is a beautiful example of how a busy woman can keep busy and also keep her good looks. She used to be a nurse, you know—before her marriage. Doing house-work, she says, isn't any harder than writing several thousand words a day, keeping a large house in working order, and attending to three grown-up sons—one away at school. "Women think of me," said Mrs. Rinehart, "as a fortunate person—almost a lady of leisure. As a matter of fact, I work harder than any other woman of my acquaintance—whether she is the mother of a family of six girls, the head of a candy shop in New York, a successful actress or a farmer's wife. And now that I have, so to speak, 'gone into pictures,' I am busier than ever."

Mrs. Rinehart about to fly to San Diego, from the Goldwyn studios. Below with Samuel Goldwyn, inspecting a set at Culver City. Coffee with one of the Spanish beauties of a big scene.

I knew her literary reputation; so when I saw her I did not,—despite the fact that her pictures are anything but forbidding—expect to find a most charming woman, who said, after we had spoken on a variety of topics:

"Let's talk about clothes."

She is a graceful woman. The steel buckles on her shiny slippers sparkled—and so did her blue eyes. I never saw such clear blue eyes. She was well-equipped to talk about clothes, too; her black satin gown was becomingly draped and frilled, and—well, it seemed one of those gowns which are grown, not made.

"I like," she said, "the shorter skirts. Oh, not so short as some we see. But the Frenchwoman, with her keen appreciation of the exigencies of the time, has sensed the fact that tight long skirts are more out of place now than they ever were; and so has taken a hem in her skirt and let out the seams. See," she stuck out her own shapely foot, "I am wearing mine short."

"I say, mother," said the Young Man Present, "I say, isn't yours a bit *too* short?"

Mary Roberts Rinehart smiled indulgently. "I didn't know you followed the styles, son."

She was looking at him with an expression at once motherly and amused. She seems more like a pal to her son, than a mother. She goes to football games with him and they play tennis, in vacations.

"The lady," said Allan—his name is Allan, the youngest of the three sons of Dr. Rinehart and his wife—"the lady," he said embarrassedly, "whom I asked to go with me to the game before I found out that *you* wanted to go—has accepted."

A quizzical look: "Well?"

"Well, mother," said Allan, "listen: here's the way I figure it out. I can fix it up with Tom—"

"Never mind." The quizzical look was gone, and a very kindly one came to take its place, "never mind. Your father will take me."

An unconscious look of relief. "Well, mother," again, "I think I'd better be going now."

If Allan Rinehart could be persuaded to go into pictures, Dick Barthelmess and the other juvenile leading men would have to look sharp. He looks like his mother, with very white teeth, and a ruddy complexion, and black hair. His manners are charming. One thinks when one meets him that Mrs. Rinehart must have been so busy bringing up her sons, it's a wonder she had time to write all those stories.

When he'd gone: "He's my youngest. I have two older. Allan's in his third year at Harvard and—the poor boy! He has such a sad time about his allowance. He gets a good one; but he makes week-end trips to New York and it vanishes. He wires me for sheets and pillow-cases every week or so. I give him a large stock every time he goes away to school but

Her life is a beautiful example of how a busy woman can keep busy and also keep her good looks. "Doing house-work," she declares, "isn't any harder than writing several thousand words a day, keeping a large house in working order, and attending to three grown-up sons."

he can't keep them somehow. So he sleeps between blankets most of the time."

"Yes," I said; "and now about pictures."

"Oh, I love them," she smiled; and then—"He wrote a story once,—Allan. It was a lovely story—all about a country practitioner (of course it was a medical story; his father is a doctor and his mother was a nurse) and this country practitioner was hit over the head with a billy while he was bending over his well-filled safe. Doctor Rinehart saw that story and it gave him his biggest laugh in a long time. He said Allan had better inquire into the financial status of the country practitioner before he wrote about him."

But finally: "I just came back from Culver City. It's fine out there—I didn't like to leave. And I went straight to a Pennsylvania foot-ball game when I came back east—with

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The Story of Rosie and Jimmie Smith

As Mr. Griffith's head cutters they are the arrow to his bow

By
GENE COPELAND

Stagg

Griffith calls Mrs. Jimmy Smith his "New York critic" and always sends for her to look at a picture with him before it is shown in the East. Here they are — in the cutting room, looking over the film prior to its assembly.

AWAY off in the southern corner of the massy maze of the erratic green buildings on Sunset Boulevard long known as the Griffith Studios, at the top of a flight of a very narrow and involved stairway there is a hallway lined on either side with doors. Some are slightly ajar and if you peek in you are apt to see piles and piles of flat round tin cans and rolls and rolls of dark-colored something a little over an inch wide in stacks two and three feet high. Then if you stroll down the hall a little way a closed door will arrest your attention with a blue-penciled sign on it that reads: "Rosie and Jimmie Smith."

There is scarcely a sound to be heard aside from an occasional shuffling of feet and not a thing in sight more pretentious than the names on the door. And while they are not so fancy they do not reveal much.

Inside in a little room about four by eight you will find them—Rosie and Jimmie—and the chances are you will find at least one of them there any time between the hours of nine A. M. and eleven P. M. (the rest of the day is quite their own) seated before a workbench to the edge of which is attached a reel winder and at each of their sides a receptacle resembling a garbage can in proportions which is filled with hundreds and hundreds of feet of film whose ends dangle over the top for identification.

This is where the pictures are cut and put together. Which really amounts to making them. For what is a cake until the raw materials are stirred up together? And aptly it may be said that the disassociated film that is sent in to the table of Rosie and Jimmie is little more than what the raw materials are to the cake. And however good or bad is the ultimate result—what you see on the screen—may be attributed very largely to the ingenuity as well as technical knowledge of the cutters or "editors" as they are now called. All the acting, all the Griffith methods, effects, and photography would be like a bow without an arrow if not put together—and done skillfully.

Inasmuch as skill and amount of experience are practically synonomous in the business of cutting pictures Jimmie can justly take a front seat. Because he has the distinction of being the very first cutter of moving pictures, as Biograph's premier cutter he put together Mr. Griffith's first picture, 'The Girl On The Lake,' and every one of the Griffith pictures since then, with the help of Rosie in recent years.

A glance at Rosie and you'd think she was an ingenue temporarily out of a job in the pictures perhaps. (Born and raised in New York she still retains a decided metropolitan air.) But when questioned she won't even admit ever having aspired in a histrionic direction—a statement fully confirmed by her action in turning down even Mr. Griffith when he suggested that she might like to be put on the screen.

"I started in with this work the very day I graduated from school and have thought of nothing else in six years, so I

Jimmie nearly lost his job when he married Rosie. Not that Griffith objected, but because he feared love would interfere with the proper trimming of "Intolerance," a task at which Jimmie and his bride had both been working day and night for over a year.

couldn't think of giving it up now. I am too interested in it," this little lady with the serious black eyes asserted emphatically.

"And it is always new," Rosie continued enthusiastically (which, by the way, is altogether characteristic of all the Griffith Studio Household). "Many times we are working on two stories as it is nothing unusual for Mr. Griffith to be directing two at the same time. And every story is handled differently and every day there are entirely new scenes to be selected and put into story form. It is impossible to become indifferent to your work, as it requires such constant alertness.

"A scene that you see on the screen has probably been selected from at least a dozen camera shots of the same scene. There are always two cameras shooting on a scene and many times three and four. And when this scene is retaken five or six times by that many cameras the respective shots must be assembled. That means handling the reel of film from each of the cameras many times. After all the scenes from all the reels have been assorted and assembled they are run in the projection room with Mr. Griffith, camera man and cutters. The best one of the whole lot is designated by number and when the lot is returned to the cutting bench that particular one is cut out and spliced upon the reel of scenes that are to make the story.

"Before the story is put together the coloring of the scenes has to be done in the laboratory. This necessitates splicing together all the scenes that are to go in the same dye and recutting them all again to put them into story. It is the cutter who decides the indensity of the color effects. Perhaps a certain lighting may have resulted in a tone that is unbecoming to the star. Perhaps it is only a matter of faulty printing. But it is up to the cutter to know just what and why it is. It is a thing learned only by long experience in handling and comparing film.

"I've been six years learning what little I know," continued Rosie optimistically, "but I've got a long way to go before I know as much as my husband who has been with Mr. Griffith since 1908 when he first came to the oft-called 'cradle of the movies'—the old Biograph—at 11 East 14th St. in New York."

If Rosie had not revealed the relationship inadvertently my curiosity would not have contained itself much longer. But I had concluded that they couldn't be brother and sister which was my first surmise, because, in appearance, there was no suggestion whatever of resemblance. Jimmie has a sort of billiken smile though he really isn't fat at all. It's just a happy smiling face that would never seem to have lost any sleep. Though he confesses that it is never possible for him to make any dates even a day ahead of time for purposes of pleasure, because, as is generally known, Griffith is a veritable Edison for work. He thinks nothing of directing all day and then looking at film most of the night. And Jimmie must be right on the job to take and offer suggestions.

The only time Jimmie nearly lost his job was during the cutting of "Intolerance" which took a year and a half. He announced to Mr. Griffith that he and Rosie were going to be married. They had both been working day and night for a whole year on this most intricate and tremendous story. Griffith had said "Wait till the picture is finished."

But Rosie and Jimmie had already cut the film from something like 400,000 feet down to 20,000 and they knew that it could not exceed 13,000 when finished. The prospect of waiting that long was unspeakable. Cupid was calling too alluringly. In daring desperation they went on a Sunday morning to a little church around the corner and became "man and wife."

Mr. Griffith relented when the deed was done and gave Rosie a day's vacation but insisted that Jimmie be on hand as per schedule Monday morning. This man who-leads-them-all in the photodrama got the habit of working day and night back in those pioneer days when they were producing two one-reel pictures a week. And Jimmie was the only cutter then. He did it all: splicing, patching, assembling, assorting, inspecting and editing. Today he has a lot of girls under him as assistants who are respectively splicers, patchers, assemblers, assorters and inspectors.

After he had graduated from St. Joseph's Parochial School in 1907 in the same class with Bobby Harron, Jimmie went over to Biograph and went to work. Bobby went too. He started as a messenger boy and Jimmie as a shipping clerk. The duties of the shipping clerk in those days were to prepare

the film for shipment as well as attending to the shipping of it. The preparation of the film was not nearly so difficult as it now is because when a roll of film was put into a camera they went out and shot a whole story on the one reel. Very little actual cutting was done.

In 1910 Jimmie came out to the coast. Griffith, Bobby Harron and "Billy" Bitzer—all of the Biograph force—came too and the four of them became later a part of what was known as the Reliance-Majestic. Rosie did not come to California until 1914. (She and Jimmie have been married only three years.) She had been laying her foundation in the Gaumont and Eclair Studios in New York where she, too, had gone immediately upon leaving school. Here she patched, inspected, spliced and did all the mechanical part of the trade for two years for sixteen different directors. The diversity of her experience had taught her a great deal and when she walked into the Biograph one day and got a temporary job. Later, Mr. Griffith sent her out to the coast Studio.

For the last year Rosie has been doing for Mr. Griffith what probably no other director or producer has had done. She goes to all the different exchanges in the different cities throughout the country and cuts down the big pictures after the "first runs" from say a 13,000 foot film to 10,000 feet or less. This is because the smaller towns can not afford to run the picture alone as a feature so it must be cut down to a length that will make it possible to run it on a program with the usual comedy and news weekly. Then sometimes she has to insert scenes to make a story more lucid, as was recently the case in "The Mother and the Law." In the denouement of the film story a mysterious burglar was discovered to have been the dead body found in what the audience had thought was the hero's bed and no scene was in the picture accounting for the manner or how the burglar could have gotten into the bed with the consequent reports that the audiences were not "getting" it. So Rosie went around to all the exchanges and fixed the matter—by inserting a scene showing the mysterious person outside a window of the house and later climbing the stairs—before the picture was sent out to the smaller towns.

She had only returned from her tour of the country—so to speak, a few weeks ago when Mr. Griffith told her to pack her trunk once again. The news finally came out. The whole family were going to move back to New York. And everybody was happy.

FEW men in the American Expeditionary Forces had the varied and thrilling experiences of Major Robert Warwick. But he has refused to talk. He brought back no pictures of himself. Finally the story was pried out of him piecemeal by a clever journalist. *(It begins on page 110.)*

By J. Carl Mueller + L. M.

THE INDIFFERENT LOVER

Miss Movye Fan: "Please pay some attention to me, Charlie dear. Don't you see that mysterious comedian flirting with me? Don't you care?"

"Hey, Tom — that'll do!" After Tom Moore has rehearsed this scene three times (without protest), Director Harry Beaumont, husband of the lady in Tom's arms, decides that the action is snappy enough. And although the lady, Hazel Daly, seems enthralled, we'll wager she's planning on what to give Harry for breakfast tomorrow. The Daly - Beaumont romance is much older than the scenario. In old Essanay days, Miss Daly was *Honey* to Bryant Washburn's *Skinner*, with Beaumont directing.

What do you Think of these Husbands?

On the other hand, Director Howard Hickman apparently checked his husbandly jealousy in the scenario department, during the filming of this scene. Here he is, holding his wife (i. e. Bessie Barriscale) in his arms, goading Jack Holt into a more frenzied attack of courtship: "Don't mind me, Jack—snap it up a bit, like this, y'see. Just as though you didn't know I am her husband." And—look at Bessie—you'd think she wouldn't gaze so coyly at a lover who needs to be coached. Oh what a difference a camera makes!

Scene from Photoplay Magazine Supplement No. 10. Released by Educational Films Corp. of America.

The Master of the Show

By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

"We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the sun-illumin'd lantern held
In midnight by the Master of the Show."

AS a nation, we are prone to admire personality as much —perhaps more—than achievement. We love the rugged gentleness of Abraham Lincoln almost as much as we revere his works. The feats of Theodore Roosevelt would lose to America much of their glamour separated from his vivid individuality.

When we see something we like, we want to know all about the man who made or did it.

So naturally, those who have seen that polished bit of screen drama "The Miracle Man" want to know "the Master of the Show." The white letters "George Loane Tucker" on the silver sheet are not enough. Just what sort of man is he—this director whose genius brought out scenes that caused a hardened cameraman next to me to sit for five minutes with the tears quite frankly pouring down his face? And how did he do it?

One is likely to know a moving picture director only as one knows a favorite writer or poet, through his work. Naturally, if somebody told me that I was going to have an opportunity to ask Omar Khayyam just exactly what was in the famous jug—or to interview William Shakespeare on the Juliet potentialities of every woman—I should be thrilled! So, I was thrilled in the quiet light of the big drawing room waiting for George Loane Tucker to appear.

A young man entered from the sunlit gardens and stood in the doorway an instant, his tall, strong figure attractively outlined against the sky, a pleasant smile still in his sun-dazzled eyes. As to age, anywhere between 30 and 40—probably about half way. His looks are so entirely a matter of expression that it is difficult to describe them. He is not handsome, and all I remember of his features beneath their vivid enthusiasm are a pair of nice brown eyes and a rather good chin, but I do not imagine that one would grow easily tired of them.

Neither a mummer nor a man of soul, I should say. But a man of infinite understanding of life in all its phases.

His method? He summed it in a sentence.

"If I have a method, it is simply endeavoring by every means at my command to aid the actor in reaching that state of self-hypnosis where the emotions, experiences, and actions he is portraying seem real to him."

Mr. Tucker selected Betty Compson for "The Miracle Man" because she was tired, therefore utterly natural, when he interviewed her. This scene shows Mr. Tucker instructing Miss Compson in the next Tucker picture. The man is Robert Ellis.

THE light of the genius of Director George Loane Tucker has been burning steadily. But it was not until he gave the world "The Miracle Man" that he was recognized as a planet of the first magnitude. Now if there is one thing more than another that stands out in the general excellence of Mr. Tucker's creations, it is the sharp lines of individuality in all his characters. Burke is like no other role Thomas Meighan ever played. Betty Compson leaped from slapstick to the radiant Rose.

In what way does Mr. Tucker achieve this result? This keenly appreciative article tells the answer.

Portrait by Witzel

Mr. Tucker with his cameraman, Ernest Palmer, studying a light effect prior to filming a scene.

"To do that of course," I said, "you must be able likewise to feel and to understand the character, at least as well, if not better than the actor."

"Of course."

(It is extremely easy to talk to a man who drops contentedly into a big chair that "fits" him from long use, smokes with complete enjoyment and looks interested. Behind his chair a set of deep, full length windows, built like the nave of a church, framed graceful sprays of wistaria, almost black against a perfect bit of sky, like a Japanese etching. The scent of cigarettes, of leather from the ceiling high book shelves, the solid, dark comfort of everything, produced a sense of masculinity as poignant as that of the man himself.)

"Of course if this method is carried too far," he began again, "it produces a state of actual hypnosis that kills the very realism one is aiming for. I have worked with a girl on a scene until I saw by her absorbed, rapt expression that my mind was taking possession of hers.

"That is not what one wants. There is just one thing I must have in people who work under me—sensitiveness. They must be alive to impressions, to actual sympathy with a part. There are scenes that I do not believe the greatest actor in the world, from a technical standpoint, can play effectively, unless he becomes self-hypnotized with the character. My work is to help them in achieving this. Sometimes this quality is found in great stars, sometimes in raw recruits. After all, technique is something it is almost as important to forget as to acquire.

"It is not enough merely to say, for instance, 'Now, Miss Marsh, this is a scene in the attic. You come on with your basket. The scene is to show how lonely you are.' If a director does that with that very great artist, Mae Marsh, he will find a young girl simply walking through a scene and he will wonder where the tragic actress of 'The Escape' and 'Intolerance' can be. But she is like a child. Sit down with her, get her interest, then her sympathy, work her into an intense emotional understanding of the scene, and then experience the joy of watching her portray it."

(So that explained "The Cinderella Man.")

"I would not direct a picture I could not cast nor for which I could not write the working scenario," Mr. Tucker resumed.

"When I first read 'The Miracle Man' I immediately began to cast about in my mind for an actress to play Rose. I knew that it was a part that would tax even a Norma Talmadge. As soon as I reached Los Angeles I began to look for a screen actress with whom I could be satisfied. I interviewed at least a hundred, great and small. I looked at pictures, I visited

studios. Finally, I said to the agencies, 'Let me see the pictures of every woman you have between 16 and 30.' Literally, I looked at thousands of pictures. Among them I found a face that seemed to me superlatively sensitive. I asked that girl to come to see me.

"It was a cold, rainy, disagreeable day. The girl had been out all day on location, playing slap stick comedy. She was so tired that she was completely natural. The pose, the veneer, the effort to please, the thought of how best to please, was gone. She acted and talked exactly as she felt. We didn't talk about the part, nor the play, nor acting. But I told her things that would bring out, if it was there, the expression of the things that part would need. I said things to make her bitterly cynical. I spoke of things that would be bound to stir her sweetness, her pity, her gentleness. And I found her as responsive as a violin to an artist's touch. That is why Betty Compson was chosen to play Rose.

"Sometimes a director makes a mistake in casting, or it is made for him. Then one must just camouflage—throw the importance of a scene to some other player, cover up lack of emotion with beautiful effects. Sometimes, one may even resort to trickery—such as a piece of ice down the back, for a shiver!"

A little gust of anger flamed in his face. "Well, what can you do?" he demanded in disgust. "If you have told this girl the circumstances, if you have said to her, 'You are alone in this house. It's a big, lonely place and the rain and the wind outside, mysterious and full of noises of the night, cut you off from every feeling of human companionship. The very air seems full of those nameless, clammy, night visitors that we can't see, nor hear, nor touch. You have a vague, dreadful presentiment of something behind you. You try to shake it off, and you can't. In your distorted mind it takes all sorts of shapes. You finally gain courage to turn and look, and there on the gray wall you see—the shadow of a man, motionless, sinister, silent.' Now if she can't understand that enough to shiver, what can you do but put a piece of ice down her back? Bah!"

As a matter of fact, sitting there in the broad daylight, I paid Mr. Tucker the tribute of an exceedingly real shiver, myself. His voice had only dropped half a tone. His gestures were quiet, without flourish. But his eyes seemed to see the thing of which he spoke. And he made me see it. If he is able to draw other emotions as vividly, other scenes as realistically as he drew the horror of that one, it is small wonder that his 'moving row of magic shadow-shapes' answer to his call.

For the potency of the man lies entirely within himself, within his own understanding and feeling. I am sure that he could weep over that little, dead baby in 'The Escape' as Mae Marsh did, that he could feel the hopeless hysteria that shook Tom Meighan in that marvellous scene toward the end of 'The Miracle Man' as deeply as any man that ever lived. And with it all he has the slightest touch of humility—the humility of one who realizes that every talent, every ability, is a gift to guard carefully. The astounding success of his picture has humbled in him any pride of self.

"And even then," he went on, "one must never forget the craft of the art. After you have attained the pitch of a scene, after you are all in it, feeling it, the director can't sit back and just let it slide. He must be able to say 'Face a little more this way,' or 'Chin up and not so fast,' without jarring the actor clear out of the spirit of the thing.

"All this, too, touches only upon the director's relation to the people. Yet a director must be 'all things to all men.' He must be a carpenter, an electrician, a cameraman, a painter—all things!" *(Continued on page 113)*

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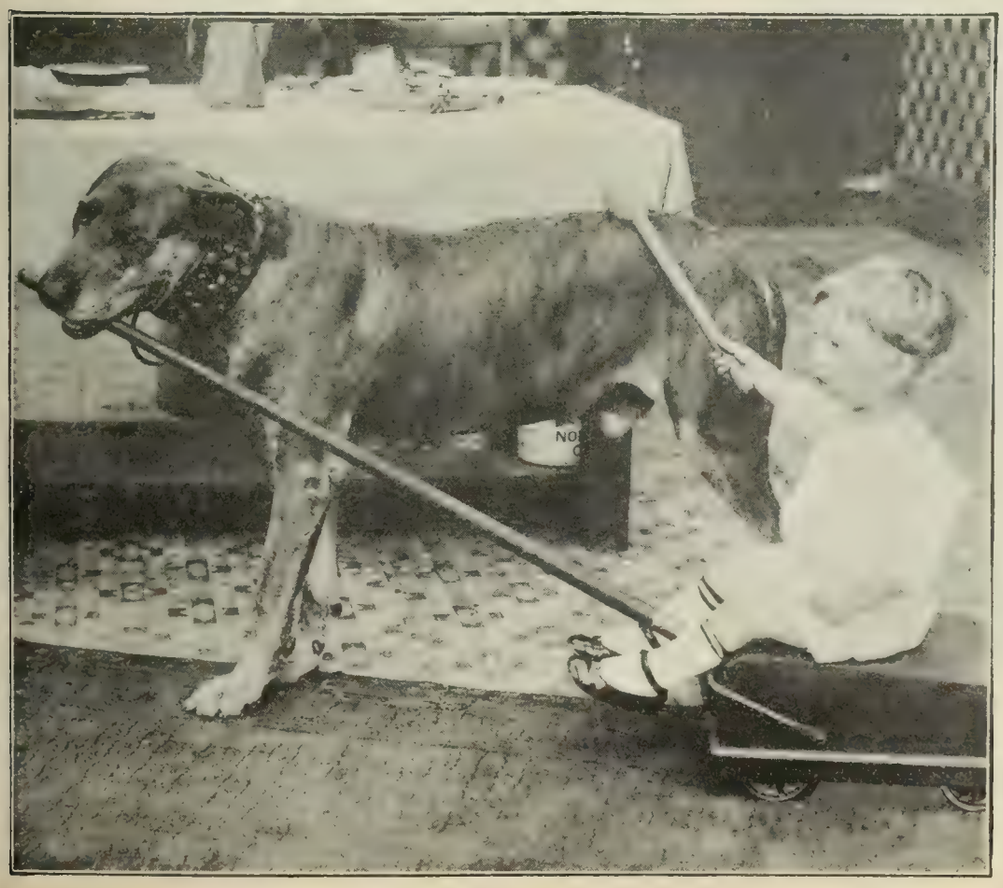
THE NEW FAMILY ALBUM—"This was mama when she was a little girl."

"Hey, Little Boy! What's Your Name?"

Go back to work — Mack Sennett is out looking for you!

Below, with Teddy, Sennett's Dog.



THE editors of PHOTOPLAY saw this baby in some Sennett pictures. He handed them several thousand laughs a foot and they wanted to know who he was. But inquiries at the Sennett studio proved without result; for it seems that the baby came up from nowhere to play his part in "Back to the Kitchen"—nobody even knows his name. The day they finished that picture they told him to report bright and early next morning for exteriors. "Uggl—umph," grunted the baby—but he never came back.

Peggy Wood, the film actress, in Will Rogers' Goldwyn picture, "Almost a Husband."

That Very Promising Young Author

She collaborated with her father and Samuel Merwin on certain stage plays. Now she is studying the scenario game, 'tis said.

THERE seems to be several reasons for writing, and running, a story about Peggy Wood.

To begin with, she should be considered because she was born into the house of 'Gene Wood, the humorist. Because she was blessed with a father who didn't think artists were necessarily unrespectable and art necessarily unspeakable Peggy was actually encouraged in her high-school desires. She says she asked everybody about her voice. 'Gene insists she even asked the cook. Finally she went to Arthur Hammerstein. The manager was found in a large hall trying out applicants for "Naughty Marietta." She stood in a group of chorus girls who were still waiting to be heard, and Hammerstein, mistaking her for one of them, asked her to sing a few bars. Peggy sang and was asked to stand aside with those who had passed the test. Women have become queens by accident but Peggy may boast of the unique distinction among her sex of having become a chorus girl by accident. It was in this way that she got her start which lead within six years to her starring in "Maytime" and within a short period after that to be playing opposite Will Rogers in pictures.

Miss Wood incidentally is the author of plays written in collaboration with her father and with Samuel Merwin, the well-known creator of "Henry Calverly"—of the "Passionate Pilgrim" stories. And we have heard, too, that her dramatic essay in pictures was, in a way, a bit of artistic camouflage. She wanted to study the films "from the inside"—so if she ever found time hanging heavily on her hands, she could write scenarios!

Mr. and Mrs. Carter DeHaven, and dog. The other family pets are not in the picture, i. e., the DeHavens, junior.

They're the Life of the Party

IT was not what a free-verse poet would call a large evening. The overture had been sad. The lady contralto between the feature and the scenic had a fat face but a thin voice. The feature itself—but we shudder to think of it. The scenic showed some dispirited negroes in the south picking cotton. Then the comedy came on, and it did to that film program what a glimpse into a friend's best cellar will do on one of those near-sighted persons who forgot to lay in his stock of tea-cups.

The comedy was a simple affair. It told about the marital adventures of two very new newly-weds; and there was a scene in which a dilapidated white poodle fell into a pond and shook himself all over the immaculate lovers; and lots more nonsense like that. A child could understand it. But, as one heavy man squeezed between his wife and daughter remarked: "Carter DeHaven: he's the Life of the Party."

The DeHavens, after a long career in musical comedy and vaudeville—you may have seen them on the big-time or in such m. c. shows as "His Little Wives"—came screenward recently and now they are manufacturing refined laughs for us. They were with Universal for a while, and turned out such pictures as "Kicked Out" and "Where Are My Trousers?" Then they went to Goldwyn. And now Famous Players-Lasky has signed them.

The other family pets are not in the pictures. They are the small DeHaven Juniors, who threaten to become slap-stick comedians when they grow up—"like Charlie Chaplin, or Roscoe Arbuckle."

It's a thankless job, that of being a parent.

The DeHavens used to be in musical comedy, you will remember, but are now manufacturing refined laughs for the movie-goers. Above, scene from "Their Day of Rest" a Capitol comedy.

THE Squirrel Cage by A. GNUTT

ELEPHANTS do not, as a rule, live longer than one hundred years, and after all, taking into consideration the few pleasures and pastimes of an elephant's life, that would seem to be about long enough.

ENGLAND and Ireland have been united 118 years—if you can call it a union.

IN New York: Times Square is not square; East River is not a river but a part of Long Island Sound; North River is part of the Hudson River and runs along the west side of the city; no one is buried in the Tombs; there is no bower on the Bowery; Pearl Street is one of the dirtiest thoroughfares in the city; the governor has nothing to do with Governor's Island; there are no guns at the Battery.

AN electrically operated machine has been invented which will sell goods, deliver them to the purchaser, make change and reject bad coins. And it doesn't chew gum or call the machine next to it "Dearie."

IT may not have anything to do with reducing the high cost of clothes but those of an inquiring spirit might be interested in knowing that The Adam and Eve Investment Company is located next door to a tailor in Denver.

SPEAKING of the high cost of things those looking for a home have an unexampled opportunity at Moneta, Wyoming. A. Kanson who lives there is offering the entire town for sale at the nominal sum of $10,000. The property includes an 18-room hotel, one eight-room house, one two-room house, one five-room cottage, one four-room building, one combined laundry and meat house, two large barns, one ice house, an assortment of outbuildings and 40 building lots. Furniture in all buildings thrown in gratis. Moneta is 80 miles west of Casper on Poison Spider Creek.

IT took the world war to stop the manufacture of left-handed plows. The war industries board considered them a waste.

MANY persons refuse to have pets about the house because they die after a few years leaving the owner inconsolable. They might try ravens. They live to be 25 years old. Eagles live to 75, while geese and swans sometimes live to be a hundred.

"DO you believe that it is possible to communicate with the dead?" "I know it. I heard from W. J. Bryan only yesterday."—*Life.*

SOMEBODY has ascertained that over four million pens are destroyed daily. We destroy one every time we use it which is about once a year. How many do you destroy?

THE recent decoration of Alfred Dreyfus with the highest honor France has to bestow recalls that a French coachman had his body tattooed illustrating the famous trial of Dreyfus. His body is covered with 120 illustrations, including portraits of leading personages connected with the case.

PEOPLE in Northern France will probably be uncomfortable without the walls of their houses tumbling about their heads. We therefore recommend that they move to Herat, Afghanistan. It has been destroyed and rebuilt 56 times.

THERE was a young crook named Greer,
Who passed a bad check for near-beer.
When placed in arrest,
He frankly confessed
"That check is as good—as the beer."
—California Pelican.

A SOUTHERN negro who lived to be a hundred years old was interviewed by a reporter on his birthday. "Ah used to remembah seein' Lincoln but since Ah jined church Ah doan' remembah nothin' lak that no moah."

NO wonder married men get "up in the air" at times. A chap in New York was sent to Blackwell's Island for three months for telephoning his wife 35 times a day. If he hadn't called her he probably would have been divorced.

NOW that the country is dry you perhaps will not be interested in knowing that the record number of bushels of corn grown to an acre is 232.7 bushels, raised at Alexandria City, Ala. We thought you wouldn't.

ONLY twenty-five grams of radium were produced in the United States in 1918.

"SHIN FEIN," derived from ancient Gaelic, means "for ourselves alone." The Germans didn't get away with "Deutchland Uber Alles," meaning "We steal candy from children."

Jazzing the Classics

IN his screen version of Sir James M. Barrie's famous play, "The Admirable Crichton," Cecil B. De Mille has changed the title to "Male and Female."—News note.

I suggest to the movie makers the alluring box office possibilities in making the following small alterations:

Original Title	Movie Title
Alice in Wonderland	The Girl Who Dared
Treasure Island	The Lure of Gold
Rip Van Winkle	What's Your Husband Doing?
Tess of the D'Ubervilles	The Virtuous Sinner
Les Miserables	The Slums of Paris
Antony and Cleopatra	Coils of the Temptress
Evangeline	Hearts Torn Asunder
The Moon and Sixpence	His Only Sin
Hotel Biltmore Menu	The Price of Pleasure
N. Y. Telephone Directory	The Call in the Night

And "Tristram and Iseult" might be presented as "An Easy Mark."

—F. P. A. in the New York Tribune.

WE are going to Swansea, Wales. Coal trimmers make $100 a week on the docks there.

A MAN can marry his deceased wife's sister in this country as well as in England. The practice has been legalized in the latter country only since 1906.

IN ancient Egypt, any artist who made pictures or statues in violation of the established rules was sent to jail. Modern nations were compelled to abandon the practice because of the shortage of jails.

BALZAC said that the only thing about a man that always tells the truth is the touch of his hand. But a lot of folks do a deal of lying before they make the touch.

SINCE the war, so many foreigners have been visiting America, that New York hotels are advertising for bellboys who speak several languages. As the average bellboy's earnings are about double those of the average college professor, it is expected there will be little difficulty in securing the necessary talent.

IF you had difficulty finding a place to live when your lease expired this fall, be glad you are not in Omsk. That city is so crowded that no one is permitted to occupy a bed more than eight hours, and they sleep in relays.

"WHAT is your pleasure?" the affable haberdasher's clerk asked the customer. "My pleasure is Scotch highballs, but what I want is a necktie to wear at my uncle's funeral."

A POUGHKEEPSIE man has announced that he has proved by a series of experiments that cows will give more milk if music is played in the course of the milking operation. Slow classical music was found to be most effective. The discoverer does not say whether the cows give sour milk if they hear discords.

SODA water is made not from soda but from marble dust and sulphuric acid, either of which would be considerable hard on the digestive organs by itself but which are put through a process that makes carbonic acid gas, and this gas is what makes soda water bubbles prickly to the tongue. So when you see stonemasons chipping bits off a piece of marble for a building, remember the bits will not be wasted. They will likely be swept up to make soda water for you.

SANDWICHES get their name from John, Earl of Sandwich, an eighteenth century English nobleman, who was so fond of gambling that he would not even leave the table for his meals but had servants prepare slices of meat between slices of bread to satisfy his hunger.

LEAP YEAR was not instituted as a means of giving women one year in four in which they would have the right to propose. There is a slight defect in our calendar, which cannot be absolutely corrected, but is approximately accurate when one day is added to each fourth year, except the even centuries which must be divisible by 400 to be Leap Years. For example 1900 was not a Leap Year but 2000 will be.

THERE are 1,785 kinds of sausages known in Germany but so far only 75 in United States. By a large majority, therefore, the wurst is yet to come.

THERE were railways before there were locomotives. Rails of wood were laid at an English colliery early in the nineteenth century, and the trucks drawn by horses.

THE origin of billiards is wrapped in mystery, but no more so than its fascination for otherwise intelligent persons, we ourself never having been able to learn it.

BE careful how you argue over spelling. In September, 1872, two Welsh gentlemen grew so angry over the spelling of the name of their village that one of them rubbed quicklime in the eyes of the other and blinded him. The two versions of the spelling of the village were—
Llyynnggffwwddaur
Llyynnggffwwdvaur.

The World's Largest Theatre

Photography by White

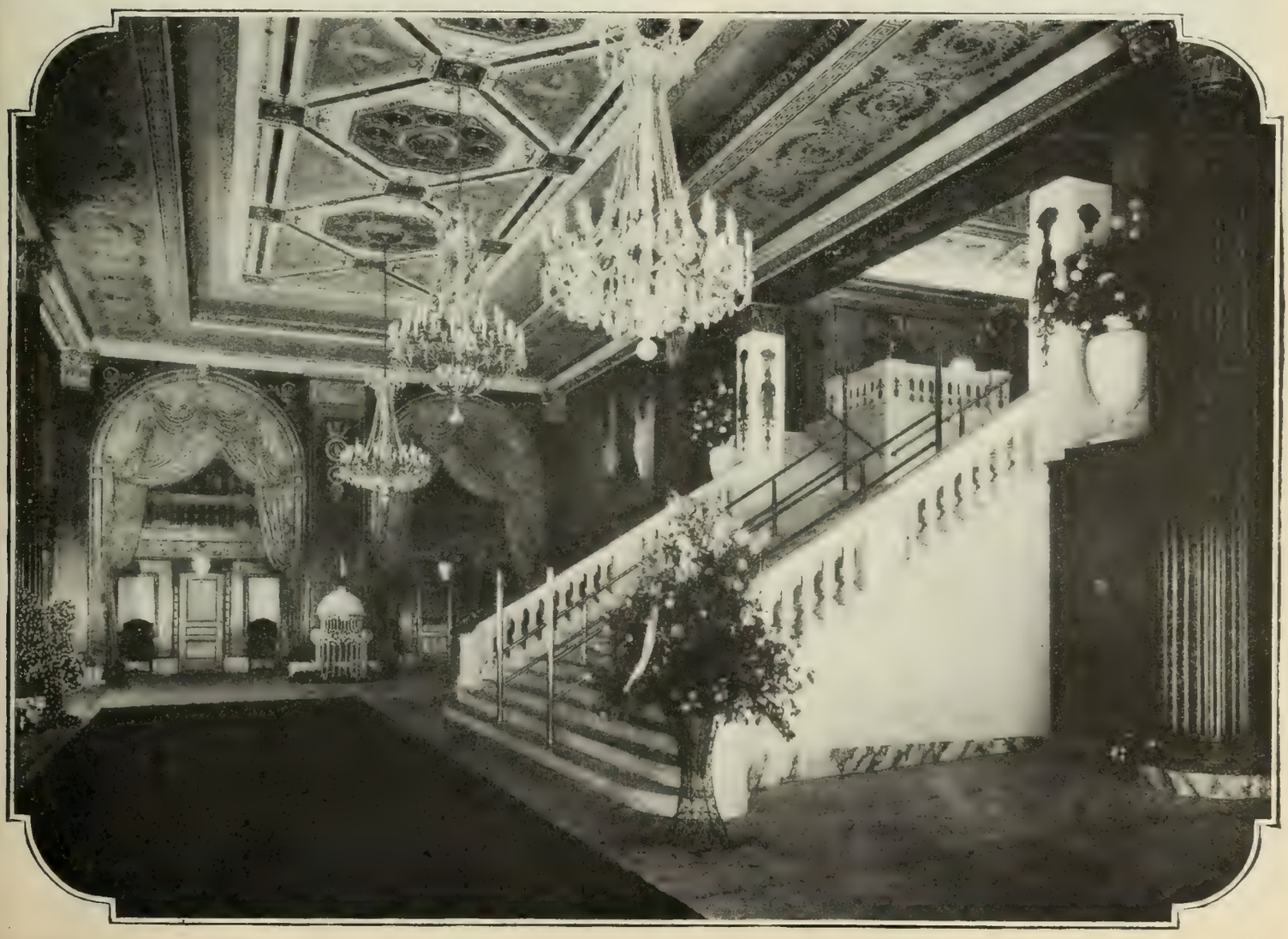
THE Capitol Theatre, New York, which opened in November, is the largest theatre in the world—including the famous opera houses of Europe and the now equally famous Hippodrome of New York. It seats 5300 persons, and at that there is no gallery—only a main floor and balcony.

This theatre has two screens, one for showing topical reviews, short comedies, and such things. It is fourteen feet high and eighteen feet wide, and is 159 feet from the projection machine. The other, for showing features, is sixteen feet high and twenty-one feet wide, and is 181 feet from the booth.

The decorations are elaborate in the extreme, one individual item being eleven French rock crystal chandeliers, bought from Sherry's famous restaurant when it went out of business. The prevailing decorative scheme is of the Empire period.

There is plenty of room to walk around on both floors, the mezzanine floor looking as if it had been designed for eight-day bicycle races.

Above—view of the mezzanine hallway. Below—the grand staircase. Note the Sherry chandeliers.



Beginning As Lincoln

In the daguerreotype—as the Emancipator, in Griffith's "The Clansman." Below—on his return from war to the Fairbanks studio.

Not exactly an humble start in the movies, that of Joseph Henabery

By ALFRED A. COHN

ALMOST invariably the person who sits supinely by and waits for someone to discover his or her unusual qualities remains undiscovered. This is no less true in the "movies" than elsewhere in life. Waiting to be discovered is about eighteen below zero in fruitful occupations. Having thus laid the foundation, we will now proceed with the story.

Back in the medieval age of the cinema—about 1913—Director Griffith found himself decidedly up against it. He was looking for an actor who could play the role of Abraham Lincoln in his film, "The Clansman," later rechristened "The Birth of a Nation." One by one the character men would come into the studio, make up and pass in review before the boss. One by one they were dismissed until an even dozen had been tried out.

There was a young leading man on the "lot" who had watched the Lincoln candidates come and go. He watched each applicant depart with a sigh of relief. Finally he thought the time had come for action and he made his way into the mogul's sanctum with considerable hesitation.

The harassed director looked up.

"Well?" he said.

That's Griffith's favorite word—"Well." He can say a whole dictionary full of words by the utterance of just that one syllable. He can mean nearly anything—it all depends upon the inflection.

"Well?" he said again, and this time he meant "What the deuce do you want here, anyhow, and whatever it is, be brief about it!"

"I'd like to play 'Lincoln' for you, Mr. Griffith. I know I can do it."

The director laughed. Then he looked over the candidate, appraised his age as somewhere near 24, and laughed again.

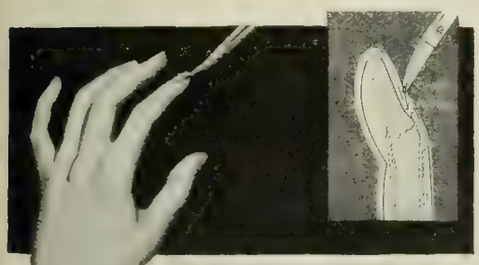
"What makes you think so?" asked D. W. He needed a Lincoln very, very badly.

(Continued on page 90)

THE RIGHT WAY TO KEEP YOUR NAILS ALWAYS PERFECTLY MANICURED

JUST a little regular care makes your hands beautiful. Nails like rosy pearl inlaid in a delicate setting—a setting of smooth, unbroken cuticle, a perfect curve which repeats the curve of the nail tips.

It is easy for anyone nowadays to have this alluring grace of perfect nails and cuticle—so easy that people no longer excuse the lack of it.



The sensitive nail root is only one-twelfth inch below the cuticle. When you look through a magnifying glass you see the unpleasant results of cuticle cutting.

Today, ill-kept nails are as unpardonable as ill-kept teeth. For it takes but a few minutes of regular care each week to keep your fingernails always perfect, your cuticle smooth, thin, unbroken.

Make some day of the week your regular day for manicuring. Then regularly on this day give your nails the care they need.

Do not forget that the most important item in the appearance of one's nails is the care of the cuticle. Broken cuticle is like a broken setting to a jewel. Coarse, overgrown cuticle is equally unsuitable.

Yet many people ruin the cuticle through ignorance of the proper method of caring for it. *Never cut it.* This is ruinous. The nail root is only 1-12 of an inch below the cuticle. When the cuticle is cut, it is next to impossible to avoid exposing the nail root at the corners or in some other little place. The root of the nail is so sensitive that Nature will not permit it to remain uncovered. The moment a tiny bit is exposed, new skin grows very quickly in that place to cover it. It grows much more rapidly than the rest of the cuticle. This spoils the symmetry of the curve at the base of the nails. It causes uneven cuticle and hangnails. It gives a coarse, ragged appearance to the border of your nails.

Realizing this, an expert set himself to the task of discovering a safe, effective way to remove overgrown cuticle. After years of study he worked out the formula of a liquid, which gently, harmlessly softens and removes the surplus cuticle. This he called Cutex.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from its convenient tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry and grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

It takes only about fifteen minutes a week to give your nails this complete manicure. Do this regularly and your hands will always have that peculiar attractiveness which adds a subtle appeal to one's whole appearance.

To keep your cuticle a perfect frame for your nails, you must use the right softening method.

A complete manicure set for only 20 cents

Mail this coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure Set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 701, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 701, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 701, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Beginning as Lincoln

(*Continued from page 98*)

"Well, I've been experimenting with make-ups for two weeks and I am sure I've got it."

"Then let's see you on the set in the morning looking like old Abe," was the decree.

Joseph Henabery knew he could look just like Lincoln and act like him because he had made Lincoln a study. He had read everything that was available about the great Emancipator's appearance and mannerisms. He had experimented by the hour with his makeup box and false beard. He had successfully reproduced upon his own physiognomy every lineament and feature of the martyred president's countenance.

One look was all that Griffith needed, next morning. But, while he was satisfied with the makeup, he wasn't sure that his Lincoln could act the part. The first scene was a brief one in which the president was supposed to sign a paper. Griffith had him walk over to the desk and sit down.

Then there was an instruction as to how the remainder of the scene should be enacted.

"But," declared Henabery as he turned to Griffith, "when Lincoln signed a document, he always began by adjusting his spectacles."

"Well, where are they?" demanded the director.

"Right here," said the pseudo Lincoln, taking them out of the upper left hand pocket of his vest, and putting them on just as he had read Lincoln put them on. He had had the glasses made from a photograph in one of the lives of Lincoln he had perused.

That settled it. From then on the director allowed the young actor to characterize the Lincoln he knew so well.

Just passing into his thirties, Henabery comes to the front again as the director chosen to make the first photoplays starring Mildred Harris Chaplin under her new contract.

Since "Clansman" days, Mr. Henabery says that he has simply been preparing himself. Offer after offer has been rejected by him ever since he quit the Griffith fold as chief assistant to the famous "D. W." During the latter days of his stay at Fine Arts he directed several pictures for Triangle, including "Children of the Feud," in which Dorothy Gish starred. Then Griffith pulled out of Triangle, and his organization became disintegrated.

About that time Douglas Fairbanks started out for himself and Henabery joined his organization as assistant to Director John Emerson.

During the following two years Henabery had a hand in practically every Fairbanks picture. Two of them he directed, "The Man from Painted Post," most successful financially of all Fairbanks pictures, and "Say Young Fellow," both of which he also wrote. Then he went to war, getting married the day before he donned the khaki.

When the armistice was signed Henabery came back to the Fairbanks studio and became the dynamic Douglas' chief production adviser. He was the director of Fairbanks' first United Artists' production, "His Majesty, the American."

Although his name is scarcely known outside of inner cinema circles, young Joseph Henabery is regarded as one of the "comers." When it became known that he was to quit Fairbanks, he was fairly swamped with offers, but he elected to accept the offer from Louis B. Meyer to direct Mrs. Chaplin. Sentiment had something to do with the acceptance, because Mildred Harris was playing "kid" parts at the Griffith studio when young Henabery was a leading man there.

Mr. Henabery hails from Omaha, Neb., and was once a railroad clerk. He toured the Coast once with an amateur minstrel show—which feat comprises his stage career.

Five Years Ago

DO you remember any of the film features of this happy organization, which made pictures under the direction of Etienne Arnaud, in 1914? Commencing at the littlest—Clara Horton, now an ingenue leading-woman—we pass right up the line of human stair-steps in the following nomenclature: Helen Martin, Mildred Bright, Julia Stewart, Barbara Tennant, Bob Fraser, Alec B. Francis, Fred Truesdale and William Scherer.

LOOK FOR THIS NURSE-FACE IN THE DRUG STORE WINDOW

She Is Your Guide

To guide you wisely in your choice of druggists, to help you in selection of the things that mean so much to personal well-being—*that* is the worthy mission of the San-Tox nurse. ¶ Look for her gracious face in the drug store window. She is the San-Tox *symbol of purity*, and identifies for you, not only the many splendid San-Tox Preparations, but also the high type of drug store where they may be obtained. ¶ There is a wide range of these San-Tox Preparations—all of perfect purity—and each for some definite need of toilet or hygiene.

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY—DePree, *Chicago*

San-Tox

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By Cal York

IT will be months before the echoes and re-echoes of the visit of Albert, King of the Belgians, to the Los Angeles film colony, die away. One of the last to be forgotten will be the magnificent joke played upon Victor Levy, Syd Chaplin's business associate in the airplane business. Levy had confided to Syd that his highest ambition in life was to entertain King Albert at his Hollywood home. A few days before His Majesty arrived in Los Angeles Syd imparted excitedly to Levy the information that the King was to make an unannounced incognito visit to Los Angeles by airplane, and he, Syd, had it all arranged for the heroic monarch to partake of a small banquet as the guest of honor at the Maison de Levy. The night of the event arrived, the party was gathered, the feast spread, the royal guest descended from a plane at Chaplin Field attired in fatigue uniform, and was hurried to the Levy home. Not until the "King" had graciously permitted himself to be entertained and had departed late in the evening was Mr. Levy informed of what all the other guests knew—that His Majesty was Albert R. Geldert, a film actor who is almost Albert's double.

Alla, better known as Nazimova, with her ever-present cigarette. This is, we are assured, the best informal picture of the Russian actress. The other young lady is a member of the studio's office forces.

ANOTHER humorous sidelight upon the event was the stream of photographs which poured into the office of Photoplay, showing His Majesty and various film stars, each photograph bearing the assurance that "So-and-so is the only moving picture player with whom King Albert consented to pose for the camera."

STILL another happened in the Goldwyn New York offices. The press agents at Culver City kept bombarding the home office with telegrams describing how the King and Queen were to be entertained at Culver City by the Goldwyn forces, all garbed in uniforms of the Belgian army—thousands of them. In the midst of the excitement a telegram arrived from Will Rogers, reading: "Party just passed through here. Rumored that King of the Belgians is with them. Cannot verify rumor."

All that is lacking to complete the gayety of nations is an announcement that His Majesty has signed a contract to star at umpty millions a minute.

DOROTHY DALTON is going into the spokies. It was Comstock & Gest who lured her, temporarily at least, from the movies, but from the earnest cooperation the Famous Players-Lasky publicity department is furnishing the theatrical management there is reason to believe that the arrangement is mutually agreeable, and that Miss Dalton will return to the Ince family after her season at the Century Theater, New York, in "Aphrodite," the play from the French by Pierre Louys. La Dalton will play "Chrysis."

BILLIE RHODES, widow of "Smiling Bill" Parsons, has announced her retirement from the screen, owing to the death of her husband. She has even declined to go ahead with "Hearts and Masks," the Harold McGrath story, and will be replaced by Eleanor Field.

VARIOUS have been the experiences of players in making their debuts, ranging from those who have been suddenly thrown into a leading role because of the illness or other disability of the star (this happening principally in fiction) to those who slip obscurely into public life as carriers of spears or palm branches in the chorus. Hence it is worthy of note that the only player on record who began stage life as a corpse is Sylvia Breamer. It happened in Australia, and Miss Breamer says the part was easy for her because she was "scared stiff." It is difficult now to think of Miss Breamer as a dead one.

GAIL KANE is returning to pictures after a season's absence on the stage in "The Woman in Room 13." She will be starred by a new producing concern, the Lester Park-Edward Whiteside company, in "Empty Arms," with Thurston Hall as her leading gentleman.

THE ranks of "star directors" continue to grow. The latest of these is R. A. Walsh, who has left Fox for May-

(Continued on page 94)

After the Dance

THE woman who dances, or who engages in any form of exercise, knows the value of having a complexion which retains its delicate loveliness throughout the glow of her exertion.

Nature intended that your skin should remain smooth and fresh despite the free flowing of the blood that comes from exhilaration, and Resinol Soap is nature's agent for preserving the soft natural bloom of your skin.

Resinol Soap is an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap with qualities that soothe and heal irritations of the skin's texture. It is the soap for you if you are resolved not to permit skin imperfections to interfere with your social and business success.

All druggists and toilet goods dealers sell Resinol products.

RESINOL SHAVING STICK is especially appreciated by young men, who like the way the Resinol in it soothes the face and prevents shaving discomforts.

Resinol Soap

(Continued from page 92)

Mary—or perhaps we should call her Miss Pickford when there are visitors present—is making a face because she only had one lump of sugar in her tea and Doug won't let her have any more. The Duchess of Sutherland just dropped in for a visit.

flower. This latter company, by the way seems to be specializing in the idea that "the production's the thing." George Loane Tucker and Allan Dwan already are under contract with Mayflower and with Walsh the company has an attractive trio. Other companies are feeling their way toward the same system.

A NEW kind of deal in futures has been invented. It has to do with the creation of stars. First Selznick announces that Zena Keefe, after a year of probation as leading woman for the Selznick men, Owen Moore and Eugene O'Brien, will be starred. Now Famous Players-Lasky follows the example with Thomas Meighan, except that they do not think it will take a year to make a star out of Thomas, for he will get the big type and electrics in six months.

WILLIAM S. HART has written a novel which, according to reports, is called "Patrick Henry" and is soon to be published by a New York firm, but whether or not the theme is "Give me liberty or give me death," no information is available.

RAYMOND HATTON leaves Lasky at the termination of his present contract. He has been almost a star in the DeMille organization—in fact there have been times when he blurred the light of stars who appeared in the same productions as he. He goes to Goldwyn. There are those who think that his greatest work at the Hollywood factory was as the King in "Joan the Woman," and others who greatly prefer his characterization of the weakling who redeems himself in "The Whispering Chorus."

KING VIDOR will hereafter make his own productions. They will be released through First National—which arrangement will interest you only in so far as it involves a most satisfactory layout of time and expenditure. Young Vidor will, in the future, be enabled to take his own time celluloiding his own ideas. And an interesting feature of this contract is that Mrs. Vidor, or Florence, will not be starred, but featured. She is the girl whom PHOTOPLAY discovered when she asked Bill Farnum to hold her hand in the death-cart scene of "A Tale of Two Cities."

TOM MIX will remain with Fox—the company which brought him from comparative obscurity into a prominence as one of the hardest-riding boys on the screen. He will go to Arizona to make his new westerns—a city has been erected for him there, on a ranch fitted up with a corral of several hundred horses, film saloons, dance-halls and dressing-rooms. "The Untamed" is the title of his first new picture, which Cliff Smith will direct.

BOOTH TARKINGTON, for the first time, is taking a personal interest in pictures. His best-known stories, the "Penrod" group, have been bought by Marshall Neilan; while the filmization of "Seventeen" was accomplished over a year ago. Now the famous delineator of boy characters will write an original series of twelve stories for Goldwyn. The comedy interest will, of course, be paramount; and the central figure will be an entirely new character, "Edgar." Tarkington will have an actual participation in these pictures.

HELEN JEROME EDDY will be seen again as the center-piece for a George Beban Italian characterization. She was chosen by him as the right type for his particular kind of pictures when both were with Lasky. Since those days Helen has played everything from stock to star parts for Universal. This new production will be the second Beban picture, and "Bob White," who is George, Jr., in private life, will share honors with his dad.

JACK HOLT, who is one of the leading causes of feminine heart disease, filmatically speaking, is to play in "The Best of Luck" one of those old English Drury Lane melodramas which Metro purchased.

IT is reported that Dorothy Phillips and her director-husband Allan Holubar are to produce independently. They have been Universal's best bets since "The Heart of Humanity." They began together, at Essanay, before Holubar turned from acting to handling the megaphone.

DALY'S THEATRE—cradle of Manhattan's theatrical tradition, where everything in the dramatic line from burlesque to real drama has held forth in its palmy days—has succumbed at last. It is to be converted into a popular-priced picture house!

MARY THURMAN, ex-Sennett queen, who has risen from comedy to characters and from characters to leads, will have the chief feminine role with Bill Hart in "Sand," the latest Hartism.

D. W. GRIFFITH has branched out with a vengeance. He will establish, besides his permanent New York film home, studios in California, Kentucky and Florida. He will take his companies to the various plants as the locale of his stories demands.

MRS. ALLAN DWAN is suing her husband for divorce. Proceedings were instituted at Reno in October. Mrs. Dwan was Pauline Bush, one of the most beloved players in the good old days, when she was a "Flying A" heroine. When she was married to the director she gave up her screen work—that was about five years ago.

ALBERT CAPELLANI will direct Marjorie Rambeau in her first picture on her return to the screen. The lady whose most successful stage vehicles have been made into photoplays starring other actresses: "Eyes of Youth" with Clara Kimball Young, "Sadie Love" with Billie Burke—will herself go into films in adaptations of well-known legitimate successes.

THAT Durning family is doing things. No sooner had Bernard, formerly an assistant director, been signed by McCauley to play star parts, than his little wife, Shirley Mason, agreed to go with Fox under a nice little contract. She just finished doing *Jim Hawkins* in "Treasure Island."

(Continued on page 118)

The first camera-maid — little Louise Lowell, who covers her "assignments" in her own Spad 'plane. She is Fox's star reporter for his News Weekly. We'll tell you something more about this youngster some day.

The
LEATHER
for
FASHION
and EASE

Shoes of Vode Kid may be purchased in Field Mouse and the other fashionable colors — Havana Brown, Gray, Tan, Blue, and Black. There is an appropriate shade of Vode Kid for every costume.

Painted by R. K. Ryland for Standard Kid Manufacturing Co.

Vode KID
The Leather for Fine Shoes

WOMEN used to think that no leather combined fashion and ease in shoes. An ever-increasing number are now learning that Vode Kid is a leather which gives modish comfort to fine footwear.

Vode Kid is found in all the more correct shades. It is a leather suitable for the fashionable lasts. It is light in weight and permits the foot to breathe properly. It is so pliable that it fits snugly over the instep and ankle, making the foot look small and dainty.

There are shoes of Vode Kid suitable for every foot for every occasion. The fashionable comfort of Vode Kid is one of the Vode Goodnesses. Subsequent advertisements will tell you of other Vode Goodnesses. Knowledge of these Vode Goodnesses will give you finer appreciation of the leather necessary to good shoes.

STANDARD KID MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, Mass.

Factories: Wilmington, Delaware. Agencies in all shoe centers

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

Protect Your Cheeks

Cold winds injure a delicate, tender complexion; and so does the sudden change from indoors to frosty air. Roughness and chapping usually follow any prolonged exposure unless the skin is protected with a *softening and healing* emollient like HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM. Many women who love the bracing, cold weather have found that by applying Hinds Cream to any sore, irritated surfaces, or to parts of the body that have been chafed or compressed by warm clothing, they can make themselves comfortable at once.—You can use this Cream freely at any time, on the face, neck, arms and hands, with absolute assurance of deriving gratifying results. It is economical and agreeable. The treatment is simple.

Keep Your Hands Attractive with Hinds Cream

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with you request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Face Powder, sample 2c; trial size 15c. Attractive Week-End, Box 50c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere or will be mailed postpaid in U. S. A. from laboratory

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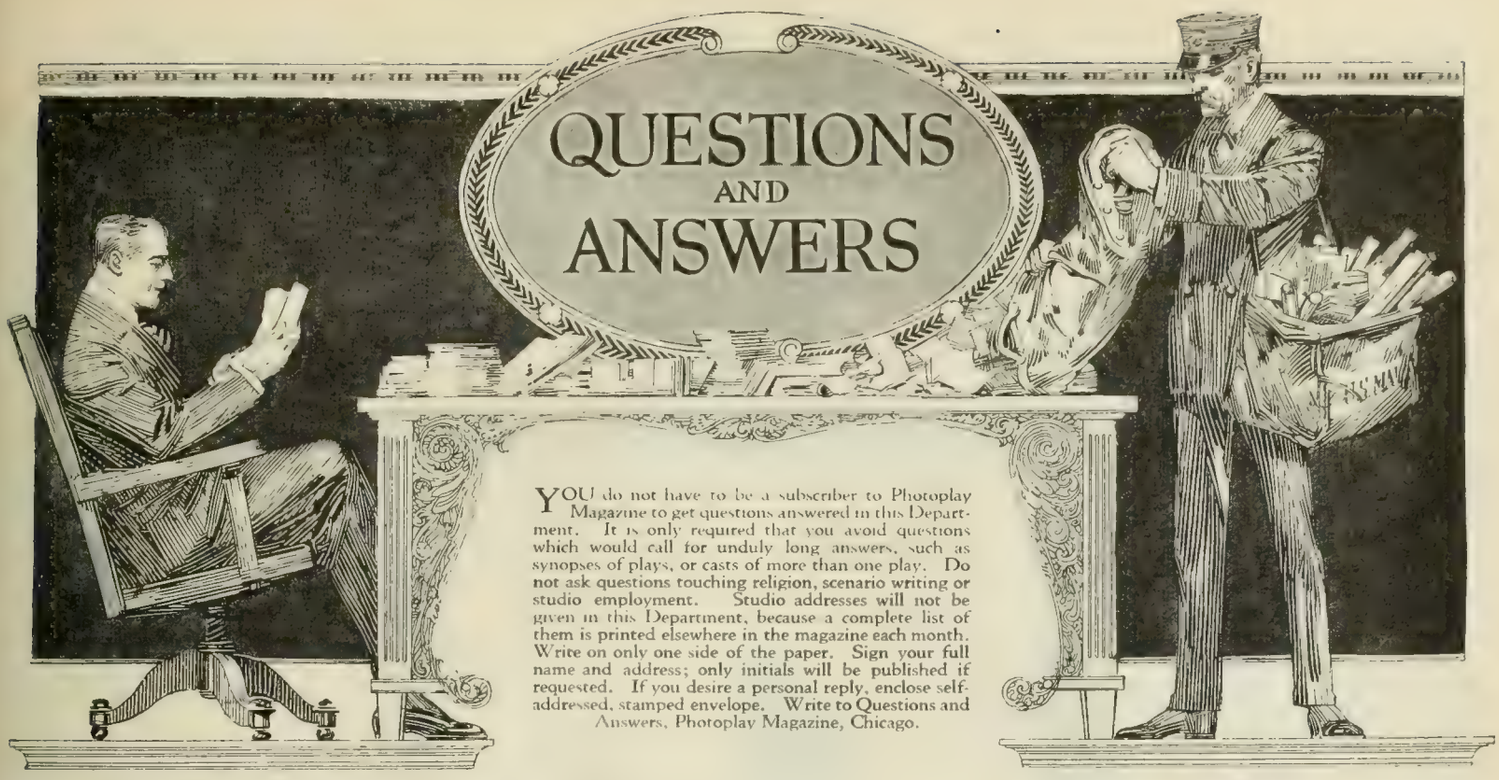


YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

LUCILE LTD., MEMPHIS.—The ideal man is always an unmarried man—in short, the kind of man her husband would have been if he had remained single. Josephine Whittel who played in Vitagraph's "The Climbers" is Mrs. Robert Warwick. "By Right of Conquest," the Norma Talmadge picture, has been changed to "The Isle of Conquest."

L. C., LOS ANGELES.—Your monthly letter from the City of the Lost Angels comes like balm to my weary, sooty soul. Living in L. A., as you do, I suppose, one acquires a wide distracted stare by reason of peering into various rainbow-tinted motors. But again I suppose that the only stars you ever see are the ones that emerge on your optical horizon when said motor hits you and knocks you for a flock of tube roses. Alice Brady is married—to James Crane.

MILDRED, ST. LOUIS.—I never heard of the picture "Five Nights." Is it terribly advanced or terribly young or terribly what? Mostly terrible, I'll be bound. Fudge patties? Are there nuts in them? Send them along, though; I have only one digestion to ruin and it'll be in a good cause. The snapshot of you in your bathing suit furnished me the most beautiful thrill I've had since I first saw Phyllis Haver. I love polka dots. William Russell was married to Charlotte Burton. He's with Fox now. Earle Williams married a non-pro from Brooklyn.

MARY E. S., CLEVELAND.—I handed your letter to the Why-Do-They-Do-It Editor. You people must think I am an Office Boy, while as a matter of fact I haven't nearly so much dignity as most office boys. Now I know why I always liked Chicago; it's your home town. I wasn't born in Chicago but I'm not going to tell you where I was born. You contribs. know too much about me already. Constance Talmadge hasn't been married this month—yet. Will let you know.

BILLY BEED., CHICAGO.—Speaking of the shimmy—which we were not—would you refer to it as one of the chief tropics of conversation? I like Charlie Chaplin; he's my favorite comedian. Dorothy Dalton is to appear in the stage version of "Aphrodite."

I. O. W., CAL.—I certainly do mind giving you my private opinion. It wouldn't be a private opinion if I published it, you know. Houdini in "The Master Mystery"; he played *Quentin Locke*, and was supported as follows: *Eva Brent*, Margaret Marsh; *Zita Dane*, Ruth Stonehouse; *De Luxe Dora*, Edna Britton; *Paul Balcom*, Charles Graham; *Peter Brent*, Jack Burnes; *The Automaton*, Floyd Buckley.

LOUISE M., SHERMAN, TEXAS.—If that actress smokes Milo cigarettes she has kept the awful knowledge from me.

MARGARET B., BROOKLYN.—Mollie King must have been the blonde actress you saw taking that scene. She's with American Cinema. Her sister Nellie is a brunette and she isn't in pictures. Mollie's husband is a southerner, Kenneth Dade Alexander. Franklyn Farnum was on the stage for a while but I heard he was coming back to the screen.

ALICE A., PENN YANN.—Oh, anyone can sin. The difficult part is getting away with it. May Allison is with Metro; she is about twenty-three. Her latest is "Fair and Warmer," by which title someone once designated the Binney sisters.

JENNIE M. L., WAUPUN, WIS.—I should suggest that you write your comedy with Ben Turpin in view. Ben has the most beautiful eyes I ever saw. For the ingenue lead I should recommend Miss Marie Prevost, while Marguerite Joslin would make a good heavy. The first two are with Sennett but I suppose if you sent in your script with the express provision that Miss Joslin must play in it, Mack would get her, too. However, the company usually has the last word in regard to the casting of a picture.

A. P. K., TORONTO.—So you think my answers sometimes border on the sarcastic. *My word*—am I that unconvincing? Here's your cast for Vitagraph's "A Stitch in Time": *Phoebe Ann*, Gladys Leslie; *Worthington Bryce*, Eugene Strong; *Larry Brockman*, Charles Walton; *Gilly Hill*, Cecil Chichester; *Dick Moreland*, Earle Schenck; *Bryce, Sr.*, Charles Stevenson; *Mrs. Trevor*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Lela Trevor*, Agnes Ayres.

SEGO LILY, SALT LAKE CITY.—Harrison Ford's wife was Beatrice Prentice; they are divorced. Vivian Martin is Mrs. William Jefferson. I don't know where she is going. Alice Brady's latest picture is "Sinners."

THE TWINS, FOXBORO, MASS.—Delight Evans is a—a girl. She only writes for PHOTOPLAY. I am not she; nor is she I. For elegant grammar I take the devil's-food. Eugene O'Brien played with Marguerite Clark in "Little Miss Hoover." His latest for Selznick is "The Broken Melody." The glass—or lack of it—in Harold Lloyd's prop glasses is explained away in the story in this month's issue.

L. P. W., PONTIAC.—Send your suggestions for a story to Norma Talmadge direct. I agree with you that she has not had anything better than "Panthea," her first big picture. She is Mrs. Joseph Schenck. The start of the Schencks may be seen, at night in summer time, across the Hudson River, blazing in incandescents—Palisades Amusement Park. Joseph and his brother Nicholas are well-known amusement men.

THE ROTTER, ROMBAUER, MO.—Well, you're frank, anyway. I suppose I would get tired of my job if it weren't such a nice job; but darn it!—I derive more amusement from reading the letters you folks send in than I would from a first night at the Follies. Besides, Kay Laurell's in the movies now. Good luck to you in college. But don't forget me entirely. One is kept so busy at the institutions of learning, especially in the football season, now isn't one?

PEARL'S PAL: Broadway at night is one of the great things to see in life. I'll not forget the first time I saw it. Garish, blaring, grinning Broadway—the shiniest thoroughfare in the world—but the most fascinating. Have you ever strolled up it at noontime? Ah—it's vastly different then. Sunshine shows it up. You have the world's record for sincerity among fans. Don't you ever get tired of picture shows? No, Richard Barthelmess isn't a benedict yet.

MRS. W. B. C., ROQUETTE LAKE, N. Y.—Haven't any "Miser's Dream" but won't his "Legacy" do instead? Have no record of that actress, either. Corliss Giles hasn't been playing on the screen of late. If I hear of him, I'll let you know, pronto.

LOUISE M., TEXAS.—I am, after that letter, yours until the Sphinx does the shimmy. Constance Talmadge's latest is "At the Barn," from an Emerson-Loos story; the title will probably be changed for release.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

H. C. S., Akron.—I am always suspicious of children of whom relatives and admiring friends have said, "She's a regular little actress!" However, your small cousin does look a lot like Virginia Lee Corbin and the pictures of her are very nice indeed. I like kids, anyway. The picture of the actress you enclosed is not the likeness of any lady in the movies—that I know.

Dorothy A., Pennsylvania.—All the girls are sending me their pictures. This is a large month for me, although it hasn't an "R" in it. Do you think I'll use my influence—which isn't as strong as some things I know, including horse-radish—to publish your picture rooting for 'Gene O'Brien? If it were an Answer Man's Club—ah, that would be another thing again.

Leslie, Susquehanna.—I hope that you have red hair. Girls named Leslie should have red hair. It never bores me to be a confidante. I am always interested in people. I have never worked in a dental office but I have suffered in a dentist's chair. There is only one thing to do with a bad tooth as with a bad disposition: have it out. The Mack Sennett girls who traveled with "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" were not the original beauties.

Jane West, Baltimore.—If you write to Miss Daw for a photograph spell her name Margery. That is the way she spells it. And La Normand is Mabel, not Mable. You must have been reading "Letters of a Rookie." Mary Miles Minter is with Realart, in California now.

B. D., Baton Rouge.—I hate to tell you he is married—meaning Dick Barthelmess—if you're sure it will break your heart. But you girls are always having broken hearts and recovering so quickly, yet don't touch me at all. Probably because none of you ever were love-sick over me. So you have an adorable little kitten which you will name "Answer Man" if it would please me. Well, it wouldn't.

Jill, Pottsville.—Inasmuch as you write to me on white paper, do not ask any impertinent questions, giving your full name and address, for the cast of a comparatively recent picture, I have no excuse whatever for not giving it to you. "The Secret Code" (Triangle): *Senator John Calhoun Rand,* J. Barney Sherry; *Sally Carter Rand,* Gloria Swanson; *Mrs. Lola Warling,* Rhy Alexander; *Baron de Vorjeck,* Leslie Stewart; *Jefferson Harrow,* Joe King; *Mrs. Walker,* Dorothy Wallace; *Towen Rage,* Lee Phelps.

T. W. B., Monmouth.—Hobart Bosworth has not retired. He will appear in the second version of Jack London's "The Sea Wolf," playing his original role of *Wolf Larson.* Watch out for it—Famous Players-Lasky. He is married to Adele Farrington. That was Elmo Lincoln who was *Tarzan,* while it was E. K. who appeared in our November art section. So you think you saw the Answer Man in Chicago's Lincoln Park one Sunday afternoon, wearing tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses. Well, I sometimes walk in Lincoln Park, but my professorial air comes naturally; I do not need to cultivate that tortoise-shell-rimmed look. Come up and see us anyway.

Amyryllis G., Marion, Mass.—I got a raise last Saturday and I am all puffed up about it. Now I will be able to afford a gas heater in my room. However, it was not enough to enable me to buy myself any new neckties. I am still wearing my old black one. I suppose if I'd been in the army some kind female friend would have sent me a half-dozen scarfs of brilliant hues. Constance Talmadge lives and works in Manhattan. Her domicile is an upper-Fifth Avenue hotel whose name I refuse to divulge. She lives with mother Peg and sister Natalie. Ralph Graves with Griffith, New York.

Movie Pests

The people who always enter just at the wrong time. Don't you hate them?

Thelma H., Baltimore.—I am right with you in wishing we had more pictures like "The Miracle Man." But we're lucky to get one a year of that caliber. Eugene O'Brien, Selznick Pictures Corporation. Anita Stewart is out west at the present time.

Mrs. H. H. Gray, New Orleans.—Your paean of praise for Crauford Kent entitles you to an honorary membership in the Boosters Club. I agree with you that he's a good actor. Undoubtedly he'll perform that act known to good press-agentry as forging to the front with remarkable rapidity in the very near future. I thank you.

Helen C., Dedham, Mass.—Were you among those present at Mary Miles Minter's picnic in your town when she came to make scene for "Anne of Green Gables"? She likes your townsfolk immensely. I'm awfully glad to be able to relieve your anxiety about the young man named Holmes Edward Herbert. Isn't that a full name for you? Since you will like all pictures because he is in some of them, I hasten to tell you all I know about him. He was born in Dublin in 1882; educated at Rugby, England. He was on the stage for four years, playing with Mrs. Pat Campbell, Billie Burke, Blanche Bates, and others. On the screen he was in "A Doll's House," "My Lady's Garter," and others. Six feet tall, weight 176. Gray eyes. Oh, my dear! Address, 36 28th Street, Beechhurst, Long Island, N. Y.

W. F. K., Riverbrink, Cooperstown.—Tom Moore's age is thirty-five. He is working in New York at present, in "Duds"; supported by Naomi Childers. His brothers are Owen, Matt, and Joe. Write to him care Goldwyn's home office; address in our studio directory.

Howard L. Larson, Copenhagen.—So you were born in Chi and raised in Bridgeport, Conn.—without benefit of yeast, I suppose? And now you're civil engineering in Denmark. Write Connie Talmadge again; then if the heartless young woman does not reply, write to me and I'll see what I can do. Elaine Hammerstein, Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Both are about twenty-two—really.

R. B., Walkerville.—Where in samhill is Walkerville? "The Black Secret" is Pearl White's latest and said to be last serial. "The House of Hate" has never appeared in book form. "The Tiger's Cub" is her first Fox production. She isn't married; and she's a reddish blonde.

Eleanor K., Flint, Mich.—There was a lot of unconscious pathos in your letter. However, I will not indulge in any pathos over it. Suffice it to say that there are a many bum actors but darn few good housewives. While an understanding woman is the rarest thing on earth. So few of us realize our ambitions, dear lady; but it seems to me that you have a brilliant career with your support of two lovely children. There's many a worse lot than that. Now finish up those dinner dishes!

Maybelle J., Terre Haute.—So you think I have as much business as Constance Talmadge's Nevada Senator in "A Temperamental Wife." I don't know about any Maurine Powers; will look her up for you.

Dorothy, Louisville.—Harrison Ford is not related to Henry. I don't think, either, that he uses Henry's car. Ruth Fuller Golden used to be with Universal; I don't know where she is now. Why don't I go in pictures? I never thought of it, but now that you suggest it—

Jocelyn Aubrey.—I'll bet your name was Mary Ann until they sent you away to boarding school. Accent on the zim in Nazimova; one has only to look at the lady to learn that. "How old are you," you observe, "and are you married? I am sixteen." That's good; some day you'll grow up to be a nice young lady, I've no doubt. John Barrymore's latest is "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He's in his thirties somewhere and lives in the deepest retirement down in Greenwich Village, coming forth only to go to the studio or to the theater where he and brother Lionel play in "The Jest." I know Lionel but not John. Won't Lionel do?

(Continued on page 132)

Get these new "Feist" song-hits for your piano, phonograph or player-piano

Wonderful New Song Hits from Song Headquarters

WINTER Nights! How we love those nights at home!—with the friendly piano, the talking machine and player-piano that are always ready to lead the fun. Welcome, then, the wonderful new "Feist" song-hits listed on this page! They mean new delights for winter nights. They mean you can sing in your own home the new song-hits the stars are singing in theatres everywhere—you can dance in your home the pet-numbers of jazz bands and orchestras. They are truly wonderful hits—famous at all song centers—the pride of Song Headquarters. Take this page to your piano and try them out.

"On the Trail to Santa Fe"

That dreamy waltz melody, that beautiful homely sentiment of "On the Trail of the Santa Fe," are a combination nobody with an ear for music, a heart for beauty and feet for dancing can get away from. It's a fascinating song hit everybody is singing and dancing. Get it today.

"Golden Gate"

"Golden Gate," by the writer of "Bubbles," is a golden song from start to finish. There's golden sunshine in its sweet waltz melody. There are golden dreams and golden memories in its simple, beautiful sentiment. It's a wonderful song, alike for singing and dancing.

"In Siam"

Luring—mysterious—truly Oriental is the spirit of this new song hit. But it is polished with real live melody, sprinkled with real dance pep. And the mixture makes a supreme fox-trot for your piano, phonograph or player-piano. Try it.

Other Beautiful Feist Songs:

"When You Look in the Heart of a Rose"
"Thank God You're Here, Mother Mine"
"There's a Girl in Chateau Thierry"
"Dreaming of a Sweet Tomorrow"
"Sweet Love Dreams"
"My Baby Arms"
"Sand Dunes"
"Just Like the Rose"
"Bluin' the Blues"
"Star of the East"
"Down Limerick Way" (Fiske O'Hara's Hit)
"The Vamp"
"By the Campfire"
"The Radiance in Your Eyes"
"The Land of Lullaby"
"Your Heart is Calling Mine"
"Persian Moon"
"Lullaby Blues"
"Love, Here Is My Heart"
"Give Me All of You"
"Sing Me Love's Lullaby"
"Erin"

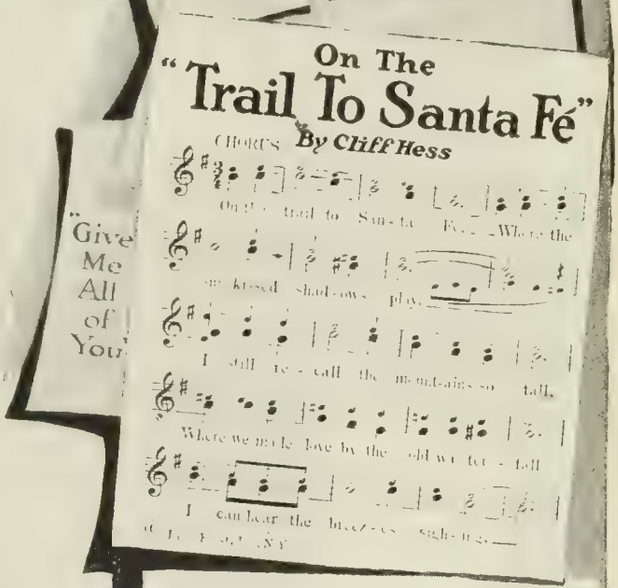
Instrumental Numbers

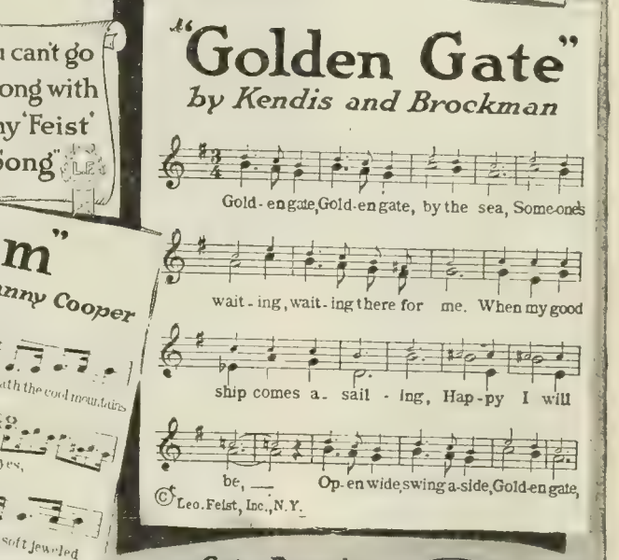
"Aloma"
"Star of the Sea"
"Lazy Daddy"
"Syria"
"Merci Beaucoup" (Thank You)
"Church Street Sobbin' Blues"
"Klondyke Blues"
"Sensation"
"Bells of Bagdad"
"Djer-Kiss"
"Orange Blossom Rag"
"Heart of a Rose"—Waltz
"Laughing Blues"
"Fidgety Feet"
"At the Jazz Ball"
"Vamp"

On sale wherever music is sold, or we will supply you direct at 40c a copy, postpaid. Band or Orchestra, 25c each.

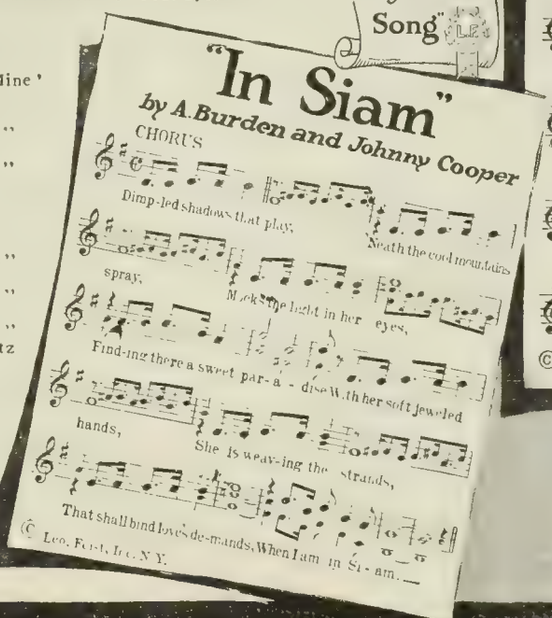
Ask your dealer for a copy of "Feist's Melody Ballads"

A little booklet that will give you the words and music of the choruses of many of the beautiful song hits listed above. If not at your dealer's, send us his name with a two-cent stamp and we will supply you direct.





You can't go wrong with any 'Feist' Song



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How wonderfully they bring out that deep, soulful expression of her eyes! You, too, can have lovely Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows, if you will do what so many stars of the stage and screen, as well as women everywhere prominent in society are doing, apply a little
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Substitutes are simply an annoyance. Be certain you are getting the genuine "LASH-BROW-INE," which you can easily identify by the picture of the "Lash-Brow-Ine Girl," same as shown in small oval at the right, which adorns every box of the genuine.
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That was a good story the press-agent told of June Caprice's camera debut — only

It Never Happened!

EVERYBODY has heard the story of June Caprice's entry into pictures. It is an interesting and dramatic story—almost as wonderful as the Cinderella tale. She was walking home from school in Boston one day, her yellow curls down her back, her rose-bud mouth parted to disclose teeth like little pearls, her eyes shining like stars, all unconscious of her youth and beauty. A motion picture magnate, in Boston on business, was strolling in the same street. He saw the gospel-eyed June. He gave a start, placed his hand on his brow and exclaimed, "Shades of Cleopatra and Helen of Troy!"

Above—Miss Caprice in "Little Mother Hubbard."

By SUZANNE STEVENS

He followed her home. He insisted on seeing her mother. He implored to be allowed to make little June a great moving picture star—the most famous star in all the screen firmament. The mother consented with tears, declaring, she would not stand in the way of her daughter's career. And June packed up her possessions, went to New York with the film magnate and the following week was making her first picture, her name in big type in all the newspapers.

You must admit that it is a good story. The only flaw in it is that it never happened.

June told me the true version of her entry into pictures over the luncheon table the other day. She had motored to the Ritz from the Albert Capallani Studios at Fort Lee in her smart blue car. She looked dainty and expensive in a dark tailored suit and an adorable tricorn hat of French blue. The curls were tucked up, of course.

I introduced some delectable *frito misto a la Espagnol* to June's unspoiled palate and she grew what is known as expansive in a man and confidential in a woman.

"Not only is that story untrue but I am glad that things were not made any too easy for me," she said.

"I have no patience with mushroom stars. Girls who are made stars in a week do not last long. The public is not as gullible as is supposed. It knows when an actress has worked long enough and hard enough to deserve stardom.

"This is what happened to me. With some girls at my school in Boston I sent my picture to a contest that had for its object the discovery of a girl who looked like Mary Pickford. Now almost any girl who is young and

With Creighton Hale in a scene from "The Love Cheat."

not ugly can toss long curls over her face, be photographed in a half light and label the result, 'the latest portrait of Mary Pickford.' Anyway, while we all managed to get such pictures, mine was the one that seemed to impress the judges as looking the most like Mary. I won the contest and was sent for to come to New York. 'Ah,' I thought, 'this is the beginning of my wonderful career.'

"Well, it was nothing of the sort. All I did was to report at a studio every day and then go home again. They gave me nothing to do—not even a test to see how I would screen. My mother was entirely out of patience by then. She said a girl not seventeen should be at school. For the sake of peace I consented to go to school—but in New York. I lived with some friends of mother's uptown and each day before going to my classes I reported at the studio. Finally I grew tired of being told 'Nothing doing today' and I found another studio. This one offered me $25 a week and I took it gladly. It was several months before I was engaged by Fox.

"How I worked that first year! I was frightened to death every minute I was in the studio. I knew just how bad I was and every night I used to go home and cry for hours. I hope no one thinks I am satisfied with my work or that I have any illusions about myself. I am just beginning to learn things."

"I've played just one role I liked," she told me sadly. "I put my hair up and my skirts down. When the picture was released I began to receive letters from everywhere begging me to be a kid again. When I had read about 10,000 of these wails I bade farewell to my aspirations. After all, it is better, I suppose, to do what people like to see you do than something you like to do—and perhaps would do badly."

What do you think of that? I gazed into those baby-blue eyes which regarded me with such a serious air.

"You never thought all that out by yourself," I accused. "You learned it, word by word."

June laughed. Then she spoke indulgently.

"Don't you know that I arrange all my own affairs, take care of my own business and pass on my own scenarios, directors and leading men?" Her tone was kind and her manner gentle. She had forgiven my doubts.

"I adore my mother," said June warmly. "But she knows nothing of business. She is happy at home with a book and is not to be bothered with my uninteresting affairs. She often comes shopping with me, however, and we go to luncheon and have nice times together. I think girls make a mistake when they lean on their mothers and drag them with them constantly everywhere they go. It isn't fair to either mother or daughter."

Just then Madame Petrova entered the dining room and was given a table near ours. As we left, I introduced little June, who admired Petrova without a trace of the envy women are supposed—by men—to have for each other.

"You are very pretty, my dear," said Petrova, bearing heavily on the "very."

"Did you ever see such beautiful eyes?" whispered June.

I felt lonesome and put my mind on my new fur coat, murmuring "Handsome is as handsome does," the maxim with which my mother used to comfort me when I wept before the mirror.

In June's car we raced up Fifth Avenue.

"Do come to four or five hotels with me," she begged. "I'm moving in from the country tomorrow morning, the trunks are on their way and I have no home yet. Reservations are ordered every place but no one will assure me of a roof tomorrow night."

Having disposed of the Plaza, Savoy, Netherlands and Majestic, we sped down to the Knickerbocker. No hope anywhere.

"Something will turn up," June said gaily. "I must think what to do next. I hate being balked. Ah, I have it! I'll see the manager."

She disappeared and when she returned she wore the smile of one who has left the battlefield bearing the shield of the enemy.

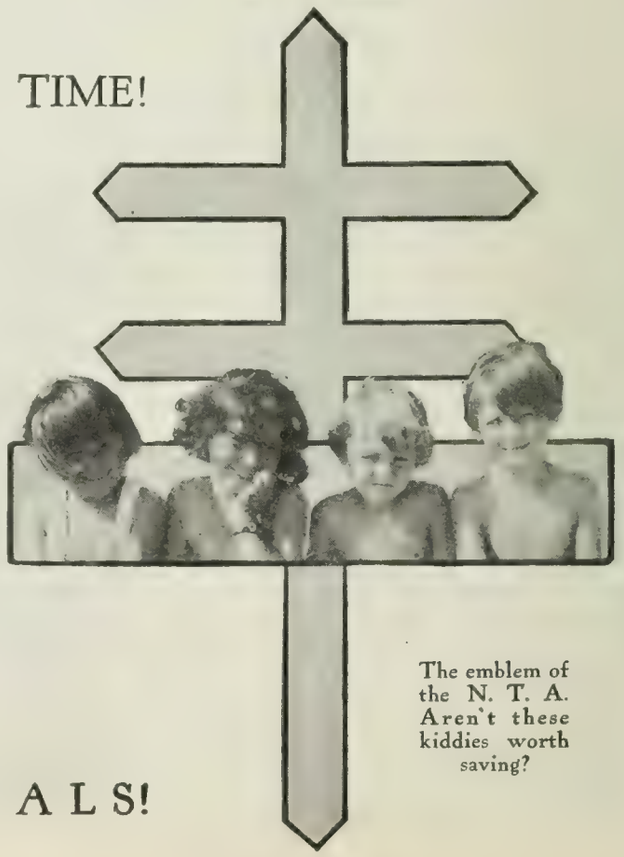
"This is my address until I find an apartment," she told me.

"I was betting on the June Caprice smile," I answered as we parted.

SAVE A LIFE AT CHRISTMAS TIME!

A PRETTY good way to celebrate Christmas, it seems to us, is to save a life. That's a large order, isn't it? But when you think that by buying enough of a certain kind of Christmas seal you'll be lowering the death rate from tuberculosis in the United States—well, isn't it worth while?

The National Tuberculosis Association is doing its best to fight the plague. Statistics are unpleasant things, but like most unpleasant things, they have to be faced sooner or later. Consider, then, that last year there were 150,000 deaths from tuberculosis in the United States. There are at least one million active cases *to-day*. And there *is* something you can do about it. There are more than 650,000,000 Christmas seals now on sale in all parts of the country. They are only one cent apiece. They are decorated with the quaint figure of Santa Claus, immortal symbol of good cheer and good will that means Christmas; and they are just the thing to stick on holiday packages and greetings. All of these stamps must be sold if the National Tuberculosis Association and its 1,000 affiliated organizations are to have the sum necessary for carrying out its plan for 1920. Let's clean 'em out. Do your share!

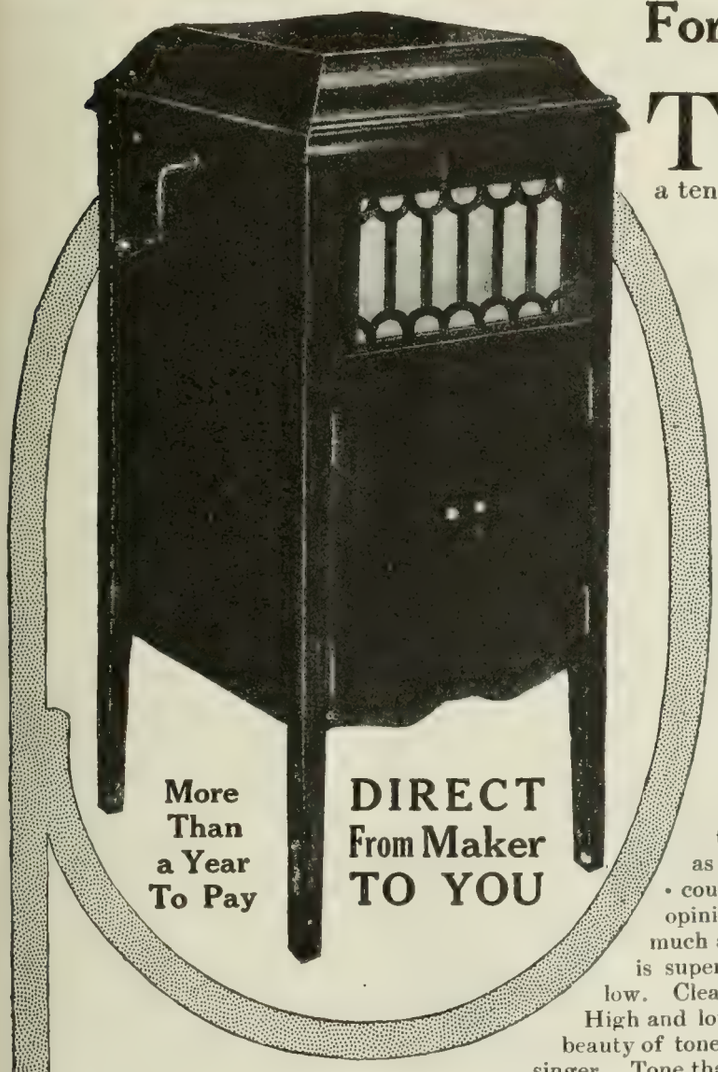


The emblem of the N. T. A. Aren't these kiddies worth saving?

BUY RED CROSS SEALS!

SEND NO MONEY

For This Wonderful Christmas Gift



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The Mother of the Sub-Deb

(Concluded from page 75)

Hugh Walpole from England, and caught cold, and that's how I got these red eyes. But the game was great."

"What story are you doing?"

"My latest novel, 'Dangerous Days,' will be my first picture. I say *my* first picture. It isn't my first story to be filmed. My 'K' was put into pictures with Mildred Harris and labeled 'The Doctor and the Woman.' And the Bab Sub-Deb stories were done by Marguerite Clark. But now I am having a hand in the filming of my stories; I was in Culver City a month selecting the cast. It's a wonderful co-operative system we have out there. Before, it always seemed to me that a producer said: 'Here's some money. Hand over your story.' Now they say to me: 'You have a story which should lend itself to pictures. Come on and help us work it out; if it can be worked out we'll do it together.'

"You see," she went on, "I haven't yet found out whether or not I can write filmable material. My previous picture experience has been that my tales do not take well to the screen; the high lights have all been lost. That may or may not have been the fault of the stories.

"I shall, in the future, pick the players who are to people my filmed pages. I had to leave California before I had found a girl for the character of *Audrey* in 'Dangerous Days.' It is hard to find a woman to play her; and she must be played right.

"That's why I have never consented to the filming of 'The Amazing Interlude.' That story is rather dear to me. You know I had been over in France reporting the war. That sounds egotistical, doesn't it? All I did—all anyone could do—was to see a small slice of it and tell the folks back home what a woman thought. I put my soup-kitchen and my stowaway experiences—I stowed away going over, you know—and all the rest of it into my book. I made Saralee go through all I did. And I wrote under heart-rending personal circumstances. My husband was doing war work; my two eldest sons were fighting over there; and my youngest son, Allan, was lying very ill in bed with a trained nurse in the next room. It was in this very hotel"—a small and exclusive one on upper Fifth Avenue—"that I wrote that book.

"And I always said I could never do any writing in New York!"

She lives in Sewickley, Pennsylvania. I said she *lives there*. She is a wise woman who does not confuse her work with her play. She has an office in town and every morning she and her secretary go in and work. But the next day—she golfs, or rides or plays tennis. She is the most popular member of the younger set in Sewickley Valley. She even belongs to clubs out there.

"I average several thousand words a day. Once I wrote 12,000. That was a rush war order from the Sat. Eve. Post. I always thought I had to be at my desk with the familiar ink-well and other appurtenances before I could write a line. Then a magazine sent me on my first reporting job; reporting a political convention, and I used to send out my stuff from the convention hall. I found then that I could write any place, providing I had to!"

Her family is her severest critic. Her husband is a writer, too, chiefly on medical topics. They collaborated on a play, "Double Life," which was given a Manhattan production in 1907. Her sons appreciate her work but, she says, it has got to be pretty good.

She has written more than fifteen novels. They have been best-sellers. She has written several successful plays: "Seven Days" was one of them. And she has several more plays in production; "Bab" is soon to be put on the stage.

"'Bab'—I think I enjoy writing her more than anything else I do. She is every girl I have ever known. Men do not understand her. She is the girl at the awkward age—between 12 and 18. She has outgrown her dolls and she doesn't know what to do. The boys she used to play with have a 'gang' and their idea of fun is to drop ice down a girl's neck, or torture her with impending caterpillars. She is absolutely lost—she has no 'gang'—and so she resorts to imagination. She peoples her poor starved little world with wonderful heroes. She is always having imaginary love affairs. She is funny, but she is pathetic, too.

The Villain Gets His

"I have laughed at her," said Mrs. Rinehart quite frankly—"until I cried. I have mapped out my story, gone over it and read the final draft, and—*howled*. My husband has caught me several times."

Mary Roberts Rinehart is one woman who has followed world events with personal fidelity. Whenever there's a war, or a convention; whenever a great English author comes to America; whenever a new writer blossoms forth with a first book; whenever one of her sons has a new crush — Mrs. Rinehart is there, both in the Webster definition of the word and the slang application. She can write of real people because she knows real people; she is one, herself. She has never stayed on the sidelines, in life or in the studio. She has been a part of it. Mrs. Rinehart has explored the Rockies, American and Canadian, and left her impressions between magazine covers. She is a good pal and a good sportswoman. Her sons say she's game.

She never wrote before she had lived, and lived fully. She went to the Pittsburgh Training School for Nurses—she was born in the smoky city. She was a good nurse; but the work was hard, and for a while she was ill. She was married to Mr. Rinehart in 1896. Her three babies came and grew to be boys before she ever found out that she could translate life to fill printed pages. But when she finally started, she wrote—and wrote, and wrote.

You have probably read "The Circular Staircase," "The Man in Lower Ten," "The Window at the White Cat"—all cracking good mystery stories. "Tish," which May Robson is now playing in the legitimate; "The Street of Seven Stars," which Doris Kenyon has done for the screen; "When a Man Marries," "Where There's a Will"—this is just mentioning a few. "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave" has been enacted by Douglas MacLean and Doris May as their first stellar picture for Incé. "The Altar of Freedom" was her contribution to the literature of the War.

Mary Roberts Rinehart loves clothes, as I have hinted; and thinks when a woman has ceased to be attractive—to *care* to be attractive—there's not much of a place for her in the world. She is feminist and suffragette; and she likes tall deep-red American Beauty roses in her room.

"I do not like," she said as I was leaving, "I do not like that picture of me that they are using in the moving picture advertisements—do you?"

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Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Did It Have on Skid Chains?

I JUST saw "The Virtuous Model," the scenes of which are supposed to be taken in Paris; yet when the Leading Man hails a taxi it bears a New York City hack license.

M. G. H., N. Y. C.

Remember, She Was Temperamental

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, as Billie Billings in "A Temperamental Wife" after having been married to Senator Newton for some weeks, had neither wedding nor engagement ring on, in fact no ring at all.

HENRY ABBOTT, JR., Concord, Mass.

Mebbe He Inherited It

IN the office scene of the picture, "The Uplifters," the head of the firm is seen taking his watch out of his pocket, and as he glances at the time, the words "Ingersoll Eclipse" are seen on the dial. Nothing snobbish about that plutocrat.

EDWARD B. HOWE, Cambridge, Mass.

Premiums with Each Purchase

IN "The Egg-Crate Wallop" Charles Ray goes out and buys a new suit of clothes. He comes home and puts it on. He then discovers that he has been suspected of theft, so he writes a farewell message on the wall, taking a piece of chalk from the pocket of his perfectly new suit!

H. R., New York.

But she had her hair in puffs over her ears and a beautiful marcel.

D. J. S., Detroit.

We'd Like to Know Too

STUART HOLMES in "The Way of a Woman," as *Mr. Trevor,* enters his wife's room with a long cigarette holder between his fingers and about half an inch of cigarette burning in it. In a close-up of the same scene the cigarette has grown in proportion until it is fully two inches in length. I would be much obliged to Mr. Holmes if he would inform me where he gets cigarettes that the more you smoke the bigger they get.

R. M. GOUGH, Philadelphia.

And Then War Was Declared!

IN Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "His Majesty the American," Sarzeau, the Minister of War for Alaine, asks his fellow conspirators to sign a paper guaranteeing their support to the father of the Prince of Brizac, who is trying to marry the Countess. This takes place in a room where there is a table around which are seated the parties to the conspiracy. The men file around the table to sign, Duray being the third one in order to affix his signature. But later on in the picture when the document is shown Duray's name was last on the list of five names.

G. P. JOHNSON, Roxbury, Mass.

What Is So Raw as a Day in June?

IN the "Days of Real Sport" series, the one entitled "School Days and Scandal," we see "Skinnay's" parents getting him up in the morning. He jumps out of bed and grabs his clothes on a run for the living-room stove, shivering as if he was doing the shimmy, nevertheless when the children are shown going to school they are wearing summer apparel and seem to be very comfortable.

W. B. W.,
Denver, Colo.

A Reader of The Ladies' Home Companion

IN "Mints o' Hell" with William Desmond, the action is supposed to take place in the northern part of Canada. It is said that Vivian Rich, the shero, knows nothing of the outside world except what she read in books.

Rushing the Season

IN "The Career of Katherine Bush" the cast goes to the country estate for Christmas. During the holidays they go for a walk. Catherine Calvert picks up a straw hat with flowers and her leading man wears a stiff-brim straw hat. Isn't Christmas a little too early for Spring stuff? Edith Gorman, New Orleans, La.

A Relapse

IN Bessie Barriscale's "Kitty Kelly, M. D." the villain is seen washing his face where he was cut by Jack Holt, hero. In a cut-back the bleeding cut disappeared only to appear again later.

GEORGE McC., N. Y.

Up-To-Date Norma

AS "Toy" in "The Forbidden City" Norma Talmadge—brought up in the Chinese Palace—wears high-heeled American shoes! And when she goes to the Philippines she evidently converses in English.

JUNITA D., Fargo.

He Wanted to Be Sure

IN Charles Ray's "Greased Lightning" the bank robber, McKim, travels past the same scene twice in the get-away. Didn't he like the way he did it the first time?

J. M.,
Huntington, W. Va.

Photographs by Moody

A Real Indian Princess

IN "Hitchy Koo 1919," the third edition of the annual Raymond Hitchcock revue now playing in Manhattan, there is a new terpsichorean sensation. In the costume of an Indian girl—head-dress, moccasins, beads and blanket, she leaps on the stage and convinces the audience—even the most skeptical—that she is, indeed, a member of the copper-colored race. And the audience is right. She is Princess White Deer, a real Indian girl, from the Iroquois Reservation near Malone, N. Y. Her grandfather is Running Deer, who keeps a hotel in the Adirondacks; and her father was a truck farmer. She rebelled at wedding an Indian buck, fled to New York and began dancing. She danced in Germany and in Russia. Then she came back to America, dancing in cabarets when "Hitchy" found her.

Florence Martin

In "The Undercurrent"

We don't know who the little boy is but (in the vernacular of the doughboy) we'll tell the world the luck is all his. Florence is about as captivating as anything we've seen lately and she's doing some very artistic work.

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PHOTO BY IRA L. HILL

New York City, N. Y.

Sept. 24, 1919

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The Story of Major Robert Warwick in France

Thrilling and inspirational experiences in the war which the soldier-actor heretofore refused to disclose.

By JOHN A. GRAY

Apeda

THIS story is the product of strategy—of persuasion and of brow-beating. To the narrator, Major Robert Warwick, who was not going to tell it, come what might, was applied every known instrument by which the recalcitrant are made to come across. The situation was both unique and embarrassing. The major had returned from the war with extraordinary experiences, but without even bringing back a picture of himself; and he had nothing to say for publication. Not a word. Everyone aggrievedly asked—"What kind of a star is this who has big things to tell but is silent?" They gave up. Then a *Photoplay* interviewer labored with the modest man and at length convinced him that he could do a real service by yielding.—*Editor.*

WHEN Major Warwick went to war, good fortune had given him the power of seeing much and thereafter provided so much to see that he is an illuminated text of the Greatest Story. It is doubtful if any American officer had a wider range of experiences or came within close-up of more heroic figures. As a spectator of the supreme drama the major had a front row seat, and it is recorded of him that he went farther in the attainment of military honors than any other man of the screen.

The major's reminiscences make clear that his perceptive faculties operated along cinema lines. But not merely in a camera sense. He had had the training of the studio to teach him values and intensive instruction as an intelligence officer in the War College at Washington to further equip him as an

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Major Warwick in France

(Continued)

observer. There is only one respect in which his Seeing the War has the objective "consciousness" of the lens and this is in the elimination of self. Major Warwick will give you many a reel of verbal pictures, but when you try to take a hand in the production and introduce him among the actors —nothing doing. You get a blank screen until you agree to let the major tell his story with himself left out. And then you have in review Marshall Foch, General Pershing, Lord Reading, General Mangin, Paris during the Good Friday bombardment, American divisions, French divisions, the historic review of poilus at Strassburg, the armistice and—

A special word about the armistice. What is it that was most hilariously hailed when it befell and has since been most anathematized? Easily, the armistice. At one and the same time it ended the war, which was welcome, and many fine military careers, which was distressing. If the armistice had not intervened precisely when it did the then Captain Warwick, fresh from the Great Staff College at Langres, would have become, de bonne heure, a lieutenant colonel, with an assignment as assistant chief of staff to the general commanding the Twenty-Eighth Division. You have heard men speak harshly about the armistice in such words as—"If it hadn't been for that blank armistice I'd have gone to France," or, "The Armistice cheated me out of a commission; yessir, I was just on the point of—etc." Major Warwick has forgiven the armistice and even mentions it kindly. He would have worn a silver leaf on either shoulder, but when he puts these into the scales against the peace of the world he is generous enough to admit that he is on the losing side of the lever.

You have seen Robert Warwick in pictures; guess his age. Wrong. The draft missed him by a safe margin, which, however, made no difference; he went in early in the game, enrolled in the Roosevelt contingent long before some of the young bucks were ready for the Big Adventure; and when it was decided there would be no Roosevelt division he rushed around to the application office and put in his name for Platttsburg. Warwick was in New York then with the Athletic Club training battalion, but the officer at the Plattsburg recruiting place, who knew "material" when he saw it—and in this case he saw about six feet of it—touched him on the shoulder with, "I want you," and three months later, down at the camp, there were two bars of a captain on that shoulder and two on the other—a commander of infantry he was. He was assigned to Camp Dix, but a change in orders sent him to the War College at Washington where a month's intensive training in military intelligence brought him flush up with destiny—the going across. This course at the War College was reserved for men with special equipment; Captain Warwick had spent five years of his youth in Paris universities and knew France and the French and their language like a boulevardier. Voila.

From the step-off he was among Big Things. On the way over he saw, close at hand, the Tuscania torpedoed. This, you will remember, was the only American transport sunk. Warwick was on the Baltic and missed no detail. But he was able, not long afterwards, to witness a compensatory happening; off the coast of France, as he was returning to America on a special mission aboard the Leviathan, the ship's gunners sent a German sub to Davy Jones locker.

"The greatest sight I ever saw?" As he repeated my question I could sense the stirring of splendid memories in my victim of this interview. I'll say he was my victim;

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My, how good that Musterole feels when you rub it in gently over that lame back and those sore muscles. First you feel the gentle tingle, then the delightful, soothing coolness that reaches in the twinging joints or stiff, sore muscles.

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Major Warwick in France

(Continued)

I had him cornered and his six feet high by two feet wide availed him not. Being helpless he spoke, and it was of Foch at Strassburg; and because the story has not been told before here it is:

"Immediately after the armistice I was ordered to Strassburg, and was on duty for the general staff with General Gouraud's Fourth French Army of Occupation. Strassburg as a city is wonderfully picturesque, moldy, ancient and eternal. It was Thanksgiving morning and it was raining; a fine drizzle filled the air. The division, the Twentieth, was drawn up waiting for Foch—in the citadel of Strassburg—fifteen thousand veterans who had gone through the entire war, but not under this command. The Twentieth was one of the immortals; it had been cut to pieces many times and as many times the gaps had been filled up. Most of these men had been wounded, some more than once. Despite the rain, which enclosed the army and the city in its amphitheater of silver gray, the poilus bore themselves with a certain jauntiness. Their uniforms were faded, tattered, muddy, their feet out at shoes and their faces bearded, but there was something dauntless and heroic about them. This was their day—Le jour de gloire. I was a very fortunate spectator; a French officer had taken me to a position high up in the citadel and from that point, alone, I saw what so impressively unfolded.

"Presently through one of the wide gates of the citadel, which is a large, walled-in enclosure of vast parade ground and barracks, came dashing many troops of the brilliant cavalry of the Spahis. The entry was dramatic, but the supreme moment arrived which Marshall Foch himself, with General Weygand on one side and General Castelnau on the other, appeared at a canter under the massive arch. The massed bands playing the Marseillaise; the battle flags; the division, rigid and at attention, and the figure of the commander in chief of the allied armies as he rode before the lines with keen gray eyes flashing their pride all made a glorified picture. His pride, it could be seen, was in his men, in these sons of France, all brothers of his. This day and its events revealed to me the real Foch. Here was one of the greatest commanders of history who bore his honors almost with humility. While there was no let down from military exactitude in his bearing it was easy to see that here was a man to whom the opportunity to serve his country was the one big thing and the personal glory he got out of it negligible.

"A ceremony followed the review. The marshal was presented with the scimitar of Kleber, one of the marshals under Napoleon. With the bands again striking up the national hymn and the battle flags in a vivid cluster, the division led by Marshall Foch, passed through one of the gates of the citadel and marched to the great Place Kleber and formed a hollow square from which the Marshal alone rode forward with drawn scimitar, saluted the heroic statue of Napoleon's famous general. There was a dash, something intrepid about the Marshal's action which proved that his spirit was young although age and concentrated thought had so lined his face that it looked like a map. Following this Foch pinned the decoration of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor upon the breast of General Vandenburg, the only soldier present wearing the ceremonial black uniform of peace times. From here there was a procession to the Cathedral of Strassburg where the marshal, with the devotion for which he is noted, knelt before the altar while the Te Deum was chanted. To have been in Strassburg on that day and to have seen the invincible Twentieth Division reviewed by one of the greatest military geniuses of all time—well, you can imagine how I feel about it."

Major Warwick tells things far more feelingly than they look in print; he gives his pictures a vitality and color that can't be put down. Being in the pictures he knows no one and, with instinct and trained technic, he seizes the values. But it was not only the visual that interested him or that he brought back. The major associated with some of the biggest figures in the war game, diplomats as well as soldiers, and between the business of dodging some tons of German metal in a varied assortment of sizes and shapes and in divers places, he was compiling a small but very absorbing Who's Who in the universe.

Major Warwick became exceptionally well acquainted with Lord Reading, who headed a special mission from England to the United States. Warwick, then a captain, was assigned to the Lord Chief Justice as aide and one day asked him—"Who is the greatest speaker in the United States?"

"President Wilson" said Lord Reading, "but he is not so effective when heard as when read. But Lloyd George," he said, "was supreme in creating emotional effects."

"One day," continued Major Warwick, "I accompanied Lord Reading to General Mangin's headquarters. The general and his staff were at luncheon and there was an animated discussion over the progress of the war and the question whether any of the allied nations would sue for peace.

"What are the American people saying about peace?" General Mangin asked of Lord Reading. The Englishman, speaking as though America was his country, answered with a confidence in which there was something thrilling. "We do not speak of peace in America and will not until the job is complete."

"C'est bien, c'est bien!" cried the general.

The major had many contacts with Pershing, came on a special mission to the United States for the American commander in chief, but really discovered him, he said, not in the man but in his works.

"I had exceptional opportunity to learn what the American army under General Pershing accomplished in France," he related, "as my duties took me to every point in the great zones of activity behind the lines and in the sectors of the front. The organization of the American Army was beyond praise or description. It was in his tremendous grasp of a problem which had never been approached in vastness or complexity that General Pershing established himself as one of the very great soldiers of the war."

Warwick was aide to Thomas Nelson Page when the Ambassador to Italy visited General Pershing in the St. Mihiel sector, but do not think that the major was always escorting great people around or having an easy time. There was danger and a lot of it in this sort of employment, but all other situations were enviable, he says, as compared with that night he was carrying dispatches into Paris. It was 1:30 A. M. when the German bombardment from the sky began to drop. "I thought the top of the world had caved in," said Warwick. "But that was the last time they tried an air raid."

As a captain Warwick entered the Great Staff college at Langres, a walled citadel built in Caesar's time, where 30,000 soldiers from privates to colonels, were attending thirty schools and getting additional hints on how to lick the Germans. On the day of the armistice Warwick came from the college with his G2 which, speaking by the

Major Warwick in France

(Concluded)

book, means that he would have been assigned as assistant chief of staff to the general of a division. This was count No. 1 against the armistice, which he does not regret, but the second suggests a public loss. This allusion is to the proposal of Andre Tardieu that a great propaganda picture be taken with the theme the plight of Alsace-Lorraine, Sarah Bernhardt to play the leading role with Warwick the principal masculine character. This would have been a great drama, but November 11th, it may be conceded, was a greater one.

Let's finish with the beginning, that is, how Warwick worried along during those years before Mars summoned him. While we claim editorial privilege of saying he doesn't look it, Warwick tells candidly that he made his debut on the stage seventeen years ago. The play was "Glad of It," the theater, the Savoy in New York, and his dress room companions in that youthful effort were Jack Barrymore and Thomas Meighan, also youngsters on the stage. Farther back than that, as you may guess, he was born in Sacramento, California, and lived in San Francisco. One of his most noteworthy appearances on the speaking stage, and this was not long before he went into pictures—was with Nat Goodwin, Otis Skinner and Eugene O'Brien, as all-star cast in "The Celebrated Case." His last speaking role was in "Captain Brassbound" by Shaw. It will be remembered that he supported Grace George. He is now under a three-year contract, as a star, with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Here, in brief, is his philosophy of the vertical stage:

"Contrary to the general opinion held by actors, pictures bring one into greater intimacy with the audience and the field, of course, is infinitely wider."

Master of the Show

(Concluded from page 82.)

Mr. Tucker was brought up in the cramped quarters of a theatre trunk, as his boyhood was spent with his mother, Ethel Tucker, a well-known actress of other days.

Although he attended the University of Chicago, he declares that his real education was accumulated in the Chicago public library. "I used to spend most of my time there," he says. In fact so appreciative was he of this unfailing source of wisdom that he was reluctant even to spend time away for food, and would carry such portable rations as could be munched behind the learned barrier of some volume or other.

For a brief period he worked in the traffic department of a railroad but the family tradition soon drew him away and he went on the stage. Aside from being a stock actor, he did quite a great deal of directing. In fact, he is rated as being among the very first stage directors who took the screen seriously. After he left the stage he directed "Traffic in Souls."

In 1913 he went to England with the idea of being the first to produce famous books. He filmed "The Christian" and "The Manxman," by Hall Caine; "The Middleman" and "The Hypocrite," by Henry Arthur Jones; "Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau," by Anthony Hope, after which he returned to America—this was in 1917—and made "The Cinderella Man," one of Goldwyn's most successful photoplays. Now he is to make seven more pictures for Artcraft, unlimited as to time and cost, from stories of his own selection.

"Mother," featuring his wife, Elizabeth Risdon, was his last picture produced on the other side.

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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 W. 45th St., New York City (s); 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave. New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s). Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

THE FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., Jesse J. Goldburg, general manager, 310 Times Building, New York City.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Cal.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

EXHIBITORS-MUTUAL DISTRIBUTING CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., Glendale, Cal. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); Edendale, Cal.

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UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 73)

performance than the careful and sometimes ultra-puritanic Miss Kennedy. One of the chief lights of the play is Herbert Standing, as the patriarchal master of the below-stairs crowd. Hugo Ballin, I suspect, was the artistic party responsible for the genuinely atmospheric settings and properties.

ALMOST A HUSBAND—Goldwyn

Opie Read's "Old Ebenezer" is the basis of this tale of the hard educational life in a Mississippi river town, while Will Rogers, the champion of the lariat and the political small talk, is the bashful and gawky hero. Rogers plays Sam Lyman, the hick teacher of a hick school. The beautiful Peggy Wood, one of the most charming of the younger actresses of the stage, is the belle of the place, and, at a party, they endure a mock marriage which they afterward found was the real thing. Complications ensue for the heroine, and by request Sam does not endeavor to set his unintended bride free. Various sorts of melodrama are deployed, including a visitation of night riders and a bit of amateur bank wrecking, but in the end the small-time pedagogue rights a lot of wrongs by the money he has made from a novel, and at once sets things right and claims his bride. Rogers is so characteristically himself that one wishes the story might have been taken at a more leisurely pace, so that his slow, sure-fire personal humor could have more croppings-out. Still, the affair is well set and well made, the subtitles are good, and all in all, it is a fair entertainment even though it is by no means an unusual one.

THE LOTTERY MAN—Paramount

Here is an example of an old stage story, burnished up and thoroughly revivified by a fine scenario and a thoroughly competent cast and director. You all know the adventure of Jack Wright, who, anxious to get a large sum of money immediately to make his mother comfortable, put himself up in a marriage lottery, positively agreeing to marry the holder of the winning ticket. And what complications ensue, when black janes, old maids, tomboy widows and frowsy females of all sorts threaten to capture Jack Wallace Reid for life! As I said at the start, the whole success of this piece—and it is a rapid-fire, diverse, bafflingly-written success—is the result of great skill in the laying-out of the scenario, more skill and care in casting, and final skill and invention on the part of the director. That individual was James Cruze, and this is just another item on his 1919 credits. Wallace Reid plays with the boyish abandon and simple reality which has characterized him, more and more, of late, and the long supporting contingent includes Harrison Ford, Wanda Hawley, Marcia Manon, Fannie Midgeley, Sylvia Ashton, Winifred Greenwood and Fred Huntley. I never cared much for the original play. I did like the photoplay. Lapse of years, change of tastes and all, it was a real improvement.

STEPPING OUT—Ince-Paramount

Wallace Reid has not been the only steady advancer in the past year. Enid Bennett, who used to simper and try for a plaintiveness which was beyond endurance, has steadied herself, acquired a simplicity and a reality which are convincing, and has made herself a genuine screen asset by playing real women—not creatures at whom one longed to hurl a tomato or a Sennett pie. Here, she has a role in an oft-told story which, with skilful variations, is enduringly good: the role of the wife who determines to play a fifty-fifty game with her husband, and counter his whilom amours with apparent flirtations which, notwithstanding their premeditation and real harmlessness, have all the appearance of the wicked real thing. She plays June Hillary, the gracious little wife of Bob Hillary, a not-bad young person who enters the marital relation with the mistaken idea that not only is there a double standard of morals, but that the wife, as well, is a sort of meek domestic who should take her food and housing and endure, with more or less gladness, all the rest. Miss Bennett's performance, throughout, is a discreet, realistic, self-reliant and ever-womanly delineation. Niles Welch is equally good in the ungrateful role of the husband. Fred Niblo's direction is lifelike at all times, and there are many excellent comedy touches. Miss Bennett, as we opined in a previous line, is finding herself as a portrayer of genuine young women.

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—First National

One of the axioms of picture producers is "animal stuff always goes big." "Back to God's Country" has several hundred feet of the most remarkable "animal stuff" ever photographed. It is a James Oliver Curwood story of the now well known unknown wilds of Northwestern Canada, with a dog as the most active of the heroes and Nell Shipman as the decorative feature. The story is about the same as all Mr. Curwood's other "red blood" yarns, but the antics of a colony of bears, cubs, bobcats, geese and other fauna, give it an atmosphere all its own, and compensate for much superficial melodrama. David Hartford directed.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN—Selznick

Elaine Hammerstein has suffered long from not enjoying those advantages which are offered by a well-equipped distributing organization. Without a regular succession of productions through a single channel, it is hard for any start to "arrive." This is now assured to Miss Hammerstein, and the first of her Selznick pictures, "The Country Cousin," forecasts a brilliant future for this young daughter of a distinguished house. The story is by Booth Tarkington and Julian Street, and tells how a strong-minded but none the less lovely young woman from the west invaded a dissipated circle in New York, rescued her cousin from fortune hunters, and made a man out of a snob. Physically the picture is beautiful, dramatically it is strong. As for Miss Hammerstein herself, there is a chaste voluptuousness about her that imparts power to her more important scenes, and keen interest to the interludes. Walter McGrail offers an interesting study of the society man who is shamed into making something of himself by the girl from the country. Alan Crosland directed and created a production which shows every sign of having been made with care and intelligence.

THE GLORIOUS LADY—Selznick

Olive Thomas makes pathetically heroic efforts to impart life and reality to "The Glorious Lady," her third Selznick picture, but the story provided by Edmund Goulding is so absurd that neither star nor director should be blamed for the result. The fable is the ancient one so popular among the mushy minor novelists of fifty years ago, of the Duke who marries the peasant girl, whereupon his family makes things so unpleasant for the Duchess that she runs away,

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

only to be rehabilitated later and make a corking fine Duchess. Miss Thomas is so lovely that no picture in which she appears can be utterly bad, and Matt Moore is her leading man in this archaic hodge-podge, so after all you get your money's worth. Besides there is a good deal of visual beauty in the scenic background, which happily causes the weakness of the tale to be forgotten from time to time.

A REGULAR GIRL—Selznick

Elsie Janis, idol of the A. E. F. and of Broadway, makes her second film venture via the Selznick route, in "A Regular Girl," in which something of her own experiences as an entertainer extraordinary of the American armies is recalled. In fact the picture relies solely upon Miss Janis for its appeal. It has its vaudeville moments, and in these the star is perfectly at home. She is able to project comedy ideas without descending to burlesque, and also is able to descend to burlesque without vulgarizing her comedy idea. In short, this picture is a series of entertaining episodes in which Miss Janis humorously scrubs floors, sings to and with soldiers, cooks, waits on the table, goes to Coney Island, gives a circus, and cheers everyone with the exception of her father, who being wealthy, objects to his daughter's unconventional escapades. Miss Janis has excellent support, provided by a company of soldiers who look like real soldiers, and probably were, and by E. Rogers Lytton as the father, and Matt Moore as a suitor who finds it a little hard to keep step. James Young directed.

CASSIDY OF THE AIR LANES—Universal

No matter how many pictures of the upper roadways may be taken in the future—and they will be many, it is safe to assume—"Cassidy of the Air Lanes" is *number one*, and will remain *number one*. It is not much of a story, but it contains the most amazing aerial photography yet made, and the feats of Lieut. Locklear are chronicled in photography which is not only thrilling in its revelations, but astonishing for its steadiness and clarity. What plot there is concerns a set of sky-highwaymen who plan to rob the transcontinental aerial mail. A tremendous number of planes are used, and a great flying-field is shown in all the details of its operations. Locklear's plane-crawling stunts are photographed from a third machine, as there are usually two planes in the camera's finder at once. This photoplay introduces a genuine new sensation in drama, for it suspends actors, and auditors, too, in an invisible and intangible element thousands of feet above the earth. The world itself is merely a vast picture below, and the unique vision of a line of mountain-tops resembling nothing but a foot-path, far, far below, while players and beholders swing contentedly back and forth in the heavens, is something worth going a long way to see. Next to aviating yourself, this is it.

FLAME OF THE DESERT—Goldwyn

Mme. Farrar's second cinemic opera purports to be a story of the Egyptian desert, most of which is laid after the war. It has to do with the revolt of a band of tribesmen against their British rulers, led by a fanatic Moslem whose fanaticism is made dangerous by the fact that over it is superimposed a very extensive strata of European culture. The mystic figure is an Arabian Sheik who afterward turns out—well, that's tipping the plot, and the mystery is really a pretty good one. Farrar is her characteristic blazing self; this time a restless Englishwoman in search of adventure. The rest of the acting honors, it seems to me, go to Macy Harlan, in his striking depiction of the fanatic Sheik who conceals a scimitar, figuratively speaking, under his dress suit.

Lou-Tellegen plays the mysterious man of the desert in a forceful and picturesque way; such parts are by far his best medium. Alec B. Francis is also seen to advantage. The production, a very fine one, was made under the direction of Reginald Barker.

IN BRIEF—

"The Vengeance of Durand" (Vitagraph). An old-fashioned melodramatic narrative of an inherited vengeance and a hate carried through the years. The story is Rex Beach, but not Rex Beach in his best elements of clean, red-blood outdoor love and conflict. Anything, however, may be pardoned for the exquisite beauty of Alice Joyce, which, perhaps, has never been so radiant as in this enterprise. Besides Alice Joyce, Gustav von Seyfertitz is very extensively concerned, Percy Marmont is the leading man, and the cast also includes that picture veteran, William Bechtel. Vitagraph has spared no expense in making this an opulent, even imposing production, and the exterior shots are most of them remarkable for their loveliness and clarity. Tom Terris directed.

"The Trembling Hour" (Universal) Kenneth Harlan, in a star part for the first time. Harlan, who has really just returned from soldiering—or not so long ago, at any rate—here plays a returned officer, suffering from shell-shock. Past criminality, a suspicion of murder and several other elements make a pretty good mystery yarn. The suspense is quite genuine. Helen Jerome Eddy is a wonderfully sympathetic support to young Mr. Harlan.

"A Scream in the Night" (Select) It certainly is—any night. In fact, it is a scream at a matinee, or at a special showing at 9 o'clock in the morning, though we don't feel much like laughing at 9 A. M. An awkward feminization of "Tarzan of the Apes," which tries to be philosophically profound, and winds up by being merely ponderously and absurdly melodramatic in the worst sense of old-fashioned picture melodrama. Detailed criticism doesn't seem worth while.

"The Wolf" (Vitagraph) An ordinary photoplay adventure, made under the direction of James Young from Eugene Walter's old play. Earle Williams, Jane Novak, Bob McKim and George Nichols have the principal parts—a good cast. The thing seems to run awfully slow, but otherwise is logical and straightaway.

"Sacred Silence" (Fox) William Russell's first offering in his new pasture. Russell George McQuarrie and Agnes Ayres better a very tame narrative.

Mutt and Jeff (Fox) While I am writing these sad or glad little reminiscences of things I have seen in the past month I can't help recalling how this pair of pen-and-ink Corsican Brothers has livened up, even actually saved, many and many a punk entertainment. Go to it, Mutt, and you too, you side-whiskered little rascal!

"Should a Husband Forgive" (Fox) I object to the title, on principle. It is a maudlin, cheap, insincere, and by indirect implication an absolutely vicious sentiment, for if any of us are so all-fired pure that we are above forgiving, we are also above things mundane. We belong in St. Petersville, plucking an arpeggio from the ghost of a Lyon & Healy harp. R. A. Walsh wrote

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

the story and led the exercises, and he had a striking cast, headed by his own talented wife, Miriam Cooper. The photoplay itself is rather heavy and extremely complicated, but if it were boiled into a simple story it would not be a bad sort of thing.

"Impossible Catherine" (Pearson Photoplays) I wish Virginia Pearson would light on some definite programme or definite plan for the employment of her talents. She is one of the very finest and sincerest of our screen actresses—simply going to waste because she cannot seem to get definitely placed and remain continuously, progressively at work. Perhaps the fault is that of many unobservant managers; perhaps she herself is a little bit to blame. Here is one of her sporadic offerings; not bad, indeed, but too much of a "star" picture, too much of a feature effort to show this genuine acting woman at her talented best. The story, by Frank S. Beresford, is simply a modernization of "The Taming of the Shrew." It is an ordinary, programme piece of work, very tamely captioned, employing a number of good players, among them—strangely!—the powerful and gifted Sheldon Lewis, in a role which is so small that it is almost a "bit."

"Why Smith Left Home" (Paramount) George Broadhurst's lively, ancient farce, vitalized by Bryant Washburn and a corking Lasky cast. A number of things possible to the broader scope of pictures, as compared to the facilities of the stage, have been added to increase the contemporary interest in this somewhat familiar story.

"In Mizzoura" (Paramount) I am still wondering why the Lasky studio, with the gifts of director Hugh Ford, author Augustus Thomas, scenarioist Beulah Marie Dix and star Robert Warwick, did not get more out of a time-honored piece of melodramatic material. Possibly, because the story itself was never one of Thomas' best; in fact, one of his poorest and most perfunctory, and saved only by the broad humanities of his dialogue. Robert Cain, to my way of thinking, stole the show with a performance of a contemptible villain who, after all, worked a surreptitious way into your sympathies.

"Fair and Warmer" (Metro) Should be put in a museum as a relic of the prehistoric days when beverages were not judged by their percentages. A pretty correct screen transcript of Avery Hopwood's roaring farce in which Madge Kennedy and John Cumberland figured, with May Allison and Eugene Pallette at present in their roles.

"Sadie Love" (Paramount) Marjorie Rambeau's red-hot old Morosco play, with its wild lines tamed down for photoplay purposes, and with Billie Burke quite aptly cast in the Rambeau role. It will set no arroyos in flames, but is a fair programme offering.

"His Official Fiancee" (Paramount) The rather tame story of a pleasant little fake in a business office, whereby, for reasons of convenience, a stenographer of looks and cleverness agrees to act, on occasion, as the fiancee of her manly and agreeable employer. The usual result. Forrest Stanley and Vivian Martin have the chief roles, and Mr. Stanley takes the honors, such as they are.

"L'Apache" (Ince-Paramount) A pretty good story, which does not seem to be more than that, on the screen, of two Franco-American girls in Paris, the one mistress of a dissolute rich man; the other, the wife of an Apache who married him to shut his lips against telling what he knows of a crime her brother committed. Dorothy Dalton plays both parts, in her usual strik-

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

ing way, and such other honors as remain in the piece are gobbled up by Macy Harlam, as the Apache. Robert Elliott does a straightforward and pleasing piece of work as Otis Mayne, the eventual saviour and lover of one of the girls.

"Back Stage" (Paramount) A new Roscoe Arbuckle comedy, with the usual Arbuckle rapidity and unlimited, uproarous "hokum." However, I did not like this as well as either of Mr. Arbuckle's last two releases.

"Turning the Tables" (Paramount) A characteristic Dorothy Gish comedy, with the quaint little humoresque of the Gish family strongly supported by people like George Fawcett and Eugenie Besserer.

"It Pays to Advertise" (Paramount) Bryant Washburn, in the chief role of the renowned stage comedy, supported by Lois Wilson, Frank Currier, Walter Hiers, Julie Faye and Guy Oliver.

"The Trembling Hour" (Universal)—This is a murder mystery play with a hero suffering from shellshock and in danger of a death sentence. Suspense is its principal appeal. Kenneth Harlan has the central role.

"Dangerous Waters" (Robertson-Cole)—William Desmond displays an aptitude for comedy of which he has not always been suspected, in "Dangerous Waters." This melodrama is relieved frequently by the humor provided by Desmond and Walter Sperry.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 94)

VIOLET HEMING must have made "Everywoman" a pretty real figure on the screen. At any rate Famous Players has signed her under a long-term contract.

HOW would you like to hire out your husband? Enid Bennett-Niblo loaned her director, Fred Niblo, to Louise Glaum—but only for one picture.

MRS. REX BEACH has chosen two more girls to play in her husband's productions. You remember she introduced Kay Laurell to the screen in "The Brand." Now she has engaged little blonde Lillian Hall, who was Beth in Brady's "Little Women," and Helen Ferguson from Blackton's to play in "Going Some," now under way at Culver City.

TEDDY SAMPSON, the petite brunette better-half of comedian Ford Sterling, will again have a part in film affairs. She has been engaged by Christie to star in Strand comedies.

THE first film star to volunteer her services as a troop leader for the Girl Scouts organization is Marguerite Clark. Whether she did it because she is about the size of most girl scouts or because she fills all the requirements demanded of a leader, i.e., such accomplishments as baking pies, tending babies, sewing, nursing, and bed-making—she has gone into it for all she's worth—which is, since Marguerite is one of the thriftiest film ladies, quite a tidy little sum.

NIGEL BARRIE is enjoying the open season for ducks. Fancy a leading man who goes out for ducks before day-break—and breakfast? No—neither can we. Anyway, Nigel is in Del Monte, California, on location with the Katherine McDonald company, and he finds time between shots to take several at the ducks.

TO speak in the *patois,* Bill Hart has nothing on Will Rogers. Will says he, too, wrote a book once, and that if he'd had another match he would have written another book.

BEN WILSON is to have an opportunity to stretch his versatile imagination over fifteen more episodes of thrills. He will be assisted in this second serial, as in "The Trail of the Octopus," by Neva Gerber.

CARROLL McCOMAS, one of the more distinguished young ladies of the theatre, will make her first film appearance with Bob Warwick in "Jackstraws." Her contract provides, however, that she will be given more important parts to play as she becomes camera-wise. She is noted, chiefly, for having contributed many splendid performances to the war entertainments for our boys.

DORIS KENYON made her return to the stage during the month of October, in Manhattan, in a frisque farce called "The Girl in the Limousine," by Avery Hopwood. The part she plays doesn't call for much in a dramatic line; in fact, Doris, encased in shimmering robe-de-nuit, displays more talents in lines silent than spoken. She isn't going to give up her film work.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, who used to call forth shudders of silence when he was the villain in the old-time Vitagraph plays, has come back to that company in a directorial capacity. His first production is one in which Gladys Leslie appears.

THE stage has put one over on the movies. In Manhattan there is a play called "A Voice in the Dark" which is distinctly a novelty—it is a novelty and little else. It has the advantage over the pictures because while some of the play you can only *see,* as it is enacted in pantomime, there is another part that you can only *hear*—the action takes place in the dark. It concerns two versions of the same murder: as a deaf woman saw it, and as a blind man heard it. The caption is worthy of the catch-lines of some of our exhibitors: "See How the Light Conceals—See How the Dark Reveals!"

NORMA TALMADGE had a party in the month of October. It was in celebration of the third anniversary of her marriage to Joseph Schenck, her manager. Irving Berlin staged the affair and chose as decorations posters of the various Talmadge film successes. He also had the orchestra play "The New Moon," a song dedicated to Norma in her picture of that name. Mr. Schenck presented his beautiful brunette wife with an ermine cape and a gold jewel case. The whole thing calls to mind Norma's career: her beginnings at Vitagraph, where she played everything from babies to old ladies; her achievement of feature-dom in Blackton's "The Battle-Cry of Peace." She left for the West to star for a new company; but nothing much ever came of that venture. Triangle-Fine Arts got her out there, however, and with that engagement came real recognition. Then she married Joseph Schenck, and her long line of successes followed—beginning with "Panthea," the initial Talmadge passion-drama.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

THE Singer Midgets—thirty-five of the little fellows—have been signed to appear in Sunshine comedies. Hitherto they have confined their various activities to the circus or the vaudeville entertainment. They will bring with them to the screen the animals they used on their recent tour of the world.

WITH the announcement of John Barrymore's appearance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" comes the report, which seems well-founded, that Ethel is to return to the screen, via the Goldwyn route. She hasn't done anything in a film way since her Metro pictures.

A CERTAIN director leased a house in Hollywood. While he was going through it he noticed in the bathroom a huge tub, three feet longer than the ordinary tub, and twice as wide. He remarked to the agent that a giant must have lived in the house before. "Oh, no," said the real-estate man, "only DeWolf Hopper."

SHE was one of the sleekest and the suavest of all the female villains on the silversheet, was Julia Swayne Gordon. No home was too peaceful for her to wreck; no heart was too adamant for her to smash. She isn't with Vitagraph any more; she went to Selznick to make trouble for Elaine Hammerstein, in "Love." No—Elaine isn't.

BESSIE LOVE is on a vacation now—her first in several years. The little pensive blonde who won her first success as the Swedish slavey in "The Flying Torpedo," one of the first Fine Arts, and who later became leading woman for Bill Hart and Douglas Fairbanks, has had varied film experiences since she determined to proceed on her own: she has made pictures for Pathe and for Vitagraph. Chicago capitalists are said to be backing the Love concern. Papa Love and Mama Love—real name Horton—are handling their daughter's business affairs.

IN a theatre in Baltimore three feet of film in "A Temperamental Wife" caught fire and a panic was averted by a brave organist who kept right on playing. It was a good thing the organist didn't follow the suit of the temperamental better-half and the temperamental film and lose his temper.

MAE MARSH is coming back to the screen. Just as soon as Mary Marsh Arms is old enough to permit her mother to turn some of her attention to work, the former Griffith and Goldwyn star will go to California. She will make eight pictures a year, for Louis Gasnier, Lew Cody's picture padrone, releasing through Robertson-Cole. The Marsh pictures will all be adapted from books and plays. Little Mary Arms will go along with mother Mae and grandmother Arms, about the first of February. You remember Mae Marsh left the screen shortly after her marriage to Louis Lee Arms, a New York newspaper man.

THE World Film company is history. The Fort Lee film factory which harbored many celluloid celebrities in its time, has gone the way of Biograph, Lubin, and Kalem. A company with June Elvidge as the star and Oscar Apfel directing provides the only signs of manufacture around the place; while Evelyn Greeley, Carlyle Blackwell and Montague Love have departed long since. William A. Brady, guiding hand of World in its palmy days, has decided to go into picture producing on his own; Clara Kimball Young, who made "Trilby" within

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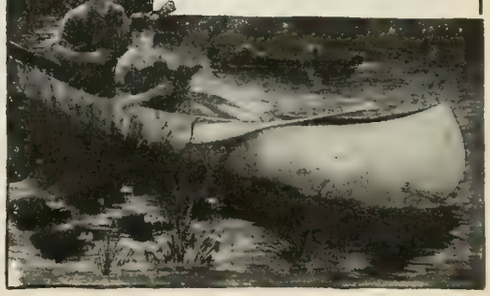

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See Page 114

Plays and Players

(Continued)

the World walls, works for her own corporation in California. Many of the leading luminaries in the acting and directing lines have "World Film" on their list of past engagements.

CREIGHTON HALE is a Griffith player now. He is working under David Wark's direction in the enclosed set in the New Rochelle studio which is the temporary home of the sunshine master. Clarine Seymoure, very Hawaiian in a grass skirt, hula-hulas in and out of scenes in the new DWG production. Anders Randolf, former Vitagraph character man, is a member of the cast.

GEORGE FAWCETT, one of the great actors in pictures, long a feature of Mr. Griffith's dramatic entertainments, has left to become a director. He is in New York, resting a while before taking up his new work.

EARLY Shame Note: Eddie Dillon, who directs for Famous Players now, rode the winning horse in the original production of the old melodrama, "Sporting Life."

HOUDINI will make two pictures abroad. He had to make the trip to fill several postponed variety engagements; but he won't lose any time on his picture work in the six months he spends in England. In 1922, the handcuff king will start on a tour of the world, to make a photoplay of adventure in every country he visits. Lila Lee, by the way, is his leading woman in his latest California-made production — little Lila who became a star in fact when she only played a supporting role—in DeMille's "Male and Female."

THE Gish family is now complete. Dorothy has arrived in New York from the coast, bringing with her the family parrot, John Gish. Lillian and Mother Mae preceded the youngest member of the family by a month. Dorothy brought the important members of her company and her entire technical staff across the continent with her.

THE only man who ever gave Premier Clemenceau of France a real thrill by a feat of daring, Buck Jones, has gone into pictures. Fox has signed the wild-west rider for a series of films. Buck was attached to the staff of a French general during the war. His rough-riding attracted considerable attention and he was asked to ride for Clemenceau. The veteran statesman was so enthusiastic that he had Jones repeat his performance for the King and Queen of Belgium, and their Majesties of Britain and Italy.

The luck of the Irish! If PHOTOPLAY'S Answer Man, for instance, were ever permitted to visit the Lasky plant, he would count himself fortunate if he only caught a glimpse of Wanda Hawley. But when John McCormack came—well, Wanda, as *Peg O' My Heart* gave him a real top-o'-the morning.

NOW it's the Big Six! A few weeks ago some of the best known producer directors got together and determined to join forces as soon as their existing contracts will have expired. Those involved are Marshall Neilan, Tom Ince, Maurice Tourneur, George Loane Tucker, Mack Sennett and Allan Dwan. They plan to produce pictures separately but will combine forces in the distribution of their wares. The avowed reason for the new combine was the monopolistic tendencies of the Zukor interests. Wiseacres profess to believe that in the near future, unless something intervenes, Famous Players-Lasky will have a stranglehold on the entire production and exhibition end of the film industry. Five of the Big Six—all but Marshall Neilan—have contracts with that firm at present. Neilan is with First National but his contract expires about September 1 next, when the contracts of the five others will terminate. It is expected that there will be some big financing and that the Big Six will go into the theater end of the game just as have the Zukor interests. First the theater men combined to fight an alleged monopoly; then the stars got together for the same ostensible reason, and now it is the director-producer. What next?

GEORGE BEBAN has begun a new production, the first since "Hearts of Men," his initial independent release. It has to do with a dog pound and a lot of homeless dogs, and little George Beban, Jr., has an important part in it. Beban is his own author, director and general utility man. The production is to be distributed by a new

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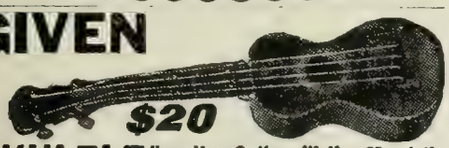

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

distributing concern headed by Sol Lesser and Harry Caulfield. These two film experts have begun production operations also, and on an entirely new plan, the chief feature of which is the financing of worthy production propositions, either the filming of a good story or the promotion of a worthy star.

TWO well known directors figured in the divorce courts recently. Allan Dwan was on the defending end of a suit brought at Reno, Nev. by Mrs. Dwan, better known to filmdom as Pauline Bush; and Donald Crisp played a similar role in a suit brought at Los Angeles by his wife, formerly Miss Marie Starke. Mrs. Dawn was granted $500 a week alimony; Mrs. Crisp asked for half that amount. The latter alleged cruelty as grounds. Of course the papers in commenting on the case referred to the role of "Battling Burrows" which Crisp played in Griffith's "Broken Blossoms."

THE matrimonial balance of the month was adequately maintained however. Josie Sedgwick, formerly leading woman for Fred Stone and Will Rogers became the wife of William Gettinger, a well known western actor. Gettinger went to war and came back with honors and all shot up. The other marriage was that of Marie Walcamp and Harland Tucker. This couple got married at Tokio the day they landed as a part of an all-around-the-world Universal serial company. Miss Walcamp is better known to pictures than Tucker who, for several years, was leading man at the Morosco theater in Los Angeles.

"RIVER'S END" James Oliver Curwood's newest novel is to be the first production of Marshall Neilan for First National, instead of "Bob Hampton of Placer" as originally intended. The cast includes such celebrities as Margery Daw, Lew Stone, Jane Novak and young Wesley Barry Marion Fairfax, wife of Tully Marshall, long a writer at the Lasky studio, did the adaptation of the Curwood story which recently appeared in Good Housekeeping.

THEODORE KOSLOFF, the Russian dancer is going to be "Adam" in what is said to be a very wonderful prologue that is to precede William C. deMille's "Tree of Knowledge." Major Robert Warwick has the star part and Wanda Hawley will be seen opposite him.

MAJOR ROBERT WARWICK was signally honored during the recent visit of the King and Queen of Belgium to California, having been placed on the guard of honor to the popular monarch. There were four officers selected, the other three having been officers of the Ninety-First Division which fought under the King in Belgium. Major Warwick served on the General Staff under Pershing and on several occasions was brought into contact with Belgium's king.

PRECEDENTS are being shattered rapidly by that noted delineator of he-vamp roles, Lewis J. Cody. The latest was announced in the engagement of Ida May Park, a woman director, to wield the megaphone over "The Butterfly Man" Cody's second independent venture. It was also announced that a half dozen or so leading ladies are required to keep the star vamping.

HENRY WALTHALL is to do another picture under the supervision of Allan Dwan and the direction of Arthur Rosson.

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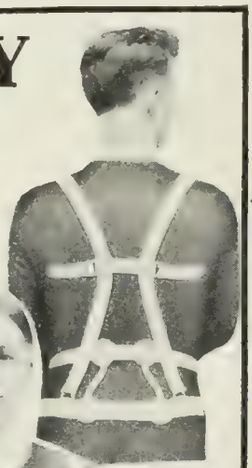

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

It comes from the pen of Julian Hawthorne and is said to be a variation of that author's famous father "The Scarlet Letter." Meantime Mr. Dwan is giving his personal attention to the filming of "The Heart of a Fool," the latest novel by William Allen White. In this James Kirkwood plays the leading role with Ward Crane and Philo McCullough handling the other principal male roles. Mary Thurman has the leading feminine part and others in the cast are Anna Q. Nilsson and Marylinn Morne, the latter a recent Dwan find in the ranks of the extra players.

HAL COOLEY who has been playing leading roles in Mabel Normand pictures of late is a proud papa. Being the firstborn the event caused great excitement. In fact the father was compelled to cease work for several days because of the advent. It also brought out the interesting fact that Hal's legal name is Hallam Cooley Burr.

PEGGY HYLAND, the little English star who came to this country several years ago to play for Vitagraph and then went to Fox is no longer with the latter company. Her contract expired about a month ago.

D. W. GRIFFITH, before leaving California for New York, broke a long established rule by giving a player in his company a letter of recommendation. The recipient was little Frances Parks who has been playing bits around the Griffith studio ever since she was fifteen years old—two years ago. Frances sallied forth in search of employment when the Griffith forces went Eastward and was immediately engaged by Lasky's to play the ingenue role with Robert Warwick in "Jack Straws."

SHIRLEY MASON, little sister of Viola Dana, and a star in her own right for some few years, has been enrolled as a new luminary in the Fox fold. She is now at work on her first photoplay for that company in the Hollywood studio. It is a comedy drama and Scott Dunlap is the director. Shirley's last picture was "Treasure Island" under Maurice Tourneur's direction.

AT the close of the baseball season it developed that Roscoe Arbuckle had not purchased the Vernon Coast League ball team, but had merely taken an option on it with a purchase of $5,000 worth of stock. When time came to exercise the option "Fatty" objected to some of the terms and the proposed sale fell through. During the season he was the reputed owner of the team and had been elected president of the club. The Coast sporting writers designated the deal as a fiasco intended to extract much publicity at a minimum expense. And just as a matter of accuracy, the ball team won the Coast League pennant, not "nearly won" it as reported in the last issue of PHOTOPLAY.

A VERY unusual single reel photoplay was made last month at Doug Fairbanks' studio. It would have been sufficiently unusual if only for the fact that Doug played the villain and Mary Pickford the maid who foils the willun, but the cast also contained the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, leading and well known citizens of our erswhile ally nation, England. The Duke, by the way, is the richest landholder in the world, or is so reputed to be and his wife is one of the famous beauties of Albion. The Duke played a crook in the picture, his wife was the heroine and a few

Plays and Players

(Concluded)

admirals of the "king's navee" performed in the role of cops. A print of the picture was presented to the ducal party to be shown privately upon their return across the waters.

BETTY BLYTHE, who went West to do a picture for Goldwyn, is the heroine of the newest Brentwood picture which was made under the direction of Henry Kolker. Mahlon Hamilton played the other side. Following this Miss Blythe joined the James Oliver Curwood company for the filming of a north woods photodrama.

VIOLA DANA won a decided advantage over her sister-ingenues last month by having a mild attack of measles. Just to carry out the idea properly her friends sent her a few truck loads of rattles and toys of various sorts. So that their efforts would not remain unappreciated Miss Dana had the toys sent to the children's ward of one of the big Los Angeles hospitals.

UNIVERSAL has a new comedian whose name is Chris Rub who insists that his surname is not a contraction of Rubadub-dub.

When the Duke of Sutherland—and the Duchess, too—came to California they paid a visit to the Fairbanks studio. Here we see an impromptu hold-up, with the Duke officiating and the others reading from left to right: General J. B. Stewart, W. Dudley Ward, M. P., Doug., Admiral R. J. N. Watson, R. N., the Duke. The fainting lady is the Duchess.

MARY MILES MINTER is back in California—back home, as she calls it, showing what three years of sunshine and flowers can do to one's viewpoint. Her first "homemade" picture is "Judy of Rogue's Harbor" being made at the Morosco studio which she shares with Ethel Clayton. William D. Taylor is the director.

HOLLYWOOD gossip had it that the deMille trip was also to be a honeymoon tour for that producer's favorite leading lady, Miss Swanson, but shortly before going to press, Gloria denied the rumor, although she intimated that she "might get married" before Christmas. Her new "leading man" is said to be a young man well known in the distribution end of the picture industry.

OUT in California they'll reproduce nearly anything for the pictures but Cecil deMille decided that it was cheaper to give Tom Meighan, Gloria Swanson and other members of his company a trip to New York rather than build a replica of the Grand Central station. Anyhow Tom had an engagement in New York with his wife, Frances Ring.

FERDINAND PINNEY EARLE, the noted artist, whose subtitles and backgrounds for motion picture plays have proved a veritable sensation during the last year is going into production on his own. His plan is a very unusual one as but few sets will be utilized. His method will be to paint the backgrounds with the action superimposed or double exposed into them.

Peering Behind the Screen

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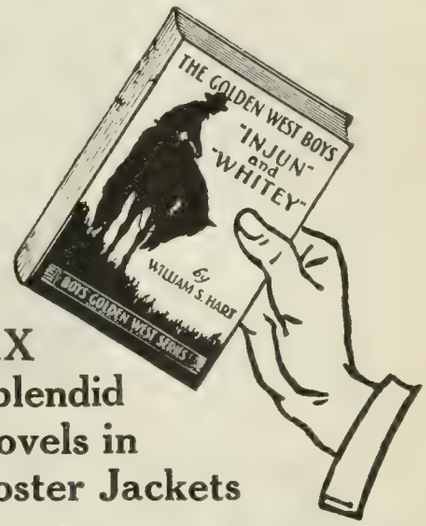

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A New Art in an Old University

(Concluded from page 65)

of a story when he knows nothing of the laws that necessarily govern cinematic adaptation? How can he tell his readers why a play fails to hold the attention of the audience if he knows nothing of cause and effect and the arousing and sustaining of suspense? How can he criticise the rhythm or movement of a play if he has not studied the poetry of motion, the ancient art of dancing which is closely allied to the photoplay in that it expresses thought through action? The obvious answer is of course that without training along these lines the cinema critic, if he offers us anything at all, is forced to give us destructive rather than constructive criticism of a play, or such glittering generalities as "the cast was excellently chosen," "credit should be given to the art director for the sumptuous settings used throughout," or "the acting of Miss Bella Starr surpassed even her former brilliant performances." Literary criticism and laterly dramatic criticism were of slow and gradual growth and cinematic criticism is too new to have much expected of it. Yet if it is to grow from the squibs of the publicity man or the more ambitious paragraphs of the staff writer, who knows little about his subject and cares less, into a thing of force and power which will direct and guide the public in their choice and appreciation of photoplays, we must begin to train writers immediately.

But whatever the aim of the individual in taking the course, the aim of the photoplaymaking course itself is unvaryingly this: to make artistic creation compatible as far as possible with commercial needs. Writing without the market in mind, as one able scenario editor once expressed it to me, is sackcloth and ashes. Therefore while the course is cultural for those who so desire it, it is also utilitarian for the prospective professional.

After all Art is long and time is fleeting, and the path of the Cinema Composer is a far and thorny one. Perfection is a hard taskmaster. Even the experienced man of letters must cast overboard the equipment of his trade that he has been years, perhaps, in accumulating and learn the new art of pictures which is as different from fiction-writing as painting is different from music. Photoplays cannot be built in a day, or photoplay writers in a week or a month. Practical experience is necessary to supplement theoretical knowledge.

Columbia merely offers a short cut upon the long road of ultimate success.

Specs Without Glass

(Concluded from page 69)

When quite young Hal joined a legitimate road company. After a while in stock. Finally someone suggested the movies, and Lloyd succeeded in getting a berth with a company of Edison players who were working in San Diego.

Finally the filmsters moved to Long Beach, California, and took him with them, where he played a series of parts. At Universal they wanted a young fellow to play juvenile in a series of Jack Kerrigan's pictures. Lloyd played the series, and at length went to the Oz company, where he dressed himself up in straw and played scarecrows and wizards for a season. When Rolin was organized he became that organization's leading man. In other words, Lonesome Luke, and finally, after a series of tighttrousered episodes, he joined the Keystone forces. Then Rolin came back—and Lloyd accepted their offer.

Nearly a Bean Magnate

(Concluded from page 51)

one day he saw a picture company at work in a Los Angeles street and the bean industry reverted back to the Navy Department. A new ambition was born. This new company was the old Selig Company.

There was no set rule for becoming an actor so Sid decided to hang around the entrance to the studio and get in some way or other. Skipping a few pages of his history, it may be recorded that Sid became the first assistant cameraman that Selig hired.

About this time Hobart Bosworth who was producing his own films listened to young Franklin's recital of his accomplishments and was impelled to hire him as an assistant director. He worked in this capacity for a year and a half.

The time came when Bosworth gave up producing for himself and Sid was out of a job. Chet quit his about the same time. They held a fraternal pow-pow, counted their combined funds and decided to make a picture with only kid actors, a brand new departure. No studio was required as all the scenes were made on location and the only grown up part in it was played by Sid. It ran 1000 feet and cost about $400, which was mostly the cameraman's salary and film stock.

Then came the problem of disposing of it. After canvassing the situation it was decided to take the reel to the Griffith studio, then known as the Reliance-Majestic. Frank E Woods, D. W. G.'s right hand, consented to look at it and in a few days he sent for the brothers. Let Sid tell about the meeting:

"The first thing from Mr. Woods was whether we would like to come on the lot and make pictures under the Griffith supervision. I nearly collapsed. He seemed to construe my embarrassment as acquiescence and asked what salary we considered adequate. There was no opportunity to consult with my brother and I wanted to impress Mr. Woods with my business-like manner so I shot out that we would consider starting at $100 a week joint salary. He gave me another shock when he said that was 'fair enough'."

Thus began the Franklin "kid" pictures and for nine months the brothers made single reelers. Bobbie Harron, the Gish sisters and Mae Marsh played in many of them. Then came the five reel features and they were assigned their first big production. It had as its star Jane Grey, who came from the legitimate stage, and it was called "Let Katy Do It."

Norma Talmadge appeared on the Griffith lot about that time and the Franklins were assigned to direct her and Seena Owen in "Martha's Vindication." Miss Talmadge's "Going Straight" followed. They also directed all of the old Griffith stars at some time or other.

Just before Fine Arts passed into history the Franklins went to Fox at a greatly increased salary, where they made several spectacular "kid" productions jointly, including "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Mikado."

Then Norma Talmadge, who was rapidly coming to the front, sent from New York for Sid and he remained with her for five productions, "The Safety Curtain," "Her Only Way," "The Forbidden City," "The Heart of Wetona" and "The Probation Wife."

Franklin's success with Miss Talmadge attracted the attention of the entire picture industry and when Mary Pickford asked for the "loan" of her director, Norma consented reluctantly for "one picture." So Sid went home to Los Angeles and made "The Hoodlum" with Mary Pickford.

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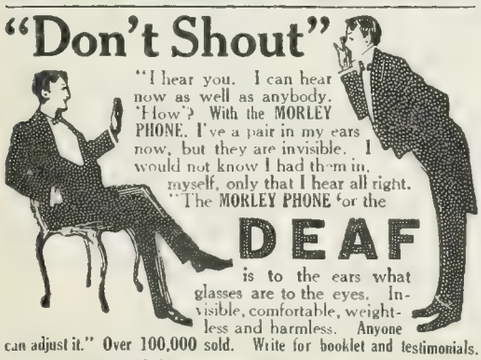

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Anne of Green Gables

(Concluded from page 55)

this, the Pie's opposition had been voted down and Anne became the village schoolmarm.

If Josie's father had failed her in her attempt to injure Anne's prospects, she found another and stronger ally in her small brother, Anthony. He was an unpleasant, pasty-faced child whose fits of ill-temper had been encouraged by an adoring family on the grounds that he was "delicate."

"I hate teachers and I won't mind that Anne Shirley," he confided to his sister.

"You don't have to mind her," Josie assured him. "She can't boss a brother of mine. Go ahead, Tony, and be just as mean as you can."

Now Anthony's genius for meanness was unlimited. Anne's patience was tried to the breaking point day after day by his malicious attempts to break up the order of her little class-room. The limit was reached one day when she found him twisting the head of her own white kitten which he had caught under his desk and held for torture.

In the presence of all her pupils who were amazed at such spirit on the part of their gentle teacher, she seized a birch switch and whipped the urchin until he threw himself on the ground howling and kicking. Then, utterly unnerved by the scene, she dismissed the class and went home to Marille, who was confined to her bed after an operation on her eyes. The operation had been successful but the doctor had warned Anne that the slightest excitement might react fatally on the spent nerves.

That evening, Anthony limped down the main street of the village with his arm hanging from his sleeve. His face was bruised, his coat was torn and he had every evidence of being brutally handled.

"The teacher did it," he was screaming at the top of his lungs. "She knocked me down and beat me and broke my arm."

One of those sudden village mobs headed by Abednego Pie, gathered in an indignation meeting. "If she'd do that to little Anthony she might kill our own children," one mother screamed and was answered by an excited shout from the mob.

"Shoot her—Tar and feather her—Run her out of town" rose in a frenzied chorus from the mob as the infuriated villagers turned as one man and started in a half run to the house with the green gables.

Anne, who had been bending over Marilla, making sure that all was well for the night, was startled by a crash from a handful of pebbles thrown against the pane. It was her first hint that the mob was gathering out side the window but as she rushed forward and looked out, she saw a sea of angry faces. Her one thought was to protect the sleeping woman to whom a shock might mean blindness. So, choking down her natural terror, she grasped the shot-gun that always hung in the hall and faced the crowd—ordering them back into the road in no uncertain terms.

Dazed by this unexpected move, the mob obeyed, although the muttering grew louder How long she could have held them alone and single-handed is a question which was never decided for suddenly down the road appeared the long, spare figure of the Rev Figtree.

He mounted the stump of a fallen tree by the roadside and motioned to the crowd which gathered around him.

"My friends," he began, "I know all about your indignation and what inspired it. But you must take the word of your pastor that it is utterly unfounded.

"This unfortunate child," he went on, waving a long hand at the cringing Anthony, "has been guilty of a base falschood. His injuries were not caused by the schoolteacher but by a fall from a moving haywagon. I myself saw the fall and knew that he would use it to gratify his childish revenge. I beg you now to go back to your homes and leave the Pie family to administer reproof where it is really deserved."

Shamefaced and in silence, the villagers drifted away leaving Anne, pale and shaking, to be guided up the road by the old pastor whose tone of righteous indignation had changed to solicitous tenderness.

So Marilla's eyes were saved and a new life of friendly neighborliness was opened up to Anne in the village. But better than all this, Gilbert returned to the village from a trip to a neighboring town with an excited tale of a new job which would support two, even three with its munificient salary.

So late one night, in a dark corner of the porch shaded by honeysuckles, Gilbert told Anne of another house down the road, a smaller house with no green gables but with room for both of them and a comfortable corner for Marilla. "We might as well move in it right away," he said pleadingly. "I can tell the Rev. Figtree tomorrow. There needn't be anybody there but us and the folks and your white kitten. Will you Anne, beloved? What do you say?"

But what Anne said was lost in the honeysuckle vines of the house with the green gables. And the wise old house kept their secret as it had kept many other secrets before them.

Cheating Death

Victuals and Voice

(Continued from page 45)

After her term with the Fox company Miss Hawley was selected to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Mr. Fixit," in which she was viewed by C. B. deMille and cast for a principal part in "Old Wives for New," followed by another in "You Can't Have Everything."

Bill Hart's "Border Wireless" was in the course of scenario construction, and on finishing at Lasky's, she signed to play the lead. Fillums have a way, however, of making people repeat, and later she returned to Lasky's to be made love to by Bryant Washburn in "The Gypsy Trail" and "The Way of a Man with a Maid," but later, at Ince's film factory in Culver City, she appeared with Charles Ray in "Greased Lightning," only to go back to Lasky's on a three-year contract. Since signing which she has been with Maj. Robert Warwick in "Secret Service," with Wally Reid in "You're Fired" and "The Lottery Man," in C. B. deMille's special "For Better, For Worse,"—in which she and Tom Forman completely "stole the picture,"—and lastly as the immortal little "Mick" Peg, in Laurette Taylor's great stage success.

"Some day," she said, "I shall retire. I shall have a fine home, a happy hubby, and a little family. But, oh, dear, I do so hope that I won't *have* to get off the screen because I become fat or so ugly that even my adoring granny won't want to see me.

"And, oh, yes, Burton, what did that woman say this afternoon about putting a raisin in a bottle of bevo and making what?"

"Say, Mac, when do we eat?"—

Not on the Reel

J. LILLIAN VANDEVERE

THE ugly villain, safely dead at last,
Lay huddled helpless at the hero's feet
The hero dropped his gun, and turning cried
In piteous tones—"Say, Mac, when do we eat?"

He knelt upon the grass before his love,
One little sign of tenderness to beg,
Then smote his knee, and spoke in anguished haste—
"Great Scott! There goes a spider up my leg!"

He had her in his arms—her lips upturned
He tasted with an eager joy, and then
He tore himself away, and sadly sighed—
"An onion sandwich in your lunch again!"

Science Has Discovered How to End Gray Hair

Gray Hair Disappears in From 4 to 8 Days

For years science has sought a way to end gray hairs other than the old fashioned, crude, greasy dyes.

Now that way is found.

In hundreds of laboratory tests, and to thousands of women Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer has proved itself beyond question.

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Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown. ....

medium brown. light brown. ....

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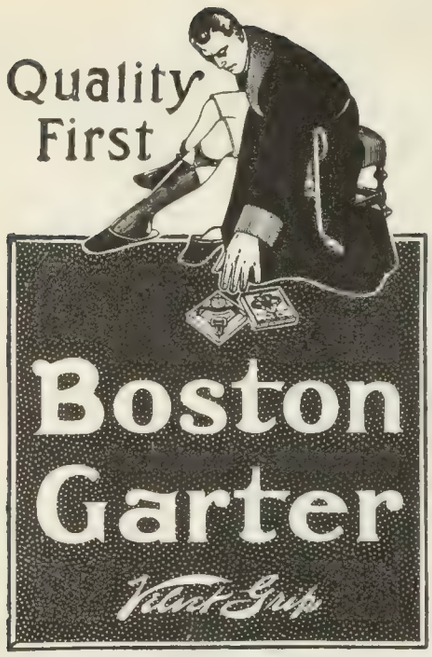

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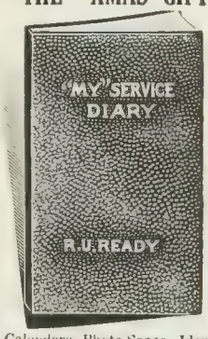

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The Stars as They Are

Although you may not be fortunate enough to "sneak" in through the studio doors and see your favorite picture-players in person, you can attend a showing of the

Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement

in your neighborhood theatre. The Supplement shows different players each month—intimate, off-stage glimpses of such celebrities as Mary Pickford, Fred Stone, Douglas Fairbanks, Priscilla Dean and others.

Ask your theatre manager when he will show it

Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B. Boston."

A Merry Xmas Twelve Times See Page 114

Lombardi, Ltd.

(Concluded from page 41)

amazement, "what on earth are you talking about, Tito?" she said. "Hodgkins never even asked me to marry him."

"But now that I think of it," she went on teasingly, "it wouldn't be a bad idea. He has quite a little nest egg in the bank and he never drinks or smokes. And of course I must marry someone."

"But not this old suits of armor," Tito pleaded. "He so rusty he clank when he walk. Just to prove what kind of lover he make, he ask me I should make the proposal of marriage for him to you."

"I've never heard you make love, Tito," said the girl demurely.

"You not know what this love is, Norah," Tito replied passionately. "It break the heart one minute and the next it burst with joy. And when that time is come, what all these talks about money and banks? Ah, bambino, not all the banks are worth one first kiss."

His hand reached out and caught Norah's little fingers in a grasp that seemed determined never to let her go. She did not withdraw its hold but asked softly, "Are you making love to me for Hodgkins, Tito?"

"That bag of bones! I kill him for one look at you," said Tito fiercely. "Ah, Norah, I am so blind. I never know until now it is you, Norah. That big moment—I wait so long for him and now before I know he is here."

"But Phyllis," insisted Norah quietly.

"That was not the love hurt," he explained. "I never give to Phyllis the kisses, for why I not know. This kiss of love, he wait for you."

He gathered her into his arms and their lips met.

For hours they sat there on the chaise-longue together while the rose and mauve and gray of the atelier grew dimmer and then quite dark with the lengthening shadows. It would be unfair to reveal what they talked of or how they crowded into that perfect hour the wasted days of their life together. And, anyway, no one heard them except a smiling wax model in a Lombardi opera gown.

Drawing by courtesy Popular Mechanics Magazine

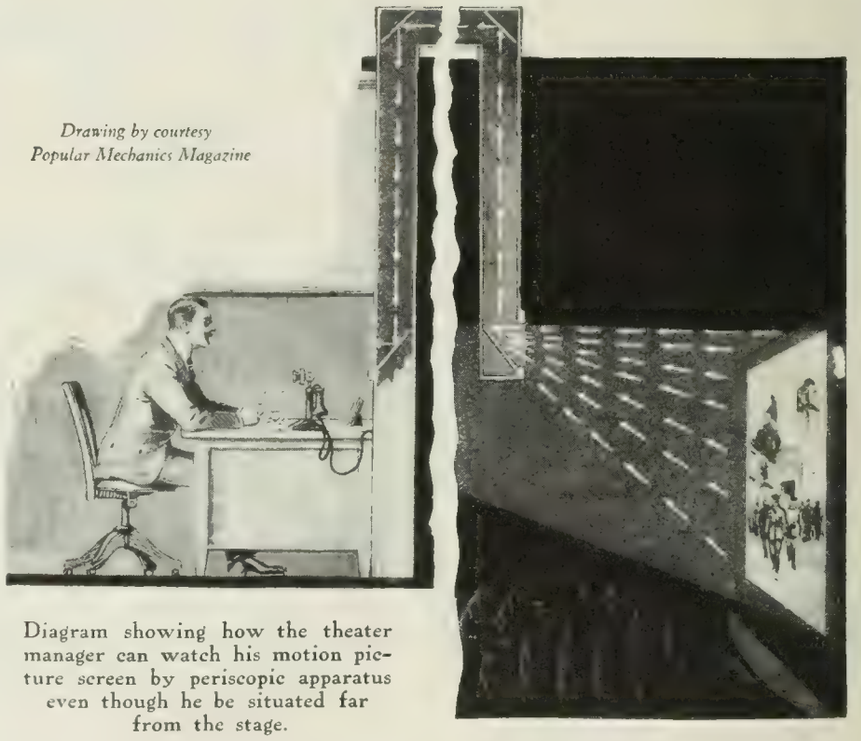

Diagram showing how the theater manager can watch his motion picture screen by periscopic apparatus even though he be situated far from the stage.

Using the Periscope in the Modern Theater

THE periscope is being adapted to peace time and business needs. A progressive motion picture exhibitor has conceived the idea of using the combination of mirrors to view his theatre screen without stirring from his office.

He has installed this elongated periscope, which consists of a set of mirrors in a large tube, the one nearest the screen being set on a side wall at the front of the balcony. The reflected images from the theater screen pass from the initial mirror up through the tube to the ceiling of the house and thence through the wall and back down into the manager's office. The tube terminates in the viewing mirror that stands over the manager's desk.

The reflection is thrown on plate glass 1½ feet square.

And a Couple of Lions

(Concluded from page 31)

no dog ever saw the day he could sail with that lion. For miles, all you could see was the friend of the lion on his motorcycle, going hell bent for election, with that single minded old lion right at his mud guard. Never heard whether it curdled any of the milk of friendship in his bosom or not.

* * * *

"The elephant is extremely intelligent, though not as human nor as courageous as the lion. He stops and uses his head more than any other animal. In an extremely thick jungle we stumbled on a herd of them asleep. We'd have been all right but for one old lady who was restless. She sniffed us and went back to wake the others. It was amusing to watch her whack them with her foot and her trunk to wake them. They simply wouldn't budge. At last she got them up and they appointed an investigating committee of 3. We had a hot time getting out, after that.

* * * *

"Being charged by a rhino is most thrilling but not very dangerous. He looks like an animated grand piano bearing down on you, but he is quite easily handled. If you wait until he is quite close he will put down his head to horn you. Then shoot over his head and get him in the middle of the back where he is quite vulnerable."

This seemed bad enough, but when he told me that he was a firm believer in diplomacy rather than force, and that his most formidable weapon was an old opera hat of the crush vintage, I felt the thing had gone far enough. He wore this when receiving native potentates and their envoys. Later he would inadvertently sit upon it, whereupon expressions of dismay and disappointment would arise. With a gesture of careless grandeur he would then restore to its former magnificence, thereby establishing himself as a magician and king of great power.

In fact one old chief thus impressed became almost too generous in his immediate desire to supply the white man's needs. He sent him two very black, supposedly beautiful and startling unclad ladies with the following message, "I see you are traveling without your women. Do me the honor to accept the loan of these two while you are here."

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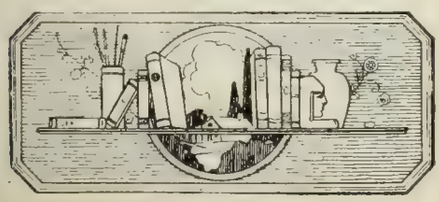
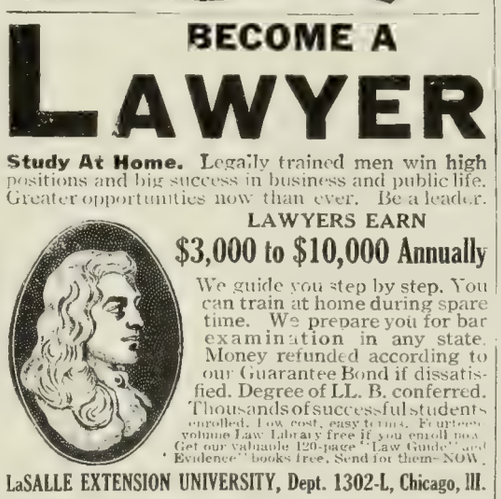
Frank—That's a lot of money, Pearl. Do you ride a horse?

Miss White—No, why should I ride a horse?

Frank—Well, Jesse James always rode a horse.





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A Flyer In Pasts

(Continued from page 58)

and the flowering summerhouses of the Gish Los Angeles home, "And Lottie liked to sew for them. Lillian never played with anything except dolls. Besides, Mary's mother once said that Lillian was too good to live, and Mary was always afraid she'd drop off at play some time."

Then she delivered to me one of the shocking facts I promised you. Can you imagine that the fair, ethereal Lillian, as delicate as a lily bending on its stalk in a summer breeze, Lillian who looks as though she fed on nectar and ambrosia and whom it seems sacrilege to think of in the same breath with beefsteak and onions or corn beef and cabbage, was the fattest baby in captivity, had eight chins and almost died of overeating the first year of her life? Another illusion all shot to pieces.

"Oh my, Lillian was such a fat baby!" said Mrs. Gish, whose delicacy of feature and build have descended to her daughters, "You could hardly tell where her arms and legs joined on. I'd never even held a little baby before, and I was so afraid that she wouldn't get enough to eat that I used to feed her every half hour or so. Naturally, I nearly killed the poor little thing.

"I never wanted them to go on the stage. As children, it was my only salvation. I was left a widow when they were just babies and the only thing to which I could turn for a living was the stage. I had played small parts in a stock company and when I was offered a position in a company which could include both children in the cast, I was overjoyed, for of course I had dreaded any thought of separation from my babies.

"But I took them off the stage as much as I could and left them with my sister so that they might go to school. I violently opposed their returning in the pictures, for the simple reason that I did not believe it was their vocation. They didn't seem to me to have any exceptional talent along those lines and I dreaded the disappointment of failure. I rather dreamed of a literary career for Lillian.

"As a matter of fact, Dorothy showed some dramatic talent as a child and Lillian was particularly good at reciting. She was always chosen to do that sort of thing in school.

"They were adorable kiddies,—fat and yellow haired, with such round faces and such big, round blue eyes."

And Mrs. Gish heaved a little sigh as though the two famous screen stars of today couldn't quite make up for the loss of the Lillian and Dorothy of yesterday.

Now here's the fatal one on Pauline Frederick.

She was not only born and brought up in Boston, but the process was superintended by a Family Council of aunts, cousins, grandmammas, etc., who were so proper, and prim, and correct that they put pantalettes on the angels in her illustrated copy of the Bible and dressed Eve up in such glory that the significance of the figleaf was lost upon her for years.

But there were certainly no pantalettes on Pauline when she delighted and fascinated New York as Pothiphar's careless wife in "Joseph and His Brethren," a number of years later. In fact, I have never seen art and nature more closely allied. Of course she had Scriptural authority for her version, but Boston doesn't always hold with a literal translation.

It seems impossible that there were ever only four pounds of so vital a person as Miss Frederick. But her own mother assures me that on her birthday morning Pauline tipped the scales at exactly that amount.

"She was a pretty baby right from the start," said stately Mrs. Frederick. It is easy to connect Boston with Mrs. Frederick, though she is graciousness itself. Yet she's the sort of person one cannot imagine taking liberties with. I could find no trace of physical resemblance between mother and daughter, but the resemblance of character is obvious, and Mrs. Frederick's taste in clothes, as manifested by a blue silk sweater, satin sport skirt and white shoes and stockings, bore silent witness as to one trait handed down.

"People speak now of Pauline's great personal beauty. Of course, she was always lovely, but there never was a child who had more care. I cared for her hair, her skin, her teeth, her feet and hands, her eyes, with every attention in the world. I wasn't a mother who acted just for that day. I saw the whole future. I wanted Pauline to be grounded with the right physical foundation and she was. If all mothers would take the time for that, there wouldn't be so many homely girls in the world.

"She was never a student, but always a leader in school. She was very young when her teachers began to speak to me about her voice. They predicted marvellous things of it and I did everything to give her the very best musical education. It is still, in spite of her success in her chosen work, a little regret in my life that she didn't go on with her voice instead." (Myself, I say, when you can look like that why bother to make a noise?)

O-O-Oh, girls, prepare yourselves for an awful shock.

Charlie Ray's folks wanted him to be a druggist!

Not but what he would have been a success as a druggist. Probably he would have had the most popular drugstore in the state. The bitterest dose would have tasted sweet from that hand and of course behind a soda counter he would have been nothing less than irresistible. But think of the waste—like using a Ming vase for an ash tray.

And when he just wouldn't be a druggist—when, as it were, he cast pills and pellets from him forever, they sent him to business college. There weren't any actors in the Ray family, and there weren't going to be any, if Father Ray could help it.

"But I guess it was just born in him," remarked Mrs. Ray, fondly. "Why, he wasn't but twelve years old when he built a real opera house in our back yard in Peoria, with a curtain that went up and down, and he wrote the plays and played all the parts and fixed the settings and everything. (At that, I daresay Peoria has seen worse.) Everybody in town came to see that opera house."

Charlie Ray's mother is exactly my definition of a nice woman. She is the same, normal, conservative type, clean minded and big hearted—the kind of woman that has made the American home what it should be.

"Charlie was a regular boy," she went on, "I don't say I didn't have my troubles with him. Sometimes it seemd to me he was just possessed of mischief, but he was never mean, nor sneaking, nor real right down bad in his life. He thought the stage was the greatest thing in the world. Don't know where he got the blood, but he had it. He used to cry for me to sit up half the night, reading Shakespeare to him.

"As a matter of fact, he made his actual stage debut at the age of eight in a circus. We'd been watching for the circus and I had promised to take Charles of course. When we got inside the smaller tent where the animals were, he asked me if he couldn't walk over to see the ponies, and I let him. Then, when I looked for him, he'd disappeared. I was beginning to get panicky, when the first act came on and still no Charlie. It was a troop of trained ponies, and there, leading the very first one, all

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A Flyer In Pasts

(Continued)

dressed up in blue velvet pants and a red cap, was Charlie Ray. He knew I never would have let him, but I couldn't make a scene right there so he went through with it and was the happiest boy in town. He was so tickled I don't see how he ever stayed inside those pants.

"He was always of a philosophical turn of mind and a great judge of human nature. He watched things and people then just as he does now to put them into his pictures.

"He started running away to go on the stage pretty early. Then his father told him if he really had his heart so set on it, we would allow him to give it a fair trial. His father would give him money and he'd start out, to return in a few months, broke and worn out, but happy and undismayed. He took up business for a while to please us, but his heart was always with the stage and at last we saw it would ruin his life to interfere any more."

She is a regular "Lavender and Old Lace" mother, is Mrs. Kerrigan, mother of the screen's first great matinee idol. Behind the daintiest of tea tables, in a graceful, trailing creation of pearl gray satin and real lace, she presented a picture out of a story book, an idealized motherhood. And her gentle, aristocratic voice, her adoration of her son, fit well with her appearance.

"Warren was the ugliest baby I ever had," she began, glancing at a fine oil painting of the grown up version of her statement that hung above her head in the place of honor. "In fact, he was about the ugliest baby I ever saw. He was a twin you know, and when I looked at him lying there on the pillow (I promised you we might have to see our most cherished hero stripped of all camouflage) I wondered what could have happened to him. He was all bone and black hair and about the color of a bougainvillia vine. He was so boney the nurse had to carry him around on a pillow for days.

"And to think that his first fight was because someone told him he was too pretty for a boy!" She shook her gray curls.

"Oh, what agony that first fight caused me. All my boys were fighters. The Kerrigans always have been. And I was so tired of it. I tried to bring Warren up not to fight, to see that it was wrong but one day when he was about six, he came home from school—oh, such a sight. His stockings were down, his face was covered with blood and tears and sweat and dirt. Finally, between sobs, he confided to me that one of the bigger boys had told him he was too pretty for a boy and he had tried to lick him.

"Warren was the youngest of the family, yet from the time Mr. Kerrigan died, he was the 'father.' He was devoted to his family—he had a great sense of love and loyalty to all those of his own blood. The outside world, outside friends meant nothing to him—nothing compared with us. He didn't care much for sports as a child, nor for games, but he always had his nose in a book.

"I wanted him to be a painter. He began to do some remarkable drawing when he was very young. I have always believed his vocation lay there, that he would have done his best work in that line. It would have suited his taste and character in every way better than acting. But his sister Kathleen was on the stage and he drifted there through her influence and his affection for her."

You can always count on Priscilla Dean to run true to form. If I were going to make a book on any movie, I think I'd choose Prisci'la. Somehow, I was quite sure when I cornered Mrs. Mary Dean, busy with new contracts, entertaining the Fleet and minor details of that kind, that I should find pretty Priscilla was a perfect little devil as a child. She was.

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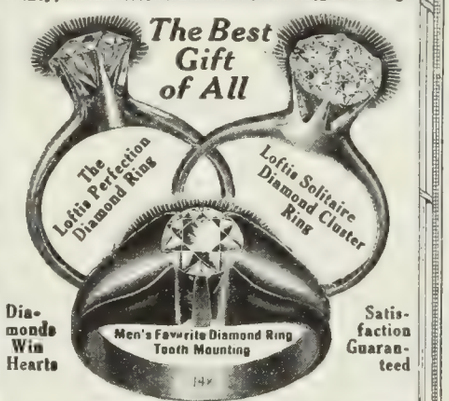

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A Flyer In Pasts

(Concluded)

Mrs. Dean, herself a well known actress of the past generation, threw up her hands when I merely mentioned Priscilla's childhood.

"Good heavens, don't remind me of it," she cried, bursting into a hearty laugh, "How I ever survived it will always remain a mystery. She could think of more trouble to start than Villa. She used to spend all her spare time sliding down Grant's Tomb in New York and she'd come trailing home at night, caked with mud, and the seat of her little panties missing absolutely.

"Of course she was on the stage from the time she was born. They had to carry her on the first time but after that she learned to get on someway herself. I wanted her to be an actress if she had any talent. Thank goodness she had, because nothing could have kept her off. She was a splendid child actress. Everybody who saw her agreed with that.

"She had one funny little trick, that I never did understand. Of course she's my own child and the best daughter a mother ever had, but I do say as a child she was only kept out of jail by a kind Providence. She was a popular little thing with the companies, and Joseph Jefferson and others used to give her presents,, rings, and lockets and little bracelets. She wouldn't have them more than a day or two until they'd utterly disappear. I'd look, and look, and beg her to tell me what had happened to them. But she would only grin and say 'Mary (she always called me Mary) bebe doesn't know where it is.'

"One day I sent a big leather davenport to the store to be re-upholstered. When the furniture man brought it back he had a whole pocketfull of jewelry—rings, lockets, everything, that Priscilla had stuffed down through the leather at the back of that couch. Sort of a forerunner of some of the crook plays she's done lately, I guess."

I've already broken it to you as gently as I know how that Mrs. Sennett destined her son for the ministry. Well, who knows. They say the church needs rejuvenating and we believe he could have done it. But think what the world would have missed without the Sennett bathing girls.

The resemblance between this mother and son is more distinct and noticeable than any other than I found. For the white haired old lady has the same squareness of build, the same quick, telling smile, the same forceful shape of head and forehead.

"Mack was such a funny boy," she said reminescently. "How he did hate girls. Never would even speak to them. Always getting sent home from school for deviling them. Once he tied his little cousin to an oak tree and left her all day because she wanted to follow him around while he was playing. He couldn't see any use in girls."

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 98)

LYRAL B., LINESVILLE—I like your description of your "healthy little Pennsylvania town." You have a good philosophy of life if it tells you that you can be just as happy in a one-horse town as you can in a six-cylinder city. It's all a state of mind, isn't it? Barthelmess will write to you if you tell him what you told me. The Griffith company will work in an eastern studio, at this writing in process of erection near New Rochelle. Meanwhile Barthelmess is at the Hotel Algonquin, New York City.

ELIZABETH, OAKLAND—I suppose there could be an Answer Lady. But I refuse to be involved in matrimonial discussions. My stenographer—still the same blue-eyed girl, except that her hair is now brown—is the First Lady of the Answer Department; and I'd like to see anybody try to tell her she isn't. I do all the work, however. Katherine MacDonald has her own company, working in California. Clarine Seymour is the only name that I know that Cutie Beautiful answers to.

LYDIA MCMURRAY—You assure me, in language more abusive than elegant that my head is filled with over-heated ozone. You flatter me. And all because I wouldn't answer all your questions. Which broke the rules, and were impertinent, besides. I should hate to have hard feelings between us. Pat O'Malley, former Edison leading man, played with Priscilla Dean in "She Hired a Husband."

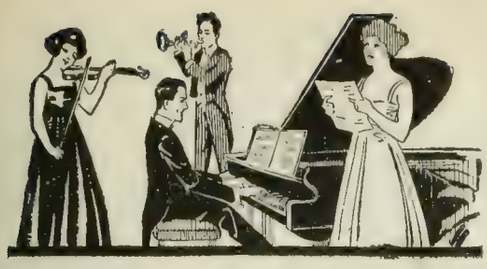
HATTIE D., LODI, CAL.—You have a friend who thinks I am a woman, but you think he is wrong. I know he is. But I don't like your reason. You say you know my sex is the so-called more virile, because my answers sometimes tend to be slightly sarcastic, and men always are. I'll let you fight that out with your fiance. John Barrymore and Constance Binney in "The Test of Honor." The same John who did "Justice," "Redemption," "Peter Ibbetson" and "The Jest" on the stage; and the same Constance who danced in "Oh Lady Lady" and acted in "39 East." Gaston Glass and Faire Binney in "Open Your Eyes." You're right—"The Jest" is no joke.

MARIE C., JANESVILLE—It is very wrong to cherish resentment; not only wrong, but silly. You might be doing so many more worth-while things. Bobby Harron is with Griffith, still, or yet. Bryant Washburn will send you his picture; write him care Lasky studios. Viola Dana, Metro.

CHARLES JENNINGS, FORT WORTH, TEXAS—I am very glad to be able to oblige you, and I hope the young lady may be identified. If she is with Vitagraph, write to her care that company's studios, in Brooklyn. Here is the cast of "Silent Strength," a Harry T. Morey picture: *Dan La Roche* and *Henry Crozier*, Harry Morey; *Ruth Madison*, Betty Blythe; *Corporal Neville*, Robert Gaillard; *Tom Tripp*, Bernard Siegel; *Inspector Burke*, Herbert Pattee; *Jenkins*, James Costello.

CLARICE C. T.—"Mr. Man," you call me. Are you singing Blues, or something? If you are, it's the Doggone Dangerous Blues. I much prefer my original title, and I feel very temperamental today. Bert Lytell isn't engaged to Anna Q. Nilsson, as he is already married. Miss Nilsson has been married. She has lately appeared in Allan Dwan's picturization of Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune." Yes, Bessie McCoy Davis, now dancing in "Greenwich Village Follies" in Manhattan, is the widow of the writer.

DIXIE, ALABAMA—I like Southern girls very much. They have such a way of uttering commonplaces so as to make you think they are making epigrams. And they're pretty, too. Mary Miles Minter isn't married and she isn't thinking of it. She's got too much else on and in her mind at present. Twenty good pictures for Realart is her assignment and she's going to fill that before she does anything else.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

PAT, LOUISVILLE.—You adore Wally Reid and Gene O'Brien and also me, although you have never seen me. There's some trick in this—let's see, what is it? Ah, yes—the conjunction "although"—it is a conjunction, isn't it? I hope so—the conjunction "although" I say, should be changed to that conjunction which is also a woman's best reason: Because. You sign yourself "As Ever," adding that you spent a year in Chicago a year ago. I feel that this is my lucky month. O'Brien isn't. Reid is. Married, you know.

JAKE, MOLINE.—You say you're the only kid of your acquaintance who doesn't want to be another franciswreid. The least I could do would be to make an iron cross for you. To make an iron cross you put it in the fire. Now that's settled. Arline Pretty is engaged—but only in a business way.

HELEN M., GOSHEN, N. Y.—Doris May is the young lady who played opposite Charlie Ray. She is now starring in her own account for Tom Ince. I cannot tell you how many summers she has passed because you see it's nearly always summer in California. I think that's why so many stars settle out there; it's so easy to forget the change of seasons.

XYZ, NEWCASTLE.—So with my sense of humor I'd make a good ticket-agent for the Pan Handle. My dear sir, with my sense of humor I couldn't hold that job long enough to sell two tickets. Mary Miles Minter, according to that little girl herself, her mother, and a former mayor of Shreveport, La., is seventeen years old. Blanche Sweet is in her twenties somewhere.

GEORGE F. Y., TACOMA.—No, I do not play golf. I am not old enough. First National Exhibitors' Circuit is at 729 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. C. Jack Pickford isn't with them now; address him Goldwyn, Culver City.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS, FRANCE.—I'll testify on any witness stand that you're a first-class letter writer, too. Don't you worry: the doughboys got a lot of credit. And as long as you know you did more than your bit, what do you care what anybody thinks? You're all wrong; write again, however, and tell me your troubles.

C. W. S., ST. PAUL.—There are no studios which take on novices to teach them the rudiments of motion picture acting. And you can't learn it out of a book, either. I can only tell you what I have told many others: if there are no studios in your town you'll have to go to New York or Los Angeles, and whether or not that is advisable is up to you. Write to me whenever you want to.

SERIE, WESTFIELD.—I wish you would write again and let me know what that non de plume means. I should like to know; I won't rest easily until I do. It sounds very edgarallan, anyway. Barthelmess—Barthelmess! I had hoped to keep him one of my favored few leading men, who I liked to see and who didn't bother me. Now he is become that awful thing, a Popularity; and you can't let him alone. I think he will answer you. He's a nice fellow and is trying to save some money so I'd enclose postage if I were you. Dick is with Griffith now; beginning with "Broken Blossoms" in which he does the chink he will have good parts in DW's new pictures. The Griffith organization is building a new studio in New Rochelle, N. Y.

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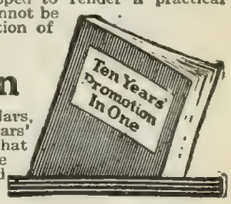

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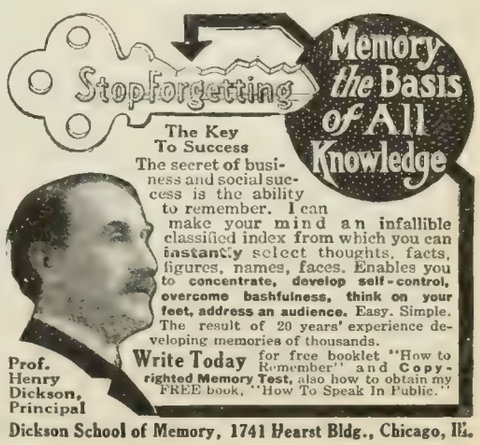

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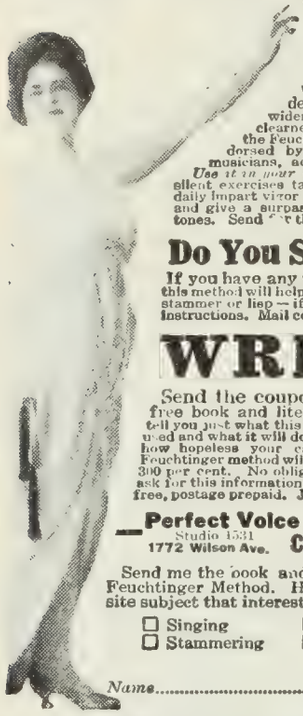

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

RENE S., DULUTH.—It is very flattering to an old man like me to know that a young lady like you takes enough interest in me to consider my preference in paper. Women are not all thoughtless, after all. Wallace MacDonald, Brunton studios, L. A.; Douglas McLean, Ince, Culver City; Robert Ellis, Selznick (he's directing now); Dick Barthelmess, Griffith, New York City.

M. A. D., CHATTANOOGA.—So I was a full month answering your letter by mail? Well, that's nothing to be mad about; but I suppose you can't help it. Here's the cast of "The Man Beneath": *Dr. Chindi Ashutor*, Sessue Hayakawa; *Kate Erskine*, Helen Eddy; *Mary Erskine*, Pauline Curley; *James Bassett*, Jack Gilbert; *Countess Petite Florence*, Florence LaRue; *Flancois*, Wedgewood Nowell. You're welcome to any cast I have.

A TYPICAL TROPICAL TRAMP.—I don't know what that is, but I should like to be it. Bill Hart has never been in the Texas Rangers that I know of. Glad you won your bet and the other fellow's pay—with no hard feelings. I wish you'd write to me again soon.

MRS. CARL B., INDIANA.—That was a very silly report indeed; and it seems to me a good practical jokesmith could concoct a better one. You say men don't marry the girls they flirt with. Well, it's not the girls' fault. Jane Novak was *Sybil Andres* in "Eyes of the World," by the literary gentleman whom Emerson-Loos kiddingly called, in one of their pictures, "Harold Bell Wrong."

SALLY JACK, ALABAMA.—I like you Alabama bantams. You seem to drawl your words even on paper. I am sure Tony Moreno would send you a Spanish picture of himself if you write to him care western Vitagraph. Tony's a very good scout; I am glad they are going to put him in features soon.

ELEANOR, K. C.—I had rather, much rather, be "real jolly" than frightfully clever. I don't boss the office-boy around so that I can get off and play golf in the afternoon. For one thing I haven't a personal office-boy and for another thing I don't play golf. I am very nice when you know me. Jack Pickford is with Goldwyn now, working on his first for them under Harry Beaumont's direction. Charles Ray's latest for Ince is "Paris Green." His contract with Thomas H. will soon be up; then Charles will go with First National. Charles Chaplin's latest to be released at this writing is "Sunnyside." A new one will be presented soon, called "Paradise Alley."

RUTHIE, TACOMA.—Now that's an original idea. Selling my autographs for pinmoney. The editor might not approve of such cheap methods but I do need a new hat. I'll think it over. Constance Binney was a dancer in "Oh, Lady, Lady," and for Ziegfeld before she went into drama, spoken and silent. She is making Realart Pictures now—the first, "Erstwhile Susan." Her latest legit. appearance is in "39 East," with Henry Hull. Gish and Talmadge families discussed elsewhere in this issue.

MISS BILLIE, SPRINGFIELD—Florence Reed and Wallace Reid are not related. If you'll notice, there's a slight difference in spelling. Miss Reed is the wife of Malcolm Williams, an actor. Mr. Reid, or Wally, is married to Dorothy Davenport, who was well-known in the films before she married and retired to private life. The Reids have one son, Bill.

SUSAN, HASTINGS.—Constance Talmadge is not dead. I should say *not*. Richard Barthlemess isn't married, or engaged. There will be a story about him very soon. Muriel Ostriche is somewhere in the twenties. I don't think she is married. And she is, I believe, a sort of free-lancette, appearing for various companies.

CANDACE, ST. PAUL.—I like your name. Also your stationery. But you're wrong about Alma Rubens; she was born in Frisco, not St. Paul. She has been married. She has her own company now, working in New York under the supervision of Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman. She was Fairbanks' leading woman for Fine Arts, a star in her own right for Triangle, and she made "Diane of the Green Van" for Pathe. Now she is a leading luminary for Cosmopolitan Productions. Florence Vidor won recognition when she rode in the death-cart with *Sydney Carton* (William Farnum) in the Fox edition of "A Tale of Two Cities." Then she went with Lasky, where she was a DeMille heroine in "Till I Come Back to You" and "Old Wives for New." She is the wife of King Vidor, and will play in his pictures henceforth. There is a little Suzanne Vidor, who is almost a year old now.

J. W. TROY, NEW YORK.—Louise Huff, not Shirley Mason, provided the excuse for the exclamation point in "Oh, You Women!" Don't see how you could confuse identities; Louise is very, very blonde and Shirley is as dusky as her sister, Viola Dana. Miss Huff isn't with Famous Players-Lasky now; she is a star for American Cinema, a comparatively new company which is also exploiting Mollie King-Alexander. John Bowers is with Goldwyn, on the west coast. Your request for a story about him was granted in the August issue. What did you think of it?

EVA, JERSEY SHORE, PA.—So you are one of those ladies who plays "Hearts and Flowers" when the old grandfather passes this vale of tears while the camera-man turns the crank, or Mendelssohn's Wedding March when the happy film couple passes down the aisle to the final fadeout. I have a lot of things to talk over with you. Olga Petrova isn't playing in pictures now.

EDITH R., KNOXVILLE.—I'm mighty glad you thought you would like to write to me. I don't mind telling you that my favorite correspondents are little girls—and boys—of about twelve, with twin sisters of seventeen, two Pekingese dogs, two white rabbits, a canary, and goldfish. The Dolly Sisters are are not in pictures at present; they are going on tour again next season in their musical comedy success, "Oh, Look!" in which the popularization of an air by Chopin is accomplished in "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows." Katherine MacDonald's first picture for her new company is "The Thunderbolt."

EVELYN, WORCESTER, MASS.—You say you must needs be saucy. That's a hot one. But I do *not* shoot my cuff. I am a he-man. A perfect third-party, I grant you; the right angle on the eternal triangle—but I am sternly, severely masculine; when you ask me the time I pull out the old silver family heirloom and then glance at the office clock before replying. Have you noticed, it isn't the cost—it's the upkeep of family heirlooms. Also—I keep my handkerchief in my pocket, not on my wrist. I know that; it is from—let me see—Milton's "L'Allegro?" Am I right? What? Pardon; and write again, soon.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MISS CISSY LIM, ORCHARD ROAD, SINGAPORE—I think I have heard from you before. I have never traveled much, except in my library. I should like very much indeed to see that Chinese Temple on the Ballestier Road. I am sorry that we cannot oblige you in that matter, but write to me often and I'll always answer you.

CLIFFORD FOX, DES MOINES—The letter must have been lost, or it would have been answered, especially if you enclosed stamps for a personal reply. Will you write again, and I shall be very glad to answer your questions. And just think how you will appreciate it when you do get it! And department rules, you know, are not made to be broken.

OLIVA, CEDAR FALLS—Why should you want to know about me? As it is, I extract a reasonable degree of interest; I am a mystery—a rather decrepit mystery, but still a mystery. Now if I told you all about myself, I'd lose all my correspondents. Why, I even use cream in my tea. Mrs. Charles Chaplin was Mildred Harris.

ANOTHER OFFICE DOG, MINNEAPOLIS—At that, I'll bet you get more bones a week than I do. Your drawing was funny, except that the pun "Owen" and "owin'" has been used several hundred times before. Never mind—there was a story about Mr. Moore in last issue.

MARGARET M., JOHNSTONE—I do not play the saxophone. In "Clarence," a new stage comedy, there's a boy who thinks he can. "Are beetles deaf?" he asks, and to test them he recommends placing them in a dish of their favorite food, play to them, and if they leave the food— Oh, Mr. Tarkington! Blanche Sweet is a Jesse Hampton star, releasing through Pathe. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudie Cameron. Elsie Ferguson, Mrs Thomas B. Clark.

MOLLY PITCHER, TULARE—The girl behind the gun! Dick Barthelmess is not, officially speaking, a star; but he has risen to stellar popularity through his work as a featured player. As I've said, Griffith's people are never "stars" in the bill-poster sense of the word.

EDWIN S., SAN FRANCISCO—Yes, many of the film producers have mottoes. Most of them have, hanging above their figurative desks, "Cherchez le coin!" Which is all quite right and proper. I wish I were a film producer. Maybe if I had a picture which was a success, I could afford a new pair of shoes. If Edwin Booth is your real name, I don't see why you shouldn't use it.

JIMMY J., ASHFORD, NEBRASKA—Why should you be afraid of me? I may have a ferocious exterior, but I am good at heart—really. Kenneth Harlan is not yet thirty, he is not married, and he is acting in a Universal serial at the present time, so write to him at U City, California. He'll send you a picture.

MRS. J. P. R., SOUTH PARIS—I agree with you that it is inconsiderate of a player to keep your twenty-five cents and neglect to send you a photograph. But always remember, they are busy, the mails are bad, and you must run the risk of losing your stamps-or-coin. Tom Meighan is in the west now; at the Lasky Hollywood studios. Billie Burke, Famous Players studio, 130 West 56th street, New York.

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GRACE ELLEN COX, CARLISLE—You wrote to the Educational Department for advice as to becoming a movie actor! But they only turned it over to me, so you won't get any more advice than I gave you last time. You're a freshman in high school who wants to be a star and what shou.d you do? Be a sophomore, a junior, and a senior in rapid succession, then think it over and write to me again.

CHARLES ANTOINE H., PATERSON—Let us not speak of what has passed. Your letter never came to my desk. Only Mr. Burleson knows why. I must brush up in my French; I had to consult my little dictionary to translate parts of your letter. If I were you I would not pay while learning motion picture acting. I do not know, right now, of any French casting director; but be assured that any of the better companies will take care of you if they can use you.

SETH A. C., PERU—Corinne Griffith would rather her friends addressed her care the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn. Don't send your letters to 40 Clinton street; she says she hasn't lived there for some years. Irene Castle is married again; she is Mrs. Robert Treman now. Charles Maigne directs some of her pictures. Mary Pickford's real name is Gladys Smith.

FRISCO FAN—You think I must have stepped right in to my job as Answer Man. I don't know just what you mean stepped right in but I know that I have been nine years—nine long, shapely years—rising to my present position. What it is I don't know. Alice Brady, Realart. She's Mrs. Jimmie Crane. "Sinners" is her new one. Alice Lake with Metro; Dorothy Dalton with eastern Paramount. Right now she is working at the 125th street studios of that organization in "Black is White," but address her care Famous-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue. Wanda Hawley, western Lasky.

TOOT, PORTSMOUTH, VA.—Your name reminds me of the golden days B. P. That means Before Prohibition, of course—and it is really quite unworthy of me, I have never shed any tears over the recent amendment—why should I, I am prepared. Well, anyway: you are entirely wrong about Miss Talmadge. She is not ill, but playing right along, in Manhattan, in her studio.

E. E. J., PHILADELPHIA—Thank you for sending me your poetic birthday remembrance to Theda Bara. She must surely have appreciated it. I like the line, "I'd die for you." Wonder if anyone will ever write anything like that about me? Miss Bara's last for Fox were "La Belle Russe" and "Kathleen Mavourneen."

K. MOORE, VINELAND, NEW JERSEY—The greatest thing in the world? Courage. The worst thing in the world is to conceive a bad deed and lack the courage to perform it. There is no keener torture. No, Mabel Normand works in Culver City. "Jinx" is one of her latest. Constance Binney, Realart, New York.

FIFTEEN, ONTARIO—You begin, "You will probably think I'm crazy." Oh, well, never mind. I have thought I was a Napoleon among Answer Men many, many times. I never *get* mad, my dear. Life was cruel to me before I ever began to answer questions—in those days I used to ask them. Norma Talmadge is married, to Joseph Schenck. Eugene O'Brien isn't married. His new Selznicks are "Sealed Hearts" and "The Broken Melody."

S. F. H., TACOMA.—George Fawcett was one of the three musketeers from the little village in "Hearts of the World." Fawcett frequently appears in Dorothy Gish productions. He is married to Beulah Poynter. George Siegman was the hun in "Hearts." Rosemary Theby was the vamp in "The Great Love." Your town, Tacoma, fairly teems with movie fans. Call again; always delighted to hear from you.

THE LIGHTNING RAIDER.—What, again? Bertram Milhauser is Pathe's scenario expert. I agree with you, in a way, that melodrama now and then is relished by all of us. For myself, I sometimes get tired of too much reality. I love to enter, once a week or so, the realms of enchanted heroines and samsonesque heroes and villains who are so bad they blot the picture.

VETA, CLEARWATER.—If I lived in your town I should keep a clear complexion and a clear conscience! I like the open places; windy-city life batters down my self-control once in a while. But I never never take it out on my stenographer. May Allison is in her early twenties; she is not married and never has been and that's her real name. Her new Metro is "Fair and Warmer," in which May drinks the cocktail that Madge Kennedy made famous on the stage.

MASTER C. ALDRIDGE.—Kitty Gordon isn't in pictures just at present. Her latest was "Playthings of Passion" for United Theatres. She has a young daughter Vera Beresford. Louise Huff has a little girl Mary Louise; Miss Huff is with American Cinema. Dorothy Bernard is Mrs. A. H. Van Buren.

CLAUDE, PHILADELPHIA.—Houdini, the magician was in "The Master Mystery." Marguerite Marsh played with him. He has signed with Lasky to do more pictures for them to follow "The Grim Game." Houdini was celebrated as an escape-artist on the stage; but he has found the movies too much for him. Fancy him trying to wriggle out of any film once he's in it!

DOROTHY L., HARVEY, NORTH DAKOTA.—An old joke, like an old friend, is the best. Of course we dress them up and trot them out so that they look like new—but really, isn't it a comfort not to have to think about it at all, just laugh and say, "Yes, that's good" or "I always did like that one." John Barrymore's wife was Katherine Harris; they are now divorced. It's Robert Harron's real name.

B. J. D., L. A.—You write like Bebe Daniel looks. Bebe, by the way, your pastelled namesame, has forsaken comedy to go with DeMille. Her first, "The Admirable Crichton." There was a story about Tom Meighan in the October issue. I hope it pleased you.

PEGGY, HAMILTON, OHIO.—Most of your questions have been answered before, but your little corsage touched my heart. John Bowers is married to Rita Heller. Goldwyn, Culver City, will reach him.

W. ELIZABETH C., PHILADELPHIA.—A healthy percentage of my mail comes from the Quaker City. No, I don't play in pictures; I much prefer ring-around-the-rosie and other simple games like that. Hate to disappoint you, but Vivian Martin was not born in your City of Fraternal Affection—but in, or near, Grand Rapids, where all the furniture comes from.

KATHRYN CONNOR, FAIRBURY—No, Elsie Ferguson hasn't a double. She played both roles, herself, in "The Avalanche." Pretty tribute you pay Elsie's versatility. E. K. and Elmo Lincoln are not even remotely related. Elmo is the man who wiggles such a wicked muscle in the "Tarzan" pictures and in the serials, while E. K. is the Lincoln who began with Vitagraph and was lately in Zane Grey's "Desert Gold."

PETE, NEW YORK—I am not alarmed at your offer to send me fudge. I am well-insured, against love, death, and ptomaine. I never would say anything in a disparaging way about your sweet efforts, but since you started it— Just because I wear a striped-shirt once in a while—on holidays and birthdays—doesn't signify that I'm a fat man. Believe me, I'm not fat. Conway Tearle with Norma Talmadge in "Nancy Lee," renamed "The Way of a Woman."

JINNY, MISSOURI—I don't think you're a "hick" because you don't come from New York. There are as many hicks in Manhattan as there are in the back-woods, according to the gospel as picturized by James Montgomery Flagg. Eugene O'Brien still lives at the Royalton, but I'd address him care Selznick at 729 Seventh Avenue, New York.

EDITH—Are you blonde? All the Ediths, personal, I know, are blondes. So you received autographed pictures of Mary Pickford and Wallace Reid by perusing my department. If I never had done or will do another thing I am a success. Douglas Fairbanks is a United Artist. His first, "His Majesty the American." Margery Daw is his leading woman in that—her last with Fairbanks before joining the Neilan organization.

THE LIGHTNING RAIDER—I can't help answering you every month. There's something about the way you shape your letters "A" that I can't resist. I haven't seen Pearl White's first Fox, as it hasn't been completed as I write this. But by the time you read this it will probably be finished and you'll have seen it. Thanks for what you say about our covers. Watch out for innovations all the time.

GRACE, LANSING—The luscious young lady of the Cecil DeMille optic operas—"For Better for Worse," "Don't Change Your Husband" and "Male and Female," was, and still is, Gloria Swanson, although rumor had it sometime ago that she was about to become engaged in a matrimonial way to a young Los Angeles millionaire, which rumor, if true, would have resulted in her becoming Gloria-somebody-else. She is of Swedish descent.

VIVIAN, DALLAS—Why, I suppose you might write Miss Martin and tell her that you like her because her first name is the same as yours, but I like Vivian and our first names are not the same, so I daresay there is some other reason for your admiration of her, also. Ralph Graves, the good-looking young blonde chap, now with Griffith, played the soda-fountain clerk in "The Home-Town Girl," with Vivian, who by any other name would play as sweet.

HAZEL K., DETROIT—Marguerite Marsh is Mae's sister. Marguerite has been playing right along but Mae is still in private life as Mrs. Louis Lee Arms; she will probably return to picture activity the last of this year or the first of next. Mae's baby is a little girl.

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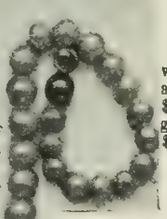
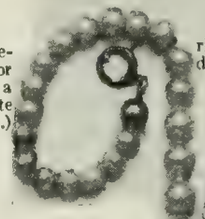
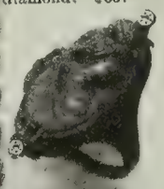




X7—Superior diamond, set Tiffany style, solid gold mounting. $125.



X24—One superior diamond in tooth setting. $50.

X8—Beautiful mounting of white gold, combined with green gold; one superior diamond. $50.

X9—Tiffany style set with one fine diamond. $45.

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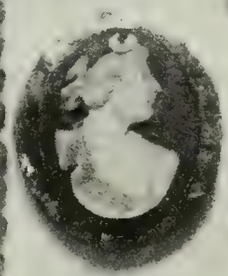

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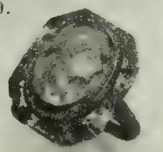
X26—Seven blue-white diamonds, hexagon set in white gold mounting. $85.



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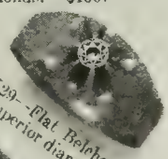

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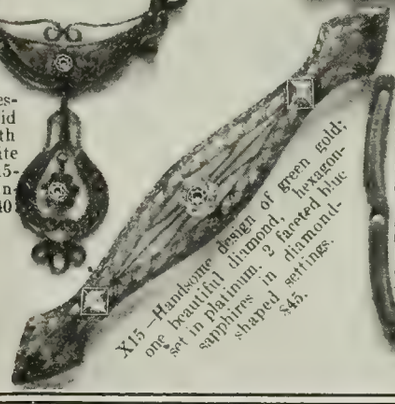

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VOL. XVII No. 3

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Next Month

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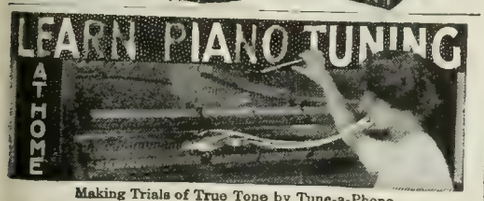

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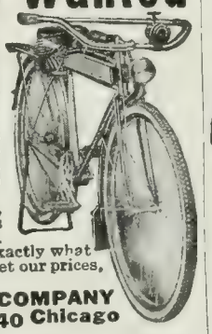

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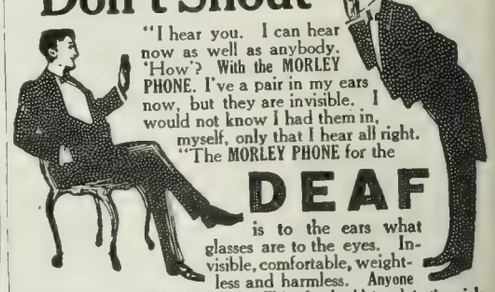

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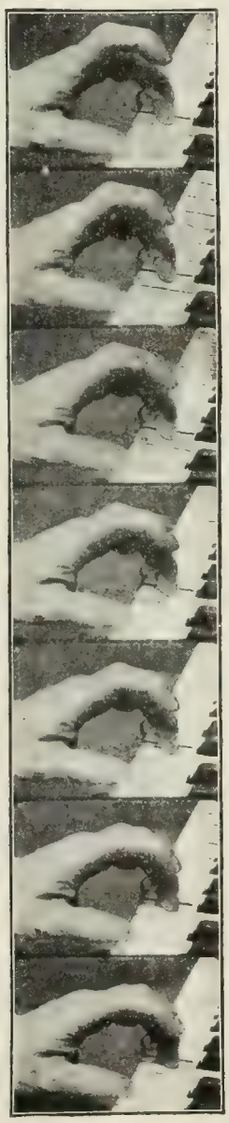

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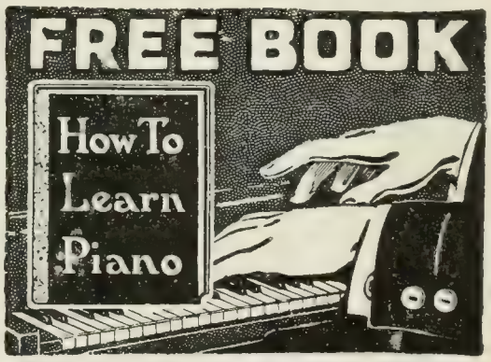

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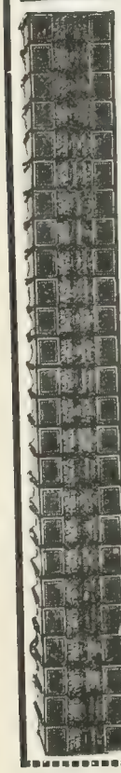

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ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

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ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

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CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

THE FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., 310 Times Building, New York City.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Cal.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

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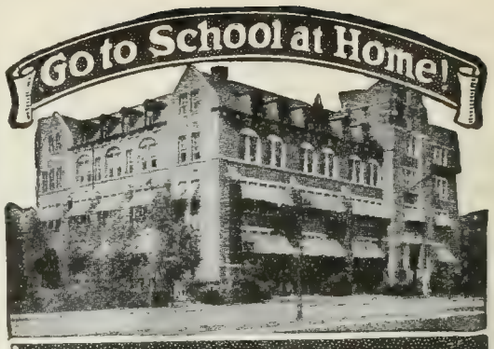

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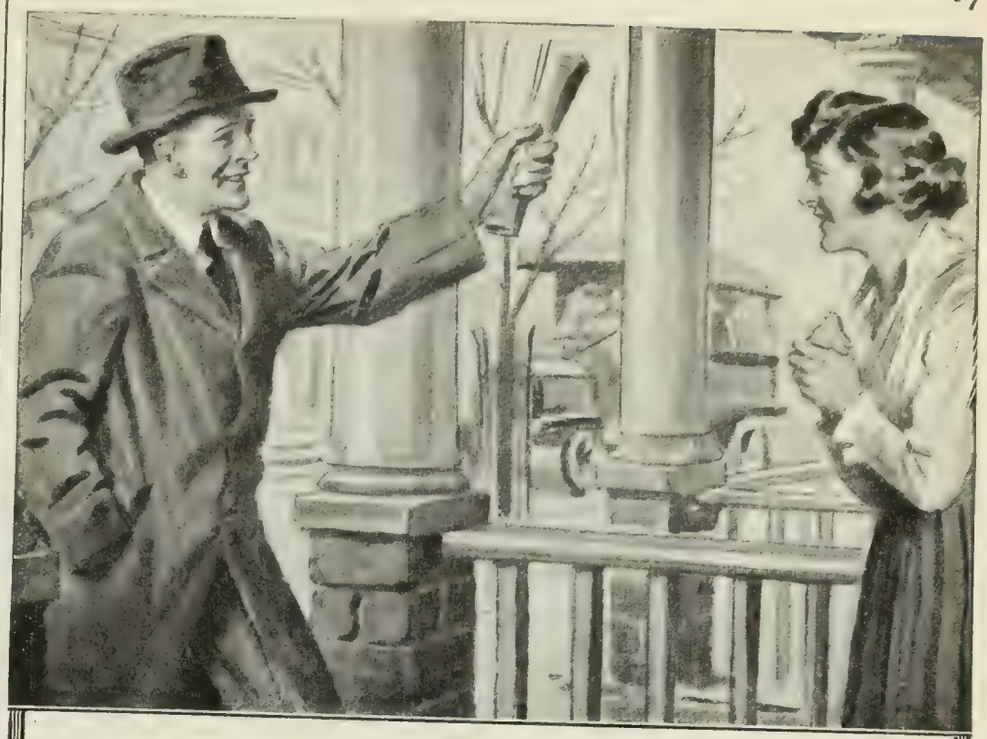

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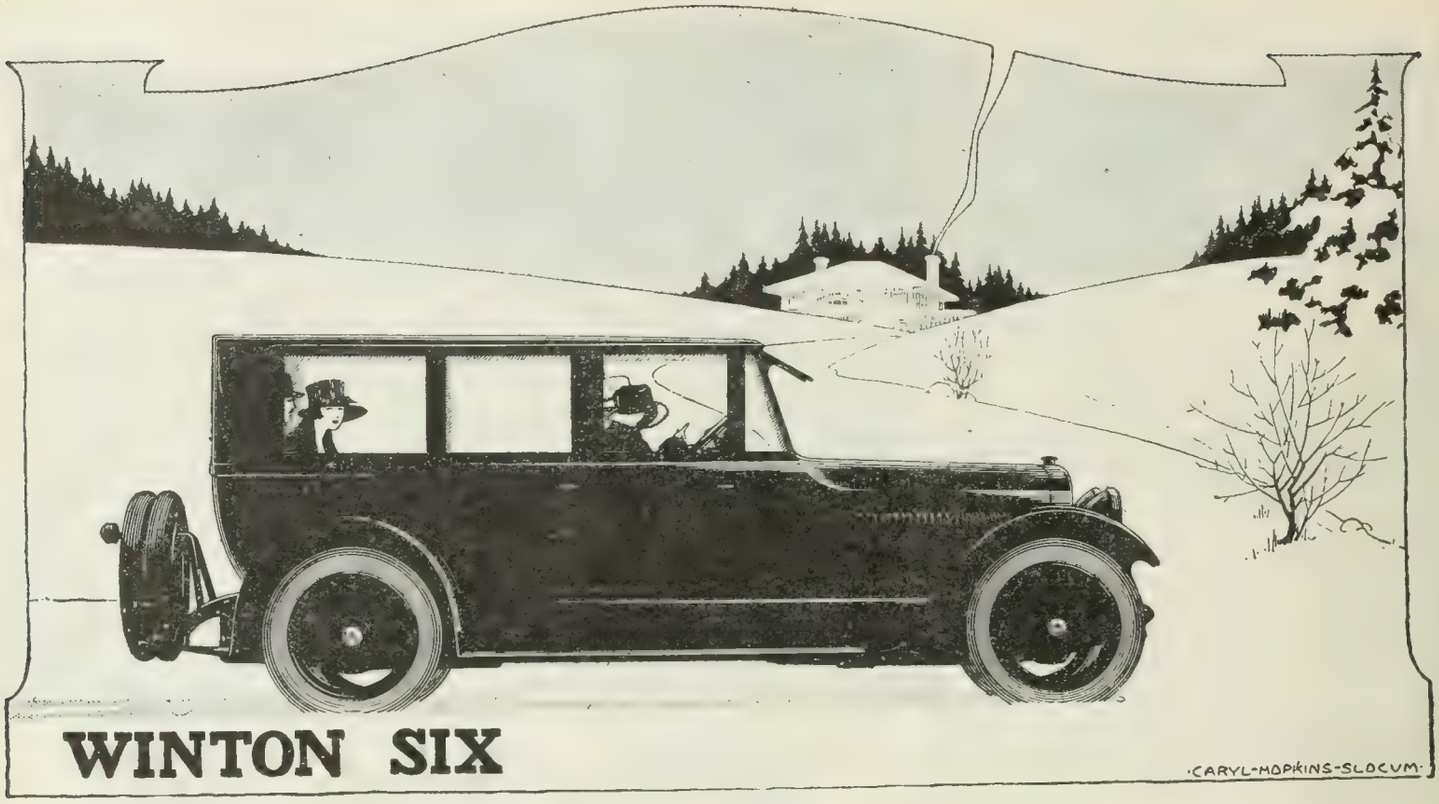

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The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

Vol. XVII *February, 1920* No. 3

Give Labor the Star Dressing-Room!

LET the conciliators take a lesson from the movies. Put the spotlight on the full dinner-pail. Give the man who works with his hands a press-agent. Give Labor the star dressing-room!

Your true genius of arbitration goes back of stiff soulless things like Law and Contract Agreement to the little prides and prejudices, the small ambitions and secret vanities of simple human nature.

Something else than salaries and living-costs is at the bottom of our workaday sickness. We need heroes. We always have needed and we always will need heroes. Once we had them in kings. Not long ago we had them in money monarchs. Very recently we had them in soldiers. Right now we have them on the screen. Who should be next but the master-laborer: the fellow who can drive a locomotive better than any other man alive, the champion coal-digger, some Wallace Reid of the docks, a Mary Pickford of the cotton mills.

Do you remember the widely-heralded rivalry of the ship-workers during the war? Do you recall Seattle's champion riveter—lionized in New York?

Publicity, celebrity, applause, pictures in the papers—we all like them, and the man who says he doesn't is a liar. These are among the things that will wipe out class distinctions—not laws or mere cold-blooded wage lifts. The moving picture has made its people the intimate friends of the whole world.

Send that master tire-maker down to the photographer's, and ask for pictures that will reproduce—like those he took of Tom Meighan last week. That woman who makes the best bread in town—let's have a personality story about her. Wonder if she's married? What about Tom Jones, twenty years in the switching tower in the South End—remember that winter night in 1902, when he saved 26 and all her passengers? And speaking of thrills for the news-reel, how about Slavonian John, handling, at midnight and single-handed, that living hell, a tilting Bessemer converter?

It's time to realize as a nation on our education in motion picture publicity.

It's time for a brand new set of heroes and heroines.

It's time to give Labor a Star Dressing-room!

ORDINARY, garden-variety snow isn't always to be had when needed — so Director Frank Lloyd discovered when he wanted snow scenes for "The Silver Horde." So he built a hill, fifty feet high at its peak and grading down for a distance of one hundred and fifty feet; and covered it with salt — fifteen tons of it. The hill terminated at the property tank, which was filled, and on the surface was constructed a sheet of moving picture ice: eight hundred pounds of paraffin. The trees, as you can see in the lower picture, only grow half-way; but the camera admirably conceals this fact from the screen.

W - O - R - K That's All!

Is beauty essential to success? The Prettiest Show-Girl answers, emphatically "No!"

By OLIVE THOMAS

Bradley Studios

Will Rogers

SOME people think it is an advantage to be beautiful. It isn't.

It is a harder thing for a pretty girl to succeed than it is for a homely one. Men are never willing, no matter what they may say, to acknowledge that a pretty girl may have some asset besides her good looks. Men are all alike. So are women—only some have better profiles than others.

I come from the Follies. Now, the Folliès is a much-misunderstood institution. I say institution not because Mr. Ziegfeld's press-agent used the word first, but because any theatrical entertainment which has been running for a dozen years, playing in the largest cities of the country, costing many thousands of dollars every season to put on, and employing only the best-

EDITOR'S NOTE: Florenz Ziegfeld, manager of the institution of beauty which bears his name, would perhaps be justified if he voiced a protest against the films — for they have stolen some of his most beautiful girls. Among them, Olive Thomas, proclaimed by Harrison Fisher and other artists as the perfect type of brunette beauty; the toast of Manhattan when she was a member of the Follies. Now that she is a film star, she has had time to look back and gain a keen retrospect of show-girl life. She tells you, here, why she left the Follies; and gives you an insight into the mental processes of these beautiful choristers.

"Rubye de Remer went into the movies as the heroine of 'The Auction Block'—and she's still in them, acting, as well as looking beautiful."

Saronv

"Mae Murray was the Nell Brinkley in the Follies, and impersonated Mary Pickford in the movie burlesque She looked so good she got a contract right away with Lasky."

looking girls, must be an institution of a sort. Beauty is the important thing in life, anyway—beauty in everything.

I'm from the Follies—and I'm always being misunderstood. I've never told anybody about it before because it's an old line. People think that nothing is required of a Follies girl but beauty—well, I worked harder in the Follies than I ever did in my life.

Most of the Follies girls are ambitious. Do you think any of them are content to stick in the chorus all their lives? Some, probably; but not many I know. There *is* a glamour about the Follies that you can't deny, especially if you have been in them. The elaborate sets, the beautiful tableaux, the gorgeous costumes, —did you ever stop to think that to a beauty-starved girl, one of the creations she is given to wear means an awful lot? I can remember when I was just a kid—only about eighteen—and poor, and lonesome, and I used to go to the costumers and wait in a long, seemingly endless line for my costume, and fussed and fretted while it was being fitted—but let me tell you that when the opening night came, with that audience out there, and the new songs, and the glitter—I was mighty proud to be just a part of it; and that beautiful costume gave me such a feeling of well-being as I have not felt since.

I said, up there, that I worked hard in the Follies. All of the girls don't work so hard. You see, the whole thing inspired me; I mean because the Follies is a sort of material triumph, and it seems to me any ambitious girl who's in them must feel immediately that she too must be successful, in a material way at least. Anyway, I felt that. And I accepted Mr. Ziegfeld's offer to appear in the Midnight Frolic as well as the regular show; and then—I thought of pictures.

Now, I know one former Follies and Frolic girl who was with them for five years; and was quite content. As she used to say, quaintly: "Well, you know, every girl would like to be in them; and besides, all the best people come." This girl had a dancing part, too, while it was always my duty to be as decorative as I could. But the glitter and the same best people out front every opening night and all nights in between began to pall; in other words, I got an exaggerated attack of Higher Ambition.

Some of the girls had left the Follies from time to time, to go into pictures, and made a success in them. I thought I could do

Ira L. Hill

"Marion Davies — another Follies girl now in pictures — works awfully hard . . . She's pretty, and she would slave away all day and many days to get a scene right."

"Kay Laurell and I were in the Follies at the same time. In her first picture she played a dance hall girl in Rex Beach's 'The Brand.' Mrs. Beach picked her."

the same; it seemed so easy. Little Olive was in for a jolt, though she didn't know it. I tried out first in a Famous Players picture with Owen Moore and Irene Fenwick; and I thought something might come of it—say a contract. But nothing happened. International Film was putting on the Beatrice Fairfax serial then, and I tried that. I was in "Play Ball" and some others. But I didn't get on as I'd expected; it was pretty hard to go through with the performance at the New Amsterdam at night and go up on the roof for the Frolics show afterward, and then get up early in the morning to go to a studio. I stuck for a while; then I decided it was do or die with me—and I took a train west, and landed at Triangle. There I got a regular job. And maybe I didn't work.

I always laugh when anyone tells me that all a Follies girl has to do is to signify a wish to go in for serious stuff, via the silent drama, and there she is with her name on picture posters in letters a foot high. It takes a lot more than a Follies reputation to make good in pictures. The Follies don't make the small towns.

A good many of my friends in the Follies are in films. There's little Martha Mansfield. Martha is in several of the big scenes in "The Follies of 1919," and she's in the roof show, too; and she went to a studio every day until

(Continued on page 128)

How to Win

What makes a star? Managerial confidence — exploitation — or public selection? The question is answered in this story.

By JESSE L. LASKY

A FEW years ago every young girl, at some dreary moment in her schooldays or in an hour of ambitious reflection during vacation, asked this question: "How can I get into motion pictures?" A great many boys asked it, too, although as in the list of applicants to every art, girls were greatly in the majority.

Time has altered that question, somewhat. There are so many, many people in the photoplay arena that it seems at times as if there were not room for another one. It seems as though the camera had drawn its devotees and exploiters from every walk of life and from every land. It seems to many an observer that the picture-maker has only to ask, nowadays, in order to obtain the enthusiastic services of any man or woman on earth. So the queries now are: "What is the secret of screen success?" "What makes a star?" "How do the celebrities get that way?" "What makes them popular?" "What must I do to receive a thousand letters a month from adoring strangers?"

Let me say this to you, readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, by way of general answer:

You make the stars.

It is not in my power, nor in the power of any manager, to "make" a motion picture star or a stage star. We can only set promising people in your way. If you like them, you do the rest. It is your acclaim, your demand, which differentiates the mere leading ingenue, of practical utility and little magnetism, from the national favorite who receives three hundred or five hundred dollars every day of her life and is the literary heroine of a whole brigade of professional and volunteer press-agents.

Of course it would be utterly silly for me to say that the only necessary qualifications for international prominence on the screen were youth and an opportunity. If that were so, our once well-ordered world would be inundated by a race of movie queens, and, in a universal congress of art and celebrity we should all die of nothing to eat, or perish during a cold winter for nothing to wear.

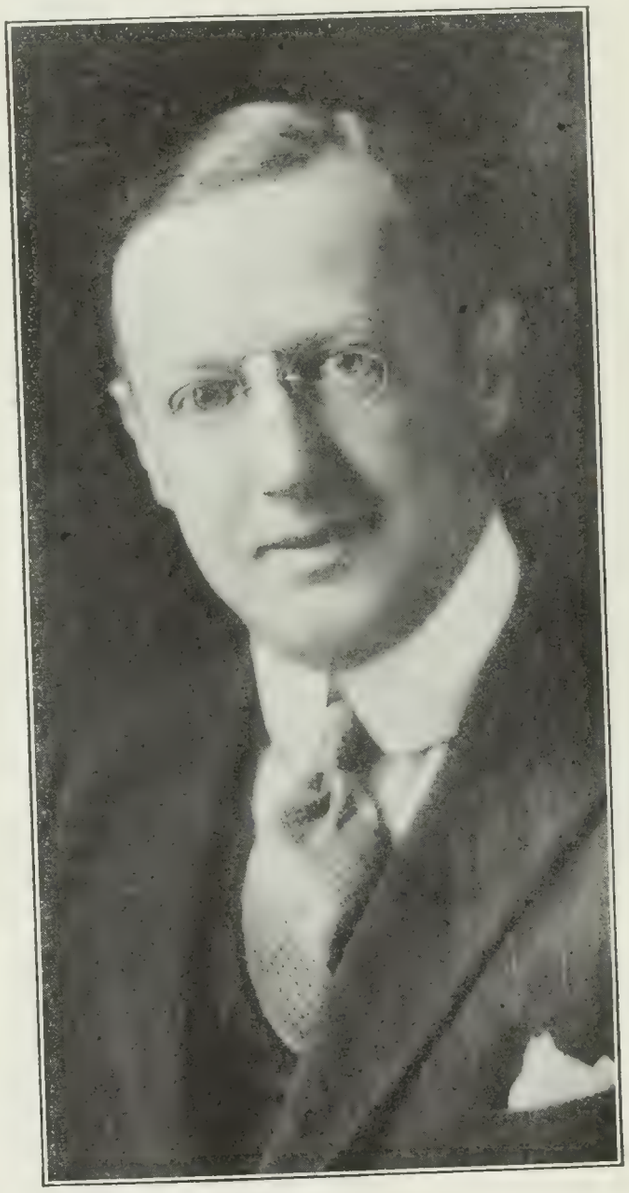
Ours is a business in which many are really called, while few are chosen by the multitude.

Only a few of the many good young cinema actresses attain genuine stardom.

And—alas!—some of the stars are very far from being good actresses.

In a general way, every star traverses the same path, and it is the route of hard work. There is no picture luminary today, male or female, whose name has simply been hung up in the electric sky, without years of preparation.

The ambition to become a great and individual success as a screen actor is an honest and worthy one, and I will say that without that ambition, in some degree, it is not worth anyone's while to make so much as a start in the studios, for it is only the continued belief in one's ability to do better and better work that enables one to do passably good work.



Campbell

Jesse L. Lasky, in whose organization many stars have been born, says that public favor alone can establish an actor or actress in a position of stellar prominence.

Possessing this undoubted ambition, the girl, or the boy, should seek a place in some good stock company, and be willing, for an indefinite period, to do anything that comes to hand or may be assigned. From maid parts, or guests, or other small "bits," the young actress progresses to a small principal role that may run through the five or six or seven reels of a photoplay. The next step is a "supporting lead," that is to say, a part opposite the foremost member of the cast, if the play is one in which anyone is starred, or one of the leading parts, if the play is a feature production, put out entirely upon its own merits, or under the name of a famous director who makes it. Young women who can play leads, and maintain a standard of interesting and acceptable work are so rare that, having reached this stage, the neophyte is an assured picture success whether she does or does not reach the stage in which her name, on the billing, precedes the name of the drama. For the rest, it is entirely up to the public. If audiences like her, the exhibitors will begin to write in to the managers of branch exchanges: "Give us some more pictures with Maude Muller in them." Presently, when these demands come in frequently, and from many different parts of the country, the producers will one day send out a piece with the magic announcement: "Maude Muller, in—" and the deed is done! This is identically true of young men, except that there are, and probably always will be, many more idolized young women than young men, hence women have a bigger stellar opportunity. In its loyalty to its comparatively few male stars the public is just as staunch, and sometimes I am inclined to think that the men have built more solidly; perhaps, because the male star has a longer, harder climb, and the public is cooler and more wary in its picking. There is a glamour, a very spirit of romance, about a beautiful young girl which no boy, however handsome, stalwart and capable, can ever have. A beautiful, spirited girl incarnates youth and its ideals to young and old alike, to women as well as men. She possesses a certain faculty of enchantment because of the very fact that she is just a girl—apart from any mere sex appeal—for all people, everywhere, are continually interested in what happens to a pretty girl, either in or out of make-believe. The successful young men of the screen, however, carry this same glamour merely to the young women, of fourteen to forty, who may be found admiring their shadows; to the rest of the universal picture audience—to little Willie, to father and mother, and to other young men, they must make good sheerly upon talent.

A managerial attempt to create a star: that is to say, the actual process of placing a young person upon the screen immediately in stellar parts, seldom if ever succeeds. In this

Screen Success

MR. LASKY is the partner and associate of Adolph Zukor, in the largest assemblage of motion picture enterprises in the world, and he is and always has been the one more closely allied with the production end of these concerns. He has been a photoplay-maker since the industry's earliest years. He has endured all its vicisssitudes, and has enjoyed a multitude of its triumphs. A considerable percentage of the whole number of screen stars is in his employ, and most of these have actually attained their celebrity in some one of the Zukor-Lasky studios.

connection I feel free to tell one of my own experiences. I think I can, without any injustice to the young woman in question, give her name, so that you will all know exactly what I am talking about. Not a great many months ago I was so profoundly impressed by the magnetism, the natural dramatic qualifications and the charm of an adopted daughter of Gus Edwards, in vaudeville, that I considered her a great and immediate possibility in motion pictures. In vaudeville she had already made a national success under the quaint name, "Cuddles." She was known from coast to coast, in every place where people patronized the high class two-a-day. Transferred to the screen as Lila Lee she was given the best, in stories, direction, support and international exploitation, that my institution afforded. And yet . . . . . something was lacking. What was it? I knew of nothing more that could be done for Lila Lee from the manager's viewpoint. My Director-General, Mr. DeMille, could offer no more than the very best that he had already supplied. I had a very frank talk with her. I told her, as I have told you, that stars were neither born nor made, but were selected and discovered by the sovereign public. I told her that I liked her work, and that I believed in her as I had always believed in her. I advised her to buckle down and work hard, playing every part that was given her, being content with her roles whether they were star parts or merely support. Being a sensible little girl she saw that this was the right thing, and the only thing, and she became one of the hardest workers in the Hollywood studio, neglecting no opportunity to learn, to acquire experience, to add to her knowledge of make-up, characterization, or dramatic interpretation. This was a very fine thing, a very big and brainy thing for a little girl still in her teens to do—a girl, you must remember, who had been a great feature in one field, and for whom many a manager, whatever her success or failure with me had been, would still produce on her demand that coveted stellar crown. As I say, she grimly stuck to it, and by and by Mr. DeMille assigned her to the plaintive little part of 'Tweeny, the maid, in "Male and Female." Her remarkable performance in that part has won recognition that few stars have ever had; I think Lila Lee has found the reward of her patience and perseverance. I know that that performance has answered my wondering and perplexity concerning her.

IT IS not in my power, nor in the power of any manager, to "make" a motion picture star or a stage star. We can only set promising people in your way. If you like them, you do the rest.

ONLY a few of the many good young cinema actresses attain genuine stardom. In a general way, every star traverses the same path, and it is the route of hard work. There is no picture luminary today, male or female, whose name has simply been hung up in the electric sky, without years of preparation.

TO MARY PICKFORD, ever since she left short dresses, life has been nothing but exhausting labor, or else quiet secluded preparation for more exhausting labor. The golden hours of indolence, and the memorable delights of long summer vacations that are youth's gifts to every American girl, the exciting pleasure of living even awhile from society and social rounds, Mary Pickford has never known.

THE public has erratic momentary whims, but in the long run it never makes a mistake; the star who endures from year to year only does so because he or she deserves to endure.

POSSESSING honest ambition, the girl, or the boy, should seek a place in some good stock company, and be willing, for an indefinite period, to do anything that comes to hand or may be assigned.

THERE is a glamour, a very spirit of romance, about a beautiful young girl which no boy, however handsome, stalwart and capable, can ever have. A beautiful, spirited girl incarnates youth and its ideals to young and old alike, to women as well as men. She possesses a certain faculty of enchantment because of the very fact that she is just a girl.

On the other hand, let me cite the case of a man interested in the production of motion pictures who has persistently put forth a beautiful young woman, in star parts, who has not so far manifested any of the dramatic or magnetic qualities which alone can draw the championship of the great picture audience. This man, an enterprising producer, is sincere in his belief that the young woman is an actress of ability; she, upon her part, is hard-working, and equally sincere in her desire to do everything which makes for success. But so far, she has never manifested the magnetic spark that wins, and so the great directors who have labored upon her pieces, and her fine stories and elaborate exploitation, have been as nothing. The public has remained cold and silent, and the young woman is not a star no matter how enthusiastically the advertisements and the electric signs may assure her that she is one. She may yet arrive, but if she does, it will be on merit, and not on the mere deliberate determination of herself or her manager.

Charles Ray, one of the great stellar triumphs of the hour, is a product of years of hard work in all sorts of roles, and of intense study and preparation. The same is true of Wallace Reid. It is easy, now, for young men all over the country to view these successful young men and opine that things have "Come easy" to them. On my word of honor, let me tell you that both of them are products of year after year of labor—plus the ultimate good luck of public selection.

I may cite the very well known example of the greatest woman star the screen has ever known, Mary Pickford. And in so doing, let me say that there are very few men or women, of any age, who have so thoroughly immersed themselves in their chosen work. To Mary Pickford, ever since she left short dresses, life has been nothing but exhausting labor, or else quiet secluded preparation for more exhausting labor. The golden hours of indolence, and the memorable delights of long summer vacations that are youth's gift to every American girl, the exciting pleasure of living even awhile for society and social rounds, Mary Pickford has never known. Idolized, feted—yes, but she has always had before her the tremendous problem of maintaining her place in the mind of a public eager for new sensations and new objects of admiration. She is the hardest worker I have ever known on the screen. I know of no young woman, whatever her hopes and dreams, who would have followed the hard path of success as unflinchingly.

"Being a star" is not the total or even the beginning of artistic success as we are beginning to count it in picture terms. An ambition merely to be "a star" is not worthy the time or effort of any young person. Real screen success is no longer counted in terms of billboard advertising, electric signs of freak "personality stories" in the periodicals and newspapers. Screen success lies in being an actor, or an actress, who can simulate life, and the depiction of life, by painting, writing, or personal mimicry, is an art won only by hard labor. Many an actress on the stage—young, magnetic, earnest, charming—has come to the studios only to find that the camera does not like her. Many a pretty face, to use the

(Continued on page 131)

Four years ago, Mary Pickford led all the movie wage-slaves at the teller's window with a check each week for $2,000, with Charlie Chaplin banking the fabulous sum of something over $1,000.

The Little Ol'

Sketches by Ethel Plummer

There, little film fan stars can buy butter authentic discussion

THERE is no subject related to the production of motion pictures that is so fascinating as the monetary returns to the players. Not only does the confirmed fan revel in the figures—real or purported—but even the most infrequent cinema goer registers immediate interest when the subject of movie salaries is broached.

Nearly four years ago PHOTOPLAY told in detail about the big salaries paid the film stars. Just parenthetically it might be stated that the star who now is drawing the highest salary of them all was not "among those present" then. But we'll get to that later.

In that article several of the big producers were quoted as saying that they didn't know where the salary "inflation" would end; one of them said it would stop only when the players recruited from the stage would outlive on the screen their advertised reputations, or words to that effect. The general impression among those who signed the weekly checks was that the stars were getting the cream and that if something didn't happen soon to stop the flow of the cream actorwards, the whole business would go to the dogs.

Just so that the reader may with least difficulty make the obvious comparisons it may be recalled that at that time Mary Pickford led all the movie wage-slaves at the teller's window with a check each week for $2,000; Charlie Chaplin was banking the then fabulous amount of something over $1,000 a week—fabulous for a comedian; Frank Keenan had been paid the highest weekly salary of any male dramatic star up to that time—an even $1,000—by Thomas H. Ince; and Francis X. Bushman was recorded as "the highest paid screen lover" with a $750 quotation. However, that year—1915—two legitimate invaders were paid sensational sums for brief engagements; Billie Burke $40,000 for one picture, "Peggy," and Geraldine Farrar an equal amount for three pictures. The latter's compensation computed on a weekly basis amounted to $5,000 a week; Miss Burke's to $8,000. Both were frankly employed because of the advertising value of their names. Today when she works in pictures Miss Farrar gets twice as much as then, showing that she *has* outlived the stage value of her name, if her former salary was a correct appraisal.

Four years ago, Bill Hart's salary wasn't worth mentioning. In the last two years he has netted something over $900,000.

It is much more difficult nowadays to tell with any degree of authenticity what the big stars put in the bank weekly because a considerable group of them classify themselves as independent producers. In nearly each instance there is a nominal drawing account against the profits of the company. Others get a salary and percentage of net returns. So that this story will deal with what the stars and players have been realizing

Pay Check, Now!

—don't you fret; the 'n eggs—as yet. An of screen incomes.

By ANDREW DAY

Keeping the Wolf Away

EACH week Metro pays Nazimova **$13,000.**

Geraldine Farrar receives from Goldwyn **$10,000** each week.

William S. Hart netted over **$900,000** in the past two years. For nine productions in the next two years he will get **$2,250.000.**

Mary Pickford's income the last year was close to the half-million mark, the net profit of three pictures which she made for First National at **$250,000** each.

Many a salaried star has fared better than Charles Chaplin in the last two years. Since his "million dollar contract" was made he has drawn less than half a million dollars besides paying the cost of his productions.

The profits of Norma Talmadge and Anita Stewart in the past year are estimated at something around half a million to each.

Theda Bara was getting **$4,000** a week when she and William Fox parted company.

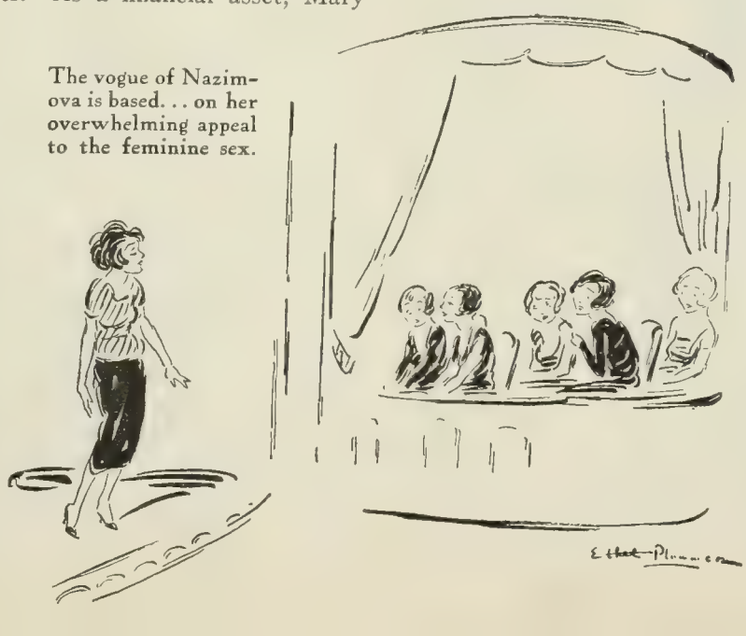
Other well-known stars receive checks ranging from **$5,000** to the paltry **$1,000** a week. Leading men and women — even the character actors — have found a silver lining to the old cloud **H. C. L.**

from their efforts and what their future expectations are, based on figures which have been obtained by the writer from authentic sources.

So that the record may be complete and there is provided basis for added comparisons, it may be stated that at the expiration of her $2,000 weekly contract Mary Pickford signed a new one at $4,000 a week and this was raised to $10,000 with a percentage of the profits. As a financial asset, Mary stood alone. Then came Chaplin's big jump and Fairbanks also with his independent company which gave him an income of over a half million a year.

To-day the highest *salaried* picture player is Madam Alla Nazimova, once employed in a Yiddish Theater on New York's East Side; a noted stage actress who with others four years ago regarded picture playing as a "prostitution of art." Nazimova is the current wonder of the cinema because her vogue is based not so much on the perfection of her productions as on her own bizarre personality and artistry, and seemingly an overwhelming appeal for the feminine sex.

The vogue of Nazimova is based. . . on her overwhelming appeal to the feminine sex.



Each week that she is working Nazimova draws from the pay window of the Metro studio in Hollywood a check calling for $13,000. Her contract does not provide for a regular salary, but for a lump sum—$65,000 for each production in which she appears, paid in weekly instalments. There is a limit of five weeks for the making of each picture and a penalty for each day over—the company pays *Madam* the penalty —so that the total amount of her returns may be safely placed at $13,000. In addition the family exchequer is given a further little lift by the check for $1,000 which Charles Bryant brings home each week. Charles is *Madam's* husband and leading man. (Of course the salary is paid him for being the latter.)

Next among regular salary drawing stars comes Elsie Ferguson and Geraldine Farrar, who, however, only works before the camera part of the year. Her weekly check from Goldwyn's reads $10,000.

This brings us to the group of big money makers who have their own companies: Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, William S. Hart, Anita Stewart, Norma Talmadge and Douglas Fairbanks.

Of these the biggest money maker during the last two years was Bill Hart. Hart made eighteen pictures, twice as many as he will make in the next two years, which netted him something more than $900,000, nearly a million dollars. Four years ago when the writer was digging up information about salaries Bill's wasn't worth mentioning—a paltry 300 simoleons a week. Of course the government took official cognizance of Bill's prosperity and also a goodly percentage of that $900,000 via the income tax route. But enough was left to flag any curious wolves from the vicinage of Bill's doors. By the terms of his new contract Hart will make nine productions in the next two years for which he will receive a total of $2,250,000. Of course he must pay the cost of production but this should leave him a balance of something over a million and three quarters—perhaps two million dollars.

Mary Pickford's income during the last year was somewhere close to the half million mark, the net profit of three pictures which she made for First National at $250,000 each. Miss Pickford has begun production under her United Artists arrangement and unless present signs fail the coming year should see her profits well over the million mark. This prophecy is based on the returns so far on the first United Artists picture of Douglas Fairbanks, which is said to have sold to the theaters on a basis of something close to a million dollars for the United States. Under the

former plan, it would have been impossible to invest a total of nearly $400,000 in a single production.

Much has been said about Charlie Chaplin's "million dollar contract," but it is nearly two years since it was executed and since then Chaplin has drawn less than a half million dollars besides paying for the cost of his productions, so that many a salaried star has fared better than Charles. However, the funny one feels somewhat compensated by the fact that had he worked faster, Uncle Sam would have taken proportionately more as income tax.

Norma Talmadge has her own company with her husband as partner so that salary checks do not bother her. Her profits and those of Anita Stewart for the last year are estimated at something around a half million dollars each. Then there is a long list of stars whose checks range from $5,000 to the paltry thousand a week, including Theda Bara, who was being paid $4,000 a week when she and William Fox parted company; Marguerite Clark, Pearl White, Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson, Mabel Normand, Viola Dana, Mary Miles Minter, William Farnum, Constance Talmadge, Wallace Reid, Alice Brady, Madge Kennedy, Florence Reed, Major Robert Warwick, Bryant Washburn, Lillian Gish, Dustin Farnum, Dorothy Phillips, Dorothy Gish, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Tom Mix, H. B. Warner, Jack Pickford, Bessie Love, William Russell, Earle Williams and others.

Clara Kimball Young has her own producing company, so has Sessue Hayakawa, and Roscoe Arbuckle and Frank Keenan, and quite a few others. No cognizance is being taken of those of the stage who take their cinema spasmodically.

Some of the fans are beginning to wonder, having read so far, where Charles Ray comes in. Strange as it may seem, the popular Ray is not among the big salaried ones. His contract, made more than two years ago before he had acquired anything like his present following, called for a weekly recompense of $500. Under an arrangement with his present employer Thomas H. Ince, it will expire January 1 and Ray will have his own company with a First National outlet and a large drawing account.

Mae Marsh is also missing from the list. Her salary with Goldwyn was $2,500 and it is said that when she resumes work this fall it will be on a salary of $5,000.

It's not only the stars and the directors—the latter will not be discussed in this dissertation—who have progressed along the financial scale. The quotations on leading women have been climbing fast and those on leading men have traveled upwards by the well known leaps and bounds. As a rule the male lead draws more money than the feminine lead because when the latter shows any real class any number of concerns are willing to star her, as witness the case of Katherine MacDonald. Good feminine stars are very much in demand. According to the men who sell the pictures a girl star is much easier to dispose of than a male star, hence the preponderance of the former. Only a few male stars have been developed during the last year. Eugene O'Brien, Tom Meighan, Owen Moore, and Lew Cody. O'Brien, one of the best of the screen's leads, was raised to stardom as a result of the popularity he attained as a leading man; Meighan was elevated to that class by the magnificence of his work in "The Miracle Man" and "Male and Female," and Cody is something of an experiment, an effort to see if the public will assimilate a brand of story heroing a disciple of domestic infidelity.

Top salary for leading men has risen to $750 a week, although there are a few instances, like that of James Kirkwood, as exceptions. Kirkwood was induced by Producer Allan Dwan to lay aside the megaphone to play the lead in "Luck of the Irish" at $1,000 a week. Henry Walthall, now classed as a lead, is also an exception. The list of male leads whose salaries range from $750 downwards is headed by such names as Mahlon Hamilton, Conway Tearle, Elliott Dexter, Milton Sills, David Powell, Jack Holt, Wyndham Standing, Thomas Holding, Norman Kerry, Roy Stewart, Irving Cummings, Herbert Rawlinson, Tom Santschi, Frank Mills, Charles Clary, John Bowers and others. Then there is a group of juvenile leads headed by Robert Harron, whose salary is close to the thousand mark, Richard Barthelmess, Niles Welch, who is figuring on a starring career; Allan Forrest, Jack Mulhall, Cullen Landis, Casson Ferguson, Ralph Graves and others.

In 1915, Francis X. Bushman was recorded as "the highest paid screen lover" with a $750 quotation.

The list of leading women is even more restricted. Several casting directors have told me that the dearth of good leading women amounts almost to a famine—that the available good ones not under contract could be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Salaries for feminine leads range upwards to $500 and the list of high salaried ones includes Naomi Childers, Betty Compson, Kathlyn Williams, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Jane Novak, Lois Wilson, Anna Q. Nilsson, Sylvia Breamer, Alice Lake, Eileen Percy, Florence Deshon, Helene Chadwick, Kathryn Adams, Florence Vidor, Anna Littie, Josie Sedgwick, Louise Lovely, Rosemary Theby and others. In some of the studios all gowns are supplied the feminine leads with a correspondingly lower salary to equalize that saving to the player. The big salaries, as in the case of male leads, go to those who free lance, rather than to those who tie themselves up with long time contracts.

Even the long abused character actor has found a silver lining to the H. C. L. cloud in increased emoluments and a good heavy can almost write his own check. This class of subordinate players is headed by such as Theodore Roberts, Herbert Standing, Alec Francis, Noah Beery, Wallace Beery, Robert McKim, Lon Chaney, Tully Marshall, Raymond Hatton, Bertram Grassby, James Neill, Charles Gerrard. The

(Continued on page 125)

Slant Eyes and Bumps!

—So that when you see Viola Dana in "The Willow Tree" you needn't say: "Well, what do you know about that?"

HOW long dces it take to become a Japanese?

If you contemplate trying to be a real Oriental you might refer to Viola Dana who, after experimenting two weeks with make-up assisted by two Japanese maids, knows that it takes just two hours to transform herself into a real Mme. Butterfly. She is portraying the Japanese heroine in "The Willow Tree" and the transformation process is a daily part of her business.

When all the strings have been tied—for the Japanese *never* use any pins, either on the costume or in the hair—and the obi which is the broad strip of brocade used for a sash to the kimono, and the tabis (which might be called "foot mittens" in point of resembling a hand mitten though the big toe is the thumb of the foot) and the coiffure are all properly adjusted, Viola looks like a still small voice from the Far East in her garb of Nippon—very dainty, very romantic—a late word from the beau monde of the Orient.

While such women as Farrar, Pickford and Nazimova have essayed such a role even the Russian artiste admits that Viola's makeup is an achievement superior to her own. In some of her photographs Miss Dana looks like a small edition of the famous Russian. There is a certain strange foreign look about her eyes and face, doubtless due to strong French strain. And between the high type of France and that of Russia there is often a marked resemblance.

The fun begins before the heavy black wig is adjusted. Preparatorily, the eyes are tied back—a trick accomplished by drawing the hair tightly around the head—to get the Japanesy slant to them. This stunt lifts all the muscles of the face so that it is hard to get any variety of expression—a desirable result.

Aside from the advantages of the makeup for the role the result of the hair-pulling contortions evoked inquiry from friends at dinner one evening who had not heard about her newest part. Having noticed two very big bumps on either side of her head they wanted to know if she had gone in for prize fighting. And they were really anxious about her until she volunteered the information that the bumps are on her head every evening from having the skin on her forehead pulled out of place for six hours a day.

The greatest difficulty is the wig. It takes the maid over an hour to make the coiffure. She combs the heavy and long oiled black strands again and again with the novel looking wooden combs used by natives, and ties each switch firmly with waxed paper string—also a native custom. The worst of it is that the wig cannot be made up before putting it on Miss Dana's head. The proper effect must be proportioned to her particular style. Consequently she has to arise at an unconscionable hour in order to arrive at the studio early enough to give the maid plenty of time to do the actual hair-dressing upon her head.

After the wig is on and dressed, Viola paints around the edges of it with black cosmetic in order to blend it in with the skin so that it is quite undiscernible that she wears a wig. She also puts cosmetic inside the lower lid of her eyes to accentuate their narrowness. She had her choice between doing this and cutting off her eyelashes. The Japanese have practically no eyelashes at all. But the fear that the curling lashes she now has might not grow in again and the fact that she didn't propose to be always a Japanese heroine kept her from making this sacrifice to Art.

First thing is to draw the hair tight back from the forehead, in order to give the eyes the proper slant. (This makes a stoic out of the babiest of stares).

Then, when the eyes are slanted sufficiently, a Nippon maid combs the oiled tresses of the heavy black wig with a native Japanese wooden comb.

And then, you're a perfectly appointed Japanese maiden, furtively awaiting the 5:30 o'clock studio whistle in order to get back into Western garb.

You must either remove the lashes or paint cosmetics on the inside of the underlids. Viola Dana chose the latter process, doing the painting herself.

Blind Husbands

THE post coach slowly creaked its way up the laborious road to Cortina D'Ampezzo set in its niche in the mountains. Dr. Robert Armstrong glanced casually at the Austrian cavalry officer seated opposite and in that glance appraised him as a shallow-headed fop. In the same casual reflection he decided his wife who sat beside him would as usual share his opinion, if indeed the doctor went so far in his off-hand observation to formulate it into definite thought. In a moment he dismissed the stranger from his mind and returned to his reading.

Dr. Armstrong was feeling in excellent humor. After a year of exacting though most satisfactory work at the American Hospital in Paris he was on his way for a fortnight of mountain climbing in the Alps. In a few moments they would be at the quaint Hotel Croce Bianca with its unworldly atmosphere of peace. Old Sepp, philosopher and guide of the region would be there to meet him—Old Sepp, whose words of simple wisdom were a healing balm to the souls of jaded, mind-weary men. They would climb Monte Cristallo this year, he and Sepp. The clean air and the vigorous exercise would put him back in fine trim for his next year of work.

A feeling of deep content permeated Dr. Armstrong's being. He was wearing his most comfortable outing togs. He had completely relaxed. Also by the gift of his confreres at the hospital he had a fine line of new scientific treatises with which to regale his leisure moments. Then, too, Margaret was there beside him. If she had not been there he would have been desolate with a sense of incompleteness. It would have been much the same as if he had found himself in a sick room without his clinical thermometer. But she was there, and he was possessed of that vague, proud feeling common to undemonstrative husbands who love their wives but who do not find it necessary to outwardly demonstrate the state of their emotions. Margaret was looking well, charming and beautiful—that was enough for him.

Settling himself more agreeably into the upholstery of the side seat of the coach Dr. Armstrong immersed himself in his book with the complacent smile of the man who considers that he is on perfect terms with a very kind world.

Lieutenant Erich Von Steuben, sitting opposite, was a connoisseur of beauty. Also he was an adept at sensing out domestic infelicities which might, with some manipulation, be made to flower into an hour's amusement.

"Neglected—and very beautiful" Von Steuben observed as he watched Armstrong plunge into his book quite ignoring the attractive wife beside him. The lieutenant, having an eye for such things, noted too the all but concealed look of mortification which first set her red lips a-quiver, then straightened them into a hard proud line.

This was just the sort of thing that he lived for. Von Steuben adjusted his monocle, and placed with studied grace his tapering and perfectly manicured fingers about his sword hilt. Not too forwardly he let his experienced eyes travel in appraisal from the neat ankles to the modish sailor which sat so fetchingly on the pretty head of the unappreciated wife.

No woman, especially no woman of beauty, could have been quite unconscious of the officer's gaze, so clearly full of ardent approval as it was—no woman, even far less hungry for some sort of recognition of her power to charm.

Margaret Armstrong was tired of being pushed into the background of her husband's life, of being ignored and well near snubbed for some cold inhuman scientific pursuit, of being treated as pleasant and decorative but most unessential.

She was young and warm blooded. She was filled with the natural craving for affection and approbation characteristic of an impulsive nature. And though she recognized the covert insolence of the glances of their fellow traveller in the Hotel Croce Bianca bus, she was rather more gratified than insulted at the tribute. While she despised the perfidious bird of prey type that Von Steuben obviously represented she was flattered at his frank appreciation of her physical charms.

A crowd of the villagers of Cortina D'Ampezzo in front of the hotel greeted the arrival of the bus. Sepp was there just as Dr. Armstrong had expected, and others whom he had befriended on earlier visits. They shouted jovial welcomes and crowded about the step. The doctor jumped down with outstretched arms. It was wonderful, this cordial friendliness of the mountain people! In the glow of enthusiasm which swept him he forgot all about Margaret. He said his greetings all around, then as an after-thought turned to see what had become of her. The fop of an officer who had ridden up with them was helping her down the coach steps. Her cheeks were aglow with color and her eyes were bright. It annoyed Armstrong just a trifle that Margaret should permit this posing jackanapes to touch her arm. But it did not occur to him that her eyes might be very bright and her cheeks very red that another should have seen of what very casual importance she was in her husband's attentions.

The inn keeper showed them to their quarters with a great bowing and display of humble courtesy.

Dr. Armstrong threw down his wraps, answering Margaret's

High above the Alpine clouds the treachery of a jackal Austrian, the indifference of an eminent American surgeon, and the love-hunger of his pretty young wife meet and fight to an impressive climax.

By BETTY SHANNON

questions with a tone of vast preoccupation, and rushed out straightway in quest of Old Sepp.

But Lieutenant Von Steuben in his chamber down the hall changed his clothes with the greatest care, sprayed himself with perfume, then stooped over to look at himself approvingly in the glass.

"The lady pines for attention" he smiled to himself, "She shall have it."

Margaret Armstrong was not a frivolous, vain young woman. She was to the contrary a sane-minded, wholesomely reared American girl with ambition to be of real use in the world. She looked back with tender memory at the days before her husband became an eminent surgeon, days when they were forced to economize and plan, days dear to recall because then he needed her. She hated the success which demanded all his time and thought, and which had pushed her out of his life so far that he no longer turned to her even in his playtime.

It had been Margaret's hope that this trip into the Alps would bring him back to her again, back to her as the lover of their early married days. She had selected her wardrobe with greatest care, remembering even the colors he had preferred on their honeymoon. She had chosen practical things for climbing, hoping that he would see by these that she was prepared to go with him wherever he went.

But Dr. Armstrong did not notice the new clothes. It did not enter his head to include Margaret in the expeditions he planned with Sepp, nor did he think of consulting her pleasure in the matter. He was liberal in his allowance to his wife. He assumed that she would prefer to sit around the hotel or to make excursions into the interesting places of the village with the other women guests, rather than to go with him.

With husbandly absent-mindedness he let her do her own fetching and carrying. He was entirely unmindful of her comfort. Also he spent all of the time when they were together, either in their suite or in public, reading from his fascinating new works on science.

At first she ignored the officer's persistent courtesies, or accepted them with frigid thanks. Then as he persisted in spite of her hauteur, and as her resentment and loneliness grew upon her she unbent a little for sheer want of human companionship. By the evening of the celebration of the Festival of the Transfiguration, Margaret and Von Steuben were on rather friendly terms. He had been clever enough to recognize her fundamental loyalty to her husband and had so far tempered his flattery and conducted himself as not to destroy her confidence. This was, he recognized, a case in which he must work slowly. He was a sly dog.

It was a night for loves and lovers—the silver night of the Festival of the Transfiguration. Through all the curious old streets of Cortina D'Ampezzo dallied the amorous evening wind, gentle as dew, and wooing with the fragrance of a thousand flowers brought from the mountain sides. Bright lanterns burned like jewels, lending passion and color to the shimmering chastity of the moonlight. Wild music called to the joys of the dance and the air was sweet with song.

The vividness of the night with its lavishness of delight awakened a poignant longing in the heart of Margaret Armstrong for something that was not hers.

It was not enough that she should sit looking down at the display of life and beauty around her from the table on the

The surgeon forced Von Steuben to the edge of the precipice. "Has there been anything between you and my wife?" he asked, with deadly calm. "Now—the truth—or you die!"

hotel piazza while her husband, unmindful of her presence or of the glamour of the evening, talked learnedly with the American physician who was his guest, or listened to boastings of the American's two companions who vowed to climb Monte Cristallo from the unconquered side the next day. These things were vapid to Margaret. The youth in her was calling for love.

At last she could stand it no longer. She arose and went into the inn. The piano stood open in the deserted living-room. She swayed against it, holding her hands before her eyes for a moment. Then she sank down to the bench and slipped into a plaintive melody she had sung as a girl.

Margaret did not know that Erich Von Steuben entered the room, or that he had picked up a violin from its case on the music cabinet, until the thin, sweet voice of the instrument joined hers. She glanced at the Austrian and they went on to the end. When they were done she sat still, looking down at her hands. Von Steuben laid the violin down on top of the piano and bent over Margaret.

"Why are you here?" he asked. "You are missing all of the gaiety."

"I do not care for gaiety tonight," she answered drably.

There was a pause. Von Steuben bent closer and took Margaret's hands in his.

"You are brave," he said with feeling. "But why do you always think of him?"—he pointed to the piazza—"he does not think of you. He does not care how young you are. He does not see that you are beautiful. I see your loveliness. I adore—"

Margaret rose from the bench. Von Steuben reached out

When Von Steuben kissed Margaret's hand, Dr. Armstrong choked a swift desire to throw him out of the door.

his arms to embrace her. She slipped away and ran out through the door without looking back, rejoining her husband and his friends at the table.

If Dr. Armstrong had gone off the following morning as usual for a jaunt with Old Sepp Margaret would have avoided Erich Von Steuben. She had no desire to precipitate another situation like the one of the evening before, and yet she knew that she would not have the will power to prevent one if she were alone with the officer.

But it happened that the surgeon decided to spend the day in the village, and furthermore he offered to escort Margaret and the lieutenant on a walk through the market place. There was nothing for Margaret to do but accept, and to treat Von Steuben as though nothing had occurred to change the status of their relationship. She could not refuse to go without giving an explanation, and she did not choose to give one.

As the trio stopped to admire the curious, age-stained antiques spread out to tempt them in front of an odd little shop, the ancient buggy of the gray-haired village doctor rattled toward them over the cobblestones, then stopped. The old physician beckoned to Dr. Armstrong. In a moment the younger man returned to where Margaret and Von Steuben were examining an exquisite box.

"I've got to go with Dr. Brunner on a serious case," he said.

The light and vivacity died out of Margaret's face. She turned away so that her husband could not see the tears of disappointment that sprang to her eyes.

"Dr. Brunner needs me, Margaret," he added quietly. "Lieutenant Von Steuben, would you mind looking after my wife until I return?"

All the fires of Margaret's rebellion against her husband, against his profession, against Fate, against the people and the things which continually conspired to take him away from her, burst into flame again as she saw him drive away. She adjusted her hat at a more daring angle before an old mirror set in a priceless carven frame, then turned to the Austrian with a coquettish smile.

"I know a beautiful place where I want to take you," Von Steuben whispered in her ear. She clasped her two hands around his proffered arm and gayly they started down the quiet road that led past the roadside shrine away from the town.

Many a woman who believes in a moment of vengeful unhappiness that she can cast aside the restraints of her traditions finds that she has overestimated the abandon of her desperation.

Margaret Armstrong, as she walked arm in arm with Von Steuben, was astonished to find that she was repelled by the insinuations of his flattery and by his presumptuous familiarity. In spite of the fierceness of her determination to fling herself free and carelessly into a flirtation the flame of her resentment died down to a gray ash, leaving her more miserable than before.

When Old Sepp, scouting over the fields with his dog, came upon the two seated on a lone rock, overlooking the sweeping valley, Margaret welcomed his appearance as an excuse to get away from the ardent wooing of Von Steuben. She chatted with the old guide with great vivacity, finding relief for her distressed conscience in his homely observations, ignoring the Austrian and suggesting that they go back with Sepp to the village.

Von Steuben rose without a word and helped Margaret down from the rock, bowing stiffly in deference to her wishes. His thin lips snapped together in a nasty determined line. The game was not being played according to his rules.

Margaret, back at the inn, stayed in her room all the afternoon, tortured with unhappiness, both dreading and longing for her husband's return. A rush of tenderness and patience for his faults and shortcomings swept her. The pendulum of her emotions had swung back from the momentary disloyalty of the morning to a violence of feeling that was almost torture.

Toward late afternoon she put on the prettiest of her frocks, arranged her hair becomingly, and sat down by the window to await her husband's coming.

It was almost evening when he arrived. The sun was striking fire from the gold cross on the chapel and the shadows lay long over the cobblestones. He lingered to consult in the market place before the hotel with Sepp and others of the old villagers, who seemed in earnest conclave, wisely shaking their heads together. Margaret waited with an agony of forgiving.

Dr. Armstrong entered the open door and walked past Margaret without a word of greeting.

"I was afraid of it," he said, reaching into a closet for his hobnailed mountain boots. "Our three American wise fools are not back yet. Sepp says that means they are in trouble. Dr. Brunner is not able to go to them. I'm the only doctor here and it's my duty to go. A party is going up."

"I promise, I promise," Margaret answered eagerly. "Only go—

Margaret uttered a quick cry and ran to her husband, putting her arms on his shoulder.

"But if it wasn't safe for them, it isn't safe for you," she exclaimed.

Armstrong kissed her dispassionately on the forehead and put her aside.

"But it is my duty," he said, hurrying into his climbing clothes.

Duty! Again duty! Always duty! And duty to some one else who was sick or dying or in danger, with never a thought for their own love that was dying for want of his care!

Margaret left the room and went to sit alone on the piazza. Her hands were icy cold and her eyes burned with fever. Her cheeks flushed red with the shame of her chagrin. When Armstrong came to bid her good-by and tell her that the rescue party would not return until the following day, she kissed him with eyes that did not see. She went back into the hotel without waiting to watch him up the path and wave a farewell.

Lieutenant Von Steuben was up and about early the following morning. Before the curio shop where he had been the morning previous with Margaret and her husband was fairly open the officer was there bargaining with the deaf old dealer for the box which Margaret had admired.

Von Steuben returned to his room and awaited his time until the halls were empty and every guest on the floor save Margaret had gone down to breakfast. Then he stepped cautiously to her door, box in hand.

The lieutenant's low rap interrupted Margaret in her dressing. Thinking it one of the maids, she tossed back the locks

Sepp looked at the officer with accusing eyes. With a half-smothered oath, Von Steuben turned to his own room again.

she was brushing, threw a chiffon negligee about her shoulders and unlocked the door. The Austrian wedged the toe of his boot in the narrow opening and flung the door open. When Margaret saw who was outside she tried to slam the door shut again. But Von Steuben had taken a step forward. With one hand he reached the satiny box around the edge of the door.

"See," he said, "I think of you the first thing in the morning."

Almost without thinking Margaret took the box in her hand and looked at it uneasily, scarcely knowing what to say. Von Steuben took her silence for an acceptance. He squeezed himself through the door, closed it again and stood with his back against it."

Margaret set down the box and ordered the officer from her room. He grinned insinuatingly.

"Well, lady, I am here."

He reached forward suddenly, grasped Margaret's arm and drew her to him. She struggled to be loose, but he held her powerless. She dared not scream.

"Please let me go—please—please," she gasped.

For answer Von Steuben circled her head with his arm, forced up her chin and kissed her full on the mouth.

"That's better than a husband who doesn't love you, isn't it?" he gloated.

"What if he should come now—there, I hear him." Margaret fought in Von Steuben's arms as they heard footsteps coming up the stairs. Von Steuben dropped his hold and stood tense and still with Margaret. But the footsteps want past and died away. Presently a door slammed down the hall.

Von Steuben, coward that he was, was glad to leave. But to save his face, he crushed Margaret more closely to him and whispered, "But I'll not let you go until you promise that I may come again sometime when we can be alone."

"I promise, I promise," Margaret answered eagerly. "Only please go now, go, go." In her desperation she would have promised anything.

Von Steuben left the room jauntily with the air of a man who has won. Margaret sat down to stare at herself, very white and shaken, in the mirror.

Half an hour later she was aroused by the tolling of the churchbell. She went to the window. The villagers were hastening toward the path down which the rescue party would come. She hastily threw on her clothes and ran to join the people.

It was a solemn procession that came winding down the narrow path. The rescuers carried improvised biers on which lay the three boastful Americans. Dr. Armstrong and Sepp followed in the rear.

As Margaret watched the saddened group come toward her her overwrought nerves gave way. Erich Von Steuben, who had followed her from the hotel, rushed to her side and caught her in his arms as she fell in a dead faint.

The commotion drew the attention of the people away from the approaching party. Some one called to Dr. Armstrong. He strode to the knot of people gathered about, brushed them aside and took Margaret's limp form from the Austrian's arms, carrying her to the Croce Bianca. *(Continued on page 126)*

please go!" In her desperation, she would have promised anything.

Pearl White's Party

RUSSELL started it all.

He called up Pearl White one day—from the Ottille Orphan Asylum where he lives—and told her in his own characteristic baby way that he wanted a Party. Pearl had never heard of Russell but Russell knew Pearl.

So Pearl called up the matron of the asylum and asked if Russell and the other children could come to her home in Bayside. Nearly thirty children arrived, and they had ice-cream cones and gingerbread, and Russell—whom you see prominently pictured above and at the right—was ringmaster—for hadn't he arranged the party, himself?

After a day in the woods and dusk in the drawing-room, where Pearl played and sang to them, they bundled into two cars and went home.

Cutting Back

Reminiscences of the Early Days

By

WILLIAM N. SELIG

EDITOR'S NOTE: Colonel William N. Selig is a real picture pioneer. Consider that he was responsible for the first real serial, "The Adventures of Kathlyn" which may be said to have started the present wave of popularity for chapter drama. He was the first, too, to introduce animals as film actors; first produce a long historical photoplay,—"Christopher lumbus," in three thousand feet, a forward step in se old days of split and one reelers. Selig preted a new era in celluloid drama when he staged he Spoilers" and this marked, too, one of the first tances of a widely-read novel being translated into tures. He was the first to move his producing ces to California. And the Selig zoo is still one of the beauty-spots of Los Angeles. His activities are not done—he has just superintended the production of a new serial in which animals and human actors share honors.

Matzene

A FEW weeks ago a small group of amateur bandits undertook to hold up a bank in a little suburb of Los Angeles. They were appropriately armed and wore the determined countenances of men on serious business.

But the cashier and his assistant didn't believe it. The former took a swing at the leading bandit; his assistant took care of the next one and in the melee that followed all of the would-be robbers were captured.

You see, the bankers thought it was a movie scene and were aggrieved that permission was not first invoked to use the bank for the filming thereof, as is the prevailing custom.

And it is not even a decade ago that the Los Angeles police were getting daily calls—hurried robbery, murder, abduction alarms—only to discover upon investigation that the participants in the pseudo-violence were moving picture actors. Having sent the first motion picture company to California, not quite a dozen years ago, I may modestly lay claim to initial honors—if the police will permit that word—along those lines.

It is not quite twelve years since that pioneer company left Chicago looking for sunlight and finally got to Los Angeles by way of New Orleans. Today the making of motion pictures

All old pictures by courtesy of James McGee.

The first studio in California, at 8th and Olive Streets, Los Angeles, in what is now the heart of Film Row. Francis Boggs, at the left with hat on, is directing his Selig players in their first "Made in California" product, in March, 1908.

Francis Boggs, who was the first stage director, in Mr. Selig's memory, to undertake seriously the making of film plays.

is perhaps the greatest industry not only of Los Angeles but of the entire coast, for it pays in salaries alone approximately $30,000,000 a year.

I have no desire to pose as the cinema discoverer of what the writers now call Califilmia for it was the late Francis Boggs, my chief director, who first learned that the sunshine of California was the ideal light for moving pictures. This was long before artificial lighting came into use.

But as this is to be something of the nature of historical narrative, it is best to go back to beginnings and take the various steps in the advance of the business in chronological order. I am taking it for granted that the reader will permit me to talk a little about myself without being charged with immodesty.

Unless I am mistaken I am the oldest person—in point of service—in what we love to call "the game" for I have been in it for 23 years. Long before some of our present stars were born and when most of the present big figures of the industry were still children, I was making "movies" in Chicago with real honest-to-goodness actors.

There have been many claims put forth by various persons as to the first stage players to go "into pictures." I want to say that I hired actors for movies so long ago that I have even forgotten their names.

At that time, 1896, we were making twenty-five and fifty foot scenes to be shown in vaudeville theaters and elsewhere, and I used to go over to the Hopkins Theater on South State street and get actors out of the stock company to play in the scenes. At that time there were three companies in business in this country, Edison, Biograph and Selig. It was ten years or more before D. W. Griffith applied for a humble job at the door of Biograph. Lumiere, in Paris, was our foreign competitor, a big shipper of film to the United States. The movies then consisted of nothing longer than fifty foot strips—one scene, usually of a fire department in active eruption or something else depicting some every day occurrence in which action dominated.

There has been much talk of the person to whom invention of the close-up should be credited, as well as to the first persons with any sort of stage reputation to pose for the pictures. I think I can dispose of both these claims by citing the fact that the first close-up was made by Edison—two persons kissing—the kissers being May Irwin, and I think, John Rice. There were no censors then to trim the kiss, but at the same time, it was before the age of the soul-kiss, so no one thought of measuring it. However the entire action, I think, took about fifty feet.

Shortly afterwards I made a comedy that proved a sensation. It was the scene of a tramp stealing a pie from a window ledge. A bulldog spied him and gave chase, grabbing him by the seat of his trousers as he was about to climb the fence. The climax came when the fence broke under the weight of the tramp, which was not at all in the

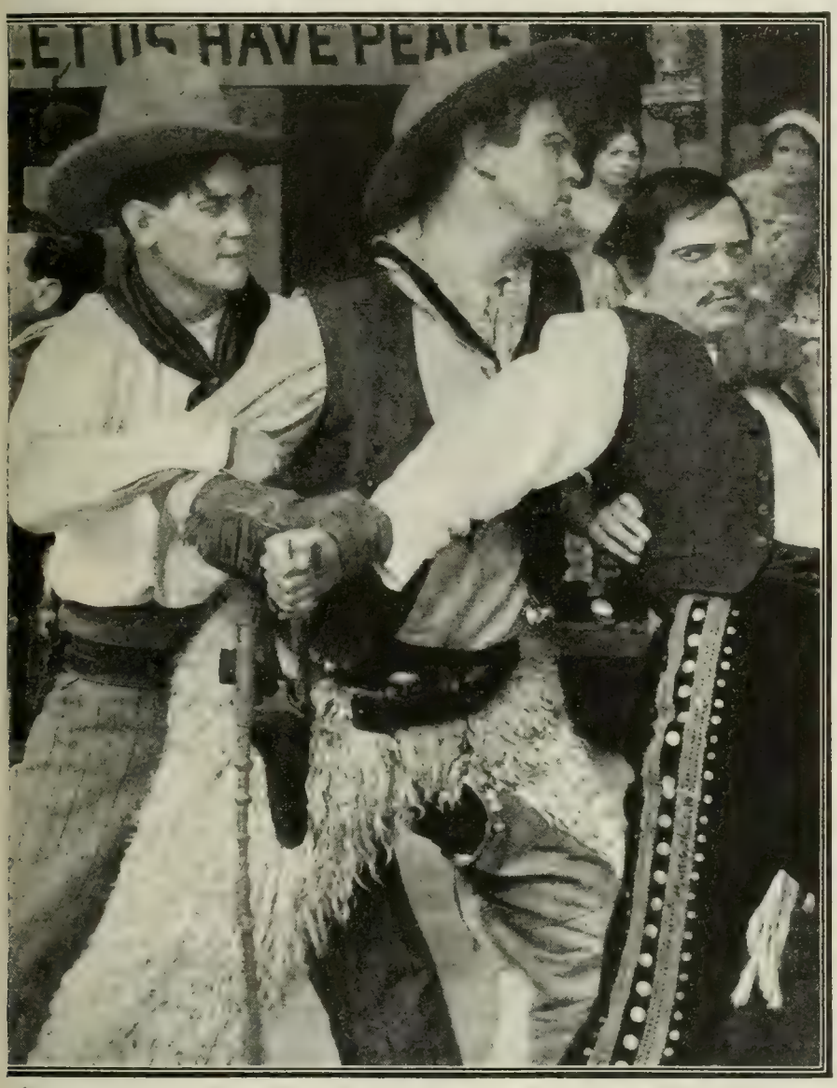
An "all-star cast" in a Selig film of Besserer, "Daddy" Richards (deceased), Bosworth, Herbert Rawlinson

Kathlyn Williams, a pioneer still in favor, as she appeared in "The Fire Chief's Daughter," one of her first for Selig.

scenario, but that gave it a concluding punch. That picture was more than a sensation, it was a riot. And I can't even remember the name of the star. I only recall that I got him from the vaudeville stage. This was in 1897, 22 years ago. That same year, on March 17, motion pictures were taken of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons argument at Carson City, Nev. It was done on a special size film, of much greater width than used now but as it required a specially made projection machine, comparatively few persons ever saw it.

Of course there was a great deal of scene taking during the Spanish-American War and some very good films were made at the Pan-American Exposition in 1901.

Then followed a long period of litigation and filming was confined largely to scenics, parades, etc., the forerunner of the present news weekly. I can remember filming the Grand Army Parade on



1910 vintage. Left to right: Eugene Thomas Santschi, Art Acord, Hobart and Iva Sheppard.

State street, Chicago, and showing the film on the screen at the Hopkins while the parade was still in progress, an unprecedented feat and one that even today would be commented upon.

During the next few years while the courts were occupied with patent litigation I confined my efforts to making scenics along different railroad lines which were used for advertising purposes. This was one of the early uses of the motion picture for commercial purposes.

The next era of the film industry begins with the production by Edison of "The Great Train Robbery." It was the first single reel picture containing a story in continuity, though it was really only 800 feet long. However it was a big step from the short length single scenes and marked an important milestone in the forward march of the new art form. Soon afterwards I made a picture of similar length, "The Lynching at Cripple Creek" and this went out, like "The

Hobart Bosworth's first picture, "The Roman." This was made in 1908. The girl is Betty Harte. This picture was filmed on the famous Gillespie estate at Santa Barbara, since widely filmed.

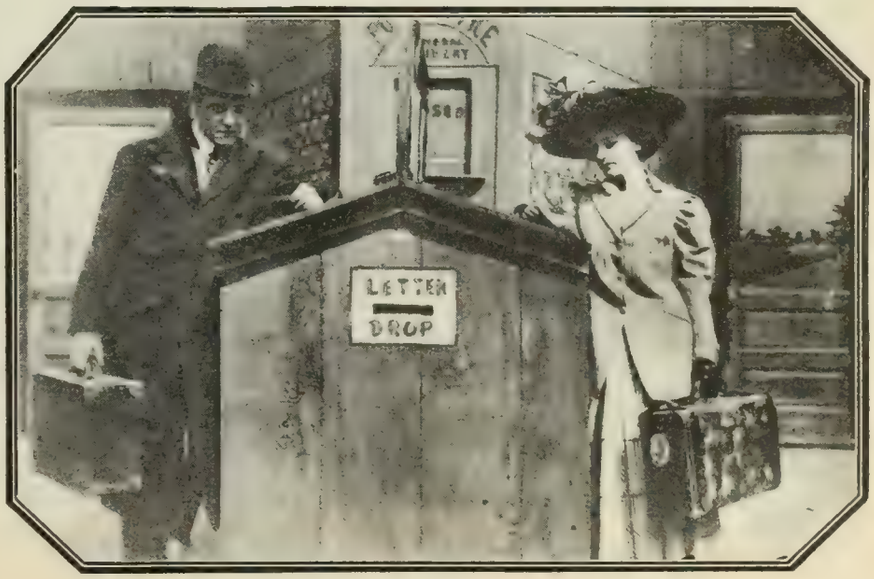
Train Robbery," for a long "run" under what we used to call the "black tops," the dark-hued tents which were familiar to all devotees of the county fair. Chris Lane, of a vaudeville sketch team, played the leading part in the lynching affair.

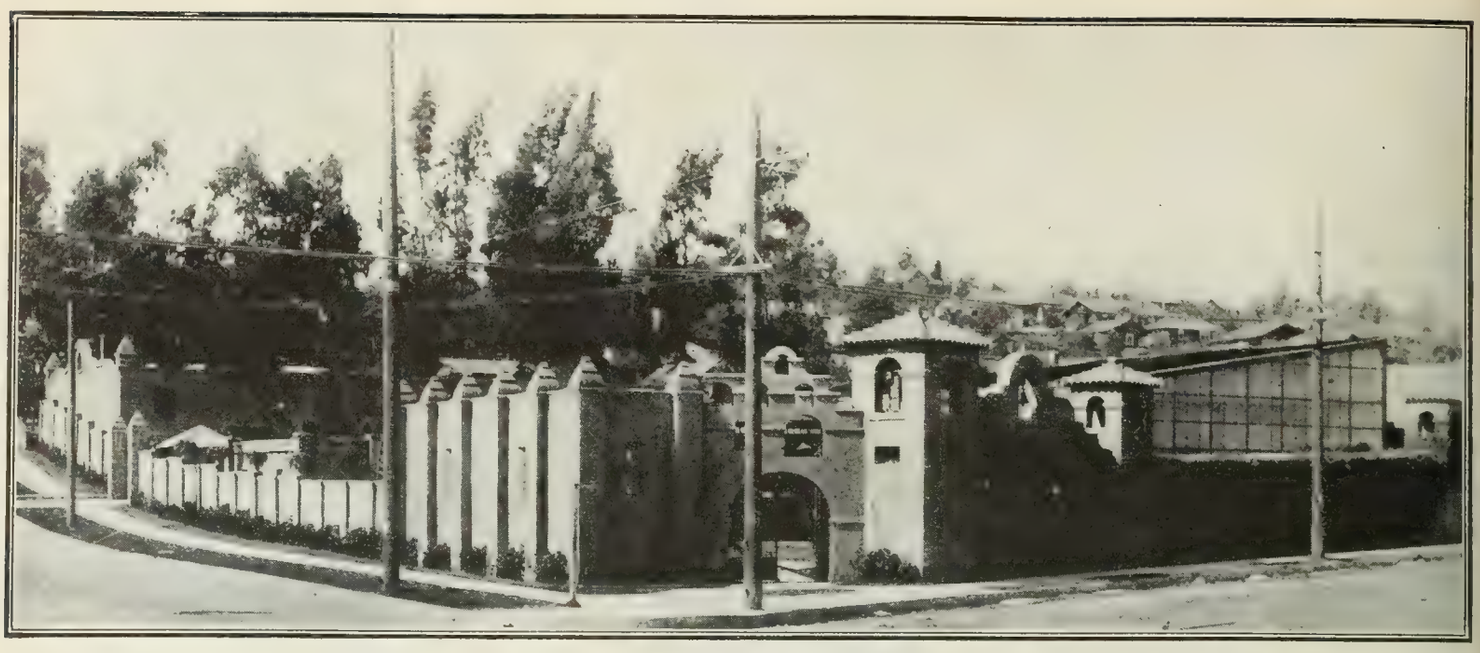
Later I engaged as a director Gilbert M. Anderson who later became famous as "Broncho Billy." He had played a part in "The Great Train Robbery" and he applied for a position as a director. His first picture was "The Tomboys." This was followed by "The Female Highwayman," "Who's Who," "Dolly's Papa" and "Lights of a Great City." This was in 1906. Later Anderson joined forces with George Spoor, organizing Essanay.

I almost forgot to chronicle the production of "Humpty Dumpty" a 675 foot classic in 1904. This came before "The Lynching at Cripple Creek," which was followed by another "Western"—"The Holdup of the Leadville Stage" done in 850 stirring feet of film. Other productions of that time were "The Serenade," 500 feet long, and "The Gay Deceivers."

Francis Boggs, so far as I know, was the first stage director to undertake seriously the making of motion picture plays. He had been an actor and

Bob Leonard's first picture job, with Betty Harte, in "The Politician." How do you like the style, girls?





The first real studio in Los Angeles—the completed Edendale studio of Selig, where Boggs was murdered. It is now occupied by Clara Kimball Young.

director of stock productions for many years when he came to me early in 1907. I have always regarded him as the real pioneer in photodramatic production, as well as the real discoverer of California as the paradise of the photoplay maker. Had he lived he would have become a figure of international importance as he was far ahead of his time. He was assassinated by an insane Japanese gardener in my Los Angeles studio, on October 11, 1912.

When the inclement weather of Chicago drove Boggs southward, he was succeeded by Otis Turner, who died about a year ago, after a long and successful career. In later years Turner was generally regarded as the dean of the directoral profession.

Boggs started for New Orleans in April 1908. He had orders to turn out a one reel drama each week. His first company consisted of Tom Santschi as leading man; Jean Ward as leading lady; James McGee, now manager of my Los Angeles studio who has been with me continuously ever since; Harry Todd, another actor still in the game; James Crosby, cameraman; the latter's wife and Silence Towers, who played characters and mothers.

Meantime we were making "Damon and Pythias" in Chicago. That nearly broke me because it was so long that the exhibitors refused to run it. It measured just 2400 feet and the theater men of that day wouldn't take anything that ran longer than a reel. "The Holy City" released the same year ran even a little longer.

Boggs made "In the Bad Lands" as his first offering en tour and next came "Faust" with Tom Santschi as "Faust," Jim McGee as "Valentine," Harry Todd as "Mephisto" and Miss Ward as "Marguerite." This was filmed in a little Louisiana town.

Wet weather overtook the cinema troupers in the south and Boggs, having started "Monte Cristo" was compelled to go on to California to finish it. It was cut to one reel because it couldn't be sold, but later I had it redone in three reels.

The first studio in California was built—or rather improvised—by Boggs at the corner of Eighth and Olive streets, Los Angeles, within hailing distance of the present "Film Row," the seat of film distribution for that section of the country. The studio didn't amount to much as studios go nowadays but it was the beginning of California's greatest industry. The photographs of that pioneer institution, for which I am indebted to Mr. McGee, tell better than words just what sort of a place it was.

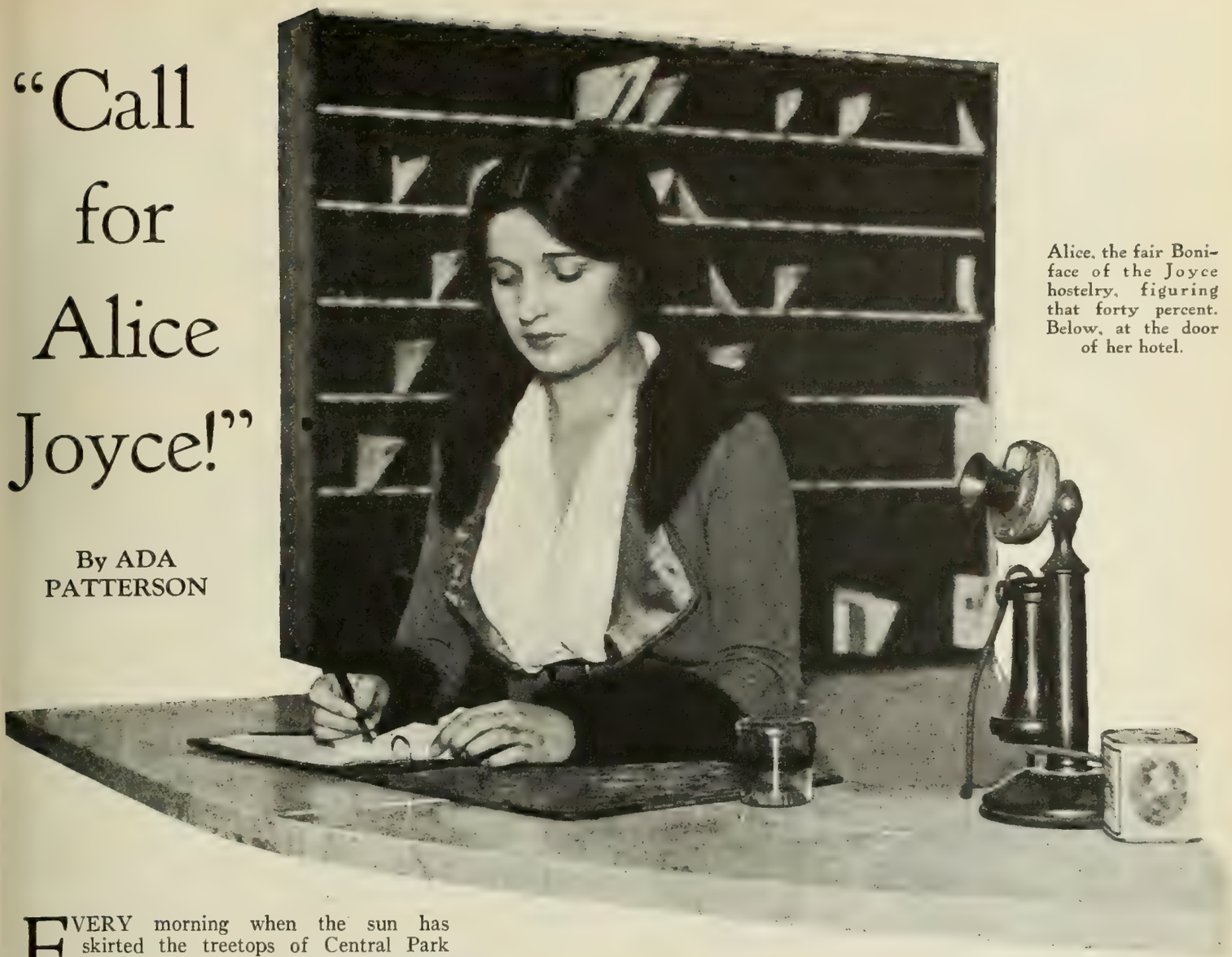
Meantime we were still making pictures in Chicago. Wallie

(Continued on page 130)

At the left—when Fatty Arbuckle made (and fully earned) "five a day." The comedy was called "The Sanitarium" and was made under the Selig banner, in 1909. The man behind Fatty is George Hernandez. At the right—an old unidentified Selig, featuring Stello Rogetto. James McGee is seated at the right.

"Call for Alice Joyce!"

By ADA PATTERSON



Alice, the fair Boniface of the Joyce hostelry, figuring that forty percent. Below, at the door of her hotel.

EVERY morning when the sun has skirted the treetops of Central Park and shines generously upon the roofs of the houses and hotels in the nearest of the Seventy-second Street blocks, a flock of pigeons flies to the same roof and preens and waits. The pigeons visit only this hotel. I know because I live in one of the neighboring hotels and witness the daily visit. They light and preen upon the roof of the Hotel Joyce for a sufficient and excellent reason. Alice Joyce, the owner of the hotel, has ordered that they be fed.

"Try crumbs and peanuts and wheat different mornings. Whichever they like best, feed them. Give them all they want of it every morning."

She is generous to persons as to pigeons. "Why haven't you put up awnings?" she asked the manager of the Hotel Joyce.

"Owing to the high cost of cotton their price is prohibitive. None of the hotels have awnings at all their windows. They furnish them only to the guests who pay for them. Besides, the summer isn't a hot one. Some prefer not to have the light shut out."

Her manager is plausible and persuasive. But his argument failed. "Put up screens at every window, please," said Miss Joyce.

The awnings appeared before every window of the Hotel Joyce and remained there until as summer receded there was no doubt that the full quota of sunshine would be welcome. She employed a housekeeper from a neighboring hotel. A poor housekeeper who tried to supplement her few deeds with many words. She had received ten dollars a week at the neighboring hotel. It was more than she was worth. But Alice Joyce placed her name on the payroll opposite fifteen dollars a week.

"While the cost of living is so high that is the least I will pay a housekeeper," she insisted.

Since early last summer Alice Joyce has been an hotel keeper. Why? For two far different reasons. She is interested in the art of home-making, and knowing the homelessness of even the prosperous New Yorker, desired to change that condition. Another and cogent reason is that, being a good business woman, and she is such, she is not deaf to the sound of "forty percent a year."

Miss Joyce had been negotiating for a theatre of her own. Should she buy one of the many offered? Or would she build one? The problem engaged her mind between pictures. A friend of the family hearing her brother, Frank Joyce, mention the projected Alice Joyce theatre, said: "Why a theatre? Why not an hotel? A well kept hotel can be made to yield forty percent a year."

Miss Joyce bought the new twelve-story brick hotel at 31 West Seventy-first Street. One hundred and fifty-three rooms snuggle cosily beneath its roof. Each is differently decorated, and furnished otherwise than its neighbors. "The sameness of hotel rooms detracts from their homelikeness," the fair Boniface says. "I want my hotel to be like a home." A Japanese conducts the restaurant, which is never closed.

The first article in Pauline Frederick's creed is "I believe every woman should be a good housekeeper."

What They Wanted To Be

Not every comedian believes himself an incipient Hamlet; a lot of them have still wilder ambitions.

By
ADA PATTERSON

Drawings by Florence McAnelly

EVERY star of the screen cherishes a belief that he or she would have been as successful in another art or profession. Each believes that millions would have reached his or her coffers by another channel as readily as by the cinema. Their faith is that of the scientist who declares that, given a certain amount of ability, it may be harnessed to one of several forms of activity with equal success. One of the greatest of New York editors, espousing the doctrine, has persuaded himself that he would have been as great a doctor or lawyer as an editor.

The modesty with which Billie Burke keeps in the background her belief in her own potentialities as a painter is only measured by the positiveness of that belief. Miss Burke gets out her easels and paints and brushes and paints alleged likenesses of her defenseless three-year-old daughter, Florence Patricia Ziegfeld. The guessing games that result from an exhibition of the finished sketches might destroy a conviction less thoroughly rooted that she might have been a painter. "What is that? Frutti?" asks her husband. Returning from a day of rehearsals of the Follies, Mr. Ziegfeld innocently thinks his lovely wife has amused herself by painting her white poodle "Frutti" by name. Mrs. Burke, her mother, knowing naught of her granddaughter's sittings in the Japanese gardens of Burkeley Crest, asks if the product of diligent hours is a chrysanthemum. But Miss Burke shakes her Titian poll and thrusts forth her piquant chin. A painter she would have been had not the screen intervened. There is no doubt of it, at least in her mind.

As sure is Mabel Taliaferro that she would have been a sculptor but for the intervention of the blue light and the camera. Alice Joyce thinks she has furnished proof that she might have been as successful an architect as an actress in the silent drama.

Marjorie Rambeau, and Marjorie Rambeau's mother, share the opinion that the beauteous Miss Rambeau would have been a successful physician. If that be a delusion I share it with them. Marjorie is of highest power magnetism that flows from a reservoir of unlimited health and abundant strength. So vibrant, so vital is she that she might have built a fortune as a faith healer. Her mother studied medicine. The daughter had elected to adopt the same profession. But needs pressed and the stage was the road to ready money. She took it.

The first article in Pauline Frederick's creed is "I believe

Marguerite Clark has discovered that designing and manufacturing dolls is a way to fortune.

every woman should be a good housekeeper." She can perform every branch of the household art. She is a Boston girl with a full quota of Yankee faculty. Often she irons her chiffon blouses because no one else irons them to suit her. She thinks domestic science should be thoroughly taught. If there were visiting teachers of domestic science she believes every household would be happier. She would have been glad to serve in such capacity had not the screen claimed her.

Robert Edeson is a physical culture specialist. Wherever he sets up his home there is also a gymnasium. With but slightest encouragement he organizes groups of his fellow actors in the art of keeping yourself fit. He would have been a doctor but that the time and expense of taking a medical course and the years required for the establishment of a practice reared mountain-high obstacles to "Bob" Edeson in his teens. Instead he supplied himself with nearly infinite vigor by a health course on a western ranch and in the northern woods. An hour a day in his gymnasium at the Hotel des Artistes is his minimum. Those are reasons why he says "Motion picture work is being paid for what I like to do. I like to ride and swim and dig and wrestle. The movies give me a chance to do these and pay me for it."

Billie Burke gets out her easels and paints alleged likenesses of her defenceless three-year-old daughter.

Hamilton Revell paints a little and makes many artistic photographs. Mrs. Fiske thinks them artistic else she would not have permitted him to photograph her. His studies of her adorned the menu cards at the dinner given to her last winter by the Society of Arts and Letters.

Marguerite Clark has discovered that designing and manufacturing dolls is a way to fortune. The demand for dolls is as great as that for motion picture entertainment. If she hadn't adopted "the pictures" she would have invented and manufactured a huge variety of dolls.

Kitty Gordon, who came from the neat, tight little island of England, has a liking for landscape gardening. Also a belief that that way success would have lain for her. At her home at Manhattan Beach, the Moorish villa with the yellow roof, she gives evidence of what she might have achieved had she turned her back upon pictures and her face to English and American gardens.

Evidently Mrs. Fiske thinks Hamilton Revelle an artistic photographer or she would not permit him to photograph her.

Bessie Love thinks her forte is animal training. She watches with manifest envy the woman who cracks the thongs above a snarling leopard's head. But she would have tamed the leopard by means of love and patience, she insists. She doesn't believe what she hears about the untameliness of the leopard. She wouldn't fear to undertake the education of a zebra. Meanwhile she practices on the lawn of her Hollywood home reducing a mongrel dog and two feeble minded poodles to a state of complete subjection.

Nance O'Neill says folk travel without the necessary degree of forethought and display of intelligence. She would have liked to arrange and conduct world tours. Howard Estabrook studied Spanish that his dream of owning a cattle ranch on the Argentinian pamapas might come true. He would a South American ranchman be. Kathleen McDonnell started her livelihood earning as a pianiste. She believes she would be a great composer, if the film studios did not absorb all her waking hours.

How To Write Movies

READERS of PHOTOPLAY are familiar with the work of Anita Loos and John Emerson, the best known collaborators in scenario writing in the realm of motion pictures. They wrote and directed the famous Douglas Fairbanks photoplays of last year—"Wild and Woolly," "Reaching for the Moon," "Down to Earth," etc. They have written many other photoplays for such stars as Elsie Ferguson and Mae Marsh, and they are now authors of all the Constance Talmadge screen dramas of this year. Miss Loos (Mrs. Emerson) has produced a steady stream of successful photoplays from the age of sixteen.

This series was posed by Mr. Emerson and his demitasse wife in order to show amateur scenario writers exactly what is expected of a movie writer under the present system. These pictures tell aspiring movie authors how to get the idea of how to assemble the completed film—a duty which producers expect from those from whom they buy their stories. Of course there are a few requisites for success in this work which cannot be given you in two pages—such as ability to write well, originality of ideas, knowledge of plot construction, and other trifles.

1—WHERE THE IDEAS COME FROM

"The greatest mine for movie stories is your daily newspaper. After reading hundreds of hackneyed ideas sent in from amateur scenarioists, we usually find the idea we're after in a headline. You don't think a coal strike makes a good story? We prophesy that more than twenty photoplays during the coming season will be based on that coal strike—just as every good news story forms inspiration for scores of scenarios. Do not work and fret over some flimsy, antique situation. Read the papers and you'll never lack a plot."

2—READING THE SCENARIOS

"Since the demand for movie stories this year is many times greater than the supply and since $5,000 is now the minimum price for a good plot, nearly 70,000 people throughout the country have started to write movies. Send your story to the scenario editor, for no matter how many tons of scripts he gets a week, he'll gladly read it in the hope of finding a good story—just as we do. The pile on the table, representing the stories received in a few days, will give you some idea of the competition in scenario work."

3—WRITING THE SCENARIO

"After you've got the plot, sit down and write it out in scenario form, numbering the scenes 1, 2, 3, etc. You'll find it simpler if you collaborate with someone else, for it's mighty easy to get mixed up if you haven't somebody to check you up and keep you from changing your hero's name or your heroine's character. We find it easiest to dictate our scenarios—saves time and facilitates concentration on the work. Composing a script with your own fingers often presents a conglomeration of figures and fancies that bewilder the most adamant of genius. It can be done—but slowly, and when you're under contract to turn out a new photoplay every two months you'll hire a stenographer, too."

4—PLANNING THE STORY WITH THE STAR

"Here you see us working out details of the scenario with our star, Constance Talmadge—something you will have to do when you sell your movie. Make your story fit the star and keep her—or him—on the screen in at least 50 per cent of the scenes, or you'll never sell the script. And when they call you in to town to confer with the star, prepare for shocks, for these notables usually have pretty definite ideas of their own—as in our tableau above where Miss Loos looks her dismay as Miss Talmadge and Mr. Emerson cheerfully set about dissecting a pet scene upon which the authoress had spent many ambitious hours. It's hard—but necessary—to let them revamp."

5—CASTING THE PHOTOPLAY

"Authors are usually called upon to cast their own stories nowadays. This means interviewing scores of aspirants, looking over their photographs, and tactfully explaining why they won't do; sometimes it means searching the highways and by-ways for a rare type. Beware of writing into your scenario some such character as a red-headed girl with a dimple on her left cheek and a Roman nose, for you may have to find her for your producer. On one occasion we spent a fortnight looking for two five-year-old darkies who would match up as twins."

6—SUBBING AS DIRECTOR

"Many photoplay writers direct important scenes in their screen dramas, for producers are gradually realizing that, by letting one brain supervise the story, a finer bit of artistry can be produced. Many directors, on the other hand, are learning to write scenarios, just as Mr. Emerson—who is directing the shimmy dancing in the cabaret scene of Constance Talmadge's latest picture, 'The Virtuous Vamp,' —has made a study of directing. If you aspire to make a profession of scenario writing, you had better plan to learn every phase of photoplay production."

7—WORKING WITH THE STUDIO STAFF

"Did you know that as a movie author, you will be expected to come to the studio and help produce the photoplay? It's all too true. In the above picture you see us explaining a big scene to Miss Talmadge, the director and cameramen. Movie writing is an all-around job, so don't try it unless you are willing to help supervise the production of your story. To most really successful screen authors that's all a delicious idealist's dream about lolling eternally out on the veranda, sipping iced drinks while your privately-owned accountant totals up the daily arrival of scenario checks."

8—DOPING OUT THE SUBTITLES

"Writing good subtitles and planning illustrated subtitle cards to be held before the camera is one of the hardest, yet pleasantest, sides of photoplay writing. It is a scenarioist's one chance to 'spread himself' in clever, forceful verbiage. Use lots of subtitles—it's one of the secrets of good screen dramatization—but make them terse. The faster the action, the shorter the subtitle. Never forget that for every word you add to your subtitle card, another second or so must be added to the time it is held on the screen in order that the slowest-reading spectator may fully grasp it."

9—CUTTING THE PICTURE

"Here's the hardest job of all. After your photoplay has been completely filmed, and the actors and directors and photographers have gone off for a few days' rest, you'll have to sit up nights cutting the picture. They give you a hand projector wherein your photoplay appears in a microscopic animated picture (if you grind hard enough), and tell you to pick out the best scenes and assemble them. Since a picture consists of only 5,000 feet, and since they have probably taken 50,000 feet in the making of it, none of which is in any kind of sequence, you'll probably wish you'd stuck to your old trade. For you must not let even one badly acted or photographed scene slip in."

10—THE FIRST SHOWING

"There are no first nights or author's curtain-speeches for photoplaywrights, but, withal, there is no thrill which quite equals that of watching your own story when it appears complete for the first time on the screen of the tiny studio projection room. The cast and technical staff will be there to view it with you. Above you will see this sort of an audience watching the final showing of the picture, 'The Virtuous Vamp,' which you have followed from start to finish in this series; the names from left to right are Irene Conahan, the cutter, Anita Loos, Tallulah Bankhead, of the cast, Constance Talmadge, the star, Oliver Marsh, the cameraman, Conway Tearle, and Mr. Emerson."

Up In Jimmie's Room

IT is evident that actors and directors must be agile as acrobats. The tough part of it is that when you gaze at the finished picture in your theatre you'll not suspect that Owen Moore dougfairbanksed up the mock-staircase to gain the balcony, there to meditate for "Picadilly Jim." Wesley Ruggles, also of porchclimbing proclivities, is directing him while the third rising young man is the cameraman. After all, film-acting is largely a matter of poise.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

What Do They Want? Since the production of motion pictures is even more a manufacturing business than the preparation and presentation of stage plays, those who hold the purse strings are continually saying, "We give them what they want." "They," in this instance, being the ultimate consumers, the public.

There are a good many false ideas abroad as to what the public really wants. Most of these false ideas, let us hasten to add, are held by the public itself. That is to say, it knows exactly what it wants, but it is utterly incapable of telling what it wants. If you ask, you get a wrong answer, because the public doesn't know what to say, and the producer is, more often than not, wrong in his inference.

There is a suspicion abroad that the primary requisite is a love story, for the main theme. A love story that must come to a happy ending.

Hardly less positive is the notion that the American people, who set the photoplay taste of the world, demand lively and incessant action. The paramount interest must be continually dramatic and continually in conflict or motion.

Sugar and speed—these are primary ingredients you would put in if you, or almost anyone else, were to write the prescription.

As a matter of fact the theme of the great screen successes has been neither of these things, but the same thing that is the theme of stage or novel triumphs: human characterization.

Come as close or go as far back as you like, and you will find that this statement will stand any test of statistics or reminiscence. Love is, indeed, the dominant emotion of the human race, and action is the very breath of life to drama; but the quality that makes a play either the whilom diversion of the moment or a living document that enthralls the nation is a lack of human characterization, or human characterization in truth and abundance.

Pick out your successes where you will and you will see that this is absolutely true.

What made these pictures? Plot? Love interest? Action? These contributed, but the spark, the fire, the breath of life, was *humanity*.

Show us a director, a scenarioist or an actor who is persistently human, and we will show you human materials who are as bound to advance themselves and their profession as one and one are bound to make two.

❦

Movie Morals. A director who is known as a martinet rather than as a Puritan was taking a company up into the San Bernardino highlands for a week's location work in the mountains. He had a rather gay crowd, and the gayety started in an innocent rough-house and good time on the outbound train.

He addressed his company: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are not going on a picnic. This is a trip for business purposes. I want no swearing, no sky-larking, no card-playing, and as little cigarette smoking as possible."

A dead and terrible silence.

Then a timid male voice rose: "Pardon me, sir—would there be any objection to the boys occupying their evenings with a little plain sewing?"

❦

The Loneliest Town on Earth It's Harrison, N. J., where the Common Council has passed an ordinance making the cost of a moving-picture license $10,000.

Mayor Riordan introduced the ordinance, and stated, frankly, that the purpose of the exorbitant fee is to prevent that pernicious little influence, the movie, gaining a foothold in his hitherto highly respectable town. He didn't exactly call the movie a pernicious influence, but he indicated as much in other words.

We wonder what the people in Harrison do with their evenings. The town of Kearney and the city of Newark are not far away, and both are places in which the aforesaid pernicious influence is hopelessly and popularly established. The commutation service between these places and Harrison is said to have had a very large recent increase. Whittling at the corner grocery has come back into vogue, and may become a fine art. Backbiting one's neighbors, in numerous parlor scandal-fests, can also be resorted to as an uplifting and edifying evening influence. Pool rooms and back-room gambling are of course much better for young boys than an hour in the photoplay theatre. For other entertainments for the young—if the things mentioned are not sufficient—we might ask Mayor Riordan to consult "Spoon River Anthology."

❦

Six Prima-Donna Directors. After the Big Four comes the Big Six. The combination of Griffith, Pickford, Chaplin and Fairbanks has been succeeded by a sextette composed of Messrs. Neilan, Ince, Sennett, Tucker, Dwan and Tourneur.

Both these alliances owe their origin to a belief that too much picture profit has been going to the business end of the industry.

Now there is no combination or organization, in business, in the army, or in politics without a head. To be explicit, one head. One executive mind, one man who is at least chairman of the board.

In the Big Four we may concede, for argument's sake, that this position might go to Mr. Griffith. It hasn't, and probably will not, but we are making an argumentative concession. Mr. Griffith is the acknowledged dean of the directing profession, and his name commands world-wide respect. It stands for something. It is synonymous with photoplay authority.

But who can be the dominant mind of the Big Six without walking all over some other Dominant Mind? Mr. Ince can't take orders from Neilan. Mr. Dwan's policy can't be fabricated by Mr. Tourneur. Mr. Tucker can't tell Mr. Sennett where to get off.

Probably no "orders" or laying down of "policies" was ever contemplated in this distinguished association, but let us repeat that no organization succeeds on the Soviet principle. Some one man heads the thing, or some other man heads it, or presently there isn't anything to head. We used the term "Prima-donna directors" in no disrespect. Each of these gentlemen is a brilliant and worthy creator who has often received our applause, and we hope will receive it for a long time to come. But the fact remains that each is a greater star, now, than any star he ever directed. And you know there is only one answer to a star-cluster, and that's an explosion. We have come to a day in which there is more rivalry among directors than among leading ladies. Our one hope is that the new combine will produce pictures, and not internal bickering.

Organization Pictures. In these days of great and certainly deserved credits to individuals it is well to remember that splendid picture organizations, which have been slowly, carefully built up during the past half dozen years, and always at the cost of tremendous labor and infinite experiment and mistake, are the invisible forces behind some of our great contemporary successes. The public sees the actor and actress; the critic visualizes the director and the author and sometimes the scenario writer, but how often does credit go to managerial foresight, studio organization, and to the financial forces necessary for the making of a slowly-built masterpiece?

In all these things there is a mean, which is just, between two extremes, both of which are unjust. The theatrical manager and the photoplay manager can no longer play the Czar, as the former did, and for so long a time, to the exclusion of many another and purely artistic dramatic interest. At the same time, while at the moment we have come to acknowledge our debt to the actor, the director, and even to the long-neglected author, it takes money and it takes organization to put anything over, and both these are the property and the province of the oft-neglected producing manufacturer.

As a case directly in point let us consider "The Miracle Man." This publication was first in the field with its unqualified fortissimo endorsement of George Loane Tucker's genius. Photoplay Magazine's criticism was in type not only before the picture was shown to the public, but before another review had been printed! We cannot, therefore, be accused of stealing any leaves from our self-woven wreath of laurel for Mr. Tucker when we say that his success was of two parts: his own inspirations, and the sustaining faith and the sustaining sustenance, through many long months, of Adolph Zukor.

A Constructive Cleric. After viewing "The Confession," a film produced by the Catholic Art Society, Cardinal O'Connell wrote or caused to be written in "The Pilot"—official organ of the archdiocese of Boston, of which he is editor—an extremely sane editorial on clean pictures.

In the course of which he said: "The best way to remove objectionable films from our picture houses is to substitute good ones; pictures like 'The Confession,' a story of real human interest, beautifully depicted and conveying a noble lesson."

With Cardinal O'Connell's endorsement of "The Confession" we are not concerned. We haven't seen the picture, consequently we do not know whether we should extend it the same meed of praise. What we wish to call attention to is the common-sense dictum of a religious dignitary of wide influence. When the rest of the ministers and public workers and guardians of public morals realize that the only way the screen can be kept clean and uplifting is by good pictures, and more good pictures, and always good pictures, the battle for complete screen sanitation will be won. It is practically won now, thanks to the common sense of the American people, such organizations as The Better Photoplay League of America, and a very real desire among the producers to make only good things. Legislation and professional censorships are only delaying the final issue.

No Boiled Shirt! One of the best directors in Los Angeles, or anywhere, for that matter, originally came from Utah, and in that empire of Latter Day Saints and plenteous agriculture his father is still a farmer. The old man, a fine and rare example of the *genus* Pioneer, made one of his few exits from the shadow of the Wahsatch range, recently, to see his gifted son at work.

He was very proud. But one thing was disturbing him. He glanced continually from the fashion plate actors and the extra men, all in correct evening attire, to his son — the genius and master of it all, in corduroy trousers and an old flannel shirt. It was an alarming discrepancy. Presently he walked into the thick of it, and whispered in his boy's ear.

"Say, Frank," he murmured, reprovingly, "why don't you fix up a little, like these other fellows? Where's your boiled shirt?"

Madame Alla Nazimova Bryant in a whispered conference with husband Charles over a point in the scenario — or is she laughing at director Herbert Blache because he has placed his shoe on her nice, clean frock?

The Real Nazimova

Either she is always acting or she never acts. She doesn't know which herself.

By EDWIN FREDERICKS

DO you know the real Nazimova?

As well ask "Do you know the real Sphinx?"

Over the carved stone head in the Egyptian desert is the legend "Know Thyself." Madame Nazimova admits that she doesn't know her real self, that she is wholly unable to answer the question "Who is the real Nazimova?"

A strange assortment of contrarieties. One questions the boundary line between actress and woman.

Like a kaleidoscope are the Nazimova moods and manners. With a thousand changes she makes each one convincing and reasonable. I have seen her at a dinner party flashing her eyes and sparkling with mischief—"The Brat" incarnate in her enjoyment of the fun. An hour later bending over the piano she has responded to Leopold Godowsky's art with all the rapt exaltation she wore in "Revelation."

Is she always acting or is she always herself?

"I don't act," she cries, "I only try with each characterization to be exactly that sort of a person, with no touch of any other role visible."

As for her stage career the artist declares it was just a bit of luck. "I don't know why I chose the stage," she says, "of course probably because like most girls of sixteen I was stage struck, and good fortune helped me out." Her genius is wide and like other women high in her profession it is said she could have triumphed in many other arts had she not chosen the drama.

Nazimova vigorously denies any suggestion of affectation—and dresses in garments that are as nearly *outre* as modern woman can wear!

At a big ball recently she appeared in a semi-Chinese garb. Green and gold flamboyant enough for a princess of the Orient set forth her unusual type and made her a shining magnet for all eyes in a room which was filled with the latest and most expensive creations of world famous modistes. With her emerald stockings and little green shoes she danced and romped with the abandon of a soubrette, her short curls flying and animation radiating from her entire personality like light from some vivid incandescent body.

My first glimpse of the great actress at home was something of a facer. On the stage she is a slender lithe figure of incalculable grace. In the heavy wools and silks of her own domain she loses height and her broad shoulders, and wide rather flat figure gives an impression of sturdiness entirely belying the sinuous beauty so apparent before footlights and camera. "Stubby" the casual observer might say before he realized the panther-like silkiness of her movements, the

subtle intrigue of her tread that adds to her stature.

Her fellow players adore her. Good nature enfolds her when she is at work. She is a hail fellow to brother artists and cordiality itself to those whom she meets even for a moment.

"Come and see me anytime" urges the actress—and the visitor relying upon that graciousness arrives at the studio only to be met with disappointment at the door.

"Madame never permits visitors on the stage when she works" is the firm message of the studio executives. Impelled by unusual determination one may force a way through to the stage there to see only high walls blank save for the repeated admonition "No one permitted on this set except members of Nazimova's company."

"Why, I never gave such an order," declares the star later when her friends jestingly allude to her isolation, "that must be some idea of the management."

Verily old Mother Goose' little "Mary Mary Quite Contrary" had nothing whatever on her. Here's another oblique light on the whimsicalities which make her life just "one thing after another." She recently declared herself "at rest." She would go into seclusion, see no one, hear no one, speak to no one. And then she took apartments at the Hollywood Hotel, the social center of the screen colony.

Have you heard how she learned English? That is a typical instance of her methods of procedure. When she first came to New York she spoke her native Russian, French, and other languages of the continent but no English. Impelled by the necessities of her art she began the study of our tongue on June 21st and on the eighth day of the following September commenced rehearsals of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" in English, directing her own company without an interpreter.

"How did I learn? Well, not from books. Grammar was a sealed language to me and rules a dead letter. My first teacher incidentally was the mother of young Richard Barthelmess, the actor to whom success is coming so rapidly. She brought her English books and I studied them but we got on but poorly. Finally I decided that we would learn by conversation. And with gossip about the affairs of the world, chat of the dramatic situation in America and the kind of tea table talk which women know I learned to speak English. I also learned much about American life which was equally valuable to me," added the actress significantly.

Madame Nazimova takes color and mood from her environment both mental and physical. She wears bright garments and carries this desire even to her physical surroundings and recently purchased a home in Hollywood that she might have the walls and wood-work done to suit this demand.

"The walls were gloomy," she exclaimed, "I couldn't stand it. I must have bright light, windows wide open, curtains pushed back. Mystery and shadows do not appeal to me. I want sunshine and the wind of the mountains and ocean." This from the heroine of "The Red Lantern," that mystery shrouded creature of the orient, from the woman who has added inscrutability to Ibsen's heroines until *Hedda* and *Dora* excel even the Mona Lisa in their mystic smiling silences.

With all her activity and suppleness of body Nazimova abhors physical exertion. "I don't know how I maintain my strength," she laughs, "except by conserving it. I never golf or play tennis and I only dance on rare occasions. Swimming is too strenuous for me and horses are less than the dust. I was thrown from a saddle horse once and have never been able to forgive the equine race since. My idea of perfect outdoor exercise is riding comfortably in a motor car with some one else at the wheel.

"My garden—oh, I love it. But I never work there. I watch the others arrange the plants, trim the roses and twine vines in the trellises."

For relaxation Madame Nazimova says reading and playing the piano are her favorites. Once a violinist of great promise, she has abandoned the tyrannical instrument. "My fingers are too stiff now to get a good tone," she laments. "After all I haven't such a love for the violin. My father used to beat me when I was a child, to make me practice. I walked five miles to the village for my lesson and five miles home again, and then I practiced for hours with the parental chastisement always awaiting the slightest neglect of this routine."

No wonder Russia has produced great violinists if fathers take such a vivid responsibility in the matter of juvenile preparation.

Intimates of Nazimova, and one may count them almost on the fingers of one hand, say that in her moments of ease she loves to nestle on the floor, luxurious in downy cushions, and read Ibsen. She often reads the lines of the great playwright aloud, and even in solitude finds keen enjoyment in this vocal realization of his skill as a master builder of plays. Incidentally it is the

(Continued on page 128)

Hoover Photo

A tigerish head of the Russian lady who also appears in our art section—away up in the front of the book.

A Genial Crab

After an absence of two years House Peters returns to the screen.

By
GENE COPELAND

Below — scene from "Love, Honor and Obey," the photodrama that brings him back to the films. Mary Alden is the woman.

Stagg

"THEY say that I'm a hard man to get along with." Thus casually spoke the man—he of the imposing mien, sitting opposite me on the steps outside his dressing room—and proceeded to puff away on a perfecto as nonchalantly as you please.

"The truth of the matter is," he said smilingly, "that's a reputation I enjoy among certain of the picture folk—so I have heard," he added parenthetically. "As a small boy my family thought so too because I preferred adventure to school books with the result that they sent me to sea to get the adventure that I wanted and the discipline they wanted me to have. And since having grown up I still retain the faculty for believing in what I want. Many directors I have known don't believe in allowing the actor to exercise his intelligence. I *have* clashed with some who were more interested in how their puttees looked than in either actor or story.

"But please," he said most humbly, "say that the actor is not always to blame. Some directors want to treat you as if you were an inexperienced and aspiring blonde ingenue. And when a fellow's done everything from singing a comic song to an eloquent soliloquy in 'Henry of Navarre,' who has played in everything from domestic comedy to a character like 'The Squaw Man' —when he's been through the mill, in other words, and been able to get by,—well, he wants a chance that's all!" he concluded earnestly at the same time rising and changing the smoking jacket he was wearing for his frock coat and incidentally discarding the cigar for his pipe.

And there was nothing in the manner of the tall, very tall man with the Duke of Wellington nose and bold blue eyes who stood before me that suggested affectedness or crass unreasonableness. In fact he seemed to be altogether normal and sound. I had encountered House Peters during his luncheon hour in a serious, but affable, mood which was quite natural, for he, like most Antipodeans, takes his work and himself seriously.

Though he has an original and perhaps startling precept to which he adheres tenaciously. He believes in an actor staying away from theatres. He thinks that his point of view becomes too artificial by constantly seeing himself or others upon screen and stage; and believes rather in moving in social circles outside the theatrical atmosphere and studying life and human emotions and expressions from everyday people.

So upon arriving in Hollywood a few weeks ago after an absence of two years from the screen and during which time he has been playing the lead about the east in a Brady show he did not attempt to find a home in the mecca of the movie people but took a real Italian villa down by the sea. There is a wonderful swimming pool on the grounds in which he keeps his goldfish as both he and small son take their early morning dips in the sea.

His wife is not a professional. Chiefly I suppose, because House says there is not room in one family for two professional people.

He believes an actor should vary his medium, that he learns much in both branches of dramatic activity. And the benefit applies to the pocketbook as well as to the actor's art. For Mr. Peters' experience was that his salary went up from $150 to $750 upon returning to the stage after making his first picture which was "The Bishop's Carriage" with Mary Pickford. And perchance the whirlwind rate at which things fly along the cinematographical horizon has swept from your memory Mr. Peters' various endeavors, it may be well to mention that his most notable film success was "The Girl of the Golden West" for Lasky a few years ago; also "The Great Divide." He has also worked—in days gone by—at Universal which he now doubtless relegates with the days of one-night stands in small eastern towns in such plays as "East Lynne."

In the present picture in which he is being starred and which is called "Love, Honor and Obey," Mary Alden is playing the part of the wife and Vincent Serrano and Sam Sothern are supporting.

With this distinguished cast Mr. Peters will be re-introduced to the screen but as a star, not as a leading man. And indeed it is a pleasure to welcome him back.

"My Pinto and Me"

By BILL HART

The Westerner's favorite pony has come back to steal another picture.

MORE than two years ago I retired my Pinto pony to a life of ease in the green pasture and luxurious corral of my Hollywood ranch. That is, I reckoned I retired him.

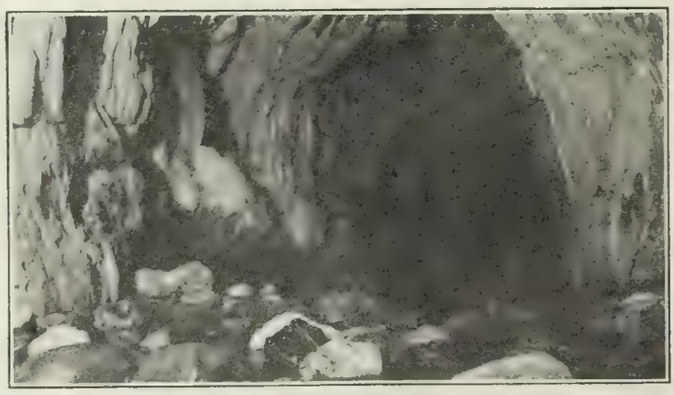
The Pinto had worked with me for two previous years. And he had sure worked hard. He had been ridden over high banks and rolled over cliffs; he had leaped dangerous obstacles and swam turbulent rivers; he had jumped through windows and he had fallen "dead" while in full gallop; he had carried me sure-footedly through desert sagebrush and over rough mountain trails; and he had "acted" with marvelous intelligence when I directed. Had the Pinto failed in any one of these feats we both would have suffered serious injury. We took our chances together.

After a miraculous escape from death in one of the scenes of "The Narrow Trail," I vowed that my Pinto should enjoy a long rest from the hard and dangerous work necessary to my productions.

But his motion picture friends have kept faith with him all this time. For instance, I never need buy sugar for my Pinto. Almost every week he receives a box of cube sugar from the people who love him as I do. And it is always addressed to him—in care of me. Their demands to see the horse again have become so insistent that I have decided to let him "steal" another picture from me. Many of the people say that if I take chances why shouldn't the Pinto take them with me,—so we're going to take a few more together.

He's fat and sassy now, but he's sure game.

Below—view of the entrance to the cave wherein Bill Hart and the Pinto fought death side by side.



An unexpected incident occurred during the production of "Sand!" the Pinto's return picture after his Bernhardt farewell. In the wildest and most inaccessable parts of the California mountains we were seeking suitable locations, when Lambert Hillyer, my director, discovered the ideal scenic oddity absolutely required for certain scenes. Never pass up an opportunity is the golden rule in producing motion pictures. And, accordingly, my Pinto pony attempted a feat which nearly cost me my favorite horse,—and my sister Mary her only brother.

The odd scene is a natural bridge, or dome of rock walls, formed by a river running through a huge cave underneath. The water is very deep in the cave which is about one hundred and fifty yards in length. Also, it is as pitch dark as night inside. The action required that the Pinto and I swim through the cave. In the darkness the advance guard of explorers failed to notice a wicked ledge which projects beneath the water from one side of the cave. This obstacle is in the very center of the cavern.

When I started with the Pinto through the cave I knew the risk we were taking.

Joe August, at the starting point, turned the crank of his camera until both of us had disappeared into the darkness.

The Pinto and I were getting through in fine shape, until we reached what I know now to be the center of the tunnel. I was still in the saddle.

Suddenly, while swimming, the Pinto's feet struck something under water. It was the ledge projecting from one side of the cave about three feet under water. He naturally tried to swim over the obstacle, and—we fell over backwards into a well of water. Down we went,—I don't know how far but I'll bet the pool is sixty feet deep. In the struggle under water I was torn loose from the saddle. When I came to the surface I was free of the Pinto but I managed to make out his form in the darkness thrashing madly about through the water in a frantic attempt to climb the walls of the cave. As they are shaped like a dome he fell over backwards again.

I finally turned him around and headed in the right direction. When at last we saw a dim shaft of light penetrating through the damp gloom of the cave—well, we just streaked it for the good old outside world.

It is a very odd coincidence that the pony and I should narrowly escape death in our first picture together in more than two years, because in "The Narrow Trail," the photoplay which made the Pinto famous, a similar accident occurred which resulted in the retirement of the horse.

"The Narrow Trail" required that I ride the horse over a log across a canyon, one hundred feet wide. As the log was round, the feat proved difficult. It was accomplished successfully once, but a "close-up" on the middle of the log was necessary. The stunt had to be done over again.

The Pinto knew he had performed the feat once; he knew he could not do better. Consequently, he became nervous and fell off the log,—and I fell under him. As the horse lay on the jagged stones of the canyon basin, his front feet were not more than six inches from my face. I could not move from where I lay—pinned under the horse's body. If the horse had kicked or thrashed about, my head would have been smashed. But the intelligent animal lay quiet. When aid came I was released safely. Upon examination it was discovered that the horse's side was covered with nasty cuts and bruises. The faithful Pinto had borne the intense pain unflinchingly because he knew that if he moved it meant serious injury to me. And so he retired. But the usually fickle public never forgot him—and I'm sure he'll be welcome when he comes back.

IF you can tear your gaze away from Mary Thurman—who was washed off the California beaches she adorned so beautifully for Mr. Sennett, to perform in drama—you may notice Bill Hart and his pinto, who returns to films in "Sand!"

The grandson of the old-fashioned green-baize waves of the theatre ocean scene is this prop boat in a studio. Pete is rocking it for Ralph Ince, directing "The Girl from Out Yonder." The actors are insured against mal-de-mer. Below—Bill Farnum, who can look virile even in a dressing-room, in, we might say, his first smooth-face make-up.

Mary and Mildred dropped in on the Gishes when they were making a PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT. That's Dorothy looking up at Miss Pickford, with Lillian beside her, and Mildred Harris Chaplin completes the group. Below, to left: The violin has always been the musical instrument of love. But Bert Lytell was inspired by the strains of an accordion, on the studio set, when he was Romeo to Alice Lake's Juliet.

Olive Thomas was thrown into the Hudson so she would look wet for a scene. It was the last of October—not just the time she would have chosen for a swim.

WHEN he heard Polly Frederick was leaving for New York, Will Rogers came to see her off. "I allowed you'd get kind of hungry on that long trip," he said, holding out a paper bag, "so I had the old woman put up some sandwiches!"

Far East?—Yep!

India's farthest from the mind of Henry Mortimer—it was a hard country on troupers.

SOME come to the screen from the bar—the legal bar. Others come from the farm; still others from the civil engineering profession. I have known actors who, before they decided to cast their shadows on the horizontal stage were corking good traveling salesmen. But Henry Mortimer takes the palm for long-distance commuting to the silent drama: he came clear from India!

Most people think of India in terms of moon-lit, heavy-scented evenings with assiduous servants at one's beck and call to provide relief from the heat with palm-fans and cooling beverages. India, to him, means a series of the most distressing one-night stands in the world.

"Do you know the call of the East?" asks Mortimer. "It is, 'Boy, another chota peg.' The chota peg is Scotch whisky and soda, and it provides a slight relief from the deadly monotony. India's a great country for anyone who is content to live on chota peg and quinine in the midst of an omnipresent all-pervasive series of peculiar odors.

He says he never enjoyed anything so much as he did playing in "The White Rook," with Dorothy Dalton (scene below)

"It was in one of those well-known moments of mental aberration that I undertook the journey as a member of a traveling repertoire company touring India and the Orient. Studying, rehearsing, and playing a repertoire of seventeen plays, none of which we played more than three consecutive times in one place, first took off the edge of the trip from a pleasure standpoint. Then there were the disadvantages of old-fashioned theaters with sloping, unsteady stages, insufficient and frequently dirty dressing-rooms, and inefficient and dirtier non-English-speaking natives for stage crews. I realized that the Far East, so colorful in story-books, meant pure and simple barn-storming for a poor actor.

"In the Manila Grand Opera House, probably the most abject and forlorn apology for a theater now extant, we found the dressing-rooms inhabited by Filipino garment makers who worked during the day in the front lobby making army uniforms for the Turk who was local manager, and slept at night back-stage with their children and their flocks and herds. We cleared them out of the lower dressing-rooms, all indescribably filthy. But they continued to live above us on the upper tier.

"In Corregidor we played a post-exchange, in Bangalore an infantry drill hall, and in Musscorie a roller-skating rink. The principal other drawbacks in India, where we spent by far the greatest part of the tour, are those of climate and unsatisfactory food.

Mortimer, when he got back to New York, was pretty glad to occupy a dressing-room in an up-to-date, efficient, and sanitary film studio. He plays with Dorothy Dalton in "The White Rook," and he says he never enjoyed anything so much in his life. "Perhaps, however," he added, "a bit as a butler would have looked good to me!"

He was born in Toronto, and went to school at St. Michael's College in the same Canadian city. He has played—besides his trip to the Orient—in America with such celebrities as Mrs. Fiske, Elsie Ferguson, and John Barrymore.

You're

PICTURED on this page are Mack Sennett's contributions to screen literature. These deluxe editions are, we may say, very handsomely bound; some of them can swim. It has become a habit for the Tired Business Gentleman and his Wife to seek an evening's entertainment in a Sennett diversion, with the beautiful flora and fauna of the California beaches providing charming centerpieces for the delicious drollery of Ben Turpin and the quaint horseplay of Charles Murray. Mack Sennett chooses only the loveliest girls for his comedies—so lovely, in fact, that it took us a long time to discover that there are other peaches on the beaches. At your right—

Directly above is Mildred June, the very new and very young Sennett find — one of California's cutest children. But oh, Mildred! What if a great big wave came along and splashed that perfectly wonderful new bathing suit? Below, Phyllis Haver, occupying her same old post as the blondest peach in Mack's comic garden.

You all know Harriett Hammond. If you follow the direction of her pointing finger, you come to the Sunshine lot — isn't life a problem?

the Judge!

HERE are the Sunshine girls! You probably won't be reading this little explanation, but we are curious to know if the Sennett girls have anything on their Sunshine sisters. The Fox comedies have been coming along lately, maintaining a level that is, we may say, never over our heads. The worst of it is, though, that while we may vicariously address our Sennett favorites as "Phyllis," or "Harriett," we don't know the names of these girls. For some reason, Mr. Sunshine, their picture padrone, desires that they remain unidentified. We protest. Come on, now—tell us who they are!

This baby brunette can swim, and dive—as if it mattered. Tassels are *very* good this season.

For obvious reasons this ostrich refuses to stick his head in the sand. We wish we were an ostrich.

Evans

Once a Model Young Man

Perhaps it would be more nearly correct to call him a young man model — if one must be correct.

ONE of N'Yawk's best little models.

You've seen him in *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post.* You've gazed at his profile surmounting Sparrow collars in the street cars. Park, Haffner & Sparks used to send their spring models out to be filled by him for publicity purposes.

Yes, that's Jack Mulhall.

He himself was an art student at Columbia. One day a model was late and Jack volunteered. Thus was he "discovered," and Edward Penfield, Arthur Kelly, Charles Dana Gibson, Lyondecker and other famous illustrators have all vied for his services.

Then Jack inherited some money and betook himself to France. He enjoyed life down in the corner near Switzerland for about six months, and then suddenly discovered his fortune was *non est.* He passed through London during the funeral of King Edward, and sailed for the good old U. S. A. in the capacity of valet to a ship's furnaces.

Arriving penniless in New York, he entered the fold of the old Biograph. "The House of Discord" was the name of his first picture. The cast included Blanche Sweet, Antonio Moreno, Lionel Barrymore, Dorothy Gish, and Marshall Neilan. James Kirkwood was the director.

"And," says Jack, "I was the suspense. The hero entered and found me kissing his sweetheart behind the window curtain. Just as he raised his trusty revolver to ping me, the darling girl said 'Stop! He is my brother!' Then the suspense was over—and so was I in that picture."

Biograph sent him to California. Then he appeared on the Lasky lot, and later starred in a series of dramas for Universal. "Madame Spy" is probably the best known of his U pictures. His most successful film, he avers, is "Wild Youth," the Paramount in which he is featured with Louise Huff and Theodore Roberts.

Jack Mulhall is now with Metro Pictures Corporation as leading man, and he has lately supported Emmy Wehlen in "Fools and Their Money," and "A Favor for a Friend."

And—girls—it is too bad to tell this, but Jack is married—to a young woman he met when he first came to the Biograph studios in California.

Every noon he jumps into his speedster and hies him from the Metro lot over to the Fox studio, where Mrs. Mulhall is working. Together they go to their cozy little bungalow in Hollywood. There they greet Jack Mulhall, Jr. (three years old last September) and all sit down to luncheon together.

He was, according to the best statistics, born in Wappinger Falls, New York—it was just about twenty-six years ago, maybe twenty-seven. He is one of six children—and the only actor in the bunch!

Although he is usually designated as a "juvenile," Mulhall refuses to be restricted to such roles. "There's nothing so impossible," he says, "as an actor who takes himself seriously. He must, of course, treat his work with a certain degree of responsibility, or it's not worth anything at all. But deliver me from one of these fellows who, just as soon as his popularity begins to bring in the money —meaning a car, and a valet, and a secretary to take care of his fan mail—begins to talk about 'my work' with the air of a conquering general. To begin with, a sense of humor is necessary if you want to get anywhere—and if you lose it, bang! there goes your best chances for success."

He further refutes the theory that young men who "model" must be on a par with the traditional conception of a matinee idol. It's all in the day's work, Jack thinks, and just like truck-driving or bookkeeping, it requires a mental ballast if you want to hold your job.

Photography by Evans, Los Angeles

He may have been a young man model but he refuses to be designated as a model young man. At right — Mrs. Mulhall and Jack, Junior.

The Copperhead

A story of the superhuman courage of silence and of sunshine at the end.

By
JEROME
SHOREY

"BRAVERY—yes, it's just about the biggest and finest thing in the world, because you can't be brave without being honest and strong, and you can't be honest and strong without being clean — and cleanliness is next to godliness." The old man paused, then abruptly resumed. "Hand me that book of old poetry —yes, the one there beside Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' "

I handed the book to him and he began to finger the pages, hunting for something. Brother Andrew was very old, but his mind was alert, and he liked to have us youngsters come and tell him about the Big Job we had just finished. His spirit was as young as it ever was in his prime, and his eyes would light up at the recital of adventures in the Argonne. It was surprising to have him turn from that to poetry.

"This is it," he said at last "Listen:

" 'I have done a braver thing
Than all the worthies did.
A braver yet from it did spring,
Which was—to keep it hid.'

"To keep it hid," he repeated. "Yes—it is wonderful to go out into the open and fight a man's fight, shoulder to shoulder with your comrades, stumbling, falling, crawling on and always forward. But I knew a brave man once and he did a thing that was harder than anything you boys tackled in France."

A story from Brother Andrew was an event. He preferred listening to talking. So I kept my mouth shut and waited, and this was my reward. . . .

ONE of the terrible things about war is that it is a time when every man ought to keep cool, and hardly anyone can. The Milville folks ought to have known Milt Shanks well enough to know that he couldn't be anything that wasn't square. But it was 'sixty-one and Lincoln had called for 75,000 volunteers, and that seemed the only thing in the world—the need for fighting men. Milt was big, rawboned, powerful and in the prime of life—a fighting man if there ever was one. But he didn't volunteer. Then the neighbors began to talk. They remembered that when he was a youngster he had a chance to go to West Point, but turned it down, and let Tom Hardy take his place. But they didn't choose to remember that Milt's folks were poor, and that it takes money to be a West Pointer. They remembered that when Hardy came back

Madeline wouldn't listen to Tom at first when he asked her to marry him.

"I've loved you too, Martha," Milt replied, "and I love you for time and eternity. Just as sure as the stars are in the flag you'll look into my face some time and admit I was right."

from West Point a lieutenant and recruited a company for the Mexican War, Milt first said he would go, and then backed out. But they didn't know, or else conveniently forgot, that Milt had a wife and a sick baby.. He would have gone anyhow only a stranger was going past and talked him out of it. The stranger said:

"The country's young and growing up. You've got to help it grow. They don't need you—*yet.*"

That stranger was Abraham Lincoln, and there was something about him that made men do the right thing. Milt stayed home.

Nobody knows better than I how much Milt wanted to volunteer when Lincoln called for volunteers in 'sixty-one. He heard the news from Newt Gillespie, who had fought in the Mexican War, and Hardy—he came back a captain—was recruiting again. Gillespie was among the first to join his old leader, and Milt was on the way when I met him in the road. He had done well in the intervening years. His family was happy and he had as pretty a home as you could find near Milville. His boy, Joey, was almost a man, and the girl, Elsie, was a little picture. And Martha, his wife, was happy as a lark. But Milt was ready to leave all this because Lincoln was calling for men. I was on my way to his place when I met him in the road.

I had a letter for him. It had come to me by a special messenger, with instructions from Washington. I was connected unofficially with government officials—but never mind about that. I knew what it was about. I don't say I was glad that they had sent it to Milt instead of to me—but this I know—I was proud to be a friend of the man they sent it to. And Milt didn't hesitate.

"I'll just catch the stage to Springfield," he said. "Tell my folks I been called out of town on a deal."

I went with him up to the town. There was a small-sized riot in progress. It seems, in the middle of the recruiting, Lem Tollard had made some remark damning the North for interfering with slavery and such things which he held was none of their business, and it looked as if he was going to get pretty rough handling. It didn't matter to Milt what the quarrel was about—he wasn't going to see a hundred men against one and he stopped them. It doesn't take much to stop a mob when it's just beginning, and Milt shamed them into letting Lem go. But it didn't help Milt's popularity any, and the folks remembered it against him later.

Well, Milt went away for quite some time. Travel took longer then. When he came back he didn't bother telling where he had been, not even to his wife. He didn't need to tell me. I knew. And I knew too that if he was the man I took him to be, he was working under orders that must be near breaking that big heart of his.

Drilling was going on by this time and just about every man that was eligible was practicing holding a gun and keeping step. The day Milt came back he strolled down sort of casual to Lem Tollard's blacksmith shop. I was standing across the street when Milt went up to Lem, put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a button and showed it to Tollard. Then they went back into a dark corner and began talking with their heads close together. I wasn't the only one that saw this, and pretty soon a little crowd had gathered and was waiting for Milt. When he came out one of them stepped up and said:

"Shanks, we want you to declare yourself. You and Tollard seem pretty close. Are you with us or against us? We know how Lem stands."

I held my breath. What kind of stuff would Milt be made of? God, it was a hard thing he had to do.

"I don't hold fur coercin' of Southern people," he said, in his slow, quiet voice.

"You hold for the North to defend itself when the South begins shooting, don't you?"

"I don't know as I do," he replied, still calm. "They aint come into our territory—not yit."

"Well, then take this warning, Shanks," said the spokesman, shaking his finger in Milt's face, "don't let us catch you giving comfort to the rebels."

With that they went away, muttering among themselves, and I trailed along with them. You see, it was like this—there was generally understood to be a secret society working in the North to help the South. We didn't have any actual proof, but the word was passed around. We called them Copperheads, because that was the most poisonous snake we knew about. Lem Tollard we were pretty sure was one, and now it looked as if Milt Shanks had joined the society.

Feeling against Milt grew so bitter that I believe all that

saved him from being lynched, perhaps, or at least run out of town, was sympathy for his wife, and the fact that his son, Joey, enlisted. When Milt came home, his wife, Martha, was waiting to send him. While he was away she had made a uniform for him and had it all ready. She met him at the door, and held it out to him.

"I made it for you, Milt. God bless and keep you," she said.

He just stood there frozen for a minute, and then looked away.

"I can't do it, Ma," he said. "I'm for peace, and besides, I got you and Joey and little Elsie to look out for."

"In 1846 you had a child," she said, surprised and almost fiercely, "and you was devil-bent on going to war. What's wrong now."

" 'Taint a just war," he said, and turned away from her.

Joey was only sixteen, but he was strong as any man. Still he was under age and he couldn't go without his parents' consent. He had been drilling with Captain Hardy and came running in with the news that he could go if they would let him.

"Why, Joey," his mother protested, "me and Elsie needs *some* man at home, and I ain't despaired yet of your father going."

"I can't go, knowing everything as I do," Milt insisted.

Joey clenched his teeth and turned to his mother, almost shouting:

"God a'mighty, Ma, let me have one parent I kin look up to."

Martha stood hesitating, turning from one to the other of them, and then to Joey:

"Git into this uniform—then we'll see who'll go."

She believed all along that this would force Milt's hand—that he would call Joey back and go himself. But Milt just stood there, and without a move or a word watched the boy run into the house to put on the uniform.

"I ain't had riches, and I've had some sickness," Martha said, very low and trembling, "but I've kind of lived on my respect and trust in you, Milt. Don't tell me it's all dead."

"I've loved you, too, Martha," he replied, "and I still love you for time and eternity. Just as sure as the stars are in the flag, you'll look into my face some time and admit I was right."

They stood there, silent, as if death was upon them, until Joey came running out, all dressed up in the uniform, a little too big for him, though he was a strapping boy for his age. Martha looked a final appeal to Milt, and then in silent despair, kissed her son good-by, and sent him to do his father's work for his country.

And that hour the spirit of Martha Shanks died. Suddenly she became a very old woman. She saw Joey march away with his company, and then went back home a broken creature. She did the work around the house mechanically and like a person in a daze. As for Milt, he made no secret of his opposition to the war, but sympathy for his wife saved him from serious trouble. Besides, there was no proof that he was actively engaged in helping the Copperheads. But finally the proof came.

What the South needed more than anything else was horses and mules. It was generally believed that animals were being sent to the Confederates secretly, and at last the government got wind of one of these shipments. Word was received that the party could be intercepted at Tyler's Ford on a certain night and a company was sent to wait in ambush. The Copperhead party arrived, was surrounded, and in the short skirmish that followed a Yankee soldier was killed. It was then discovered that Lem Tollard and Milt Shanks were the leaders of the gang that was smuggling the horses through. And Joey was in the company that captured them.

Milt and Lem were brought before a courtmartial, not only on the charge of aiding the Confederates, but also on that of murder. They were not entitled to military immunity as they were not soldiers, and ranked only as spies. Two shots had been fired from Milt's gun, and he and Lem were sentenced to death. But right on top of this came an order from the Secretary of War commuting the sentences to life imprisonment.

That finished the Copperheads. The months passed and word began to come back to Millville of Joey's bravery in action. And soon after this news there came another piece of information. Because of his son's splendid service to the Union, Milt had been pardoned. I took the news to her. She didn't want to see him, but she was a Christian woman and hesitated to pronounce final judgment.

"Don't it mortify you completely that you was pardoned 'count of Joey?" she demanded.

"Don't it mortify you that you was pardoned 'count of Joey?" demanded Martha. Milt answered slowly. "It would if I didn't believe Joey'd see my side of it some day.

"But, damn it." Hardy burst out, while Madeline clung pleadingly on his arm, "in all these years we've despised you, why haven't you told?"

"It would if I didn't believe Joey'd see my side of it some day," he replied.

"Your revolver showed you fired two shots."

"I p'inted over their heads."

"You didn't say so at the trial."

"I couldn't try to throw all the blame on Lem and the others."

"Milt, for God's sake, if you've got anything to say for yourself—"

"Martha," he replied, always grave and quiet, "I care more for what you think than the courtmartial."

The news of the fall of Vicksburg had just arrived, and they were shooting off a cannon in the town to celebrate. Some of the wounded men had come back already, and one of them, lame and weak, called at Milt's house.

"I'm just back from Vicksburg," he said, uneasily.

"Did you see Joey?" Martha cried.

He nodded, and then, having no words to break the news easily, blurted out:

"That's what I'm here for. Joey was killed yesterday. We fetched his body home to-night. He's down at the church."

And with that he stumbled away.

Still in that same stupor that had weighed upon her since Joey went away, Martha went to a drawer and gathered up Joey's tiny baby clothes in her arms and crooned above them. It was more than Milt could stand. From outside came the sound of the band playing triumphant music to celebrate a victory, and within a broken woman crouched over the pathetic mementoes of the babyhood of a fallen hero. Milt went toward her

"Martha, it's more than a man kin stand. I've got to tell you—"

"For God's sake, Milt Shanks! You're unclean!"

And with that despairing cry the tortured heart of Martha broke, and she lay dead.

It would have seemed that even the fiends of deepest hell could not have devised any further torture for Milt Shanks, but the dregs of the cup were yet to be drained. Joey's body was lying in state in the church, and thither Milt at last made his way. Newt Gillespie was on guard at the door.

"You can't come in, Shanks," he said sternly.

"But Newt—it's my boy—Joey. I just want—to—look—"

"Just before he died," Newt answered, "Joey said: 'I wouldn't have minded so much if my father had fought publicly—on the other side—but now, don't let him see me, even in my coffin!' "

ONLY for one thing I don't believe Milt Shanks would have lived, big and strong as he was. That one thing was the baby, little Elsie. The whole town now hated him, all the more because somehow the neighbors seemed to blame him for the deaths of his wife and boy; and their contempt wasn't lessened by the fact that Lem Tollard, "his companion in smuggling and murder," was still in prison. I could have straightened it all out with a single word, but I was sworn to secrecy. Even at that I went to Milt one day and asked him to let me break my oath. The war was over by then, and I didn't see how it could do anything but good.

"Feeling on both sides is pretty strong yit," he said. "Your life wouldn't be safe."

(Continued on page 123)

The Copperhead

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay, produced by Famous Players-Lasky from Charles Maigne's scenario based upon the play by Augustus Thomas, and presented with the following cast:

Milt Shanks.....Lionel Barrymore
Tom Hardy.....William P. Carlton, Jr.
Young Tom.....William David
Newt Gillespie.....Frank Joyner
Lem Tollard.....R. Carlyle
Joey.....A. Rankin
Martha.....Doris Rankin
Abraham Lincoln.....M. F. Schroell
Brother Andrew.....Leslie Stowe
Elsie Shanks.....Frances Haldorn
Madeline.....Anne Cornwall
Dr. James.....Harry Bartlett

A Review of the New Pictures

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat., Off.

By
JULIAN JOHNSON

"Scarlet Days," Griffith's new Artcraft production, is a story of California in '49. It is not the yarn itself but the humanity and reality that invest it which makes the whole worth while.

LET a man find a new way to tell a story, and he can spin the oldest yarn in the world with great success.

"The Eyes of Youth," a picture triumph of the past month, contains no especially new material, nor any new philosophy of life. It is an unusual photoplay in form rather than in substance. It is one new-fangled narrative fabricated out of three or four of the oldest in a hard-worked business.

Max Marcin wrote the piece originally, for Marjorie Rambeau's exploitation at the Maxine Elliott theater in New York. Albert Parker made the transposition to the transparencies, and then conducted Clara Kimball Young through its mazes.

Last month, or the month before that, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE carried the absorbing fiction story. A short resume of the novel treatment will suffice at this time. Gina Ashling, perhaps the most talented and beautiful girl of the small town in which she lives, faces a three-horned dilemma: shall she marry the rich man who will help her financially embarrassed father? Shall she, relentlessly, satisfy her ambition to become a great singer, or shall she follow the humblest path of duty and remain at home? As she is about to decide these questions, on a festal evening, there approaches her door a weary Hindoo. She is kind to him, and in the crystal ball which he carries wrapped in his turban she sees her three possible futures—and rejects all of them by marrying the man she loved all along.

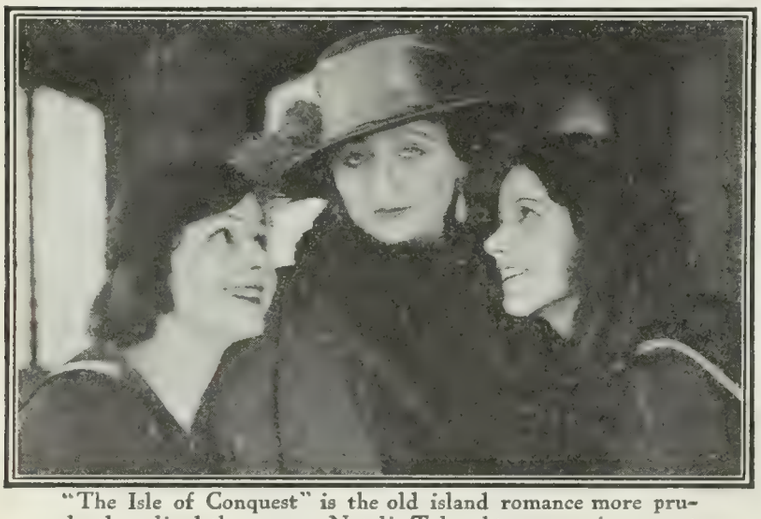
In the third episode of the fancy, in which Miss Young as the outworn wife has been discarded like a remnant garment, the actress does what seems to me the most convincing character work of her career. And this is all the more remarkable because her performance in the picture is singularly uneven. That is to say, in her exposition of the tantrums of a weary, temperamental prima-donna she is only superficial—far from convincing us that she is doing anything more than obeying her director's behest to "act," whereas in the outcast moments, as a forlorn drug wreck, she is absolutely true to all of cocaine's symptomatology. This fidelity goes right into a close-up. She is a forlorn, pitiful thing of twitching muscles and lack-luster eyes: a creature of the living dead. And in other parts of the tableaux she is very beautiful, and much less burdened with embonpoint than has been her wont in the past year.

The production as a whole is strikingly effective without being unusual in scene or equipment, and should establish Mr. Parker as a foreman who knows his trade and its operators. Vincent Serrano is effective as the Indian Yogi so strikingly done on the loquacious platform by Macey Harlan. Milton Sills is both agreeable and disagreeable. William Courtleigh and Lionel Belmore play a precious operatic pair—with Courtleigh rather the more operatic, and Belmore a trifle the more realistic. There are many other persons; and, altogether, the piece is something worth seeing.

SCARLET DAYS—Griffith-Artcraft

The editor of this periodical—God bless him!—differs with me in our view of D. W.'s vivid story of California in '49. He thinks that Mr. Griffith stressed his earthly sentiments in entirely too vivid a fashion; I don't. I think "Scarlet Days" is a triumph of realism which is still within the bounds of decorum. Maybe you differ with both of us. At any rate, the piece has some splendid points, and some perfectly gorgeous characterizations. Basically, it is a trivial Western melo which hasn't even vitality enough to sustain its original intention. The hero is lost, and at the end somebody else turns out to be the hero. As usual in a Griffith enterprise, it is not the yarn itself, but the humanity and reality which invest it, that makes the whole worth while. I think the great characterization of the

Not much can be said for Chaplin's new instrument of merriment, "A Day's Pleasure." There are several funny episodes but also a long footage of patent vulgarity.



"The Isle of Conquest" is the old island romance more prudently policed than ever. Natalie Talmadge appears in support of her famous sister, Norma.

Lew Cody is starred in Maurice Tourneur's Robertson-Cole production. "Broken Butterfly." The story is from "Marcene" by Penelope Knapp.

month, through the whole range of motion pictures, is Eugenie Besserer's "Rosy Nell." This wanton mother, aging in her iniquity, yet with a mother's pride, a mother's heart, a mother's sense of the sacredness of her trust—somehow—seems to me a being at once gigantic and grotesque. There is something colossal, something vastly tragic, in her merry conduct of the cabin—where her daughter does not know that she is her daughter, and the mother herself plays housewife with the clutch of the hangman's noose already about her neck. Of course the picturesque little Seymour, in her adorable description of Chiquita, the hot-tamale vampire of intense ardor and no soap, runs away with most of the laughter and enthusiasm. Dick Barthelmess is less of a success as a Spanish bandit—and much more of a success as Dick Barthelmess. George Fawcett provides an inimitable flash of himself as an entirely-too-humane Sheriff, Carol Dempster and Ralph Graves wear the conventional last-grab honors with their customary charm, and there is the usual gallery of striking portraits, from saturnine to comic, which the Head Master always provides.

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—Realart

Mary Miles Minter is a bit of established popularity. So are L. M. Montgomery's "Anne" books. The combination, *ergo,* was a well-advised one for the young star's debut on a new programme. The same advised selection proceeded in the selection of Francis Marion as the person who could best weld four tales into one string for the celluloids. The result is no drama to speak of, but a more or less biographic account of a little orphan girl who was alternately pathetic and funny; and later, alternately fiercely tragic and meltingly lovely. The high spots of the picture to me were Anne's black-and-white chicken, the feeding of imprisoned Anne by the little boy, Anne's innocent encounter with the mephitic polecat while hunting the picnic, and—later—adolescent Anne's tribulations as the disciplinarian of the village school. William D. Taylor's direction of the picture is pleasantly adequate without being in any way original, and the best work of the long cast is done by Marcia Harris, as Aunt Marilla.

VICTORY—Tourneur-Artcraft

Maurice Tourneur accomplishes a rare feat in the splendid melodrama whose name is capitalized above. He puts Joseph Conrad—the absolute Joseph Conrad—on the screen, while very seriously altering Joseph Conrad's story! That is to say, Tourneur has caught, and conveys, the true spirit, the real philosophy, of the author. In this respect the distinguished French-American has more unerring capabilities, perhaps, than any other camera-master now at work. Not since his great optic transcription of "Sporting Life" has he so thoroughly caught the *timbre,* as a musician would say, of the thing in which he has engaged. Every reader of Conrad's dark but superb story remembers that it ended in a tragedy of hellish laughter: the bullet intended for the fiend Ricardo hits that passionate saint Alma, and with her dies the youthful philosopher Heyst, whom she has drawn from an existence of self-immurement, only to an end of final despair. In Tourneur's picture things go just the other way: Heyst has killed Ricardo, and the anthropoid Pedro, in ultimate revenge, dumps "Mr. Jones," face forward, into the fire, while out in the tropic garden Heyst says the tender word, and Alma comes to his arms as the organist pulls the stops for the exit march. Yet, though the Conrad finale is so radically upset, the dark splendor of Conrad's thought is preserved in every scene, and in every episode you get the slow, majestic, tense movement of his strange drama. It is not a pleasant picture. It may best be described profanely, as a heller. The internal glare upon the face of Mr. Jones, as he goes over into the fire; the deviltry of Schomberg; the cold evil of the aforesaid Mr. Jones; the leers of the serpentine Ricardo—none of these are happy subjects for contemplation. Yet what superb characterizations! Wallace Beery as Schomberg, Lon Chaney as Ricardo, Ben Deely as Jones, Bull Montana as Pedro: here is acting; acting that you won't often find duplicated on stage or screen. Jack Holt is very fine as the virile young philosopher, and Seena Owen is at once sensuous and sensitive as Alma. Mr. Tourneur has made a fine art of suspense in this photoplay.

A VIRTUOUS VAMP—First National

This is the best output of the Loos-Emerson combination, and in its snap and tang really harks back to the incomparable Anita Loos comedies of a year or so ago. It has not, indeed, the direct sweep or the breeziness of those vehicles, but it is a close approach to them, and, upon a basis of very slight farcical material, builds an hour and a half of substantial humorous, human entertainment. The original notion was carpentered out by the late Clyde Fitch, in his comedy, "The Bachelor." It concerns Gwendolyn Beaufort Armitage, a young woman of birth and breeding, but no resources except some rather brisk natural talents, plus a flirtatious instinct that always lands her in the street whenever she engages in business where men are concerned. Constance Talmadge, who has had some considerable practice in being a screen flirt, plays this unfortunate young person, and she plays her in deadly seriousness from the start to the finish of the picture. She is supported by a merry and highly capable cast, including the Collieresque Ned Sparks, the intensely earnest Conway Tearle, and Belle Daube, an almost-too-handsome mother. Gilda Grey, perhaps unknown to the country at large in her jelly-roll specialties, but quite the best clavicular trembler New York has seen quivering this year, is a merry part of the plot. Miss Loos and Mr. Emerson facetiously vamp back with their vamp to her childhood—when, aged six, she vamped in panties and a picture hat amid the ruins of shaken San Francisco. The direction of David Kirkland is pleasantly in the authorial tempo.

THE GIRL FROM OUTSIDE—Goldwyn

Quite awhile ago I considered this piece, perhaps the finest example of eminent authorial supervision which has so far come to the arc-light. It has just been released, and in justice to its makers, and to its distinguished author and overseer, Rex Beach, I want to briefly note it again. It is a story of Alaska. Say that, and you merely indicate that it is placed upon a favorite stamping ground of motion melo. But this is not a mere repetition, for the fine, studied portraits; the realistic yet artful handling of situations and characters; the adroit building of suspense, the genuine conviction with which the story is told are all unusual, and highly unusual at that. It is much like "The Brand," but it is even better than "The Brand," though in that picture Russell Simpson and Kay Laurell were unforgettable. Here Clara Horton comes to legitimate leading-ladyhood, supported by Cullen Landis. The murder of the bad man by the kindly Chinaman is a masterpiece in script and directorial technique. Much credit must be directed to Larry Trimble for his fine continuity construction.

CROOKED STRAIGHT—Paramount-Artcraft

Charles Ray seems determined not to grow into a b'gosh individual from playing simple, unadorned b'gosh parts. As the gawky young man of rural antecedents he distances all competitors, but in this picture he plays not the cow-eyed yokel, but a poor boy in the city, going bad against his will. Up against it for a meal on a cold and rainy night, he endeavors to stick up a man who is quicker on the draw than is he with a club—and the fellow befriends, feeds and warms him, only to hold him, afterwards, as a partner in yeggmanship, under threat of turning him over to the police. Like the Pike county pieces in which Mr. Ray has thrived, this vehicle is the work of Julien Josephson, and if he has not provided a play so interesting or so dramatic, he has at least given Ray a good character in a fairly well-knit though not especially appealing story. Ray and Wade Butler, as "Spark" Nelson, the safe-cutter, are the principal performers and the tall moments of the entertainment are those in which the sinister pair, surprised at their work, manage to effect an escape in which Nelson is mortally wounded, while Trimble (Ray) drags and carries him away from the law in a chase which must have enlisted the merry services of every roaring police Henderson in Los Angeles. In the latter episodes of the picture we see Margery Wilson again, after a long absence from the screen, and she has never seemed more lovely or lovable.

PAID IN ADVANCE—Universal

Now, let's go back to Alaska. This is a different sort of story from Beach's tense and somewhat quiet film experiment. It is the simple, straight-running, old fashioned snow melodrama.

"The Eyes of Youth" is an unusual photoplay in form rather than in substance. In it Clara Kimball Young does the most convincing character work of her career.

"Eastward, Ho!" is a rather weak vehicle featuring William Russell. White Slavery and other what-nots are dragged in to provide cheap thrills.

The public will like Allan Dwan's well-made adaptation of Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune." It is a straight-running yarn of South American adventure.

In "Victory", Maurice Tourneur puts Joseph Conrad's spirit on the screen, although he very seriously alters Conrad novel. Profanely, "Victory" is a heller.

As a lumber jack conducting a modiste shop in New Orleans, William Hart's characterization in "John Petticoats" takes him a step forward from his fixed surroundings.

"Dawn", is one of those blind hero vehicles that finish without the usual magical operation. Robert Gordon and Sylvia Breamer lead.

The big gambling-hell. Fast women. Faster men. The pure girl. The good man who has lost himself. The pure girl's danger. The lost one's awakening. His smashing return. Her rescue. The discomfiture of all their foes. Love. The clutch. Eleven o'clock. Let's go home. Out of these materials, Mr. Holubar has constructed a large and resonant symphony for his wife, Dorothy Phillips. It has no subtleties. It has no surprises. Its end is entirely expected. It will doubtless interest a great many people, though it did not especially interest me.

JOHN PETTICOATS—Ince-Artcraft

No man is trying more resolutely to escape a fixed surrounding than William S. Hart. And few, let it be said to Mr. Hart's credit, are trying more successfully. In this story he appears as John Haynes, a lumberjack in the Northwest, who has inherited a "modiste" shop in New Orleans. Short on education, John Haynes is long on shrewd surmise. And, with some self-flattery, he surmises his deceased relative has left him a "modest shop" of some sort—he could leave something, even though he couldn't spell modest. The lumberman's embarrassment when he learns that he, in his uncouth virility, is in the business of man-dressmaker, is somewhat appalling. The quaint humor of the idea permits a number of equally quaint situations, most of which are funny. The best of these is his uproarious exhibition at a ball—in which William slings no mean hoof, believe us!—while the weakest, from point of probability, is his vastly overdone and correspondingly unconvincing fright in an elevator cage. Walt Whitman, George Webb and Winifred Westover are the principal side contributors to Mr. Hart's unusual specialties. While it cannot be said that "John Petticoats" breaks or even approaches any of Bill Hart's real records in picture-making, as an off-track experiment it certainly beats Charlie Ray's venture in the same line.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE—Realart

I have never ceased to regret Allan Dwan's turn from the spiritual to the material side of motion pictures. In the former he was a public success and an artistic triumph. In the latter he is still—a public success. The public will, and does, like a big, mechanically well-made adventure like "Soldiers of Fortune." But the public also liked that splendid drama "Panthea," in which he painted not only vivid action, but the soul of a woman. I wish Dwan would do more "Pantheas." He can. Perhaps he will. But Dwan is a business man, I suppose. And he finds that "Soldiers of Fortune" is a better, or at least more expedient, business subject. Understand, I have no particular flaws to pick in this virile, straight-running, and not especially extraordinary tale. It is a fanciful yarn of South America, civil engineers, kaleidoscopic governments, picturesque revolutions, rapid-fire guns and rapid-fire love-making. In choosing the still-standing buildings of the San Diego exposition Dwan got an absolutely incomparable set of backgrounds, used only once before, and then in an entirely different manner, by Douglas Fairbanks. The story, one of Richard Harding Davis' best-known and best-liked novels, is very familiar to all American audiences. It enlists a magnificent squad of screen specialists, including Norman Kerry, Pauline Starke, Anna Nilsson, Melbourne MacDowell, Wallace Beery, Wilfred Lucas and Philo McCullough. It's corking light entertainment, and as easy on the eyes as it is on the mind.

HAWTHORNE, U. S. A.—Paramount

I don't care for this, in comparison to Wallace Reid's recent vehicles, but this must not be a gainsaying of certain merits that the piece possesses, of Wallace Reid's jovial, reckless abilities, or of Paramount's very fine production. It simply does not measure up to the very high standard Reid's producers have set for him and themselves in the last few months. Douglas Fairbanks played it on the stage, invested it with his indisputable charm and his inimitable personality, and probably would have played it a lot better in pictures. At least, it would have been a lot better for Fairbanks than the things he has done of late. James Cruze has also much better directing—that is to say, he has been more adroit, more subtle, and more original. As a straight-running version of the escapades of that impertinent young American who breaks the back of a revolution, and permits the people to have a republic only after

(Continued on page 113)

West is East

A Few Impressions

By
DELIGHT EVANS

TRYING
To Get to See
Mabel Normand, Alone,
Is Like Trying
To Interview the Sphinx,
With a Party of Cook's Tourists Around.
Mabel Was Late.
Of Course,
Interesting Women
Are Always Late.
But Mabel
Wasn't Only Late:
She Mistook a Minute
For a Rubber Band, and
Stretched It Into an Hour.
I Stood There,
In the Ritz,
Watching the World Go By,
That Part of the World
That Causes Race Suicide
Among Fur-bearing Animals,
Prosperity Among Jewelers,
And Distress Among Husbands—
Their Own, and Other People's.
Finally, Mabel came—
A Little Girl,
And the Thing that Strikes you Most about her,
Is her Childish, Eager,
Pouting Mouth—
It Gives her
An alice-in-wonderland Look,
That her Eyes,
A Little Deeper and
Browner and
Sadder than you'd Expect,
Contradict.
And she Wore
One of those
S. R. O. Dresses—
You Know: Standing-room-only.
"Listen, look"—
She Made Me Think
Of One of Booth Tarkington's
Seventeen-year-old Ladies.
"There're
Some People Waiting
To See Me.
I Told 'em I'd be Here—
We'd Better Go."
We Rode Through the Park—
And even a Traffic Cop
Said "Hello" to her.
She Talked—
"Happiness," said Mabel,
"Is Simply a State of Mind.
I've Never Lost my Mind.
When Things Go Wrong with You—
Kid Yourself."
I think if someone Dared her to Play it,
She'd Jazz Juliet.
I Fell for Mabel.
You Would, Yourself.

A NICE Young Man
Walked into the Office.
There's
A Pretty Blonde
At the Switchboard, and he
Hung his Head, and
Said rather Bashfully,
"Say
'S Mr. Lloyd."
"What Lloyd?" demanded the Young Lady.
He Turned Red—"Harold Lloyd."
"I don't Know," said the Girl,
"You don't Look Like him.
He Wears Glasses."
The Young Man
Turned a Shade Redder.
"Yes, but—
I Left them Out There."
"Some sort of Nut,"
Said the Girl briefly to Me,
"Says he's Harold Lloyd."
Mr. Lloyd
Sure was Glad to See Me.
"I Think," he said,
"I'll Get
A Pair of Glasses and
Wear them.
It
Would Save Me
An Awful Lot of Trouble."
Manhattan liked him but
It Couldn't Spoil him.
"If anyone I'm working with,"
He says,
"Ever comes Up to Me and Tells Me
How Wonderful I am,
They'll be Out of the Studio
Before they Have Time to Change their Minds.
I Got a Swelled Head—Just Once.
I was the Leading Man
In a High-school Play.
My Best Girl—then—
Came Up to Me and
Told Me How Wonderful I was.
Other People Told Me the Same Thing.
I Began to Believe it.
Then
The Old Professor
Who Had Coached Us in our Lines,
Took me Quietly Aside.
'My boy,' he said,
'I've been Watching You.
You Played that Part
As Badly as any Amateur
Could Possibly Have Played it.
If I were You,
I'd Study Harder, and
Not Pay so Much Attention
To What People are Saying.
Nine Times Out of Ten.
They're Lying.'
And
I've Never Been Stuck-Up Since!"

The Lay of the Silent Mummer—By GEORGE McDANIEL

TONIGHT my spirit walks abroad
In ghostly pantomime;
Strange eyes gaze on my ghostly shape
In every land and clime.
My other self takes many forms—
Of them you've seen a-plenty—
Sometimes, perhaps, a kind old man,
And then a scamp of twenty.

Last night—in sunny Spain it was
I robbed a coach-and-four
While reading Arnold Bennett
Behind a fast-closed door.
Oh, I'm an awful fellow
In Lisbon and Cheyenne.
But in New York and Rio-Town
I am the best of men.

An hour ago, in Africa,
I beat my English wife,
And half an hour before, in France,
I saved a comrade's life;
And yesterday, while feeling kind,
I gave a lad a dollar,
But shot a check-boy through the head
For mussing up my collar.

I ride around in limousines
And dine in swell cafes,
And break the bank at faro—
Though the banker never pays.
I also break up happy homes
And lead young girls astray,
But aid the poor, the blind, the lame—
All on the selfsame day.

I wear the robe of saintly priest,
I sing, I pray, I shrive;
I kill a pal for fifty cents
And eat old men alive.
I woo my neighbor's lovely wife
And shower gifts upon her—
But all the same, I'd have you know,
I am the soul of honor!

I often journey on the sea
While riding in a hack;
My record's clean as snow, in Maine,
In Kansas it is black.
But you'll no longer wonder why
My life's a jumbled plan—
For I will rise and tell you
That I'm a movie man!

Doug's Flood

Although it is not as widespread as Noah's, it does very nicely for the next Fairbanks film.

Here is the town that was built for the flood to sweep away, in the picture that Doug made. (You can see that it's a regular little city with its station and its hotel and its church — and the washings on the line). It cost time and money to build this town. Up in the mountains the flood is even now accumulating. (Doug had a pull with Pluvius.)

Well, the floods descended all right and here's what's left of the town that was built for the flood to sweep away, in the picture that Doug made. The heroine is stranded on the roof of a barn; various other members of the acting family are marooned in the tree — Doug is hanging there by one finger — and look, at the right of our picture, trying to hide behind the tree — the family on the raft in the family flivver!

Every wedding should have a breakfast. But when a flood has come along and swept away all your worldly possessions except your bride, you can't do much about it. But Doug swam to the ice-box and found—a watermelon.

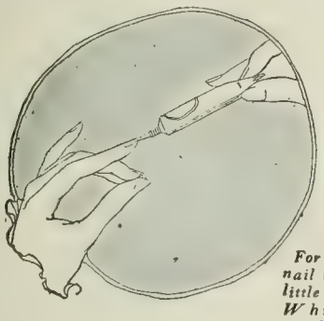
Did you ever get married? Of course. You were, very probably, married in a church—but who ever heard of being married ON a church? Hero and shero in the Fairbanks flood swam to the church and were greeted by the minister astride the steeple, and made man and wife.

The Art of Keeping the Hands Beautiful

FOUR SIMPLE OPERATIONS EACH WEEK AND THE HANDS ARE ALWAYS PERFECTLY MANICURED

There is no beauty so easy to gain as lovely hands

LOVELY hands are becoming more and more conspicuous. They are more and more regarded as one of the chief charms of a beautiful woman. It is hard to get through a single day now, without being judged by one's hands. Badly groomed hands



For clean, white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails.

are more harshly criticized today than ever before. And no wonder. For really lovely nails are so easy to acquire.

Here is all you have to do

Once a week, on some regular day, give fifteen or twenty minutes to this simple manicure. It will keep your nails in perfect condition. Scrub the hands and nails in warm, soapy water. Rinse and dry. Remove any dirt from underneath the nails with an orange stick. Never use a metal instrument for this.

The shape of the nails

Then file the nails to the proper length and shape, preferably oval. It is now considered very poor taste to have the nails either long or pointed.

After cutting, smooth off irregularities and shape the corners of the nails with a flexible steel file. Finish the shaping of the nails with an emery board.

Now for the cuticle. Here is where many women make mistakes. The wrong care of the cuticle causes hangnails and rough places. Never trim it with scissors. This leaves a raw edge, which gives rise to hangnails and often causes a sore or swollen rim of flesh about the nail.

Cutex was prepared to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover.

The care of the cuticle

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then carefully work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wipe off the dead surplus skin, and wash the hands.

Now whiten the nail tips

Apply Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath the nails. Spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. Cutex Nail White will remove all discolorations from underneath the nails.

A jewel-like gloss

Cutex Cake Polish rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed over the nails gives them a quick, waterproof polish. If you wish an especially brilliant finish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake Polish. After washing, restore the polish by rubbing the nails lightly over the palm of the hand.

Soften and remove surplus cuticle with Cutex. It will leave a thin, beautiful nail base.

If your cuticle has become sore and tender from cutting, apply Cutex Cold Cream. Or if your cuticle has the tendency to become dry and harsh, apply cold cream just before going to bed.

Give your nails this Cutex manicure regularly. Do not expect your hands to stay well-groomed with irregular care.

You can get Cutex in any drug or department store in the United States, Canada and England.

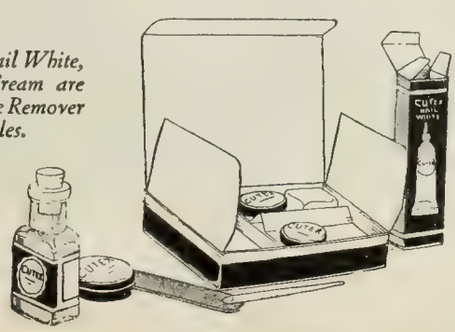
If you want a brilliant, lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then Cutex Cake Polish.

A complete manicure set for only 20 cents

Mail this coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure Set. It contains small sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail Polish, Pink Paste Polish and Cuticle Comfort, together with orange stick and emery boards. Enough of each to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 702, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent bottles.



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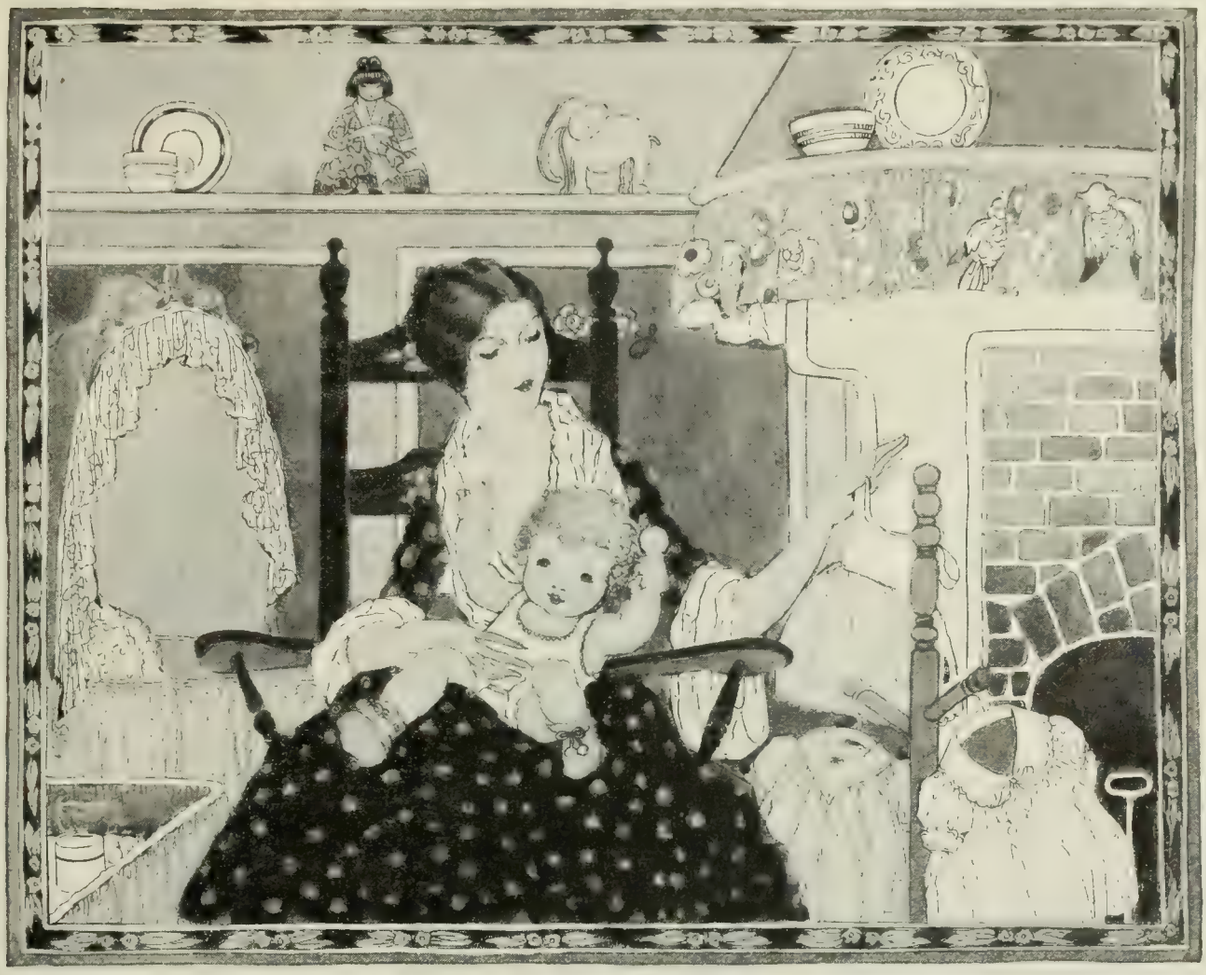
OF Dorothy Dalton's performance as *Chrysis* in "Aphrodite", the spoken spectacle which had its premiere in New York in December, Burns Mantle, the critic, says in part: "Her beauty of face and form are not to be gainsaid. Her voice is pleasant and she is not without dramatic force in expressing emotion. She fills the picture admirably."



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OF course, he's particular! From his bootees to his bib, each garment must be sweet and clean for the daintiest baby in the world. His little petti-skirts of finest cashmere with sweet baby scallops, the frocks of batiste tinily tucked and daintily embroidered, cunning negligée jackets of pale crêpe de Chine and French knots—he adores to put them on so spic and fresh from their Lux laundering.

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Never allow his pretty things to stay soiled

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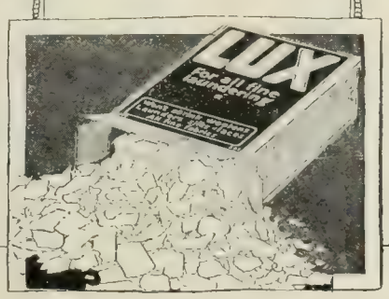
HIS WOOLENS AND BLANKETS

Use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a bowlful of water. Whisk into lather in very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Squeeze rich suds through garments. DO NOT RUB. *Rinse in three lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last water. Squeeze water out.* DO NOT TWIST. *Dry in moderate temperature. Press with warm iron.*



FOR HIS FINE DRESSES

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a rich lather in a bowlful of very hot water. Let white garments soak a few minutes. Squeeze suds through. DO NOT RUB. *Rinse in three hot waters. Squeeze—do not wring. Dry in the sun.*

Silks and colors—Add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Roll in towel. Press with warm iron.

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The First Camera-Maid

LOUISE LOWELL doesn't think much of the fact that she is the first and only camera-maid in the world. The unusual has no fascination for her, perhaps because all of her twenty years of life she has been occupied with the unusual.

To begin with, she was born in Samoa; and then to follow that up—how many girls are there who have been educated in India and China and who know almost every square mile of either country?

Her life, too, has been principally concerned with being her father's only son. He believed in training her right from the start. When she was only three, her bump of fearlessness had not been developed to its present day growth, and she absolutely refused to go in swimming with her father and mother. Then father, who was every bit as determined as his daughter, hit upon a drastic measure. He threw her beloved rag doll far out into the water. With a cry of outraged mother-love Louise started after it and kept going—until the water had covered her head.

She was rescued, of course—so was the doll, and as her father swam back with it, Louise swooped down upon it and carried it off. That was the beginning; she has never been afraid of anything since.

Since she was old enough to use a camera she had carried one. It had been with her in the Far East, in the new world and in the old world. When she made a trip hundreds of miles into the jungles of South America, she secured photographs that were almost as sensational as the trip itself and which illustrated the articles her father wrote for newspapers and magazines.

It was no wonder that motion pictures appealed to her. She has always gone in for everything that interested her. While she was studying aviation in England she first came into actual contact with one. Before long she had mastered its technique and a moving picture camera replaced the "still" camera that had formerly satisfied her.

When the Prince of Wales arrived in Canada, Louise Lowell was a passenger in Colonel Barker's plane as it swept a cordial welcome to the distinguished guest. With her was her motion picture camera, and she photographed the Prince and his party from the 'plane. The pictures were so good that she decided it was up to her to do something with them. She consulted the editor of the Fox news weekly and he used them in his review of important events. A short while later the same company signed her as the first woman news-reporter in the world—and the first aerial one.

Despite her adventures Miss Lowell remains essentially feminine. The thing she wants more than anything else in the world is—curly hair.

She's been all over the world—and now she plans to go over it again, this time at a higher altitude.

THE American public has a long purse and a short memory; that is the reason so many screen stars are playing truant from the kitchen.

THE government is going after the butchers. We wish they wouldn't forget the censors.

A N N O U N C E M E N T

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INDIVIDUALITY GRAVEN INTO THEM

RECORDS

AND finally Brunswick Records—artistic companions of Brunswick Phonographs. These records are made under the direction of great interpreters:—men who have the power and faculty of developing musical selections as they would be played by the composers.

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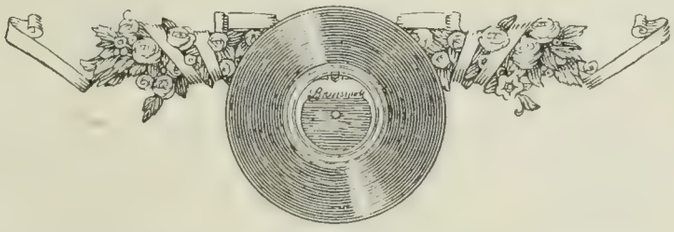
Ask to hear these records. Made by the House of Brunswick —a name renowned in the world of music. Compare Brunswick Records with others. Be their sole judge! Look for something entirely different. Something sweeter, richer, truer! You'll find it in full measure in this new Brunswick disc!



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Chasing the Kaiser

The new favorite outdoor sport of the pictorial news-getters: tracking Wilhelm to his Dutch lair.

By
JULIAN JOHNSON

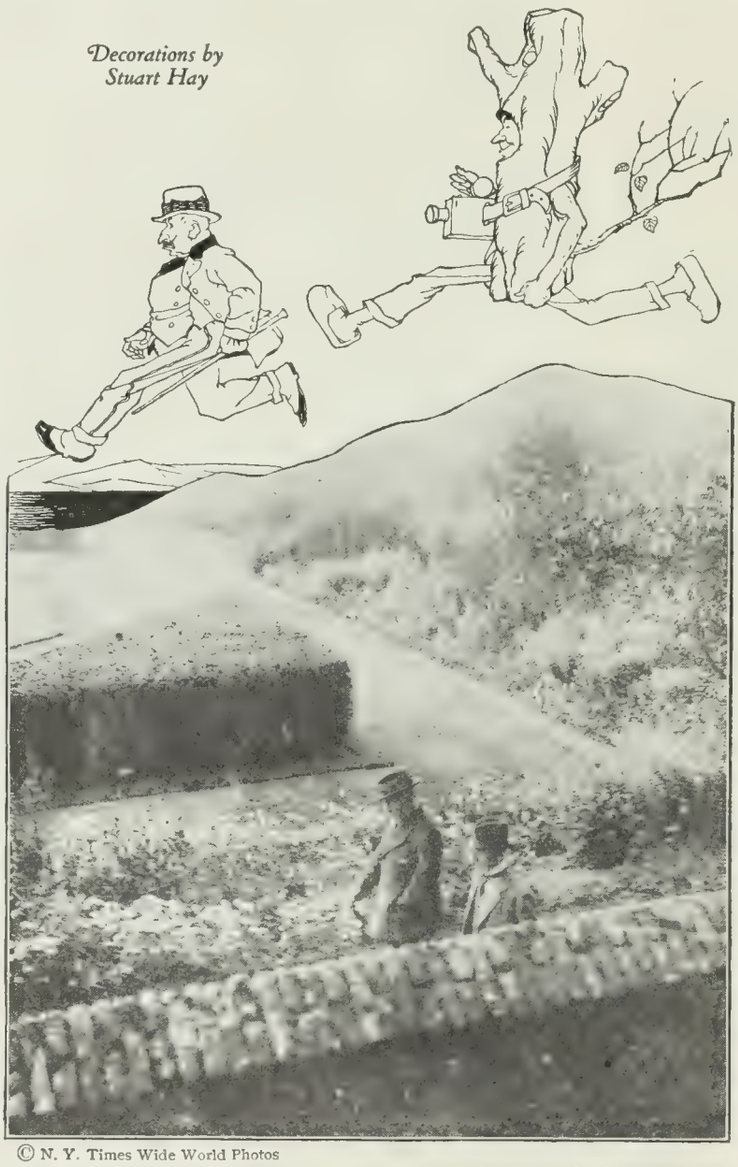
DURING the several years of the war, the reporters who went from their metropolitan magazines and daily newspapers to the war zone; the artists who "covered" the war; the still and motion picture photographers who trundled their Eastmans and American Bell and Howells over the battle-lines—none of these told their true and sometimes startling experiences—until after the armistice was well-jelled. And not until the ex-Kaiser is removed from Amerongen, will the motion picture men come out with their tales of amazing encounters—some of them quite true—concerning the efforts of the American film companies to capture the extinct monarch in his lair.

Far more effort has been made to imprison the late Kaiser in a lens than has been expended to catch his well-cartooned son Frederick William. But the latter efforts have been more successful. Perhaps because of Frederick William's greater personal vanity, but more likely because of the better guard thrown around his father.

Every film news service in America has had men in Holland ever since November, 1918, trying to catch Wilhelm, and they feel that with his departure to another coop, they will surely grab him.

Most of these attempts have been more or less humorous; none more so than the long pursuit that finally resulted in nearly three reels of the crown prince. The celluloid birds who captured this worm of curiosity trundled about the country roads for a month, in a farmer's van, disguised as hucksters. In the jumble of goods at the back of their carry-all was an irregular opening—a veritable masked battery, for behind it lurked the eye of an American Bell & Howell. Whenever their scouts reported the Hohenzollern heir abroad the old van went rumbling out on the road. At last, on a foggy, half-rainy morning the cameramen, in disguise, actually overtook his lese majesty. Immediately—fortunately they carried stuff to sell—the best actor of the outfit began to cry his wares and offer fantastic bargains. He was soon surrounded by farmers' wives and children, attracted by his clamor, and into the tumult, as an amused spectator, walked the wanted gentleman. Frederick William, vastly amused by the antics of these low persons, dawdled along with the outfit for a long space of country road—and they got away, with none the wiser, having in their possession three fair-sized reels of foggy and speckled but none the less identifiable film of him, much of it made at a distance not exceeding thirty feet.

Decorations by Stuart Hay



© N. Y. Times Wide World Photos

A cameraman may look at a king — particularly if the king is in Dutch and the cameraman is hidden in a hay wagon. This snapshot, greatly enlarged, shows the ex-emperor, taking his daily walk through the formal gardens of Bentinck Castle, at Amerongen.

Attempts to get his father have been funnier and even more persistent, also generally unsuccessful. The only man who really got away with a boxful had his apparatus smashed by a Dutch guard.

One cameraman of a New York concern has the proud distinction of having been eleven different individuals in Holland. That is to say, he has been put summarily over the border by the Dutch government as a public nuisance—and each time has been content to wander about the Continent for a little while, shooting away—and then to return with a new set of passports, as somebody else.

Another man, noting the ample Dutch equator, which tradition says once projected porchlike over a considerable part of Bowling Green, rigged himself up with a joeweber stomach having an "aeroscope" camera inside, and thus approached Count Bentnick's estate. However, his abdominal rigidity attracted too much attention, and as the guard appreciated no originalities in make-up and acting, he retired to a confused obscurity.

Still another actually got onto the Count's estate, with an aeroscope held tightly to his chest, but on developing his picture—he hadn't much, anyway—discovered that the beating of his heart had thrown his camera completely out of line! The "aeroscope" is the invention of a reporting genius who had been in pretty tight places over here, and consists of a complete motion picture camera enclosed in a small black box, with the cranking done mechanically by an engine driven from a small flask of highly compressed air.

The layman may wonder at such persistent efforts to snare the most unpopular man in the world. But public curiosity is a matter of curious mathematics; the public would consider as a supreme optic prize at least one series of lifelike views of the man it most generally detests.

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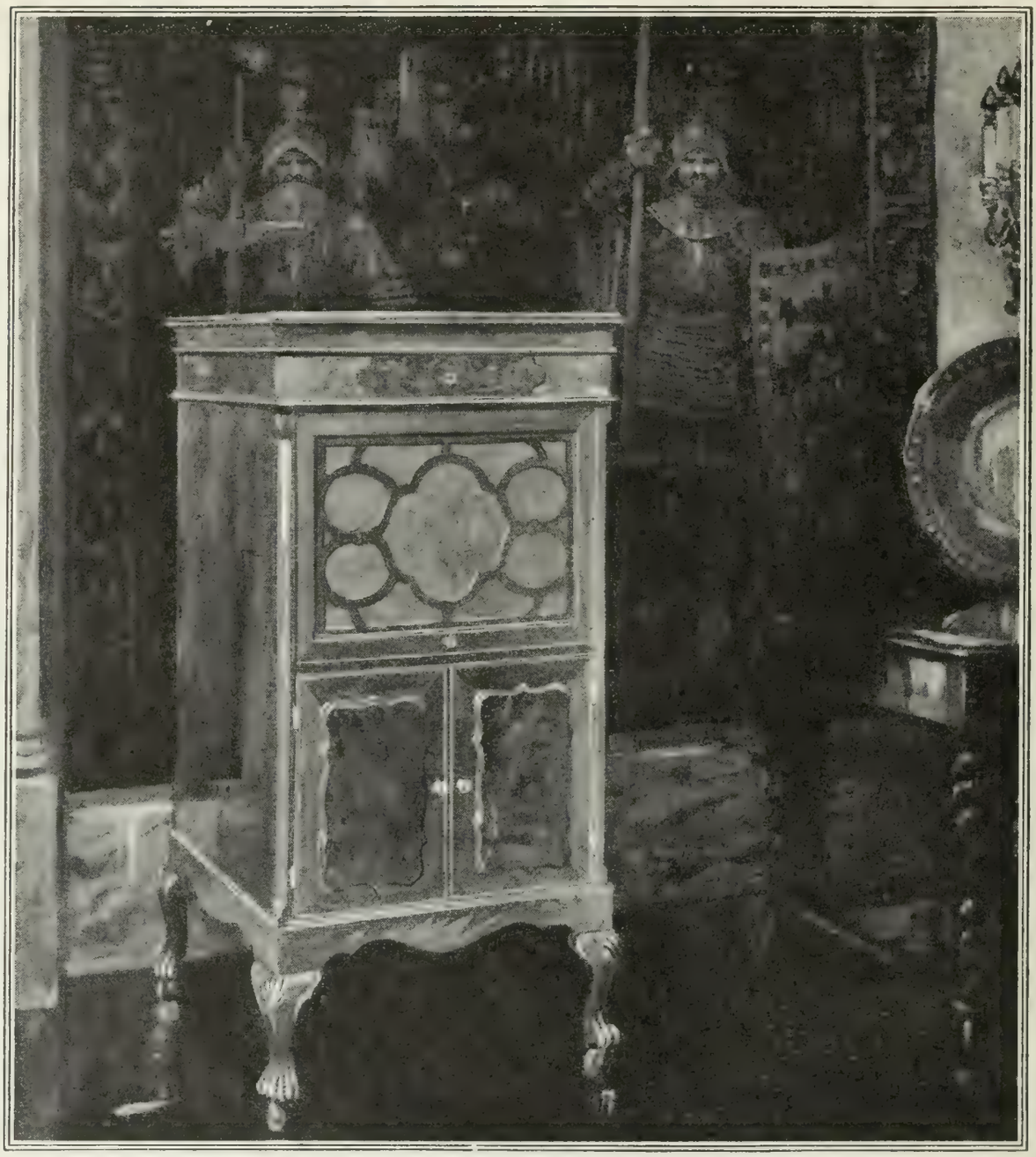

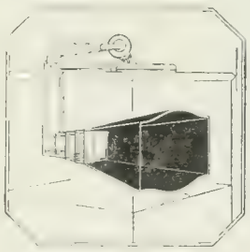

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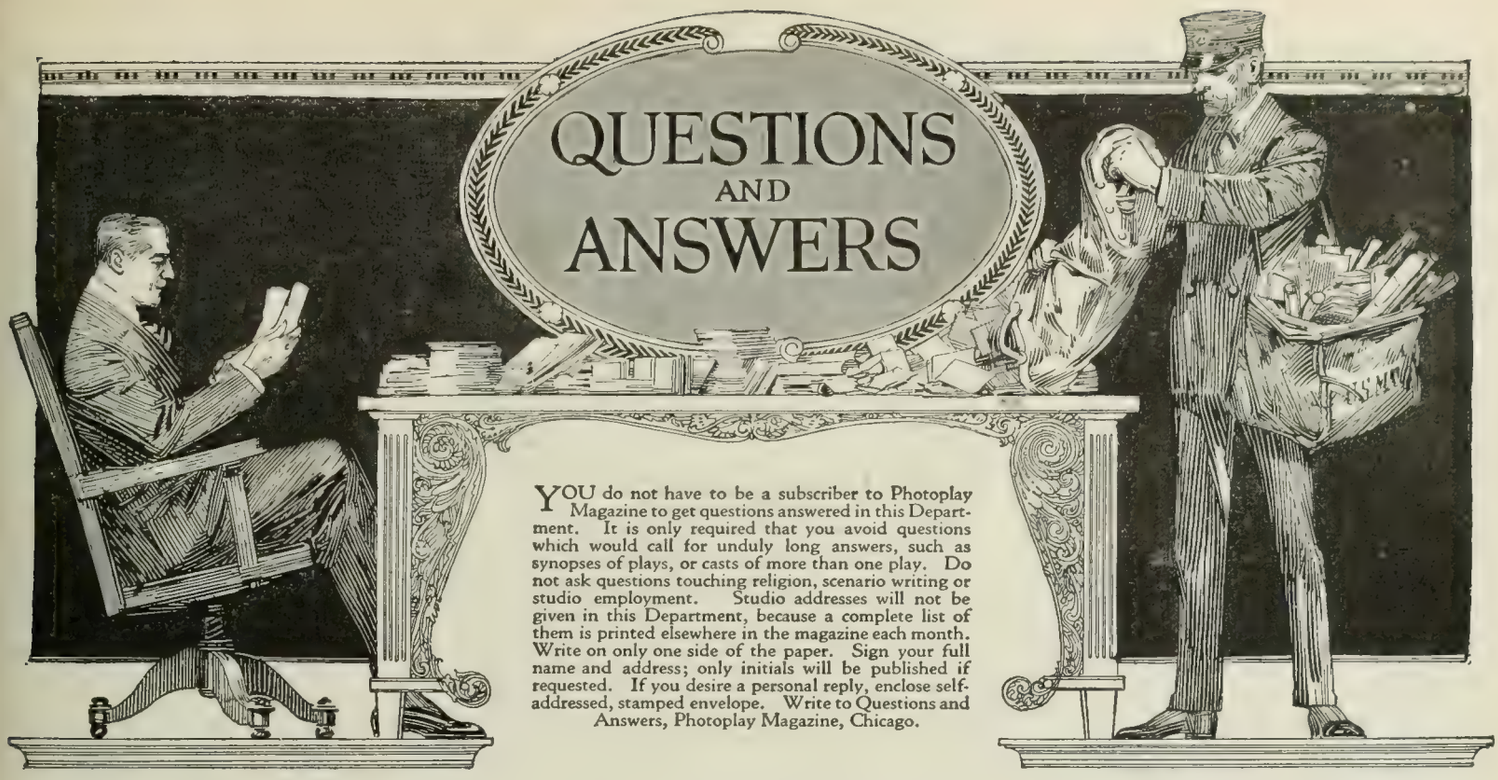

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

PADDY B., IRELAND.—I have never married. It may be a fact that marriage is a failure, but if a woman loves a man she is willing to find out for herself. I like my work and won't you write again and ask me some—*sensible* questions?

PAUL C., MONTREAL.—Please don't ask me to give any recipes for success in pictures. It's like telling a woman how to be beautiful in ten lessons: it can't be done. I do not know of any film companies producing in your city. I am sorry.

THE TEXAS KIDS.—You two could write another "Young Visiters." I daresay you could duplicate Daisy Ashford's peculiarly feminine and extremely infantile intuition regarding elderly gentlemen of 42. Myself, I should be afraid of you. I have never heard the theory advanced that some girls do not want to be movie stars because they would not like the various manifestations of emotion which usually precede the final fadeout. In fact, I have heard quite the contrary. Wallace MacDonald is not and never has been married. Whether or not he wants to get married is another thing entirely. I should not venture to speculate.

EVELYNE B., BRISTOL, CONN.—So you told your friend to be sure to look me up when he comes to Chicago, as you are sure I will find him lots of fun. Well, I'll begin looking around now and see what I can do. Your list of favorites matches mine. You don't need to send Dick Barthelmess the clippings of what Delight Evans says about him in PHOTOPLAY. Dick reads it himself. So you think that if wit had a commercial value I would be rich. Dear girl, it has—and I'm still a poor man. Clarine Seymour, Griffith, New York; Gloria Swanson, Lasky, Hollywood; Marie Prevost, Sennett; Bill Farnum, Fox (eastern); John Barrymore, Famous Players, New York.

ILENE ETHEL, ST. JOHN.—I fear I will never be able to make money. I have not the genius of the hat-check boy, the aggression of the taxi-cab driver, the domineering qualities of the head-waiter. I was born to blurb unseen—but not unread. Pell Trenton was May Allison's husband in "Fair and Warmer" but Eugene Pallette, formerly a Fine-Artist, had the fatter male role. Crane Wilbur is now a successful playwright.

P. L. R. P., SYRACUSE.—Doug's popularity has, indeed, increased by jumps—also leaps and bounds. His latest is "When the Clouds Roll By" renamed from "Cheer Up." Mary's new one, "Pollyanna." Mildred Harris Chaplin is with First National under Louis B. Mayer's management. Joseph Henaberry is directing her first new picture.

ADALINE F., ST. LOUIS.—You say your fiance looked foolish when he proposed to you. I daresay he was. Anyway—I think I would give up my idea of picture stardom for a while, anyway. Pearl White's latest picture is "The Black Secret" for Pathe, from a Robert W. Chambers novel called "In Secret." Walter McGrail is her leading man.

The Builder of Destinies.

BETH, KANSAS CITY.—I am sure I do not know what occasioned your outburst. I would be much more successful if I would lie once in a while; people get so tired of hearing the truth over and over again. I probably told you an unkind truth and it always hurts. The fact remains that I smoke a pipe and am not going to give it up, not even for you.

SNAPPY, FORDHAM.—I don't blame you for being snappy. When a young lady tells a young man her hands are cold and the young man holds her hands, it's all right. But when the young lady, encouraged, says "I'm cold all over" and he gives her his overcoat—well, it's enough to spoil any girl's disposition. But don't snap at me. Young ladies, alas, never confide their temperatures to me. Clarine Seymoure in "Scarlet Days." You want a picture?

A GIRL'S CLUB, MONSON, MASS.—I did write you a letter but you must have thought it was from one of your old beaux, for you didn't answer it. I'll try again sometime. Why don't you subscribe? Mae Marsh married Louis Lee Arms, New York newspaper man. She has a little baby girl. She signed a new contract, with Gasnier, to make pictures in California. June Elvidge and Lieut. Badgely are securing a divorce. Julian Eltinge, on the stage last. Your wish for a cover of Norma Talmadge came true in the January issue.

ROBERTA C., BOSTON.—You may *think* you can stop writing to me. I know that you won't. For every time I answer you, you'll answer back; a woman must have the last word. Besides, please don't desert me; I need your help. They say a woman always loves a man whom she can pity. I need sympathy. There's a lot about your Bill Hart in this issue.

OPAL B., KANSAS CITY.—Of course I don't believe you—but it is nice to think that the hotel clerk rang your phone and demanded order and quiet, while you were laughing over *Questions and Answers*. I won't ask you how it turned out; I suppose you turned in. Many of the stars have freckles—for instance, one of the blondest and most beautiful ingenues covers hers for screen purposes with make-up. Wesley Barry, on the other hand, is proud of his. Write soon again.

ALICE, PENN YAN.—Sounds like a tobacco. Dorothy Gish is in the East now. She brought her company with her. Vivian Martin is east also. Anita Stewart works in Hollywood, Harrison Ford made a flying trip to Manhattan to work with Marguerite Clark in "Easy to Get," then he hit the rattler back to Cal.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

JOHN F. T., MIAMISBURG, OHIO.—The Big Four has its office at 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Griffith is the only one of the quartet who makes his pictures in Manhattan: Mary, Doug, and Charlie all work in the west. Thanhouser is one with Lubin, Kalem, and Essanay; it has passed. The Jimmy Cruzes are in California where he directs for Lasky. Mignon Anderson has been free-lancing. Morris Foster with Universal last. As you know, perhaps, Flo La Badie was killed in a motor accident.

BETTY AND MARGARET.—There's such a lot of team work lately. Have all the girls formed secret societies? I never yet heard of a girls' secret society that was really secret. Most of those I hear of are for the purpose of exploiting some well-loved screen star. Dick Barthelmess is very dark as to complexion—not disposition. Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass., and she is somewhere in her thirties. Dorothy Gish has no "permanent" leading man. Dick, Ralph Graves, and Rudolph Valentino have all played with her recently.

PANDORA, CHARLOTTESVILLE.—Indeed I hope your curiosity has happier results than hers. So you don't want to write to Madge Kennedy because you're afraid she might answer and spoil the illusion. Yes, I know just how you feel about writing to celebrities and rich relations. Madge was on the stage before going into films; she was the cocktail-imbibing heroine of Avery Hopwood's "Fair and Warmer." She was discovered while acting in amateur dramatics. Married, to Harold Bolster.

CASTLE CLIP NUMBER TWO.—So you wish all our screen actresses would, bob their hair? I don't know; it mightn't become some of them. Let's see: there's Irene Castle—who is, I think, contemplating letting hers grow; Constance—also Natalie and Norma Talmadge; Anita Loos; Nazimova; Viola Dana and sister Shirley Mason. There may be others; girls have such a way of turning up their hair to make it look short. Unless you have curly hair, however, they tell me that bobbed hair is just as hard to fix as long hair. Harder, in fact, on rainy days. Let me know when you join the Honorable Society of the Bobbed-Haired Jazz Babies.

MRS. W. D. C., ST. LOUIS.—It is a pleasure to read a letter like yours. I like H. B. Warner, myself. In fact, he represents a boyish dream I always had—I should have wished to grow up to look like him if I'd known him then. Sort of a Sir Galahad person isn't he? Married to Rita Stanwood; address him care Hampton studios, L. A. There's a little Joan Warner, only about two and a half years old.

KITTEN, NEW YORK CITY.—When a girl named Kitten inquires wistfully if I have hair slightly grey at the temples—what can a poor man do? But I can't lie even to you: my hair isn't grey at all. I say—what do they call you, at home? Surely they don't say "Kitten" whenever they want you. You seem to be such a nice girl, too. Alec B. Francis was a member of the old Eclair company; he was on the stage before that. Write him at Goldwyn studio, Culver City.

CLEO, KENTUCKY.—You would like to drop in on my Eveless Eden, would you? My stenographer is always here; every Adam must have a litttle evil, as the saying goes. You can drop in any time—with a letter. Elsie Ferguson, Famous Players studio in New York. She is a Paramount-Artcraft star. Latest to be shown, "Counterfeit." I may not have a nice profile but I turn my toes out as I walk and I am very good to office-boys, waiters, and taxi-drivers. If you would rather read me than eat, you can say no more.

JOSEF G. C., DOWAGIAC, MICH.—Polly Moran is *Sheriff Nell* in the comedies. She used to be with Sennett, took a flyer in vaudeville, and is now with Fox-Sunshine, I understand. Works in Hollywood. Other answered elsewhere.

N. J. B., NEW CASTLE.—Your answer has been delayed but I hope this will serve you. Al Jolson is not in pictures and has never been but you might address him at the Winter Garden, New York. John Barrymore's pictures may be obtained through Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave., New York. Francis X. Bushman is on the stage now. Maurice Costello will probably send you a photograph if you write to him care Vitagraph, Brooklyn. He is in Corinne Griffith's picture, "The Tower of Jewels."

KHARLINE P., TACOMA.—Yes, I think Olive Thomas is perfectly darling. Would you mind telling her that I think so when you write? I know Olive, filmically and personally, and only wish I could get up enough courage to tell her how much I like her eyelashes. Her latest are "Out Yonder" and "Out of the Night." She has been Mrs. Jack Pickford for several years now. Ella Hall is married to Emory Johnson.

W. K. YOUNGSTOWN.—On that bet—Charles Chaplin has no children. You win. The little son of the Chaplins died when only a few hours old. Mrs. Mildred Harris Chaplin's new picture is called "The Inferior Sex."

M. E. S., BRIGHTON.—So you want me to be epigrammatical. One cannot be epigrammatical with a cold in the head. If I wrote as I felt this morning, this Magazine would never pass the censors. Eugene O'Brien no sooner finishes one picture than he begins another. Several recent ones are "Sealed Hearts" "The Broken Melody" and "His Wife's Money." Norma Talmadge's new one is called, "She Loves and Lies." Elsie Ferguson is Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke.

BETTY, HUME, ILLINOIS.—Don't address me as "My dear—er—"! That's as bad as the proposal of a bashful man—"Darling, I—"! I should say that man was a good actor if he starred in a temperance picture—and he was so enthusiastic too, you say. Evart Overton? His middle name is Emerson; he was with Vitagraph last.

G. C., PROVIDENCE.—Oh, don't always believe the billboards of a musical show when they advertise, "A Chorus of Twenty." They refer to numbers, not to age. In the films, however, the girls must be young. It's a safe bet that Mack Sennett never engages a girl for his comedies if she's over twenty-five. Phyllis is just a baby.

C. E. L., LACONIA.—Old man, I'd like to oblige you but I can't even get any myself. The art editor uses them in the art section, then he takes them all and says he has to save them. It isn't right; it isn't fair. And that was such a pretty picture of Phyllis Haver, too.

(Continued on page 131)

It's a Small World!

TEN Feet From New York to Cairo! That is, ten feet from the structure built to represent a tenement in New York to the picturesque little huts on the Cairo street at the right. It's all on the same lot—a line divides Douglas Fairbanks' outdoor set at the left from Bessie Barriscale's Egyptian set, on the big Brunton lot in Los Angeles. The far ends of the world meet in a motion picture studio.

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Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Stoic Chinaware

IN "Why Smith Left Home" there occurs a severe earthquake. Small houses on the edge of a cliff are shown collapsing, and an interior of the house in which Bryant Washburn and Lois Wilson are marooned shows cupboards falling, electric fixtures swaying, tables overturned, etc. Yet through all the confusion a row of plates on a plate-rail in the dining-room remain calm as a steel strike until the cobblestone chimney nearby is shaken over upon them.

STUART S. TOWNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

From London to Fort Lee

MATT MOORE, in Olive Thomas' picture "The Glorious Lady," is in his London club. The scheming villainess, in her boudoir, rings him up on a British telephone. Matt answers—through a regulation U. S. A. instrument. G. B., N. Y.

"Till The Sands of The Desert Grow Cold"—

IN your November issue "Mona M., New York," criticizes Louise Glaum for wearing a fur coat in "Sahara." I agree with her that a fur coat *seems* superfluous, but, really, the poor dear needed it as a protection against the cold. In the last scene she came out of the tent intending to leave her sweetheart to the tender mercies of the nice little missionary, and her congealed breath could be seen leaving her lips.

STENOGRAPHER, Indianapolis.

What Every Villain Learns

IN Enid Bennett's "What Every Woman Learns" we see the hero strike the villain with such force that he knocks him across the room. However, the director probably did not want the villain to be too badly mussed up until the fifth reel—for he struck him a blow that started from the shoulder like a regular punch but when it met the other, it appropriately stopped. The next day the villain shows up with a beautiful black eye that any Mack Sennett scrap artist would be proud to own.

ELWOOD ULLMAN, JR., St. Louis, Mo.

Ten Readers Saw This

IN Maurice Tourneur's "The Life Line," the great ship runs on the rocks late at night; the frightened passengers are hastily summoned from their berths, and rush forth, clad in variously assorted night clothes and outer garments; but to supply pathos, toddling down the slanting corridor, come two little children, daintily clad in real party clothes, curls, frillies and hair-ribons!

L. N. Brown, Lowell, Mass.

Probably Not in Wichita

MAY I not suggest that the director of "The Grim Game"—a Houdini picture—visit newspaper editorial departments to see how *real* reporters and editors act when a big story breaks? Other news dogs don't listen-in to hear what the star reporter is saying; nor do the city editor and the S. R. shake the farewell parting when the latter goes out to chase down a story.

ROYSE SHELDON ALDRICH, Wichita, Kansas.

Maybe He Wore Out The First Pair

IN "Out of Luck," the Dorothy Gish farce-comedy, Ralph Graves, in the burglar scene, first wears a pair of high shoes and then a pair of low shoes. The chase was supposed to take place all in one evening, too. R. L., Bellevue, Pa.

Real Heroism—In Both Cases

I SAW "For Better, For Worse" with Gloria Swanson and Tom Forman. Gloria is seen looking out of a window at the soldiers. It is snowing hard and all the boys have on large overcoats and are covered with snow, but when Tom bursts into the room he is hatless, coatless, and doesn't even fleck off a single snowflake.

In "Daring Hearts," a Bushman-Bayne film, a little girl gives F. X. B. a shaving mug and brush. Without bothering about soap or hot water he starts to shave.

V. D. A., Grand Rapids, Mich.

In The Days Before H. C. O. L.

IN "Girl of My Dreams" Billie Rhodes takes a large market-basket of eggs to the hotel to be sold. The basket held at least eight or ten dozen eggs. She receives two dollars for the entire lot! Where, and when please, was this story laid?

MRS. J. M. M., Washington.

Sousa's Band and Conn Instruments

What Sousa Says

"I take this occasion to tell you of the genuine pleasure and perfect satisfaction your New Wonder Model Instruments, used by the members of my Band, have given me.

"In our extended engagement at the New York Hippodrome your instruments have had a splendid opportunity to display their merits. They have fully demonstrated their worthiness of the Grand Prize and Gold Medal of Honor given them by the Jury of Awards at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

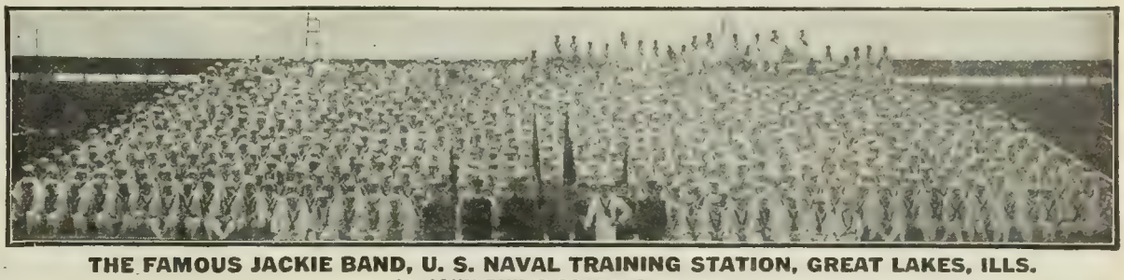
"During our pleasant engagements at the Exposition I had occasion to note the various bands and orchestras there engaged, and the Conn Instruments seemed to be in evidence everywhere. Particularly was this the case where High Grade musicians were engaged.

"I still maintain that the new model Conn Instruments enhances the musical value of any organization to a marked degree and the members of my organization fully accord with me.

"The Conn, Ltd., has created a high standard of excellence for Band Instruments, a standard worthy of emulation, if possible, by other makers.

"Very sincerely, JOHN PHILIP SOUSA."

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
From a Recent Photo



THE FAMOUS JACKIE BAND, U. S. NAVAL TRAINING STATION, GREAT LAKES, ILLS.
Lt. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, Conductor

The organization and successful training of the "Jackie Band" is one of the most remarkable of Lieut. Sousa's achievements. Its members were recruited from all walks of life—many of them wholly unfamiliar with music and musical instruments—and yet in a few short months, Lieut. Sousa was able to develop them into a world renowned organization.

The Jackie Band of over 1,200 members was equipped throughout with Conn Instruments,—a most significant fact when one remembers the success achieved. And yet good music is no mystery. It is the expression of skill in both the artist and the maker of the instrument.

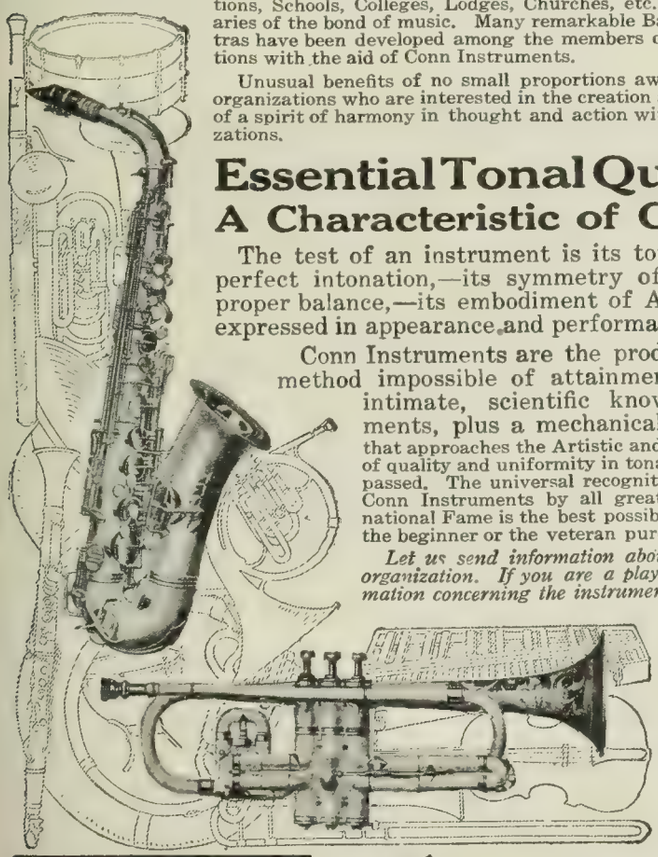
Music in Other Organizations

The power of music to inspire and bind together was well illustrated in the Jackie Band. Hundreds of organizations and institutions are recognizing the same fact and are using it to the mutual advantage and the profit of their members.

Large manufacturing industries, Fire and Police Departments, Boy Scout Organizations, Schools, Colleges, Lodges, Churches, etc., are all beneficiaries of the bond of music. Many remarkable Bands and Orchestras have been developed among the members of such organizations with the aid of Conn Instruments.

Unusual benefits of no small proportions await other similar organizations who are interested in the creation and development of a spirit of harmony in thought and action within their organizations.

Ralph Dunbar's White Hussars have become so enthusiastic over their Conn Instruments that they both play and sing their praise. Those who have heard the White Hussars in Lyceum, Chautauqua and Vaudeville work know the quality of their work and also appreciate the significance of their enthusiasm for Conn Instruments.

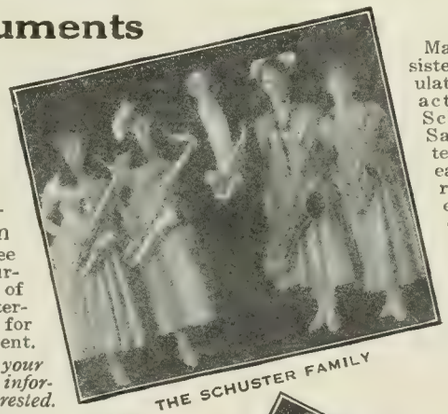


Essential Tonal Qualities
A Characteristic of Conn Instruments

The test of an instrument is its tonal qualities,—its perfect intonation,—its symmetry of proportion,—its proper balance,—its embodiment of Art and Science as expressed in appearance and performance.

Conn Instruments are the product of a patented method impossible of attainment elsewhere. An intimate, scientific knowledge of requirements, plus a mechanical skill in production that approaches the Artistic and Ideal, gives a guarantee of quality and uniformity in tonal elements that is unsurpassed. The universal recognition of this superiority of Conn Instruments by all great Band Leaders of International Fame is the best possible guide and assurance for the beginner or the veteran purchaser of band instrument.

Let us send information about forming a band in your organization. If you are a player or beginner, ask for information concerning the instrument in which you are interested.

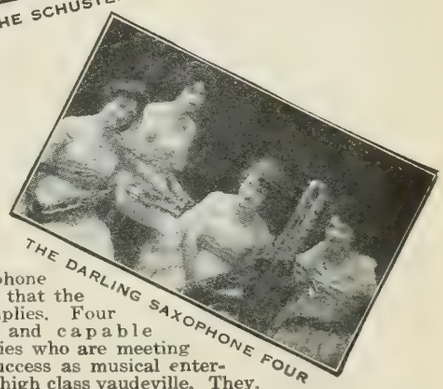


THE SCHUSTER FAMILY

Many brothers and sisters might well emulate the musical activities of the Schuster Family Saxophone Quintette which has earned an enviable reputation as entertainers. The degree of harmony expressed by this little family is truly wonderful,—but then, they use Conn Instruments, of course.

Your Best Guarantee

of a good Band or Orchestra Instrument is to see that it bears this mark



THE DARLING SAXOPHONE FOUR

The Darling Saxophone Four is all that the name implies. Four charming and capable young ladies who are meeting unusual success as musical entertainers in high class vaudeville. They, too, place their dependence in Conn Instruments. The result? Exactly what you would expect,—the best ever.

Largest and most thoroughly equipped Band Instrument Factory in the World.

C. G. CONN Ltd.
342 Conn Bldg.,
ELKHART, INDIANA

Wanted: Man Who Looks Like Lincoln

IT was in all the New York dailies, in bold type and framed in a heavy "box:" "Without beard, to appear in moving picture, 'The Copperhead,' with Lionel Barrymore. Apply today to Charles Maigne, director, Famous Players-Lasky Studio, 130 West 56th Street."

Charles Maigne made the provision "without beard" because the man who impersonated Lincoln would have first to appear in the 1845 episode of the picture and historical records show that at that time Lincoln was clean-shaven. Had he been able to use a bearded Lincoln throughout, Mr. Maigne's problem would not have been so great.

Men, bearded and beardless, short and tall, from all parts of the east, and even from the Middle West, applied in person or by letter. Strangely enough most of them were lawyers, perfectly solvent—who were anxious to play the greatest lawyer. Ten of these were selected at a glance and given tryouts. Then —in walked a tall, clean-shaven man, a little awkward, his long arms and legs seeming to be in his way. Three of the lawyers pointed to him—"There's your man."

And given the long hair of the period, the stock-collar and the tail-coat, little other make-up was necessary—and "N. Schroell" was engaged to play the part.

Maigne received a surprise when, after the selection of Schroell, that aspirant for screen honors volunteered the information that he was glad the picture work would be for the daytime only, as, in that case, it would not interfere with his duties as a waiter at the Strand Roof Restaurant on Broadway!

Schroell's history is as unusual as his resemblance to the Great Emancipator. He has been in this country only ten years. Before his arrival he travelled over all of Europe and has worked in Paris, London, Holland and Germany. Although he has never had a drawing-lesson in his life, he has always worked steadily at sketching. That is why he is a waiter; he can pursue his true talents by day. As a child he spent hours making sketches of the scenes about his home, a tiny village in Luxembourg. The New York World once printed a cartoon of his, showing the German military machine grovelling in the dust of defeat before the victorious guns of the Allies. With it was published an editorial which declared that Schroell was, through his cartoons, attempting to speak for the 8,000 Luxembourgers in the ranks of the Allies.

Picture at the top of page shows Schroell as the younger and beardless Lincoln, rehearsing a scene with director Charles Maigne, for "The Copperhead." Directly above—Schroell as a waiter on the Strand Roof.

Like a Rare Violin— *Instrumentized*

MORE than a faultless phonograph—the Dalion gives you every subtle shade and expression of famous voice and difficult instrument—and it breathes into this reborn music a soft, mellow beauty that enriches the original creation—a rounded perfection of tone that has no parallel among other phonographs.

For the Dalion is the *phonograph instrumentized.* The skill that produces a rare violin finds its highest expression in the Dalion's perfected tonal development. Combined with musical superiority are cabinets of exquisite beauty and exclusive features that contribute substantially to the owner's satisfaction.

The ingenious "Auto-File" in the Dalion is the simplest, most convenient method of keeping records—and in addition, its marvelous "automatic brain" keeps every record in the right compartment, refusing to eject a second record until the used record is returned—*to its correct indexed space.*

A near-by dealer will gladly demonstrate the Dalion's perfection for you—test its tone-beauty with every different type of record.

Milwaukee Talking Machine Mfg. Co., *Milwaukee*

The Ill-Fated African Expedition

How William Stowell met death while making pictures in the Dark Continent.

At the left a snap shot of Mr. Stowell and at his right, Dr. Armstrong, also killed. This picture was taken before they left New York.

A CABLE report which reached New York the first week of December told of the accident which resulted in the death of William Stowell, a leading man well-known to all film goers, in the Congo, South Africa, where he had gone to direct the taking of pictures for the Smithsonian African Expedition. Dr. Joseph Robert Armstrong, business manager of the expedition, was also killed.

Stowell, with Armstrong and several others, was going to Victoria Falls, then to the Belgian Congo and down the Congo River to Stanford, taking scenes along the route. They were to go by way of Elizabethville and that part of the journey they were going by train. Out of Elizabethville a wild tank car crashed into their train, wrecking it. It was twenty-four hours before a relief train came and took them to a hospital in Elizabethville. Both Stowell and Armstrong were alive when they reached there but were too weak to survive. The other two men were badly wounded.

Stowell, who was thirty-eight years old, was not married. A director as well as an actor, he was given charge, by Universal, of the taking of motion pictures of native life, which were to be presented in an interesting and dramatic, as well as instructive way. Stowell had taken six thousand feet of film up to the time of his death.

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

NORMA TALMADGE—"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL."

ALICE BRADY—"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort. Keeps my hair in wonderful condition."

MABEL NORMAND—"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

PAULINE FREDERICK—"I find the stimulating after effects of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO very delightful."

MAY ALLISON—"Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far superior."

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Be SURE it's

WATKINS

If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't "MULSIFIED"

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SHIRTS are $30.00 each in Russia.

WE are shorter when standing than when lying, and taller in the morning than in the evening. Dr. Marand, of the Royal Academy of France, made several experiments to prove the theory. He found after a year's trial that usually in the night he gained almost three-eighths of an inch, and lost almost an inch during the day. The cause of this is to be found in the different state or condition of the cartilages which go to make up the spine.

THEY knew how to handle profiteers in the olden days.

Here are some of the penalties meted out in the time of Edward I. to "engrossers, forestallers, and all sorts of frauds and impositions in the sale of provisions."

The chief offenders in those days were the bakers and millers, who were experts at giving under weight, and against these the law was especially severe. For a first offense the fraudulent baker had his stock confiscated, and for a second he was imprisoned, for a third pilloried. As for a "thievish miller," he was put in a refuse cart and driven through the streets, exposed to the derision—and missiles—of the people.

DORIS: "I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips just now."

Jack: "No—er—it was only a piece of grit in my mouth."

Doris: "Then for goodness' sake swallow it—you need some!"

FRANCE has suffered severely through America "going dry." It means that the wine export trade to America—averaging $150,000,000 a year—is lost.

"HOW do you like that cigar I gave you, old man? For two hundred bands off that brand they give you a gramophone."

"You don't say! If I smoked two hundred of those cigars I wouldn't want a gramophone; I'd want a harp."

A STRANGE custom is practised among the Eskimos. When a doctor is called in he receives his fee as soon as he arrives. If the patient recovers it is kept; if not, it is returned.

THE official Japanese board of film censors has a strong objection to kissing scenes on the screen, and in ten months 2,350 such scenes have been banned from imported films.

THE sergeant had been having a trying time with some very raw recruits.

For a long time he kept calm, but at last, exasperated, he shouted:—

"Hang it all! I know I'm not a Mary Pickford, but you might have a look at me occasionally!"

HE was a collector for an installment-system establishment, new at the business, and very sensitive about performing his unpleasant task. He was particularly embarrassed, because the lady upon whom he had called was so exceedingly polite and beautiful. Still, the van was at the door, the lady was in arrears in her payments, and he remembered his duty.

"Good morning!" said the lady. "It is a beautiful day, is it not?"

"Beautiful indeed!" he agreed.

"Won't you take a chair?" she said.

"Er—no, thank you, not this morning," he stammered. "I think I'll take the piano."

THE learned men in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have employed their spare time in weighing the earth, and now announce that it weighs 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, six sextillion tons, in short, six and twenty-one ciphers, to put it in simplest term.

LITTLE GIRL (to film actress): "My father says he often saw you on the stage before you went into pictures."

Excited Actress: "What did he say he had seen me in?"

Little Girl: "The 'Eighties!"

A PATENT has been taken out for the manufacture of "pearls" from the crystalline lenses of the eyes of fishes and sea animals, which are said to be almost indistinguishable from genuine pearls.

PROCRASTINATION has saved a lot of men from getting famous, or going to jail.

AN amusing sidelight on the recent Peace Conference at Versailles is thrown by one of the American correspondents, who not only reported the proceedings proper, but took notes regarding the hair, moustaches, beards, and whiskers of the peacemakers.

Two-thirds of the delegates were more or less bald. Perhaps some of them made up for this by wearing moustaches. Out of sixty-five men who sat round the Peace table, all had moustaches but fourteen.

Whiskers, on the other hand, were not popular. Only three people wore them, and by a curious coincidence, the names of all these three people began with V. They were Venizelos, of Greece, Vandervelde, of Belgium, and Vassitch, of Serbia. The latter's whiskers were particularly prominent.

In regard to dress, there was less formal attire than one might have imagined. The English paid no special attention to dress. Bowler hats and frock-coats, once a combination that would never have been sanctioned, were quite popular; but there were some countries which put all they knew into their attire. These were, notably, the Japanese, and some of the South American States.

"PROPINQUITY is what brings about marriages," declared the father of three single daughters.

"Yes?" murmured his wife.

"It works this way. From among the men who call most frequently at a house the daughters of the house naturally select husbands."

"In that case," said the mother sadly. "I fear our girls are doomed to marry bill-collectors."

DURING last year the gold output of the Klondyke was some four hundred thousand pounds. Since this goldfield was first worked about forty million pounds of the precious metal have been secured, and it is believed that there is still an equal amount waiting to be worked out.

A VERY grim joke caused a war on one occasion. The ratification of a treaty was in question, and the Turkish Grand Vizier asked the Venetian Ambassador to swear in Moslem fashion upon his beard and the beard of the Prophet.

The Ambassador would not. "Venetians wear no beards," he said. "Neither do monkeys!" replied the Turk, and that interchange of "compliments" cost 150,000 lives.

JOHN and Mary had been sharing one chair all the evening. John sat on the chair, and Mary sat on John.

After about three hours of this, Mary suddenly exclaimed:—

"Oh, John, aren't you tired?"

John smiled a brave, patient smile.

"Not now," he said gently. "Not now. I was about an hour ago, but now I'm only paralyzed!"

BIRDS cannot open the foot when the leg is bent; that is the reason they do not fall off their perches when asleep. If you watch a hen walking, you will notice that it closes its toes as it raises the foot, and opens them when it touches the ground.

THE lighest wood, in weight, that is known is "Balsa." Cork is three times as heavy as this wood. It can easily be indented with the finger nail. It is treated with paraffin and used in making floats of life preservers and in constructing life rafts.

VIOLINS made by Stradivari are rarely worth less than $5,000. One recently realized $15,000 and a 'cello $20,000. Yet Antonio Stradivari sold his fiddles for about $20 each! An old Strad, like an old coin, always fires our imagination. Sometimes they do represent a fortune, but, unfortunately, there are so many spurious instruments about that many a person is doomed to disappointment.

THAT the age of bride and bridegroom need no longer be inscribed on the marriage certificate is a new rule in regard to French marriages. It is sufficient if they are declared of age, or over thirty, a statement of specific age being unnecessary.

ON a snail's tongue, which resembles a long, narrow ribbon, as many as 30,000 teeth are sometimes distributed.

THE "earthquake" shock recently experienced by the Pacific battleship fleet off the Mexican coast was so severe that the big flagship, *New Mexico*, trembled from stem to stern and "Collision quarters" was sounded.

THE expression "once in a blue moon," meaning that occurrences are so widely separated by time as to almost never recur, is not a figure of speech. It has a basis of astronomical fact. The phenomenon has been twice observed in both Italy and Austria, and once in England. There is no available record of it having been noticed in America.

GRIEG, the musician, when about to compose, would first memorize the words whose meaning he wished to express by sounds.

"I require several days to heat my head," he once said: "then I lose my appetite, my eyes become inflamed, and the imagination is stimulated. Then I compose an opera in three weeks." Most people will agree that work produced under such conditions deserves to succeed.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was in the habit of drinking brandy for the same purpose. Voltaire went in for coffee, and de Musset for a mixture of beer and absinthe. De Quincey is said to have used opium, though he found it as much a hindrance as a help; and Burns preferred whisky.

There are odder methods still, however; Schiller put his feet in ice while he sat in a room filled with the odor of rotten apples. Milton buried his head in cushions and blankets. Rousseau preferred to have the sun beating on his head, while Shelley wrote with his head close to the fire.

Quite a number of people, other than men of genius, have discovered the advantages of thinking in bed; but of the intellectual giants who always preferred this method, Descartes and Leibnitz are noteworthy. Mark Twain wrote sitting up in bed. Lecky, the historian, modified the method: he used to kneel upon a specially-constructed sofa and write upon the head of it, so that the line between head and heart was horizontal and the blood flow thereby aided. The same result was secured more comfortably by Swinburne, who used to write while lying on the floor.

In contrast to these, Victor Hugo always stood upright at his desk. Herbert Spencer used to utilize physical exercise, perhaps the best method of all. After rowing or playing with a ball for a time, he would sit down and dictate. Later he would try more exercise, and so on.

Pompeian
DAY CREAM

"Sweetest Story Ever Told"

MEN would love to whisper into her ear the sweetest story ever told, for her glorious and flashing beauty captivates them all. You see, she knows the secret of Instant Beauty—the use of the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the BLOOM. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant.

Note: Don't use too much BLOOM. Get a natural result.

These preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), removes face shine. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, brunette. Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble—light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 50c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 25c talcum with an exquisite new odor).

Get Art Panel and Samples

This large art panel, entitled "Sweetest Story Ever Told," is in beautiful colors. Size 26 x 8 inches. Samples sent of the "Instant Beauty" treatment, including Pompeian Day Cream, Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom. Also Night Cream and Pompeian Fragrance. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. All for a dime (in coin). Please clip coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2131 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.
Also Made in Canada

Guarantee

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Company, at Cleveland, Ohio.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2131 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for a 1920 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel and Instant Beauty samples. Also samples of Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum).

Name----------

Address----------

City----------State----------

Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested

How to Reduce Present Homebuilding Costs

$100 MINUS LUMBER WASTE $82

$100 MINUS LABOR WASTE $70

Save the Waste

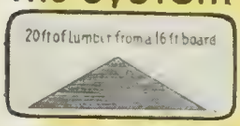
Save the Waste and Reduce the Cost. The Aladdin System Scientifically Prepares the Materials and Conserves the Labor. You Can Save 18% on the Cost of the Lumber and 30% on the Cost of the Labor.

Certified records of thousands of Aladdin Homebuilders in every state prove these statements. You can prove these statements for yourself, for there is an Aladdin Home near you wherever you live.

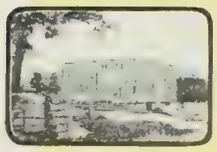
The pictures at the left tell the story of scientific preparation and handling of materials and the efficient conservation and direction of the labor.

The lumber that's wasted costs just as much as the lumber that's used. The only possible way to reduce present high prices of lumber is to save the usual waste. The Aladdin System prepares all the lumber in our mills ready to be nailed in place. Waste of lumber is reduced to less than 2%. Cost of labor is reduced 30%. One man will do in seven days with Aladdin Materials, what it requires ten days to accomplish without Aladdin's System. The book, "Aladdin Homes," sent free to prospective builders, explains this completely and thoroughly.

The System



The Result


First Days Work

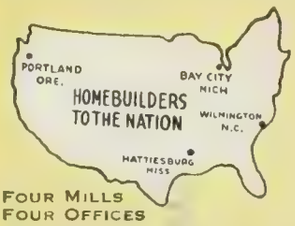
Noon, Third Day

Seventh Day

Twentieth Day

Greatest Lumber Distributing System in the World

Aladdin houses are manufactured and shipped direct from the Aladdin Co.'s own Mills in Michigan, Mississippi, North Carolina and Oregon. Wherever you live, Aladdin Houses come to you in a straight line from the nearest timber region. Aladdin's National Homebuilding Service means shorter routes, quicker delivery and lower freight rates for builders in every part of the United States. Three days to a week are saved in shipments reaching destination. Complete Sales and Business offices are maintained in connection with each mill.



FOUR MILLS
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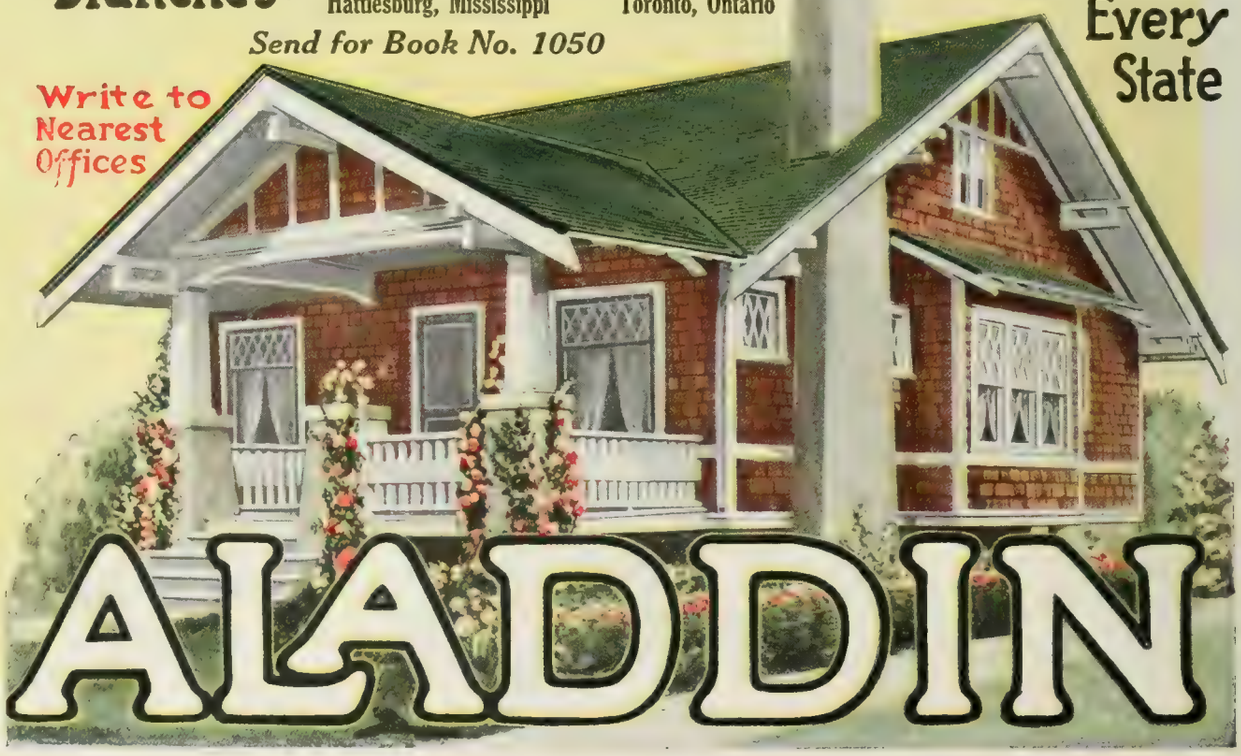

"Mother" Marjorie

A story every girl who has a brother—and every boy who has a sister—should read.

DID you, when you were a little girl, ever wish to see your doll become an animated being, that you might watch with satisfaction the results of your teachings and scoldings? Do you remember occasions when, after you had committed a mischief for which your own mother had rebuked you, you tried in vain to impart the same rebuke to your favorite wax idol? And wasn't it irritating when the ossified figure failed to respond to your outburst of childish temper?

If none of these things ever happened to you then you were not human and because Marjorie Daw was human she experienced each of these feelings, and what is more Destiny provided that before she had hardly passed from the age of make-believe, her wish to be an adopted mother should be a reality.

All this leads to a story of faith, courage, and love, the three predominant qualities of the winsome little seventeen-year-old screen star.

Not so many years ago Marjorie was the eldest child of a family of three which consisted of her father, her mother and herself. She was the personification of happiness and contentment and like most other children her amusement and pleasure was afforded by her dolls.

At the tender age of three she acquired from her mother the knack of teaching the difference between right and wrong, and she devoted a great deal of her time to instructing her pets in the ways of righteousness. When the soulless figures failed to comprehend, it did not discourage her, because having faith she believed her efforts would eventually be rewarded.

Marjorie Daw is a very little big-sister, indeed. Below is a visual cross-section of one of their evenings together in the little Hollywood bungalow that Marjorie has made "Home" for Chandler.

And then a great event happened. That ever-welcome bird, the stork, flew down one day and deposited a baby brother on her doorstep. This marked the beginning of a new era in Marjorie's life. Wild with delight she deserted her dolls for all time and substituted the infant, who was named Chandler, as her new companion and playmate. Under the watchful eye of her mother, Marjorie became more than a big sister to the idol of her little heart. She constantly attended to his every want and when Chandler grew into boyhood the deepest kind of fraternal affection had arisen between them and they were inseparable companions.

Then came the inevitable sadness to mar the happiness of the little household. Shortly after Chandler's entrance into the big world, Marjorie's father had passed out of her life at a time when she was too young to remember him. Death also called her mother, twelve years later, leaving Marjorie at fifteen, to struggle alone through the world and to provide for and watch over the boy who was dearest to her heart.

She set about her task with

courage rarely found in a girl of her age. She had previously found odd bits of employment in the studios near her home and now she was compelled to seek a permanent means of livelihood before the camera. At the very outset of her career she realized that in order to make a success of her vocation she must like her work, which she did, and what is more the work liked her. Because she exemplified that purity and wholesomeness typical of young American girlhood, the camera absorbed her very personality. Her success was assured but it did not carry with it any noticeable change in the character, disposition or ambition of the girl herself. While she possessed an air of refinement which made her respected and admired by all with whom she came in contact, she was not in the slightest degree, to use the theatrical slang, "upstage." Never did she put Chandler, his welfare or his future, out of her mind.

She prepared his breakfast for him in the mornings and helped him with his lessons at night.

So that he would not acquire any effeminate traits that sometimes come to boys who receive an overabundance of sisterly attention, Marjorie heartily approved of Chandler's participation in all kinds of athletic games and exercises at school with the result that he rapidly developed physically as well as mentally. Although he is now but fourteen years of age he leads in football, baseball and other strenuous pastimes that come natural to the red blooded American boy. But when Marjorie's studio day is done and Chandler's school hours are over, they can often be found in a frolic around the garden.

A snapshot taken when Marjorie was fourteen, shortly after Geraldine Farrar evinced an interest in the youngster. Marjorie walked into the Lasky studios one day, played a small part—and has been before the camera ever since

With a world of knowledge gained from a variety of life stories in which she has so many times enacted principal parts, Marjorie never fails to give her best advice for the betterment of her brother's future. In a word she mothers Chandler as she eagerly watches him grow into full bloom of American youth.

Always before retiring for the night, they go over Chandler's plans for the future. After careful consideration in the selection of a profession they have decided that architecture is his proper calling and upon the completion of his present high school course he will enter the best university available where he will study the most modern methods of building construction.

Some day perhaps we will see erected a monument or building that will be the last word in architecture. And if on the cornerstone we read an inscription that Chandler Daw is responsible for its beauty, let's not forget that to Marjorie will belong a portion of the credit. For is not this pretty little blue eyed sister by her devotion and affection guiding him on to success?

Marjorie's real name is Margaret House. She took the name of the nursery rhyme heroine because it had always been her favorite fairy-tale. She came to the Lasky studio one day, for a job. She had played various small parts in Universal pictures, one with Cleo Madison; so she was not without some film experience. But the way of the small-part actress is hard, particularly when one is just a little girl. And it was not until Geraldine Farrar called attention to her talents that Marjorie was finally given a real part, with Charlotte Walker in "Out of Darkness." Then she had her first big chance: the part of the little sister in "The Chorus Lady," with Cleo Ridgely and Wallace Reid. After she was with Farrar in "Joan the Woman," Douglas Fairbanks annexed her as his leading woman and she played opposite Doug in many pictures, the last one being "His Majesty the American."

★ The Indiana Cowpuncher

Used to producing authors, Indiana slipped up and produced a cowboy instead

BUCK JONES has put something over on Indiana. He was born there—in Vincennes—but instead of turning to books he turned to horses. Montana knew him when he was very young; he was "The Kid" on the Triangle Bar Ranch at Red Lodge. After he had convinced the other cowpunchers that here was one tenderfoot who would not knuckle down to them, Buck enlisted in the U. S. Cavalry and saw hard service in the Philippines. Later years saw him in Oklahoma, with Miller's 101 outfit. About the time when it looked as though Buck was riding squarely into a world's championship, the war broke—and Buck went to it. He broke horses; he flew a 'plane over the lines; but his greatest service was as a rider. He rode for all the royalty of the Allied countries. After the war was over Buck Jones came back—and he's still riding only this time he's headed straight for the camera.

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Her friends never seem to see enough of Mary. So we made her sit down at her dressing-table and look in the mirror; now we can see her three times at once. Mary's dressing-room is, by the way, a little glimpse into Miss Pickford's own idea of things; it is severely plain in its furnishings and built for service, not show.

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By Cal York

LAST month's rumor of a producing combination to be formed by half a dozen of the most successful directors in the picture business has been confirmed from the offices of Thomas H. Ince. A statement from his publicity department announces that the new association will begin operations in the fall of 1920, when the contracts of the directors involved expire. The men named are Ince, Maurice Tourneur, Allan Dwan, Mack Sennett and Marshall Neilan. In the original report, George Loane Tucker was included, but he has refused to commit himself. The reason none of the other directors has made an announcement, it is said, is because in their contracts there is a clause providing that so long as this contract is in force they are not permitted to discuss their plans for the future. Ince is not bound by any such consideration and so, it seems, has been appointed spokesman for the coalition. This arrangement recalls the original organization of Triangle, which was established to exploit Griffith, Ince and Sennett. Griffith was the first to secede, feeling that he did not need the moral or artistic support of his associates.

AT the Christie studios a private from the A. E. F. has his former superior officer working for him. Director Jack McDermott was a cadet aviator in Texas toward the close of the war, and Capt. Norman McLeod, formerly with the British Royal Flying Corps, was captain in charge of the squad. When they were discharged from the army, Private McDermott engaged Capt. McLeod as his assistant. As Eddie Cantor sang, "I've got my Captain working for me now."

IF you want to go into movies, and your face doesn't photograph right—if it's too fat or too thin or something—consult a surgeon; his scalpel may do wonders for you. At any rate, Eva Tanguay, the I-don't-care girl of vaudeville, does care about pictures; and when a director who made a test of her told her unfeelingly that her face was too fat and her chin—well, there were too many of them—in other words, that her chance for film success was slight, Eva submitted to an operation which drew the flesh tightly upward and backward from the bones of her face and cut off the superfluous bulges. A pound of flesh was taken off in two incisions. Eva's extra chins were also trimmed. The scars are covered by her wealth of hair. And now she is going to stand up before the camera and defy it to do its worst.

HARI is a good chauffeur. He drove his young ladies—Misses Lillian and Dorothy Gish—to the studio every morning; he would bowl Mae Gish, mother of the Gishes, along the pleasant Hollywood streets, sniffing in the aromatic air that reminded him, somehow, of dear Japan. He was a good chauffeur; and a dependable chauffeur—and a chauffeur like that is hard to find. But, one day, he received dire news. He must go to New York; the Gishes were moving their home to Manhattan, and Hari must come with them. Hari had never lived in any but a sunny climate; and he had heard bad things about the east's frigid temperature.

(Continued)

However, his devotion to his mistresses is paramount; and he came. Now Mae and Lillian and Dorothy are wondering just how long he will stay. Never before has a chauffeur received such continuous and careful good treatment—he is as pampered as a pet pomeranian.

AFTER a long absence spent in teaching the young idea of Julie Cruze to shoot, Marguerite Snow came back to pictures to play in Pauline Frederick's new vehicle, "The Woman in Room 13." Jimmie Cruze, her husband, who was the hero of "The Million Dollar Mystery" in which Thanhouser serial Marguerite—to hark back a little—played the villainess—Jimmie is directing for Lasky now.

TAYLOR HOLMES, the "Bunker Bean" of the stage, and the chronic reciter of "Boots" and "Gungha Din" in the varieties, has formed a picture producing company of his own. He has purchased the Willie Collier stage hits, "Nothing but the Truth" and "Nothing but Lies" and is already at work on the first of these; while Ernest Truex's play "The Very Idea" hovers in the offing. Supporting Mr. Holmes will be his wife, Edna Phillips Holmes; Elsie Mackaye, a young lady from the legitimate; and Marcelle Carroll, the little French wife of composer Earl Carroll.

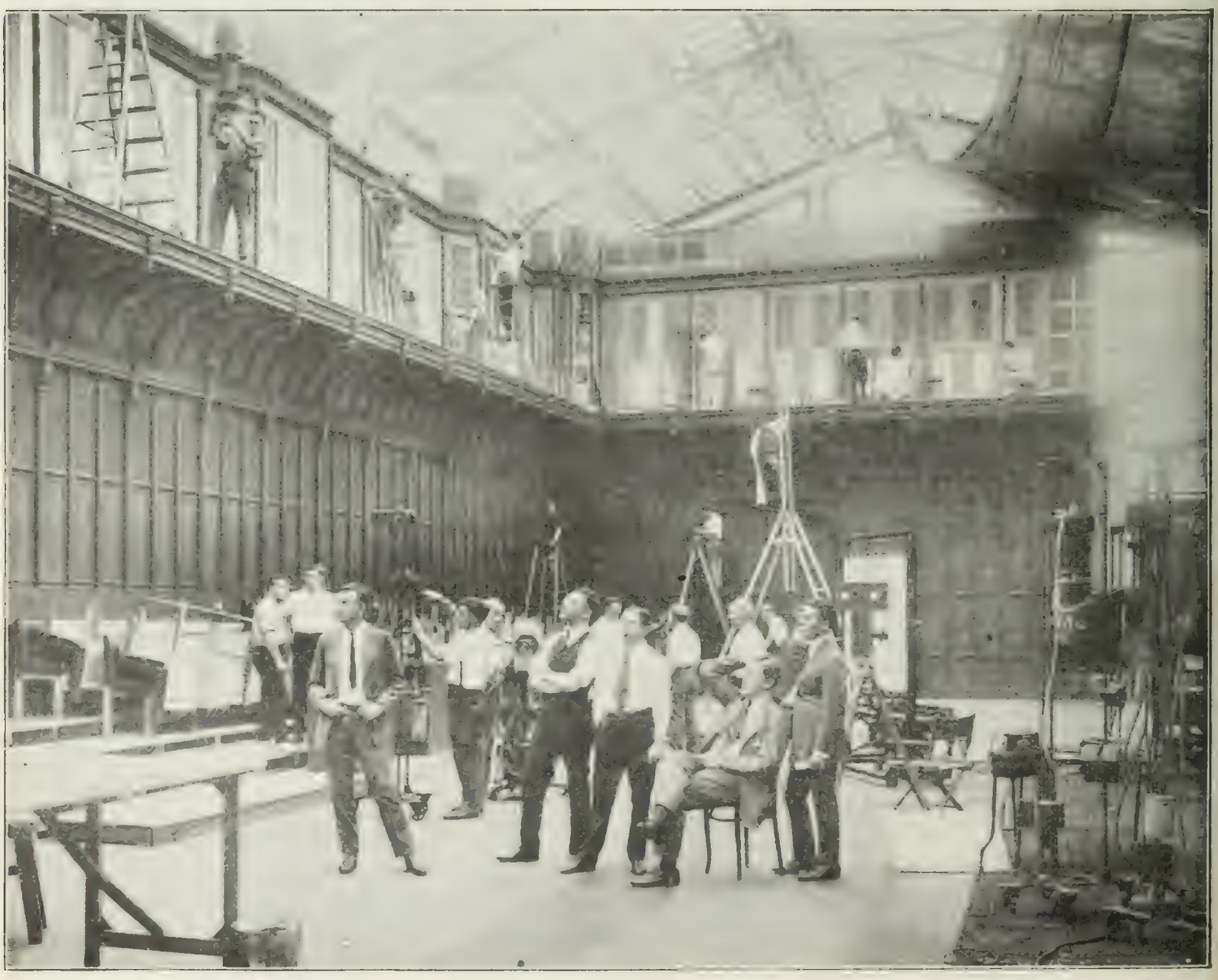
FOR the leading role in "Old Lady 31," Metro has secured Emma Dunn, the young old-lady who created the title role in the stage play. Miss Dunn is a woman in her thirties who counterfeits old-age so admirably that even her own little daughters can't recognize her when she gets her make-up on. She has gone to Hollywood for the filming of the picture.

DAVE BUTLER, who hogs the camera because he can't help it, being so large that he crowds all the other players out of the lens-space—is going to have a right to do it. That is to say, he will assume a stellar position in his forthcoming picture for Universal. He began, if you remember, with Griffith; played with Zasu Pitts and recently opposite Mary MacLaren.

JANE NOVAK will be one of the Marshall Neilan players. So will Matt Moore. Jane is one of the most popular young women in the western studios—everyone has a good time when she is working. She started, long ago—about six years, in fact—at the Vitagraph, and since then has played with Bill Hart, Charles Ray and other stars. She is a favorite of the big westerner; she is, when she plays opposite him, the subject of much "kidding" from him about her small stature. And off-screen just about her chief interest is her tiny daughter.

A CURIOUS crowd was gathering. Men, rather ashamed to have yielded to their curiosity, pushed back the women who struggled to get to the front. Small boys wriggled in and stood, open-mouthed, before the window of a fashionable shop on Fifth Avenue. They stood there; the line extended out to the street; traffic was stopped; several policemen elbowed their way through to find the cause of the commotion. They found it. Mary Pickford was buying a hat.

(Continued on page 104)



Everybody at the studio became thoroughly Anglicized before Bob Leonard was through shooting his English scenes for a new Cosmopolitan production. Here are all the Pete Propses working to make a set look like the House of Parliament. Mr. Leonard is seated, looking ceiling-ward with the puzzled expression. A good technical staff follows suit.

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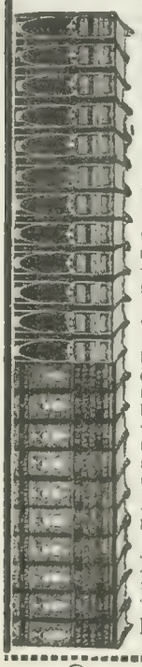

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 102)

THE magazine of Denmark devoted to the screen—"Filmen"—recently held a contest to determine the popularity of picture stars. Mary Pickford topped the poll with 159,199 votes, and Marguerite Clark came next with 138,852. Douglas Fairbanks was first among the men, closely followed by Bill Hart, Harold Lockwood and Wallace Reid. Pearl White and Anita Stewart make up the eight first. Languages may differ, but it seems public taste is the same no matter what the country. Note that Charlie Chaplin is not mentioned; and that only strictly American-bred and American-appearing and American-acting stars are listed.

THE young Countess Du Barry, great-granddaughter of the famous Du Barry, has come to our shores, to be a star in pictures. She is said to be one of the most beautiful women in Europe, her charms rivalling the storied attractions of her great ancestress. She is turning to films, frankly, to earn money to prosecute a suit in the Chancery Court of England, to recover on 5,000,000 francs' worth of jewelry belonging to the first Du Barry, confiscated during the French revolution and impounded with the Lord Mayor of London.

"SOMETIMES I have wondered why it is you see the same people playing year after year as extras, never getting a small part even," says Charles Whittaker. "I discovered one answer the other day.

"A scene in one of Miss Clara Kimball Young's pictures called for a game of baccarat in a French gambling resort. Baccarat is one of the fastest games in the world, and I was showing the dozen men seated at the table how to play it. They were a little slow, as it was entirely different from anything they ever had played. I was called to the telephone, and asked them to go ahead practicing the game until I returned.

"Ten minutes later I came back and they were playing poker. They'll always be extras."

BILL FARNUM can probably draw a gun as quickly as anybody in the world. He practiced it for two months.

BHILIP GIBBS, one of the great writers on the war, and the brother of Cosmo Hamilton, author of "Scandal" and very well-known indeed to American theatre-and-cinema goers, wrote his impressions of American life for a monthly magazine. And the movies occupied a good many of his paragraphs. He says that the picture-show has become part of the life of the people—"a democratic habit which few escape." "It would be absurd as well as impossible," writes Gibbs, "to abolish the film-picture as an influence in American life, and I dare say that, balancing good with bad, the former tips the swing, because of an immense source of relaxation and entertainment provided by the picture-palace in small communities." It is, he adds, a much more elaborately organized institution over here than in England, although it has spread with mushroom growth in English towns and villages.

(Continued on page 106)

Elliott Dexter's re-appearance on the Lasky lot was the signal for congratulations on his recovery and convalescence from the long illness which has kept him from the screen for so long. Tom Meighan, who took Dexter's place as a deMille leading man, has been a good pal through the dark months when Dexter's life was in the balance. The gentleman between them is Cecil deMille.

Miss Gloria Swanson

in "Male and Female"

It's hard to understand how even a villain could look that sour in Gloria's company. Well, she registers enough attractiveness to strike a good average for the trio.

Paramount-Artcraft Picture

Miss Gloria Swanson is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

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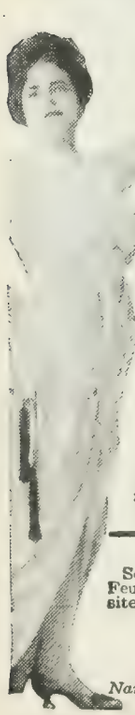

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 104)

Fog-horns play beautiful music and run-down phonographs emit delightful sounds in comparison with a ukelele in the hands of most people. But Charles Bill-Henry Ray can really play one.

AN English actress, Justina Wayne by name, has announced a solution of the problem of making Shakespeare's plays a paying proposition. Inspired by the changing of Sir James Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" for film use to "Male and Female," she suggests changing "The Merchant of Venice" to "The Call of Flesh." "Othello" to "Strangled in Bed"; "How Could You, Juliet?" for the immortal romance of the Veronese lovers. Famous-Players-Lasky—producers of the rechristened "Admirable Crichton," contends that Miss Wayne's suggestion is not as ridiculous as it might seem on first thought. They claim that they chose "Male and Female" for a title because many people do not know how to pronounce "Crichton." That "Admirable" so easily suggests "Admiral," calling to mind a tale of a weather-beaten old sea-captain, instead of the romance of an interesting butler. While "Male and Female" on the other hand, suggests strength; power; primitive passions; adventure.

It is said that Barrie, having heard the gently-broken news of the change in title, only remarked that he was sorry he had not thought of "Male and Female" first!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has a new find, a brunette from Alabama, Miss Beulah Bains. Miss Bains has had very little experience before the camera but she is a college girl of twenty with a face, figure and manner that are potentially promising.

SERGEANT GEORGE BURTON, of the 316th engineers, better known in the moving picture world as George George, has returned from the most serious thing in the world to comedy at the Christie studios. He was decorated in France by General John J. Pershing, awarded the American Distinguished Service Cross for his activity in the Argonne drive and on his arrival in Los Angeles received the French Croix de Guerre, with a citation for bravery signed by General Petain.

WHEN Bill Russell made his last trip across the Santa Fe trail there was a Boston man on the train, who never had been west of the Mississippi before. He gazed in silent awe hour after hour, at the wide plains and desolation of the desert country, and finally spoke his mind:

"Why in h—— didn't they bring the war over here?"

THE makeup man on a Los Angeles moving picture publication puzzled everyone by putting a paragraph descriptive of a studio in San Francisco at the end of a note about Irving Cummings. This is how it read:

"Irving Cummings has sold his beautiful Hollywood home and is preparing to leave Los Angeles for the Big Town.

"This structure, approximately ten acres under glass roof, consists of display rooms, ball room, and numerous executive offices."

Plays and Players

(Continued)

WHEN Metro made over part of its west coast studio yard into a Japanese garden, for "The Willow Tree," a biological blunder was made. In the garden is a little stream, and just for atmosphere, several hundred gold fish were turned loose in the water. Then, for more atmosphere, a flock of ducks was given the freedom of the stream. Pretty soon the ducks were still there but nobody could find the goldfish. Nobody looked inside the ducks.

ALL speculation as to Mabel Normand's future plans were set at rest when, at the expiration of her contract with Goldwyn, she signed a new one. She says she never had any intention of going to any other company. And Goldwyn says they never had any intention of allowing her to do so if they could help it.

HEDWIGA LEONIE KUSZEWSKI, of Odessa, more familiarly known as Hedda Nova of Vitagraph, eloped to Santa Ana and was there secretly married in November to Paul C. Hurst of the National Film Corporation. Vitagraph has always been opposed to any publicity concerning the matrimonial status of any of its stars, which may, or may not, account for the nocturnal nuptials.

WILLIAM S. HART has followed his "Pinto" book with a boy's adventure story "Injun and Whitey." This is anounced as the first of a series of "Boys' Golden West" stories, and is said to be based upon boyhood experiences of Mr. Hart. The second is already in type and is called "Injun and Whitey Strike Out For Themselves." The youthful redskin of the stories, known as "Injun" was Hart's boyhood playmate.

ALBERT S. LEVINO of the Metro scenario staff presented his youthful but high-geared son with a red wheelbarrow. That evening when he went to his heir's room to say goodnight, he found the wheelbarrow lying across two chairs at the side of the bed. As he approached, the sleepy boy pushed one eye open with a tired forefinger and said, "You can't come that way. The street isn't cut through yet. I'll do that tomorrow," and promptly went back to sleep. "Whole scenarios have been constructed from less material," says Le-Vino, not without the familiar paternal pride.

"GENIUS," someone said to us last month, apropos of some noted director, "is the capacity for giving infinite pain." And now we can't remember for the life of us by whom or of whom it was said.

EDNA MAE COOPER was married to Karl Brown in Hollywood, November 2, Miss Cooper has been doing interesting roles with Famous-Lasky for a considerable time, and Mr. Brown is a cameraman of note who conducted numerous experiments for D. W. Griffith, and was one of the photographers of "Broken Blossoms." This wedding was not an elopement, or a married-on-a-bet event, such as occur from time to time in the California colony, but an honest-to-goodness wedding with Lois Wilson as bridesmaid and Wanda Hawley as matron of honor. Miss Cooper has announced that she is going to stay away from the screen for some time anyhow, if not longer.

ONE would think that William S. Hart would know at a glance whether any animal of the horse tribe should be called Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Yet when he became fasci-

Food Up 85%

So statistics show at this writing, compared with pre-war cost. That's the average on common foods. On this account, about 9 in 10 are underfed. So states a Chicago Board of Health authority.

That is, most men don't get what men must have—3,000 calories of nutriment per day. So the facts here stated are of paramount importance.

One Cent Per Dish

Buys the Supreme Food—Quaker Oats

Quaker Oats is prepared from the greatest food that grows.

It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. In energy units it yields 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890.

Yet Quaker Oats costs one cent per big dish. A whole dish costs you no more than a bite of meat.

Saves You 88%

Foods are compared by calories, the energy measure of food value. A man must have at least 3,000 calories per day, a boy at least 2,000.

At this writing, some necessary foods cost as follows on this basis:

Cost Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats	5½c
Average Meats	45c
Eggs, about	70c
Average Fish	50c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

So Quaker Oats, per 1,000 calories, costs you 88 per cent less than meats, eggs and fish on the average.

Let Quaker Oats cut down your breakfast cost. Serve the costlier foods at dinner.

Quaker Oats

With That Matchless Flavor

When you buy oats get Quaker Oats for their exquisite flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Don't miss this extra flavor when it costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

(3289)

Mother Pins Her Faith to Musterole

In days gone by, mother mixed a mustard plaster when father had bronchitis or brother had the croup, but now she uses Musterole. It is better than a mustard plaster.

She just rubs it on the congested spot. Instantly a peculiar penetrating heat begins its work of healing—and without fuss, or muss or blister.

Musterole relieves without discomfort.

The clean white ointment sets your skin a-tingle. First, you feel a glowing warmth, then a pleasant lasting coolness, but way down underneath the coolness, old Nature is using that peculiar heat to disperse congestion and send the pain away.

Made of oil of mustard and a few home simples, Musterole is uncommonly effective in treatment of the family's little ills. It takes the ache out of grandfather's back. It soothes sister's headache. It helps mother's neuralgia.

Mother pins her faith to it as a real "first aid."

She is never without a jar of Musterole in the house.

Many doctors and nurses recommend it. 30c and 60c jars; hospital size $2.50.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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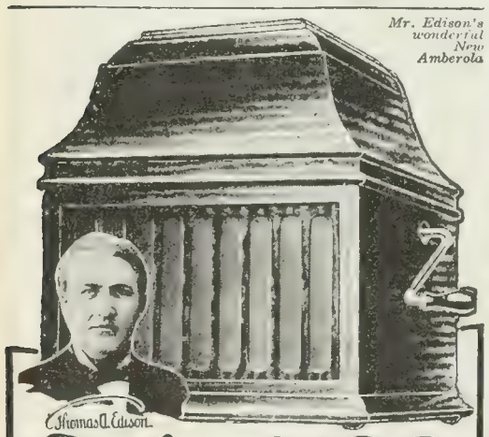

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

nated by the wisdom of a certain mule while making a recent picture, and named the creature Jupiter, he was informed a little later by a cowpuncher in the outfit that Elizabeth would be more appropriate.

AN actor has sued Douglas Fairbanks for $100,000 damages because, he says, Doug. manhandled him to make a Roman holiday for sightseers at the studio, and wrecked him to the extent of the sum mentioned. Mebbe so, mebbe so. And yet many an actor we know would be glad of the publicity he would get out of such a wrecking. And buy his own new-skin.

COMEDIAN Ford Sterling is being sued for divorce by Teddy Sampson.

DIRECTOR W. CHRISTIE CABANNE is being sued for divorce.

AND Willard Mack is being sued for divorce by Pauline Frederick.

MRS. DONALD CRISP instituted divorce proceedings against Director Donald and later withdrew the suit.

AFTER a whirlwind courtship of six weeks, Marie Walcamp became the bride of Harland Tucker, her leading man, in Tokyo, Japan. The Walcamp serial family went to the far east to get proper atmosphere for the new chapter thriller they are making, under Henry McRae's direction. Tucker, making love to Marie before the cold eye of the camera, decided to make it the real thing. And so—see the next episode at your favorite theatre.

VIRGINIA PEARSON is working again. She will make a series of six productions in which she and her husband, Sheldon Lewis, will co-star.

LOTTIE PICKFORD is coming back "they say," after more than two years absence from the screen. She is to have her own company, and her first picture will be directed by Martin Justice. Subject and affiliation not yet announced.

AFTER the announcement that House Peters would be starred by Harry Garson, that elusive leading gentleman completed "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives" and the starring engagement ended. There were rumors that the star's contract was utterly wrecked in the course of an outburst of temperament on the part of Mr. Peters. But the suppress agent of the Garson studio reports that the contract called for one picture with an option on another, and as Mr. Peters had other plans the second picture was not made. What those

The young man receiving the jackdempsey here is Lincoln Stedman. The unladylike young lady is Mary Miles Minter, as "Anne of Green Gables." And we want to call your attention to the fact that Lincoln, who is the son of the charming Myrtle Stedman, is not always so calm under circumstances like this.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

plans, if any, were has not yet been divulged. Mr. Peters, it is understood, is not dependent upon the screen or the stage for his income, which may, or may not, explain why his appearances are so intermittent.

LADY DIANA COOPER—better known to the world at large as Lady Diana Manners, famous English beauty—will arrive in California soon after Christmas. When D. W. Griffith was in England taking scenes for his propaganda picture "The Great Love" he enlisted the services of many English notables—among them, Lady Diana. She screened so well that Mr. Griffith secured her agreement to come to America to act in pictures. An accident which befell Lady Diana has delayed her departure all this time. She will be accompanied to this country by her husband.

A gown like this can be worn by only one woman in the world—Petrova. Absent from the screen for a long time, Madame Olga has been touring in vaudeville. The svelte figure you see here was partly responsible for her stage success in "Panthea" and other plays.

Don't, Madam—

Don't Try To Bake Beans

It takes too many hours. And no home oven can fit beans to easily digest.

Leave this dish to the Van Camp scientific cooks. They have worked for years to perfect it. They have the facilities.

The New-Day Way

The Van Camp experts — college trained—make a science of bean baking.

Their beans are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before they start to cook.

Their boiling water is freed from minerals, for hard water makes skins tough.

Their baking is done in steam ovens. Thus they bake for hours at high heat, without bursting or crisping a bean. And they bake in sealed containers so no flavor can escape.

The Ideal Sauce

They perfected a supreme sauce by testing 856 recipes. It is ideal in its tang and zest. That sauce is baked with the pork and beans, so that every atom shares it.

The result is beans as men like them. They are nut-like and whole. They have savor and zest. And they don't upset digestion.

Such beans can't be baked at home. They are nowhere baked as we bake them. Serve a meal of Van Camp's and you will gain an entirely new idea of baked beans.

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Other Van Camp Products Include

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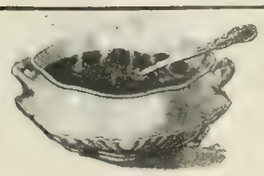

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The finest Italian recipe made vastly better by our scientific cooks.

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Made from a perfect blend of nuts, with every skin and every heart removed.

A clear head assures good sleep

BABY always sleeps well after he has used Kondon's. It soon opens nostrils, prevents dangerous mouth-breathing, and "nips a cold in the bud."

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Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly is guaranteed not only by us, but by 30 years service to millions of Americans. If Kondon's doesn't do wonders for your cold, sneezing, cough, chronic catarrh, nosebleed, headache, sore nose, etc., we'll pay your money back.

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

MARY PICKFORD will join the decade-long procession of "Little Lord Fauntleroys." Mrs. Pickford secured screen rights to the Frances Hodson Burnett story which was such a hit on the stage; and Mary will make an early production of it. Curls again. And a costume, perhaps, reminiscent of "Mistress Nell" of her Famous Players days.

FRANCES MARION secured her release from the Hearst film organization a few weeks after she signed her contract, and returned immediately to her first love, Mary Pickford. It is not said whether it was because Miss Marion didn't like New York, or wanted to go back to California, or because she had just married Fred Thompson, former champion athlete and chaplain of the 143rd Field Artillery of which Miss Pickford was godmother, it is not for us to say. But as Miss Pickford has done about her finest work in Miss Marion's scenarios and Miss Marion's best scenarios have been for Miss Pickford, it is rejoiceful news.

Edna Mae Cooper was a November bride. You have seen her many times in Lasky plays.

WEDDINGS: Martin-Tree. Joe Martin, of Universal City, has a new domestic co-star; her name is Topsy-Tree. The Laemmle favorite will star in a new series of comedies, and his bride will enact the leading role. (Note: Joe is Universal's chief chimpanzee.)

ALL good comedies end in weddings and all good weddings end in comedies—as of course, distinguished from tragedies. So the association of ideas must be credited for the fact that on the Christie Comedy lot in November, four members of the organization were married, two of them to each other. James Clemmons, stage superintendent started it, Pat Dowling, press agent, followed, and then Miss Inez Jane, chief auditor, married Dallas McClish, technical director.

WALLACE REID, JUNIOR, made his film bow in the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement and he was so good that his father gave him a part in his new picture, "The Bear Trap." He will play *Toodles*. He is only two and a half, but his line of dramatic forbears is indeed imposing; his great-aunt was Fanny Davenport; his grandfather is Hal Reid. But he still insists his name is just "Bill."

ELLIOTT DEXTER, who was about to be starred by Famous-Lasky several months ago, when he fell ill, is now about again, and will begin work this month on his first star production. The story for this picture has not yet been definitely decided, but it is expected that William DeMille will direct. Meanwhile Mr. Dexter is convalescent at his home at Ocean Park.

MIRIAM MACDONALD, sister of Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren, was married early in November to Capt. Clyde Balsley, an aviator who distinguished himself as a member of the Lafayette Escadrille, winning twenty-three citations including the Croix de Guerre. They have gone to Coronado for the winter and will later go to Paris to live, which finishes Miss MacDonald's picture career. She appeared in several productions with her sisters.

"WE should worry about the coal strike," says Will Rogers. "There's no room in our cellar for coal anyhow."

JAMES W. HORNE, directing Warner Oland's new serial, "The Third Eye," made one hundred and ten scenes in one day at the Astra Studio, Glendale. Is this a record day's work?

WITH the expiration of his contract with Thomas H. Ince, Charles Ray will begin producing for himself. He expects to begin work on his first production about the middle of January, and has engaged Rob Wagner as his scenario chief. Wagner's principal claim to a niche in the Hall of Fame previously has been his articles in The Saturday Evening Post poking fun at moving picture production activities.

IT was a foggy morning (oh, very unusual weather for California) and Scott Sidney, one of Al Christie's comedy directors, with a squint at the sky, observed to Fay Tincher: "Looks a little like rain so we'll take it easy today. We'll get the hornet's nest stuff, Fay rolling off the roof, sheriff and Fay shooting each other, Helen Darling falling into the river, Fay attacking Peevish Pete with a sulphur pot, and a few little odds and ends like that."

Fay began a fervent prayer for fine weather so she could get a day off.

GOLDWYN is preparing to issue a burlesque on the "Timely Topics" style of stuff. It will be made up of sayings by Will Rogers, will be called "The Illiterate Digest," and will be decorated by rope stunts.

MARY PICKFORD won her case in court—she was the defendant in the suit instituted by Mrs. Cora Wilkenning, an agent, who alleged that Mary owes her $108,000 for managerial services rendered while Mary was in the Famous Players employ. Mrs. Wilkenning will appeal the case. Mary took the stand in her own defense, and thoroughly nonplussed the plaintiff's attorney when confronted by him, she looked him squarely in the eye, pointed her index finger at him, and said, "I'm scared of you." The lawyer coughed and replied. "I'm nothing to be afraid of" and Mary answered, "Well, you frighten me just the same!"

Plays and Players

(Continued)

JEAN ACKER, who has been playing in Metro productions, and Rudolph Valentino, a leading man, were principals in a speedily arranged marriage last month at the home of Joseph Engel in Hollywood. Valentino proposed one afternoon and was accepted, told Maxwell Karger, procured the marriage license at the home of the county clerk, and were married at midnight, the witnesses being Mr. and Mrs. Karger, Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warren, May Allison, Herbert Blache, Frank Brockliss and Charles Brown. They are living at the Hollywood Hotel.

GEORGE FAWCETT, who left Griffith after a long artistic association with that producer, has gone to Vitagraph, where he will direct. Corinne Griffith is his first star.

JOBYNA HOWLAND, the statuesque lady you will remember in the Norma Talmadge picture "The Way of a Woman" has found a way around her height—she's six feet tall. But when anyone asks her, she says, "I'm five feet, twelve."

Gareth Hughes has just entered upon a three-year agreement which provides that this young Welsh actor is to be starred. After long stage experience he played, in pictures, with Marguerite Clark, Norma Talmadge, and recently acted the young brother of Clara Young in "Eyes of Youth."

WHEN Max Eastman—who is the editor of the monthly known as "The Liberator" and who is called a bolshevist by most people—went to Los Angeles last winter to gain support, it is said, for the continuance of his magazine he met Charlie Chaplin. Now, it is said in some circles that Charlie is what we might call a "parlor bolshevist"—that is, he may not air his views in public, but he entertains strong beliefs all the same. However that may be, Chaplin and Eastman met, and professing mutual admiration, became friends. Then the report got about that the comedian was backing "The Liberator," only to meet with a positive denial from Charlie, who said he had been interested in Eastman simply as a personality, and that he cherished absolutely no socialist or bolshevist tendencies.

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Extra-Elastic, narrow hem top prevents garter runs

Made in Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized, and Silk twisted with Fibre

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"Best Knit" Hosiery is a great favorite among men who are particular as to the quality of their hose. Knit from the finest materials. Like tailor made they're knit to fit and fit perfectly.

Obtainable in a full range of colors in popular weights and styles. Silk, silk lisle, silk plaited, cashmere, silk and wool and lisle. All sizes.

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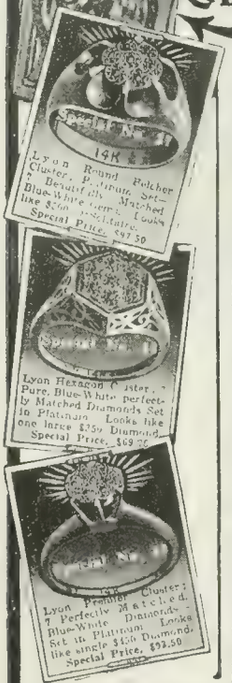

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Plays and Players

(Concluded)

WHEN Taylor Holmes' picture, "Two-Bit Seats" was projected in the English cinema houses, the managers took care to explain in advance to their patrons the meaning of the slang term. "It is," they announced, "an Americanism; the entire picture is filled with American slang. To begin with, 'Two-Bit Seats' means 'gallery accommodations.' The 'two-bit' is the equivalent of our shilling gallery at the theatre."

UNIVERSAL is doing over another one. This time it is Peter B. Kyne's, "The Three Godfathers." The new version will be known as "The Gift of the Desert," and Harry Carey will be the chief godfather.

MILTON E. HOFFMAN, for several years general manager of the Hollywood studio of the Lasky Company, has been chosen as chief of the new studio of the big Zukor interests in London. Mr. Hoffman is one of the most capable studio managers in the business. His duties on the Coast fall to Charles F. Eyton, who becomes general studio representative in California for the company and Fred Kley who is the new studio manager. Mr. Eyton will divide his time between the Lasky and Morosco studios. Mr. Eyton is the husband of Kathlyn Williams.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S first picture for the Big Four will be "Romance," the famous stage success of this country and England. Doris Keane, creator of the role of the opera-singer on the legitimate, will be the star of the filmed version. The picture will be made in Florida. Miss Keane's actor-husband, Basil Sydney, will act opposite her on the screen as he did on the stage.

"DON'T be afraid. That's a wooden gun; and it wooden shoot." That's Mildred Davis' own pun and she admits it's a bad one—the worst she could think of on short notice. Harold Lloyd's new leading lady was recently a visitor at the traps of the Los Angeles Gun Club, and seemed interested in the steady breaking of clay pigeons by the shooters. "It seems such a waste of time and ammunition," she said, "how much easier it would be to take a hammer!"

THE novels of Vicente Blasco Ibanez, whose "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was perhaps the most widely read novel of the war, have been purchased by Metro for screen adaptation. The works include, besides the famous tale, "Mare Nostrum" (Our Sea), "Blood and Sand," and "La Bondega." The Spanish author recently paid a visit to America; and while in Manhattan he was made much of by theatrical and film people. One company induced him to visit their projection room for the showing of one of their products. It made a good publicity story, anyway.

ANN KROMAN was a little Danish girl who came to California to seek thought she could get in was because she could ride, swim and dive—and she believed these were all the qualifications necessary. She played bits for a long while; finally she got a part. Then her rise was rapid; and as Ann Forrest she played with Houdini and, lately, with Henry Walthall in Allan Dwan's "The Splendid Hazard." Her astonishment upon learning that it was not her athletic prowess but her blonde good looks which won her success is unique. "I'm not much to look at," she says naively and modestly, "but look at these photographs. The camera sure is good to me."

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 74)

he has made them permit him to have his princess, Mr. Cruze's effort is a rapid, free-hand succession of brisk sketches. Lila Lee, as Princess Irma, is the old Lila Lee of much attempt and small accomplishment, rather than the infinitely quaint and charming—the new Lila Lee discovered by Cecil DeMille in "Male and Female." Such fine actors as Tully Marshall, Edwin Stevens and Theodore Roberts, and such an interesting young person as Harrison Ford, are to be found in the cast.

HEART OF THE HILLS—
First National

When he made the jigging scene in this colorful drama of the midland mountains director Franklin—perhaps quite unconsciously—vouchsafed one of the best episodes that the screen has seen in this or any other year. Like most of the things that count, this scene is simple, and is built upon the simplest of subjects: the infectious, almost orgiastic dancing of a group of mountainers in a log cabin, rhyming their steps to "Turkey in the Straw," wheezed out upon a decrepit violin. The old man, the mountain boy, the mountain girl, then the city fellow, and then everyone mingle in this mad festival of stepping competition. It was interesting to watch the great audience which saw this picture with me catch the spirit of the uncouth dance; they too were swept along on its jerking phrases like Ethiop converts in a dusky camp-meeting. And the finale! That moment in which "grandpap" flings his arms aloft and cries a stentorian "Stop!" And why? "I done lost my false teeth!" Here is a merry episode perfectly rounded at the finish in a flash of uproarious human farce. The photoplay as a whole is quite the best of the many stories of the Kentucky and Tennessee mountains to come to moving vision in the past year or two. It is a simple, generally unstable tale, but it is told with such conviction, with such simplicity, and with so many gentle little asides that it moves one in a way than many a better piece, less skilfully manipulated, is unable to do. Also it is worth mentioning that it reflects the spirit if not always the exact literary letter of John Fox, Jr. Mary Pickford herself, as the wild little Mavis Hawn, once more enters into her physical descriptions with the fury of a novice who has everything to gain and nothing to lose—and the painstaking care and cunning detail of the celebrated performer who has everything to lose and very little to gain: altogether, an unbeatable combination of talents. Superb characterizations are given by Sam De Grasse and Claire MacDowell—the latter, especially, convincing and even thrilling—as Martha Hawn, a dull-eyed, slow-witted female, who, in spite of her cruelty, her selfishness and her cunning, still feels the remorse that inevitably comes to a heartless mother and a treacherous wife. Let us mention, also, Fred W. Huntley as the inimitable Grandpap Jason Hawn—a sturdy old man who just must have lived.

COUNTERFEIT—Artcraft

This story is fortunate in having so apt a name. It *is* counterfeit. It is the poorest piece in which we can remember seeing Elsie Ferguson. It purports to be a yarn of spurious money-makers in Newport, R. I., the home of much counterfeit social worth. It is so original that at the end we are stunned, nay, amazed, to learn that counterfeiter Ferguson has been a counterfeit counterfeiter—in truth, a government agent—an operative of the secret service! After a

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The Cloud is Due to Film

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Brushing in the usual way does not end this film. That is why so many teeth discolor and decay. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now We Combat It

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have proved this by many careful tests. Leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

For home use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And all who ask are sent a ten-day test to show them what it does.

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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

A recent discovery makes this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now found a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be constantly applied.

Pepsodent is now doing for millions of teeth what nothing else has done. We urge you to see what it does for your teeth. Compare it with the old-time methods and judge the results for yourself.

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Why Not?

IT is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you *should* weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! *Enjoy* life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE. *As sure as sunrise*

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I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

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16

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

weary evening the only kindly remembrances are of George Fitzmaurice's generally good direction and Miss Ferguson's splendid gowns. I can hear George swearing when he was handed this story.

EASTWARD HO!—Fox

We have, here, a rather weak vehicle of most ordinary type, and an utterly conventional story, featuring William Russell. William McLeod Raine's novel apparently had enough stuff in it for a photoplay but the adaptors have taken everything out except the fights and the motion-picture plotting. The tale concerns one Buck Lindsay, a typical cattleman, on whose wholesome and breezy person devolves the straightening out of a tangle arising in the effete and generally wicked East. White slavery and other what-nots are dragged in for cheap thrills, and the result is only tiresome.

THE BROKEN BUTTERFLY—Robertson-Cole

Monsieur Cody, the elegant heart-breaker, must needs be the eternal vamp, and he is here shown plying his wiles, his moustache, his tight cuffs, his fancy shoes, his curious waistcoat, his naughty eyes, his well-creased trousers, his multitudinous jewelry, and other devices, not forgetting his nonchalance—never must we forget his nonchalance!—upon one Marcene, a child of the Canadian woods. He forgets Marcene, who throws herself and her child—also the child of the tight cuffs, curious waistcoat, multitudinous jewelry, etc., etc., etc.—into a pond. Comes regret to the gentleman of the various and several assets, and he atones by marrying her sister. Afterward, we find that a dog pulled her and her baby from the lake.

DAWN—Blackton-Pathe

Eleanor H. Porter's story of the supersensitive young blind artist, Keith Burton, and his sweetheart, Dorothy Parkman. These parts are played, and well played, by Robert Gordon and Sylvia Breamer. Miss Porter's many readers need no synopsis, but to others it may be said that the narrative concerns young Burton's blindness, and his sweetheart's faithful devotion, even though she has to ply that devotion to the melancholy lad under an assumed name, when he resolutely cast her from him, rather than have her share his lightless life. The strongest and bravest part of the story is that it works itself to its conclusion *without* the usual magical restoring operation. Here, the operation is a failure. The story is serious, but is relieved by certain comedy touches. In continuity it is rather uncertain, but the direction atones for much of this.

A DAY OF PLEASURE—First National

Not much can be said for *le grand* Chaplin's new instrument of merriment. It wheezes along like the Ford car that carries it its first few yards, has two or three really funny episodes reminiscent of Charles in his best moods, and a long, long footage which is just patent vulgarity. It begins with the family's departure, as the title suggests, for "a day of pleasure." The antics of the reliquary Henry, which, with its engine running, rocks like a tug in a typhoon, are not only laughable but reminiscent to many a man who has dolled the wife and kids up, fed the car water and gas and oil, and, at the last minute, finds some unaccountable ailment in its insides making him a fixture instead of a roamer. This part

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

of the piece is well managed indeed; Chaplin himself is the dignified paterfamilias even in his usual make-up, and the exquisite Purviance, plain but neat in a suit that fits none too well, gives a serious face and a heavy hand to the two young hopefuls who occupy the back seat. It is when the family gets on the boat that the pleasureable day drags drearily, and at moments disgustingly, for *mal de mer,* in its most dismal aspects, is the principal pastime of the excursion. Coming home, and again in the Detroit Pullman, the family has a very funny and well managed scene in traffic at one of Los Angeles' busiest corners—an episode, indeed, which must have taken infinite pains and patience to secure. But apart from its first and last moments, the vehicle is not worth anybody's talents, let alone Charlie Chaplin's. The Ford stuff seems to have been a good idea—a mere sketch, hastily executed in a happy moment, to which this labored supplement was heavily added long afterward.

THE BEACHCOMBERS — Universal

This piece, a vivid story of the sea, will probably not be released under this title. Directed by Rex Ingram, it is the story of a sea-captain who takes a cargo of spurious pianos to South America, and, en route, politely befriends the much-abused wife of the consignor. A request for a song, bringing a piano to the deck, reveals that they are not musical instruments, but gun-cases, and that the cargo is consigned to an incipient revolution. The captain dares not speak for fear of mutiny, and, once in port, he again refuses to speak because of the miscreant's wife. Thrown into the seaside penitentiary, he rather too quickly breaks out, and flees inadvertently to the refuge of a great band of outcasts farther down the sand—the beachcombers. Engaged in combat with the leader of this gang, a giant mulatto, he bests him, and, in command of his tatterdemalion force, upsets the revolution in spite of its good start. The wicked gun-runner is killed, and, as one might not have unreasonably suspected, the worthy captain sails back to the States with his widow. The weakness of the story is most evident at the point in which the sea-captain refuses to tell his own Consul of the impending revolt—all because it would make the lady unhappy. This is stretching things, not only in patriotic probability, but because the very best way to protect the woman would have been to tell the truth. However, it is an excellently made photoplay. The captain, portrayed by Elmo Lincoln; the villain, by Harry Von Meter; the giant mulatto, by Noble Johnson, and the wife, by Mabel Ballin, are all excellent and believable likenesses.

IN BRIEF—

"The Isle of Conquest" (Select) The old island romance, more prudently policed than ever. Here Miss Norma Talmadge promises the gentleman—Mr. Wyndham Standing—that she will permit him to kiss her unless her husband comes at the end of the month. Of course hubby makes his appearance, thus morally safeguarding the play. And afterward, hubby dies—and Wyndham gets his kiss. I have seen nothing drearier or more uninspired in many a month. Natalie Talmadge makes an appearance in the support of her famous sister, and Charles Gerard is an acceptable naughty husband. My sympathies are extended the greatest emotional actress of the screen on her lamentable 1919 material. A happier and better New Year to you, Mrs. Schneck!

"Sealed Hearts" (Selznick) A tiresome play, of the old-husband-young-wife class. Robert Edeson, cast as Marchbanks, Sr., withers and perishes while his son, performed by Eugene O'Brien, properly chokes back a youthful affection, amid many accusations by his parent.

"The Undercurrent" (Select) A story of squelched Bolshevism, with a great deal of action and physical punch. Arthur Guy Empey wrote the story, and acts its principal part. It is red-bloodedly American, and this may commend it where its artistry fails. As artistry it isn't there.

"The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl" (First National) Henry Arthur Jones' story, of very mild appeal here, about a London Gaiety girl. Only I believe they mask the Gaiety as the "Pandora" theatre in this play. David Kirkland, directing, did one of the ablest works of his career in making this piece really hold attention despite an inherent lack of interest. Anita Stewart, Conway Tearle and Victor Steele play the principal parts.

"What's Your Husband Doing?" (Ince-Paramount) Douglas McLean and Doris May, the redoubtable "Twenty-Three Hours' Leave" pair, in a picture version of George Hobart's farce. It is entertaining, but far from approaching the standard of their former endeavor.

"Wings of the Morning" (Fox) William Farnum, as the militant Robinson Crusoe of Louis Tracy's novel. He is supported by Louise Lovely. It is entertaining; one of many equally good, well-photographed, unsubtle stories of adventure.

"His Divorced Wife" (Universal) A poor picture, on a poorly-chosen subject. Too bad for Monroe Salisbury, who, after a long career in mediocre screen contraptions, climbed resolutely back to real vehicles and real acting, a little less than a year ago.

"Lasca" (Universal) The best part of this picture lies in its discovery of Edith Roberts as a genuinely interesting screen personality. Miss Roberts has long been with us, but heretofore has done nothing to warrant a second look. Do you remember the old poem of the fiery Mexican girl, who, shielding her lover with her own body in a great cattle stampede, dies trying to save him? Here it is, done into a wonderfully scenic five-reel story by Percy Heath. And they had courage enough to preserve the logical ending.

"The Gun-Fighting Gentleman" (Universal) A vigorous Western, of usual type. Harry Carey is both author and star.

"Poor Relations" (Robertson-Cole) If King Vidor had depended for his deserved and suddenly won repute on this slight fabric he would still be in the great unknown. However, no marksman can hit the bull's-eye every time. The mild little photoplay's best and only worthy quality is its wistful touch of humanity. Florence Vidor and Zasu Pitts are in the cast.

"A Fugitive From Matrimony" (Robertson-Cole) Perhaps you've forgotten that H. B. Warner's best medium was once thought to be light comedy. If so, this piece will remind you, if reminding is necessary, that he is a very finished comedian. The beautiful Seena Owen assists.

"The Illustrious Prince" (Robertson-Cole) Sessue Hayakawa, breaking away from the inevitable American sacrifice, to play a Nipponese avenger of royal blood, plying his vengeance in London society. A well-known E. Phillips Oppenheim story, finely produced.

"The Tower of Jewels" (Vitagraph) Corinne Griffith, in a woman-crook story of average appeal. Maurice Costello, Vitagraph veteran, is prominent in the personnel.

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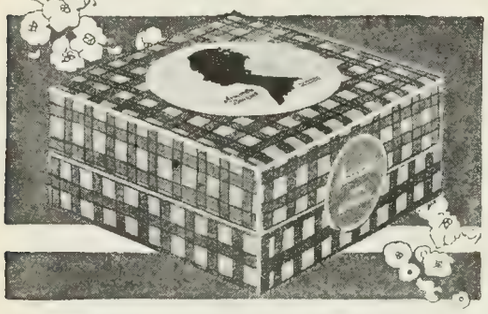

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The Gentle Grafters

Everything the actresses use and wear in the films is real — the dear sweet things see to that

AND now the poor down-trodden motion picture stars whose weekly stipends range from five to twelve thousand iron men a week, are obliged to resort to the pettiest forms of graft in order to look the H. C. L. gentleman squarely in the face!

How can any self-respecting star keep up an appearance if she does not stoop to the methods employed by politicians, city contractors, and reporters? It is the public's own fault that she is obliged to sully her soul in her desperate attempt to live up to the reputation she had wished on her of being extravagant, eccentric and exclusive.

Even the department stores as well as the little shops on Fifth Avenue recognize the embarrassing position the star occupies, by allowing a ten percent discount on all goods she purchases. This helps some. Many of the motion picture producers go so far as to supply their stars with their wardrobes for the productions, in order to help them make ends meet. There is a certain star whose contract calls for automobile tires as well. In another contract, between a well known star and a well known producer, a stipulation for salaries for chauffeur and maid, as well as upkeep of the star's hair is included. Why should not the producer pay these expenses? Is it not the chauffeur who drives the star to the studio, and the maid who dresses her for the production and the hair that photographs like a million dollars part of the finished photo play, like the furniture and extra people? Then why should the star dip into her $5,000 a week when really these things have nothing to do with her Art?

The motion picture producer of to-day does not dare to oppose a star in any way. Whatever demand she makes must be granted. If a star is opposed, she can immediately take to her bed and register a nervous headache. The result of several days illness would cost a producer many thousands of dollars, and he has discovered after playing the game from every angle that it is cheaper to accede to her whims. If he should break her contract, he would only meet with the same situation from another star, because stars seem to be necessary, and after having spent a small fortune on publicity and advertising, in order to make a star popular, it would not be a profitable move to release her and give some other producer the benefit of the expenditure. So the star has the producer in the hollow of her hand, and any time he doesn't like it, she can move on to another producer and at a bigger salary.

Of course all these concessions in the contracts help, but they are not sufficient to cover the necessary expenses of one who lives in a rarefied atmosphere, and like the little shop girl who sneaks a few spools of sewing cotton from the counter now and then, the star is obliged to contrive ways and means for procuring things without cost. One star—a clever little thing she was—charged the producers for the use of her pet dog in a production. Most dogs of breeding and pulchritude receive ten dollars a day for acting in the pictures and it was indeed a worth while consideration for the poor star to eke out a few honest dollars.

Another star noted for her sinuous figure lunched day after day in her dressing room

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The Gentle Grafters

(Concluded)

on crackers and tea. She said she did not dare to eat a more substantial meal because she feared the treacherous avoirdupois, but the truth of the matter became known when it was learned that she received only $7,500 a week for a salary! While out on location one day she ate ravenously and without regard for her figure of a luncheon provided by the producers.

One of the favorite methods employed by stars who cannot live decently on their salaries is to get their clothes at reduced rates from modistes and milliners who supply the wardrobe for the production, paid for by the producers. Of course any modiste will consent to enter into a petty graft deal in order to retain the star's patronage.

P. S. No disillusionment is meant. Remember you and I make the star what she is.

Defiant Definitions

Up-Stage—Mostly mental derangement; somebody who is, says somebody who isn't, is.

Temperament—What some actors think they feel, but don't; a poor excuse not to work.

Close-Up—What everybody wants. It is given to many that don't deserve it, and refused some who do.

Stills—Punch and Judy snap-shots showing what is not in the film; actors' cocaine.

Camera—Life's ego-meter; the only magnet that draws human beings. The driving wheel of the industry.

Re-Take—The visible evidence of something wrong somewhere, for which no one is ever to blame.

Star—A commercial article requiring six things: opportunity, talent, publicity, salesmanship, exhibition, and—smooth rubbing.

Heavy—A rascal who is willing to act naturally and get paid for it.

Extra—The studio floatsam and jetsam; Kimberley ore; some know they can't act, others think they can and—only a few really do.

Cameraman—The raw stock broker who thinks he bears one end of the film world's axis. However, a necessary individual.

Director—The St. Peter at the gates of the production. The Lord's bally-hooer. One man you must say "yes" to.

Scenariost—The God Almighty of the screen firmament whose scriptures are not always obeyed. A modern Noah with a paper ark. The man who is always misunderstood.

Property Man—The living Christian from Pilgrim's Progress; a giver of all things, slowly—but sometime.

Ingenue—The embodiment of "Nobody home." A female box of liquid pastel shades and glucose adjectives.

Press Agent—The photoplay copy-cootie. A heaver of hot air verbs, and puffed salaries. His post is high, but he is underpaid.

Setting—The only thing that is always wrong. Called beautiful, has a double face, and is very much needed.

Props—Will O' the Wisp necessities. That which we cuss when it isn't there, and cuss when it is. The furniture renter's bonanza.

Cutter—The moloc who spoils your picture. A sort of licensed goat-getter, on salary.

Cafe—The studio waiting room. A hot-bed of gossip and hot dogs, but with a certain attraction.

Register—Short-changing the public by not ringing up the correct amount of emotion.

Fade-Out—"Postoffice" on the screen. The final clinch. The director's last chance to swear.

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She Hates Broadway!

Marguerite Courtot Refuses to Believe that Bright Lights Spell Success

By AGNES SMITH

"IT ISN'T strange when you consider that I have always lived there. And the view is lovely. You can look up and down the Hudson river. And then, you know, it is right opposite Broadway and Forty-second street. I can see all the lights from my window. That's near enough for me—I don't care for Broadway."

Marguerite Courtot was trying to explain why she lives in Weehawken, N. J., that strange place that sounds like the cry of a wild bird in distress. I politely accepted the lady's apology. After all, when one is free and independent, one is entitled to live where one chooses. Only it seemed strange to talk to a motion picture actress who did not complain because God had made Fort Lee, N. J., a film town.

Aside from the fact that she lives in Weehawken, Marguerite makes other claims to your interest. Raised in the studio,—she began with the old Kalem Company,—she is nevertheless a studio exotic. Not to cast slurs on other luminaries, she is the sort of girl your mother would like to have you go around with, even though she is an actress. Never once in the course of three cups of tea and two rounds of French pastry did Marguerite use slang, professional lingo or "please don't print this" gossip. Hers is a demure prettiness and, to be old-fashioned, her manners are lady-like. She carries herself with the air of a young person who has just been told that she is not exactly a strain on the eyes.

"I was fifteen years old when I began to 'act,' if you could call it that," said Marguerite. "Mother knew a man over at the studio. He was always asking her to let me appear in a picture. It didn't make any difference to me one way or the other. Mother was unwilling,—she didn't want to take me out of school. Imagine such a thing happening now! At the mere chance of a film offer, a mother would snatch her child from the cradle.

"Those Kalem days were very pleasant. Like all the old companies, it was just a family. You didn't hear much about salaries and none of us had contracts. After the series called 'The Adventures of Marguerite' I got another offer. I gave the

She Hates Broadway!

(Concluded)

company three weeks' notice. Really, it was just as though I had left home. They felt so hurt and grieved.

"I played in pictures with Tom Moore. I am glad that he has done so well. I love to see the real screen players make good. To me it seems that the stage players caused all this fever for high salaries, with limousines and bungalows thrown in. Producers engage 'Broadway' leading men at high salaries when they ought to develop the talent in their own studios. 'Broadway' names don't mean much in the small towns. The small town people are better acquainted with the regular movie actors. And let me tell you, small town popularity is the success that counts."

You see, living in Weehawkan has made Marguerite scornful of Broadway. Names of individuals in electric lights are not visible from the Jersey shore. You only glimpse a misty glare.

"After Kalem I went to Gaumont and then to Famous Players. You may remember 'The Kiss' and 'Rolling Stones.' And then this country went into the war. And I did a little war work.

"You see, over in Weehawken there was a recruiting office for the marines. I used to help them out. Finally the sergeant who did the desk work was ordered to France. They needed someone to take his place and I volunteered. It took all my time so I had to drop my studio work. Then I made tours and sold war savings stamps. And I met some boys from the middle west so I adopted them and wrote to them all once a week while they were abroad. Altogether I was away from the screen for a year. So it's very necessary that I catch up now.

"I came back in 'The Perfect Lover,' with Eugene O'Brien. And then I made 'The Teeth of the Tiger' for Famous Players, with David Powell."

Then she did "Bound and Gagged," a Pathe serial.

"I wasn't very anxious to play in a serial," she said, "and before I signed the contract I took good care to find out that I wasn't the person to be bound and gagged. But I haven't regretted it."

Besides living in Weehawken, Miss Courtot can boast of two other departures from type. She has never been to Los Angeles and she doesn't use any make-up, except a coating of powder when she is before the camera.

By Request

THERE had been a movie ball and one of the principal cafes of the city was filled with fans and notables. A large male person stepped upon the orchestra platform and announced:

"By special request the orchestra will now play 'The Maiden's Dream,' dedicated to Miss Tottie Twinkle the famous Superba Picture Corporation star, and based upon her latest cinema triumph of the same name. 'The Maiden's Dream,' ladies and gents, by special request."

"By whose request?" demanded a nearby diner.

"By request of Miss Tottie Twinkle's press agent," the imperturbable, though not especially sapient announcer replied.

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Filming Grain Dust Explosions

TAKING close-up motion pictures of experimental explosions so unexpectedly violent that they knocked down spectators standing at supposedly safe distances, and practically wrecking the steel and concrete structure especially designed to withstand blasts of this sort, was the recent experience of a photographer sent by the United States Department of Agriculture to assist in preparing films for use in a campaign against grain-dust explosions. This campaign is being promoted by the department in cooperation with the United States Grain Corporation. The pictures taken at such unusual hazard were staged at a station near Pittsburgh maintained by the Bureau of Mines for the purpose of making mine-explosion investigations. The plant was placed at the disposal of the grain-dust investigators by the Bureau of Mines.

The special program devoted to work against grain-dust explosion, in which the films are to be featured, is being arranged for in principal cities of the country. They illustrate, more graphically than lectures or statistics can possibly do, the need of taking thorough precautions against grain dust in elevators and other grain-handling plants.

The apparatus used as a setting for the movie views, the taking of which involved so much unexpected adventure, consists of a steel cylinder or gallery 225 feet in length, set above ground, which serves as a counterpart of a mine gallery. In the upper surface of the cylinder, at stated intervals, are ports, some of which are provided with lids. The progress of an explosion from one end of the cylinder to the other can be detected by jets of smoke and flame that burst from one after another of these vents. The motion pictures secured show this interesting phenomenon clearly. Shelves arranged laterally inside the tube were sprinkled with flour for one of the demonstrations, and with a starch dust for another.

During each of the experiments the motion-picture operator was housed in a portable telephone booth brought to the scene to serve as a shelter and placed with the solid board side of the booth turned toward the mouth of the cylinder. This shelter was set less than 100 feet from the cylinder, and just enough to one side to be out of the direct line of the blast. A hole was cut in the wall of the booth through which the camera was trained on the scene of the explosion.

During each of the first two blasts the operator was somewhat shaken by the detonation, but the shocks were relatively light and their effects little more than temporary. With the setting off of the starch charge, however, the earth seemed to tremble, the booth rocked on its foundation, and reports received later showed that houses two and three miles away were shaken. The concussion shattered the glass in the walls of the telephone booth. The operator was temporarily blinded and almost stunned, but his long training in his profession kept him turning the crank of his camera even as it swayed to and fro in its shelter. All of this upheaval took but an instant of time. Climbing out from the broken booth the operator looked about and found that some of the engineers, who had stood at a considerable distance to witness the test, had been thrown to the ground. As soon as they recovered their sense and equilibrium they ran to the telephone booth, fearing that the operator had been killed.

The movie usher makes me smile—
For uselessness he can't be beat;
For though he leads us down the aisle
We always take some other seat.—Siren.

OUR READERS SAY:

Letters from readers are invited by the editor. They should be not more than three hundred words in length, and must have attached the writer's name and address.

Editor Photoplay,
Dear Sir:

LETTERS-to-the-Editor are usually concerned with a player's screen work. May I say a word about an actor's authorship? This is not a professional book review, just a suggestion to some of Mr. Hart's admirers who may not know of his little book, "Pinto Ben and Other Stories." It is the work of both Mr. Hart and his sister Mary. The introduction gives us a brief glimpse of the actor's boyhood, and is followed by a quaint little letter from his famous pinto pony, who has almost as many friends as his master.

"Pinto Ben" is a narrative poem concerning a beloved cow pony, killed while saving his master's life. The poem is written in dialect similar to that used in Hart Production subtitles. Much of Mr. Hart's gentleness and great-heartedness crept into "Pinto Ben," and his love of justice produced "The Savage," an Indian story sharply drawn from Mr. Hart's own intimate knowledge of the Indian character. In speaking of the Indian girl's lonely walks, he says: "Indian girls do not fear the opposite sex of their own people. There are no beasts among them. . ." Verily, a thought for the American white man to chew upon. "The Savage" reminds one of "Madam Butterfly," but is more concise, more startlingly vivid, more rich and colorful.

Miss Hart's contribution is a delightful dog story, "The Last of His Blood." In the opening paragraphs, Miss Hart has cleverly introduced some interesting information about the English bulldog, the narrative is then taken up by the dog, himself. A bit of a love story and a touch of mystery given to the character of Copper John add interest and charm. Unlike most dog stories, this one does not assume human intelligence on the part of the animal. "Socky" is always a dog and interprets his surroundings from a dog's point of view, even when the author's fancy makes him say of the stars: "the lights in the sky above showin' through, just like the nail holes in my box." Animals may or may not reason, but Miss Hart wisely keeps clear of this controversial ground.

Whether you are a Hart fan or not, whether you like animals or not, if you have the average amount of human sympathy in your make up, you will find this little book well worth the reading.

Very Sincerely,
NORMA COOLEY, NEW YORK CITY.

(From the Goldwyn "Studio Skeleton.")

SCENARIO READER'S REPORT

Title THE CREATIVE INSTINCT **Author** MOSES. **From** CHAPTER I. BOOK OF GENESIS

Type of story: Spectacle.
General locale The Infinite Reaches of Space
Suitable for Any Good Character Actor—Male
Synopsis:

God finds Chaos—"waste and void." Darkness upon the face of the deep. Apparently in a spirit of adventure, God sets out to reduce this to order. No motive assigned. God says, "Let there be light." The separation of light from darkness described as first day. God separates waters from waters by firmament called Heaven—second day. For third day, God separates water from dry land; calls the latter Earth and puts it into crops. Fourth day God orders sun, moon and stars. Fifth day God stocks Earth and Seas. Continued into sixth day. God makes image of Himself and calls it Man.

COMMENT: Perhaps this story offers chances for spectacle, though it would need to be greatly strengthened. The author's descriptions are amateurish, not clearly visualized. His representative would have to agree to adequate modifications by skilled continuity writers, coupled with capable direction.

Aside from its spectacular features, the story is very slender and draggy. Moses' characterizations of God are vague. This part would require much building up to make it convincing. There is no clear designation of motive for any of God's acts.

Perhaps the story's greatest deficiency is the lack of any comedy relief. In fact, there is nothing in the book as written to which a script writer or director might turn when the main theme becomes slow; nor is the principal theme really good tragedy. The narrative in reality is merely a series of episodes, jerky and unskillfully strung together. The story lets down badly at the end; its conclusion is decidedly anticlimactic.

One point in favor of the story is the opportunity it offers for effective sub-titling. The author has entirely overlooked this possibility. His lines are dull, heavy. He has ignored the chance for improvement by putting God into the heroic mood.

Well cast, the part of God might be sustained through a two-reel production, if the episodes were jazzed up and some sort of relief injected into the story.

Date read: AUGUST 1, 1919.
Readers: WILLIAM R. and LOUIS DURYEA LIGHTON.

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G. H. LOCKWOOD, Editor, Dept. 566, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mary Jane and one of the lucky dogs, visited by the good bad man.

"Santa Claus?—Sure"

Only out in Sunny California he lets the dog wear the whiskers.

IT WAS the day before Christmas—and Santa Claus galloped up to the William S. Hart studio in Hollywood, California,—sans reindeer, sans sleigh, sans snow, sans whiskers.

Instead of being a fat and jolly Santa Claus with much embonpoint, he was tall and straight and strong, and he rode his prancing steed like a centaur. Instead of reindeer his steed was a horse. Instead of a fuzzy white beard and fur coat, he was clean shaven and wore clothes just like other men, only he had a broad-brimmed Western hat. He drew his proud steed up in hearty greeting of a little group waiting expectantly at the Christmas tree which grew fairy-like amid the fruit trees across from the studio.

"Aw, that ain't Santa Claus," remarked a small, freckle-faced, bare-footed boy to his companion as they watched the party,—"that's Bill Hart."

And the small boy was right. Bill Hart was giving this Christmas tree party for his best girl,—who happens to be little Mary Jane Irving, age just five years. Mary Jane plays with her big beau in the land of make-believe,—motion pictures.

Just because the climate of Southern California is too warm for reindeer and fur coats, and there aren't any winter snows for sleighs and bells, is no reason why Santa Claus is going to forget good little boys and girls, or, even such deserving guests as Mary Jane invited to hang up their "stockings" on her Christmas tree.

What happy and enthusiastic guests they were, too,—especially when they saw what they got in their "stockings." Besides the Pinto, it might be well to explain who Mary Jane's other guests were. There were—Cactus Kate, a reformed bronco who has settled down; 'Lizabeth, a paradox of mules, being of a sweet and gentle nature; Congo, the handsomest bulldog that ever adorned the front seat of an automobile; Wolf, a wild Malemute from the home of Santa Claus; and Lucky and Sooner—just dogs.

Each guest hung up his or her "stocking" and maybe they weren't delighted with the presents Santa Claus brought them. Cubes of sugar and sweets, barley and oats for the Pinto pony, Cactus Kate and 'Lizabeth; boxes filled with toothsome shank bones for Congo and Wolf, Lucky and Sooner. A hand-made bridle for the Pinto; leather collars for the dogs.

Mary Jane had such a happy time entertaining and enjoying the expressions of delight from her guests over their Christmas presents, that she almost forgot herself. But Bill didn't. There was a big doll almost as pretty as Mary Jane, herself, and a doll carriage with the trimmings. And besides, Mary Jane discovered on the tree some exquisite clothes and things that little girls like to wear, and a Teddy bear, some funny toys and ev'rything.

What did Mary Jane give Santa Claus Hart for Christmas? A kiss! Yes,—Mary Jane gave Bill a lot of sweet kisses,—and they weren't make-believe either.

The Copperhead

(Continued from page 70)

I argued and pleaded, but it was no use. He had just decided to go through life without an explanation and he would have, too, only—but that jumps forty years.

Milt went away soon after the end of the war and took his baby with him. At least if he would not explain, he could bring up the girl where no one knew about the past. Elsie grew up, married, had a little daughter, and again Milt, now an old man, but still strong in mind and body, had a little baby on his hands. Still he stayed away from Milville for quite a long time, and then one day came back. Didn't say anything to anybody, nor didn't make any secret of his movements. Just came back, opened up the old place, and moved in. He was all alone — his granddaughter, Madeline King, was in school in Boston. She came a few weeks later, a peach-blossom girl, pretty and happy, with never a trace in her merry features of the tragedy that had hung over the family half a century. Nobody said anything to her about it of course, though she must have wondered why it was so many of the neighbors only spoke to her father with a curt nod as she passed them. She could not know that when she was not by his side they did not speak at all. There were a few who were willing to admit that the war was over, but even among these there were not many who were cordial. And among those who were sternest in refusing to associate with Milt was Hardy, a Colonel now and a distinguished figure at all the G. A. R. reunions. Bye and bye Madeline came to understand in a general way that her grandfather had sympathized with the South in the Civil War, but from the long distance of the younger generation this was no hanging matter, and even if the word "Copperhead" had been spoken it would have lost its sting.

Well, it just wouldn't have been natural in the circumstances if Milt Shanks granddaughter and Colonel Hardy's grandson hadn't fallen in love. There never were two people better suited to each other. Tom was a fine young chap, upstanding and manly, taking after his grandfather, and with all the old man's grit. He knew that the Colonel and Milt weren't on speaking terms, but he didn't know all of the reason, any more than Madeline did. But the old folks in the town wondered what would happen when the Colonel found out the facts in the case concerning his grandson's courting.

Madeline wouldn't listen to Tom at first when he asked her to marry him. She said her grandfather was getting so old and feeble that she couldn't leave him, but Tom brushed that aside by assuring her she didn't have to leave him. And with that he hurried off to see the Colonel. Hardy sputtered and fumed, but Tom insisted. Hardy wouldn't go into details—he was too big a man to want to dig up all that past trouble. So Tom flung away from him with a declaration that he would marry Madeline anyhow, and the Colonel might as well make up his mind to it. He hurried back to Milt's house and told his story to the old man.

"I guess you know what the town thinks about me," he said, looking Tom square in the eyes. "Buttons here," and he patted his dog, "and Madeline, is the only folks that don't call me a damned old jail-bird. I've kept as much of that away from her as I could, son—"

"Mr. Shanks, I love her, and I don't care what anybody thinks," Tom insisted.

They were interrupted by the arrival of a visitor in the yard, a grizzled, shuffling figure with an ill-fitting suit. His hair was cropped short, and there was a week's growth of beard on his face. It was Lem

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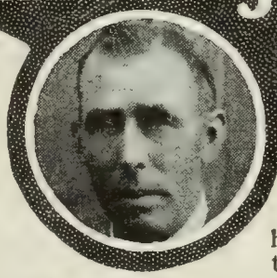

Ira Shook, (photo shown here) Flint, Mich., found his place. He says; **$375.65** is one day's sales—more than **$269.00** profit.

NOW **is a time of opportunity.** Time to start something for yourself. Write me. Get facts about an honorable business which has made me independent and will do the same for you. You can start right in your own city—in your own home. **You will make money from the start.** You won't be scrambling and crowding for a job. You won't be pushing others out of a place. You will have made your place. **KELLOG says—I am**

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to get the facts. **Send for my big free book** "How to Make Money in the Crispette Business." Complete information and story of how I built my Business. Read it and then come to Springfield.

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Name "Bayer" identifies genuine Aspirin introduced in 1900.

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Insist on an unbroken package of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" marked with the "Bayer Cross."

The "Bayer Cross" means you are getting genuine Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years.

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Sell our quality goods to your friends and neighbors. You will be doing them a real service in saving them money and wasted shopping time. You will also earn for yourself a satisfactory income for that service.

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No Previous Experience Is Necessary

Many of our most successful representatives started without previous experience. Many of them make $25 to $50 per week, and even more. You can do the same with our help.

Make the start today. Write for our illustrated catalog. It tells just how you can become a successful World's Star Representative.

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The Copperhead

(Concluded)

Tollard, just out of prison. For thirty-five years Milt had been working for his release, and had only just succeeded. Milt went to the door and called to him.

"Come on in, Lem. I been expectin' yer."

The young folks left them together and they went into the house.

"Expectin' me, eh? That's yer dirty conscience. *You* didn't stay long in jail though, Milt Shanks. I've figured it all out, that you had the Yankee cavalry in the bushes at the Ford—you sneakin' Judas!"

"Wait a minute, Lem—"

"Wait nuthin'. I'm here to hand you what's comin' to you."

With that he drew a gun and fired. The bullet hit Milt in the breast and he staggered. Tom and Madeline came running in, and Lem sneaked off.

"Get Dr. James, quickly," Madeline cried.

"Never mind the doctor, get Colonel Hardy," Milt gasped. "Quick!"

Tom was off in a flash. Madeline did all she could to make her grandfather comfortable. He didn't suffer much, but just lay there with a look of set determination on his face. Pretty soon Tom came back with the doctor, Colonel Hardy and Newt Gillespie. Newt and the Colonel held back a little, as much as to say that the only reason they were present was because a dying man had sent for them, but they didn't want anyone to think that this could change their opinion of Milt. Dr. James made a quick examination and assured them it was only a flesh wound.

"It's deeper'n that," Milt said, and turned to the others. "Colonel, your boy and my girl's in love with each other. I've got something to say. Will you stay a spell?"

Hardy didn't say a word, but took a chair not far from the bed, and Milt went on.

"When the war broke out, you took a vow to support the Union. I opposed it.—Madeline, hand me that pistol," and he pointed to a gun on the bureau. He handed it to Tom and said, "Get the corkscrew and pull those loads out—two barrels are empty—the rest just the way they was at the trial—for murder. It's the gun I had at Tyler's Ford.

"Us Knights of the Golden Circle," he went on, while Tom was working at the gun, "Copperheads, they called us—we helped the South, we p'isoned cattle, and twice I went to Richmond, Virginney.—The day after Vicksburg—my boy Joey was kilt there—yer Grandma died, Madeline.—She told me I was unclean.—They wouldn't even let me see my boy in his coffin—remember that Newt?"

Newt Gillespie shuffled uneasily. They all wondered what was coming. Milt was the last person they would have expected to recall the past willingly.

They were startled by an exclamation from Tom, who brought over a paper upon which he had poured out the charges from the gun.

"It was loaded only with powder and wads—no bullets," Tom said, wonderingly.

Milt opened a little box he had by his side, and took out a letter.

"Just one man in all the world wrote me a letter," Milt went on, as if there had been no interruption. "Look at it Colonel, read it out loud—and maybe you'll understand."

Hardy took the letter, now yellow with age, and started at the words at the top. It was dated from the Executive Mansion, Washington, April 11, 1865. He read it in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Mr. Milton Shanks, Milville—Dear Milt. —Lee's surrender ends it all. I cannot think of you without a sense of guilt, but it had to be. I alone know what you did—and, even more, what you endured. I cannot reward you—man cannot reward anything worth while. There is only One who can.

"I send you a small flag. It is not new, but you will prize it all the more for that. I hope to shake your hand some time.

Your friend,

A. LINCOLN."

There was silence in the room. In an instant a new Milt Shanks had been revealed to them. Then Milt began again.

"Right after Sumter, Lincoln called me to Washington. He told me what he wanted me to do. 'It means to be odious in every eye,' he said, 'to eat your heart out alone, for you can't tell your wife, nor child, nor friend. I want you to join the Knights of the Golden Circle—to become their leader if you can. I need you, Milt—your country needs you.'"

"But damn it," Hardy burst out, at last, while Madeline clung pleadingly on his arm, "in all these years we've despised you, why haven't you told?"

"Who was there left to tell?" Milt replied wearily. "Ma and Joey were gone—only now,—when it's separatin' Elsie's girl from the man she loves—I got to tell."

Milt sank back on his pillow, and Hardy came up close.

"Milt," he said, "will you take the hand of a man who only fought?"

And with that handclasp that meant the betrothal of Madeline and Tom, the soul of the bravest man I ever knew went to its reward. Happiness for a new generation had been born out of his tragic and heroic life.

Blue Monday

"YOU hear about people going to their graves with words engraved on their hearts," says Charles Whittaker, author of scenarios, "and I know what mine will be—'We start shooting Monday.'

"I have never yet received an order for a scenario or continuity without this phrase being hurled at me as a parting warning. Whether I get the story Monday, Wednesday or Sunday the inevitable reminder accompanies it. 'Don't forget we start shooting Monday.'

"Don't they ever start shooting Tuesday or Thursday? I should think just for the variety of the thing they would want to change the day occasionally. But it seems not.

"Of course this does not mean that they actually do begin making the picture on that day. One producer brought me a story on a Saturday afternoon—a story I never had even read before. 'Can you fix up a continuity on this?' he asked. 'We start shooting Monday.' I worked night and day and gave him the first two reels Monday morning but it was two weeks from the following Wednesday afternoon that the first scene was 'shot.'

"But no matter how often the producer has experienced these inevitable delays between the completion of the continuity and the beginning of the picture the formula remains the same when he orders the 'script—

"'We start shooting Monday!'"

Their Little Ol' Pay Check Now?

(Concluded from page 36)

same applies to the good character or heavy woman. A notable instance is the rise of Marcia Manon. When she played the heavy in Mary Pickford's "Stella Maris," Miss Manon was drawing down the munificent stipend of $40 a week. Now her salary is up in the hundreds.

It isn't so much the general upward trend of wages and commodities that has taken upward motion picture salaries—it is the tremendously augmented business since the end of the war—an indication of the universal turning to the photoplay theater as the chief recreation of the civilized world. With the end of the great conflict, the foreign market, long closed to the film salesman has been thrown open, thus giving the greatest single stimulus to the business of picture production. Then the theater has so greatly improved in class, both as to equipment and performance that better prices could be charged the public, thus providing bigger rentals for the better grade of pictures. As to the stars themselves, their product is sold almost exclusively on their popularity and the merits of the pictures themselves. With an open market, it is a case of a survival of the best in a general sense. The stars who can best satisfy the public will continue to be well paid—the others will be consigned to the oblivion that awaits all those who, in the vernacular, have "played out their string." The public will not begrudge the successful ones the millions they will take in exchange for the entertainment and the happiness they have bestowed through the medium of the screen.

Why Don't They?

THE girl on the PHOTOPLAY cover
Has caused many a masculine heart
To pause in its steady patter
When pierced by Cupid's keen dart.

Oh, man, as you sit in your armchair,
And gaze at the latest "mag" out,
You murmur: "That hair, oh those dimples!
Does she care if a fellow has gout?

"I'm sure that her name is Priscilla,
Or it might be Constance or Prue.
Now what in the name of creation
Is a fellow with gout goin' to do?"

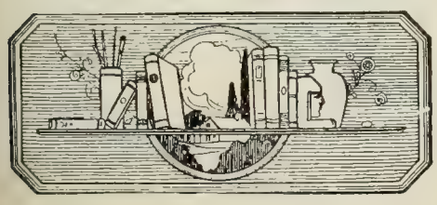
Though the girl on the PHOTOPLAY cover
Wrecks the peace of the masculine mind,
The lad in the collar ad surely
For feminine hearts was designed.

Oh, girl, as you sit near the mirror
And gaze at the latest "mag" out,
You murmur: "His hair parts so nicely,
Now what is he thinking about?

"As he laughingly gazes straight at me,
With collar and tie on just right?
I know that his name must be Jimmie;
I wish I could see him to-night."

Oh girl on the PHOTOPLAY cover,
And lad in the collar ad there,
Why don't you both go and get married,
And end all the anguish that's here?

—Esther Franks.



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Blind Husbands

(*Continued from page 41*)

The first thing that Dr. Armstrong noticed, after Margaret was resting quietly, was the box that Von Steuben had brought in the morning. He picked up the trinket curiously and opened it—to look down on the card of Erich Von Steuben.

Dr. Armstrong knew something about the price of the old treasure. He also knew from experience that one such as Von Steuben would not have paid so much money from his own pocket if he had not some most definite reason. For the first time Armstrong felt a strange questioning within him. He sat down beside Margaret's bed. When she began to stir about he said, "If you feel well enough tomorrow we will start for Rome."

"But you haven't had your trip to the pinnacle yet," she replied, thinking of the chief desire that had brought him to Cortina. "I do not want to take you away until you have had it."

"Old Sepp isn't feeling up to climbing to the peak just yet," Dr. Armstrong answered. His glance fell upon the box—that fatal box. An idea flashed to him. "But perhaps Lieutenant Von Steuben will accompany me."

Dr. Armstrong's suggestion to Von Steuben that they climb to the pinnacle of Monte Cristallo together did not please the lieutenant, but in the face of his many boastings of his prowess as a mountain climber he did not dare refuse.

Dr. Armstrong agreed that Margaret and Old Sepp with some of the other guests about the hotel who wished should go as far as the Zinnen-Hutte, the hut which was at the base of the steepest part of the climb, there to await the return from the peak.

By afternoon Margaret had recovered sufficiently from her indisposition of the morning to make it possible for the party to start. They planned to spend the night at the hut, so that Dr. Armstrong and Von Steuben could be on their way early the next morning.

The surgeon, in order that Margaret might not be disturbed by his early rising, engaged separate rooms for them at the hut. Margaret's room was across the hall from that assigned to Von Steuben.

All evening, as he had done on the climb from the hotel to the hut, Lieutenant Von Steuben forced his attentions on Margaret. And in order to avoid an unhappy situation, Margaret treated him outwardly with the same casual friendliness that she had always assumed. He mistook her pleasantness for a sort of hidden encouragement, and when they were alone for a moment, he whispered, "I will see you when everything is still."

Margaret had no chance to remonstrate with him before her husband came into the room. It was a real sort of irritation that Dr. Armstrong felt at seeing his wife in a tete-a-tete with another man. And when, as Margaret bid the party assembled in the sitting room goodnight, Von Steuben kissed her hand, Dr. Armstrong choked a swift desire to throw the simpering soldier out of the door.

If Margaret had noticed her husband's face she would have seen more violence of feeling than she had for many a day. She might have had the satisfaction of knowing that he had at least been stirred out of his lethargy.

But she kissed him dutifully on the forehead, without looking into his eyes, shook hands with Sepp, and went to her room. Dr. Armstrong and Von Steuben soon followed her example, but it was not before Margaret had found time to scribble a note which she addressed to Von Steuben and pushed under his door.

Later Sepp, sitting alert, heard Von Steuben's door open very gently and close again. The old man picked up his lamp and opened the door into the hall. He held the light, so that it fell into the face of the Austrian, just as his hands reached for the handle of the door to Margaret Armstrong's room.

The two men said nothing. Sepp looked at the officer with piercing, accusing eyes. With a half-smothered oath Von Steuben turned to his own room again. Sepp went back to the living room and called his faithful old dog to his knee. He whispered a few words into the animal's attentive ear. Then he opened the door into the hall and placed the intelligent beast at Margaret's door where he curled himself up against it.

The pinnacle of the Monte Cristallo rises sheer, a rocky surface almost bald of crevices and ledges, hundreds of feet up from the little hut where Dr. Armstrong and his party had spent the night.

The sun was barely up when Dr. Armstrong and Von Steuben were on their way, with Old Sepp watching the start. Von Steuben had exchanged his uniform for a natty Alpine suit, with cravat and hat to match. The outfit was obviously new. He handled his pick gingerly with his immaculate yellow buckskin gloves. Sepp and Armstrong exchanged amused glances, as Sepp secured the rope which linked the men together.

There was a distinct undercurrent of hostility between the two men, which Dr. Armstrong generously tried to overcome, but which Von Steuben showed in an air of surly superiority. Armstrong let him lead the way and acted in the greatest humility toward this self-professed expert climber. But as Von Steuben became winded and lagged the surgeon gradually took charge of the expedition.

Von Steuben grew more and more tired and disagreeable. The oftener he had to be helped over the difficult places the more unsportsmanlike he became. When at last, they reached the top he threw himself down on the rocks exhausted, tossing his hat, coat and pick from him.

As the coat fell in a heap an envelope fluttered out and dropped at Armstrong's feet. The surgeon stooped to pick it up. He saw that it was addressed to Von Steuben in Margaret's handwriting.

Von Steuben leaped at him.

"Damn you—that letter is mine—mine—don't touch it."

Blind Husbands

NARRATED, by permission, from the Universal photoplay of the same name, from Erich von Stroheim's story, "The Pinnacle," adaptation and scenario by the author. Directed by Mr. Stroheim with the following cast:

Dr. Armstrong.....Sam De Grasse
Mrs. Armstrong.....Francelia Billington
Lieut. Erich Von Steuben.....Erich von Stroheim
Silent Sepp.....H. Gibson-Gowland
The Newlyweds..... Valerie Germonprez / Jack Perrin
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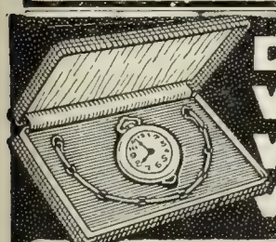

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Blind Husbands

(Continued)

"I had no intention of looking at it," Armstrong answered in cold calmness. "I know no reason why my wife should not write to you if she wishes—but, just because you have acted this way about it, I am going to read it."

Dr. Armstrong seized the rope that lay between them and drew Von Steuben toward him. As he did this the letter fluttered loose from the Austrian's hand and lodged in a dangerously located crevice fifty feet below.

Armstrong rushed Von Steuben and forced him to his knees on the very edge of the precipice. He clutched the officer's throat in his two strong capable hands.

"You force me into a strange position, you low cur," the surgeon said in a tone of quiet and deadly coldness. He choked Von Steuben until he purpled in the face.

"You insinuate by your actions that I have cause to distrust my wife. I am going to give you one chance to tell me the truth. If you lie to me—and I'll know it if you do—down you go over the rock. Has there been anything between you? Answer now, with the truth—or you die!"

Von Steuben, cowering, could think only of his immediate safety.

"You won't hurt me if I tell the truth?" he gasped.

"I will not," replied Armstrong. "Answer me."

Von Steuben faltered, hesitated and then exclaimed his reply with the energy of desperation—"Yes!"

A lie was nothing in Von Steuben's code, when a lie could serve him.

Armstrong left go his grasp on the Austrian's throat and sank down. He was dazed. His whole world was upset. His foundation had been taken away.

In this terrible moment Dr. Armstrong felt that he had lost all that made life worth while. It could mean nothing to him without her.

The fierce blazing sun above the peak beat down upon his bare head unnoticed. Up on the tip of the pinnacle with nothing between him and the blue of the Heavens he was seeing his life in swift review as it had been through the past few years. In his heart there came a consciousness that the fault of the tragedy was more than partly his own.

So insensible was Dr. Armstrong of his surroundings that he had forgotten Von Steuben until he heard the scraping of the Austrian's shoes in a stealthy movement behind him.

He wheeled about just in time to ward off a knife thrust.

Without a word he seized Von Steuben's wrist and forced the knife from his grasp, then cut the rope between them.

The knife in hand he started alone down the face of the rock.

Von Steuben, terrified at the prospect of the terrible climb down alone called after him.

"I lied, I lied—take me with you. I lied because I thought you'd kill me if I told you something that you doubted."

Armstrong went on unheeding. He made his way laboriously to the ledge where Margaret's letter had lodged, fluttering there ready to fly away in any sudden gust of the wind that swept about the peak.

Chiselling out footholds Armstrong was at last near enough. He reached and seized the letter.

Slowly he opened the folded white sheet and read:

"The promise I made you this morning when you forced your way into my room with the box was simply to save myself at the time and to get rid of you. I love my husband and my hus-

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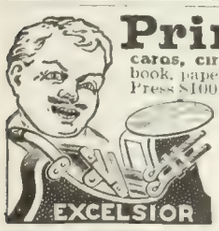

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Blind Husbands

(Concluded)

band only. Please do not bother me again. You will find the box at the hotel office."

The letter was unsigned.

Dr. Armstrong trembled as he finished reading the words. As he slipped the envelop into his pocket he lost his footing and went hurtling down the face of the rock. A hundred feet down he was caught on a narrow ledge, padded with tiny mountain plants. He lay there unconscious.

Down at the Zinnen-Hutte Margaret Armstrong was seized with a foreboding of disaster on the pinnacle.

"Sepp—something is wrong—I must go," she cried to the old guide.

Sepp tried to calm her fears, but to no avail. A rescue party was organized, made up of the men from the hotel and Austrian Alpine soldiers who had arrived on a mapping expedition.

Margaret and two women who had come up from Cortina with their husbands followed behind the men at a slower pace. The women stopped at the foot of the last steep and all but impassable stretch.

Half way up this last ascent the party came upon Dr. Armstrong, still unconscious.

The surgeon opened his eyes as Sepp leaned over him. "Von Steuben is up there—go get him," Armstrong whispered, then lapsed again in unconsciousness.

They put a rope about Dr. Armstrong and lowered him gently down to the level where Margaret waited.

The soldiers went on up to rescue Lieutenant Von Steuben. But they were too late. The terror stricken coward had let go of the rock.

When Dr. Armstrong again recovered consciousness he found Margaret bending close over him.

He reached out with his unhurt arm and drew her face down close to his.

"Dearest, can you forgive me?" he whispered. "I have been blind."

The Real Nazimova

(Concluded from page 56)

Hilda, from The Master Builder which most nearly approximates Nazimova's ideal character.

In her own home she wears the costume of a Chinese boy. She bends no knee to the modistes who demand whalebone and stiffening in garments, and the corset is one form of oppression to which her revolutionary spirit never was tamed. Negligees and lingerie are always in pale flesh color, it is only in the outward and visible garments that she chooses the more vivid hues. Seen in the studio with the grease paint and pale Satsuma make up which the camera finds so grateful, Nazimova's skin is like softest ivory.

Off the stage, she abjures makeup of any kind. Her skin is healthy and clear in texture but always colorless. Her head and face seem rather large, and the complexion is lacking in that miniature satiny finish which more tepid beauties of the screen may boast. She is planned on large lines, and the intellect which has in a few short years placed her at the apex of fame's ladder has taught her to omit bother about details and to strike only for the essentials of her art. The short hair frequently clipped with boyish brevity is slightly touched with grey, the hands graceful and almost infantile in their lissome contours, and the limbs long in proportion to the height, which is but a few inches more than five feet.

Is the artist a poseur?

Her friends say no.

Either she is always acting—or she never acts. A fiend for hard work, she patiently submits to "re-takes," watches the cutting of her pictures and labors with every member of the producing unit until the picture is finished. Then away from sight and sound of studio. Telephones muted, doorbells muffled, visitors denied. She rests and relaxes in her own sweet way and woe be to him who tries to invade these few days of seclusion.

W-o-r-k—That's All!

(Continued from page 31)

she got something good. That's what I call pluck. And now she's doing leads with John Barrymore for Famous.

You all know Mae Murray. She was the Nell Brinkley girl in the Follies, you know; and impersonated Mary Pickford in the movie burlesque. She looked so good she got a contract right away, with Lasky. And she's been starring ever since.

Rubye deRemer went into pictures as the heroine of "The Auction Block," the Rex Beach story of New York night-life and showgirl speed. Rubye is still in pictures—acting, not just looking beautiful, and she can do both.

Marion Davies, another former Follies girl in pictures, works awfully hard. I'm glad to see her coming along. She's pretty; and she would slave away all day and many days to get a scene just right.

Kay Laurell was in the Follies when I was. In her first picture she played a dance-hall girl—that was Rex Beach's "The Brand." Seems Mrs. Beach likes the Follies type—she picked two blondes, Rubye and Kay, for parts in her husband's stories. Kay, by the way, plays the part of an Indian girl in her new picture—that took nerve! As if I'd powdered my hair and worn spectacles when I first went in.

Then there's Will—Will Rogers. The Follies don't seem the same without him. He is a unique type in pictures just as he was on the stage. That dry humor is really his own—he's just the same in real life. We all liked Will.

I have faith in the Follies girl. I am sincere when I say that I consider a Follies training the very best possible preparation for any kind of dramatic career. It gives a girl poise; it teaches her how to walk gracefully; to wear good clothes well; to meet all sorts of people and adapt herself to their moods and manners.

There's a popular name applied to show-girls: gold-diggers. There's a popular play running in Manhattan now, with show-girls as the principal characters, purporting to quote their sayings and reflect their life. I've been asked about this—whether or not it is a true picture. It is exaggerated of course; but—

All girls are grafters. They don't like to admit it; but they are. They can't help it; it's born in them. From babyhood up, their one idea is to get as much as they can. I like women. I don't think they are cats. I have always got along with them;

W-o-r-k—That's All

(Concluded)

I understand them and they understand me. When I left the Follies I think every girl in the company was my friend. They all cried—and a girl doesn't spoil her make-up like that without good and sufficient reason.

I think the Follies girl is more interested in gold-digging than Mrs. Bill Smith of Peoria or Susie Simpkins of Asparagus Center. Because the Follies girl goes in for it on a larger scale. She wants diamonds, and sables, and a town car. But believe me—when Mrs. Smith wants a new hat she grafts from her husband to get it,—she's just as much of a gold-digger as a Follies show-girl.

I don't blame the little girl who comes to New York to seek her fortune and works hard, if she resents other women—some not so pretty or clever as she—with their cars and their jewels and their wonderful furs. I do blame her if she's standing on the sidelines looking in and puckering her face into envious wrinkles wishing she could have all those things without working for them. I've no patience with lazy women. I work hard every day of my life; I have a good time, too—but I have more fun working than you'd imagine.

Just this to any little girl up in the mountains of Vermont or out in a small town of the Middle West or down on a ranch in Texas, who wants a career—that queer intangible thing. Are you willing to work hard? Work like—like the *devil?* Then don't worry if you're not beautiful.

Winning Screen Success

(Concluded from Page 33)

language of the lot, "will not photograph." That technical quality is something that can only be discovered by an actual demonstration, and without it, there is no use in one's beginning. Having it, the fortunate possessor of the "camera personality" is only on the first rung of the ladder of success, and there are many, many rungs before the top is reached. We are no longer demanding freak personalities or mere photographic prettiness. We are demanding actresses, and actors, because the public is demanding actresses, and actors. The business is overcrowded, but there is always room for talent plus a determination to fight one's way to success. The star system, condemned as it is, will always prevail to a greater or less extent because of the public demand for idol, an acclaimable personality. More and more we are discovering that the pieces which succeed are the pieces in which all parts are well played, rather than those pieces in which some genius, or some great favorite, is surrounded by a cast of sticks and nonentities.

The way to motion picture success today, more than ever, is through work, work, and still more work. Playing many parts, and every part assigned, in a stock organization under competent direction, is the only training which gives finish and surety. Photoplay acting needs elements which are gifts of nature, but equally with these it demands technique and the perfection of almost infinite practice. There will be stars tomorrow, but they will come from the ranks, in a longer or shorter time, as the case may be. They cannot be stars by accident, by self-determination, or by anyone else's determination. And in conclusion, let me say that the public has erratic momentary whims, but in the long run it never makes a mistake; the star who endures from year to year only does so because he or she deserves to endure.

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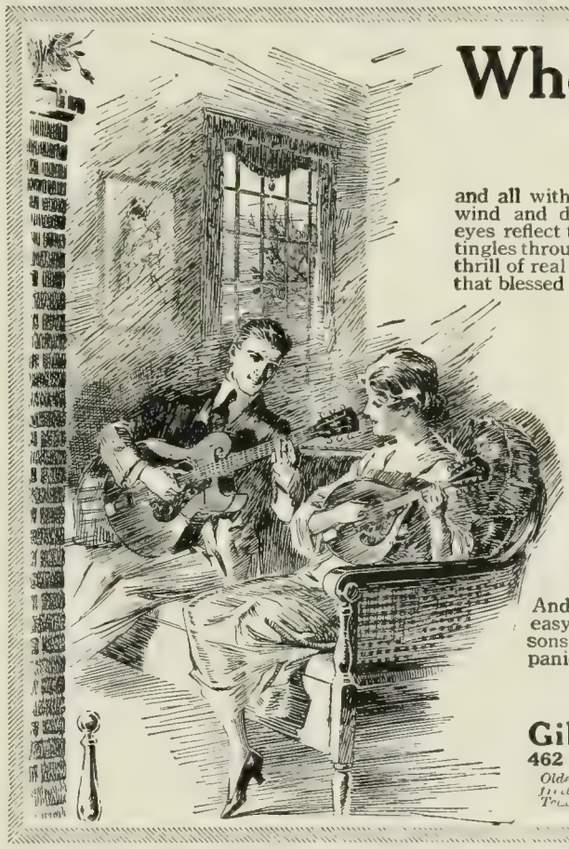

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Cutting Back

(Concluded from page 46

Reid played in a picture or two as a youngster in the Chicago studio and his father, Hal Reid wrote and played also. Wallie also did a little of everything else. There have been some funny changes in the business. Wallie "graduated" from actor to cameraman and I can remember one picture in which Alvin Wyckoff played the lead and Wallie turned the crank. Wyckoff is now Lasky's head photographer and laboratory head and in later years often "turned" on Wallie in the deMille productions.

In 1909, Hobart Bosworth quit the legitimate stage for the movies, joining Bogg's company in Los Angeles. He was the first of a long procession of really notable players to enter the film game as a sole means of livelihood. Driven into outdoor work by ill health, he became a sincere believer in the future of the screen as a popular means of entertainment as well as an art expression and he proved to be one of the new drama's greatest and most efficient missionaries among the stage players who then looked with disdain on the silent drama. It justified his belief and besides gave him restored health, fame much greater perhaps than he would have acquired on the stage and a meed of fortune that probably never would have come to him had his health permitted him to remain with the spoken drama. Bosworth's defection was a continuous source of gossip in the theatrical colony of Los Angeles for no little period. His first picture was "The Saltan's Power" and his next "The Roman." Costume plays were highly popular then.

Shortly after Bosworth joined us, we had quite an influx of stage people. In Chicago Milton and Dolly Nobles, forsook the stage long enough to do "The Phoenix," while the Los Angeles payroll was augmented by the names of Sydney Ayres, Betty Harte, Myrtle Stedman, Roscoe Arbuckle, Bob Leonard, Eugenie Besserer and Kathlyn Williams. Miss Williams became one of the most popular figures on the screen largely through "The Adventures of Kathlyn," filmdom's first serial, and abroad her pictures are still the favorite screen plays of multitudes.

Roscoe Arbuckle was playing in tabloid musical comedy in a Los Angeles theater at the time and when summer came and the theaters closed he was glad to do a bit now and then before the camera at five dollars a day. I recall very well his first picture "His Wife's Birthday" and "The Sanitarium." Of course none of us realized then that he had the makings of a great comedian. There were no great comedies then and Charlie Chaplin hadn't as yet invaded America.

Herbert Rawlinson was another of our Edendale company—the studio had been erected there as a successor to the Los Angeles down town workshop, by Boggs, and it was the first modern studio on the Coast. Herbert had been playing in stock in Los Angeles and for us he specialized in heavies.

There is another thing for which I wish to claim credit in behalf of my company was the discovery—cinematographically—of California's chief beauty spots and points of interest including the placid Pacific. Boggs and his pioneer crew made the first invasion of the beautiful Yosemite for picture purposes; the magnificent Santa Barbara estates now in such great demand were first filmed by his cameraman and the buildings and parks of Los Angeles made their picture debut in Selig photoplays.

Boggs also was the first to photograph the famous California missions. He produced one picture which consisted largely of scenes laid within the bounds of the historic Santa Barbara mission and to the best of my knowledge never since then has the picture camera been allowed to profane the sanctified precincts of the sacred garden of that mission. We also used San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, San Fernando and other Southern California missions for various photoplays. As a matter of fact their restoration fund was started with the contributions we made then.

Returning to the chronological resume of our California activities, it is a pleasure to recall our filming of "Cinderella" in 1911 because it saw the birth of a real romance, the meeting and courtship of Mabel Taliaferro, our "Cinderella" and Tom Carrigan who played the "Prince." The famous fairy story was done in four reels and now, nearly ten years after, it is still playing both at home and in foreign lands.

The next big milestone in our company's career was the making of "The Spoilers" in 1913. It was released on April 14, 1914 in nine and a half reels, the first big American photoplay. We had our "Quo Vadis," an Italian importation right before that but nothing like Rex Beach's great Alaskan story had ever been made in this country. I believe that most film men will agree that it still stands as one of the great American plays of the screen. I believe it was the first picture to contain a big fight scene, that between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, and every once in a while you will still see a fight scene advertised as "as thrilling as the fight in 'The Spoilers.'" The picture in abbreviated form is still going the rounds of the theaters at home and abroad. I'll never suffer poverty while "The Spoilers" lives and it bids fair to live forever. I believe that I also established a record salary for that day in what I paid William Farnum for that picture. Picture rentals were low then as compared with those today. Had they been anything like what they are now "The Spoilers" would have made a profit of millions.

Several years ago I abandoned the Edendale studio, centralizing all of my picture activities in the studio I built as a part of the big Zoo adjoining Lincoln Park in Los Angeles, which bears my name. In it I installed wild animals and birds which I gathered from the four corners of the earth and I have added to it until now I have what is said to be one of the finest zoological parks in the country.

There is just another bit of Selig history of which I am proud, the early acquisition of film rights to books and plays when authors and playrights thought it a joke, albeit a well paid one, to receive fifty dollars for the screen rights of a novel or stage play. I do not claim to be the first to see the day coming when there would be an overwhelming demand for the published work but I *was* the first to go out and pay real money—at least it was considered real then—for a commodity no producer had any use for at that time. Since then I have resold the rights to some of these for many times what I paid for them. I still hold the rights to hundreds more which I expect to convert into photoplays.

Some day I hope to write a more detailed history of my association with the magic camera art. PHOTOPLAY'S editor asked me merely to touch upon the high lights and I have endeavored to do so in the foregoing, but there is a bigger, more human story in the little tragedies and comedies of real life which marked each successive step of our progress in the early days. That is the story I hope to be able to tell at some future time.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 86)

W., NEW YORK CITY.—"Believe me, if all those enduring young charms"—really endured, I would be a conceited man. But you young ladies are so very fickle. Surely no one could be handsomer than the Young Man pictured at the head of this department. Harrison Ford is divorced. Lasky, Hollywood.

N. M., WEAVERVILLE.—I am not a medium but I often have felt the effect of the spirits. Not now, though, not now. Pearl White, Fox, New York; Marguerite Clark, Famous Players, New York; Wallace Reid, Lasky, Hollywood. Reid appears, with his wife Dorothy Davenport and small son Bill, in a forthcoming issue of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT.

THE MYSTERY GIRL, O. S. ORMI HAWLEY.—is living in New York. She was with Famous Players last, I believe. Tom Forman is with Lasky; he has been married. Bert Lytell's wife is Evelyn Vaughn; she isn't in pictures. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are not married. What's so mysterious about you?

STELLA T., BROOKLYN.—Anne Luther? I have never met Anne but ah, I have seen Anne. We once sat in the same restaurant, not many tables from each other. She has red-gold hair and dimpled pink cheeks—and when I saw her she wore a gray suit trimmed with squirrel. And—she was not alone. She isn't, if I may make bold to judge from appearance, very old; in fact not old at all. She's in New York now.

A. C. M., HIGH POINT.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE does not send out pictures of players. We only attempt to print pictures in the magazine, and to give you, through this department, an informative guide so that you may write to the actors for their likenesses. If you will give me some names I'll be very glad to tell you where to address them.

ALBERT C. JACKSON, FORTRESS MONROE.—I should advise you to write directly to the players for their pictures. Some of them mail them out free of charge. It is always safer, however, to enclose a quarter. Bill Farnum, Fox, New York; Douglas Fairbanks, Hollywood; Tom Mix and Buck Jones, both Fox; Harry Carey, Universal, Roy Stewart, Jack Hoxie and Bill Hart are some of the best-known westerners.

ALICE M. M., SLOAN, NEW YORK.—Doris Kenyon is the leading woman in the comedy, "The Girl in the Limousine" which is running in Manhattan at present. She is the daughter of a professor; her age is twenty-two, her eyes are gray and her hair is brown. Five feet six inches she stands in her Bursons. (Adv.) Her latest picture is "The Bandbox."

M. G. AND D. F., VISALIA.—I asked you, sometime ago, if you knew why I didn't answer all those absurd questions. You replied, "We can't think." I may say, that is the reason, precisely. Tony Moreno is Spanish, not Italian; but he's Americanized, now. This is his last year in the serials; Vitagraph will give him features to do, next year.

ST. STYPHEN B. ABBOTT, WATERVILLE.—I forwarded your letter. No, I do not believe in being flippant, but sometimes I can't help it. I am really very serious-minded; I am particularly interested in legal arguments—for instance, such as the question presented in one of the bars up ahead entitled "You're the Judge!"

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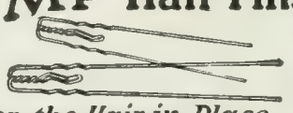

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

BETTY D., PROVIDENCE—You think, after chuckling over the Colyum until Morpheus begins to send vapors in your direction, that I earn a salary of at least $9.98. Gee—it's great to be appreciated! Most great men aren't, until they are turned with their toes to the daisies—as Randolph Bartlett says in a forthcoming story.

LILLIE, DELL RAPIDS—Eliott Dexter is all right now. Marie Doro is Mrs. Dexter. June Caprice isn't married; she is pretty young, which means that she is pretty and about nineteen or twenty; and she is at present in the Albert Capellani productions. Charles Ray's story in the December issue tells all you want to know about him, and Mrs. Ray. Constance Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls; now she won't have to go there on her honeymoon. No, no—she isn't contemplating matrimony. The Answer Man is just enjoying his monthly bon (pronounced bum) mot.

EVELYN G. H., SOUTH DAKOTA—You have a hunch that Creighton Hale is married. I have a hunch that you're right. He's with World now; in "The Black Circle." I believe W. E. Lawrence's first name is William. Anyway that's a nice name.

LILLIAN, SAYVILLE—So you would think I'd lost all my illusions. That isn't true. I keep them hidden away where I can't lose them; few people know about them, and I only trot them out on particular occasions. Robert Harron played with both the Gish sisters in "Hearts of the World." With Lillian in "A Romance of Happy Valley," "The Great Love," "True-Heart Susie." Harron is with Miss Gish in another rural romance of Griffith manufacture. He isn't married. Neither is Dorothy or Lillian.

C. H., NEW YORK—The weather is always such a safe thing to talk about, don't you think? I don't blame you for beginning with "It's a nice day." If you'll notice it, sometimes when we're in real mental agony we turn to the temperature with true relief. Carlyle Blackwell has his own company, and in his first picture Louise Lovely and Gloria Hope are his leading women. Blackwell was married to Ruth Hartman, sister of Gretchen Hartman Hale.

ELLA J. C., KANSAS CITY—Please digress; it's so pleasant when one has work to do. If you think you're the greatest little procrastinator in the world, you should meet me. One man does, indeed, do all this work. I am he. I do not regard it as work, however; I like you all too well. Now about this devils-food cake you're going to make me: do you think it will stand a trip from Kansas to Chicago? Of course I'm willing to run the risk if you are. Pack it well—I do like devil's-food. NO—Richard Barthelmess is *not!*

LENA, TORRENCE—Mrs. Sidney Drew is making comedies for Pathe. She will continue as "Sister Polly." Theda Bara is no longer with Fox. I haven't her personal address at the present time, either, but if you send your letter to Fox they will undoubtedly forward it. Edith Roberts is with Universal.

S. J., MINNESOTA.—Don't call me a Turk. I haven't any harem. Anyway, the Turks gave us a pretty good bath. The reason Elliott Dexter did not reply to your letters is undoubtedly because he has been very ill. He is only just now recovering enough to be up and about. His screen work has had a considerable hiatus here, and naturally his correspondence suffered also.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

C. H., KILMICHAEL, MISSISSIPPI—Frank Mayo is not dead; he is with World. I am not flippant nor facetious. Mary Pickford has a very nice disposition; ask anyone who knows her. I think she is one of the most charming women I have ever met, professional or non-professional. Corinne Griffith and Barthelmess questions answered elsewhere.

LILLIAN, ARCADIA—It is, indeed, arcadian to be called charming names and listen while you extol my virtues as a hard-working young man. If you could only see me—work, I mean. You want to know the name of John Barrymore's leading woman but neglect to name the play. His last motion picture leading woman was Miss Binney, but on the stage he is supported by Maude Hanaford, who has never done any film work that I know of.

WALTER, ADVANCE, INDIANA—I never heard of that town before, but I love it. Do you live up to its name, by any chance? Eugene O'Brien with Marguerite Clark in "Little Miss Hoover." She's in "Widow by Proxy" now; and working in "Easy to Get" or some such title. Shirley Mason did a serial for Sherrill. Yes, Jack Sherrill's dad. Shirley is with Fox now.

MISS H., ST. PAUL—I never get tired of "you fans;" I'm one, myself. I certainly do think Constance Talmadge is sweet but I'd never dare to tell her so. I know her, and she is always very nice to me in those rare times when we meet. Please don't any of you ask again if she is Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. I may forget myself next time, and lie a little just to be different.

T. BERNARD C., CROOKSVILLE—Many are, but few admit it. Was the Crook a crook who settled Crooksville? Wilmette Kershaw was *Mrs. De Cartaret* in Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life." She is a sister of Mrs. Thomas H. Ince; and an actress of prominence on the stage, where she appeared in "The Crowded Hour," and other plays. Marie Prevost in "Yankee Doodle in Berlin."

JEANETTE, ROSEAU—What can I tell you about the Mack Sennett girls that you cannot see for yourself? All I can say is, *I* never miss a Sennett comedy. Now from the sublime to the Billie West comedies: that young imitator of M. Chaplin has his own company now, I believe.

DR. SIMON, NEW YORK CITY—T. Hayes Hunter, the director, may be reached care the Goldwyn studios, Culver City, California. This is no trouble, and I hope you will write again whenever you want to know anything pertaining to pictures. Thanks for your kind wishes.

HAZEL, YPSILANTI, MICH.—You call me Dear and beg my pardon as it's just a habit with you. It isn't a habit for you to call *me* dear. Don't be coy with yourself. Kenneth Harlan isn't in uniform; the well known war has been over for some time now. He plays with Mary Pickford in "The Hoodlum" and he is now leading man for Viola Dana. Not married. Write him care Metro studios, Hollywood.

DWAN O'DARE, OF PENNSYLVANIA—For a minute I thought I'd picked up a novel by Harold Bell Wright by mistake; but then I saw the "Pennsylvania" heading and I knew it couldn't be. Lillian Gish is American. The family is, I think, Irish. The story of Mary Pickford's life once ran in PHOTOPLAY; but Mary didn't write it. Julian Johnson did.

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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

M. H., Germantown, Pa.—If you really want to use both sides of the paper as badly as all that, go ahead. You'll probably ask enough questions on one side to keep me busy. Bebe Daniels is only nineteen; she left the Harold Lloyd comedy company for DeMille-Lasky, and she has a good part in "Why Change Your Wife?" Betty Compson is leading woman of the George Loane Tucker Company; she lives and works in Hollywood.

E. U., Schenectady.—Is it actually a relief to tell your troubles to me? Why, because you think I am only a sort of kindly paternal old safety-valve, and wouldn't understand anyway? People just love to blow to me, if that's what you mean. You want a story about Bert Lytell? Mary MacLaren isn't married.

Elsie C., Montana.—Quite, quite true. Mary's real name is Gladys Mary Moore. Her maiden name was Smith. She married Owen Moore when she was seventeen. Chicago's fine—how's Montana?

I. T., London.—I'm sure I don't know why you put the salutation "Gentlemen(?)" at the top of your letter. I am singular, and I am no lady. Cleo Madison is in a Universal serial now, with Eileen Sedgwick, called "The Great Radium Mystery." For a long time it was the Great Madison Mystery—I thought Cleo never was coming back, didn't you?

B. B., Bloomfield.—Enid Bennett is an Austrialienne but it's a safe bet that her knowledge of bushmen and kangaroos comes from the same source as ours—school-books. She is married to Fred Niblo; in her twenties somewhere.

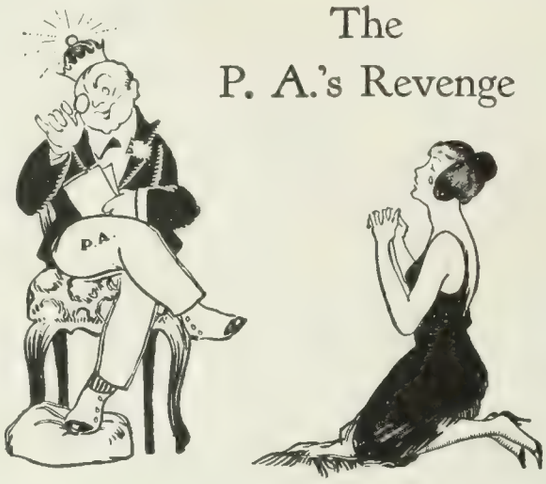
Mildred G., Cairo.—A good many of you people have written in to ask me what became of the girl who fell in the well in Mary Pickford's "Daddy Long-Legs." Don't worry about her; she got a good many simoleon bucks for it, as they say in burlesque. However, it was a cruel thing to do, to leave the young lady in the old oaken bucket but you'd better ask Mickey Neilan about it.

Lena S., Stockton.—You hope I'll like you sooner or later. Well, Miss Washburn-Crosby, I'll answer your questions *now*. O'Brien and Miss Talmadge will not play together again—at least it begins to look that way. When a popular leading man is advanced to stardom and gets along as well as Monsieur Eugene, it isn't often that he returns to supporting roles—unless, of course, he's married. The gentleman in question isn't.

Mary Barbara, Fredericton, N. B.—You may request me to publish you as Dolly Dimples but I'd much rather not. Your own name is much prettier. Nice, charming placid girls almost always wish to be hoydens. Mahlon Hamilton with Mary in "Daddy Long-Legs."

G. G., Buffalo.—I think Guy Oliver would be classified in a studio directory as a character man. He has played good parts very well for Lasky—and he is always turning up to make a good bit better. Oliver was an old Selig player.

Miss Jimmie, Pasadena.—Yes, arguments may be the spice of conversation, but we sometimes want them settled. Carlyle Blackwell was Mary Pickford's leading man in "Such a Little Queen" one of her old Famous Players pictures. Carlyle became a film eminence when he was with Kalem, opposite Sweet Alice Joyce—remember their western pictures? He was with World and latest report is that he has formed his own company. Elsie Ferguson was "Such a Little Queen" on the stage.



The P. A.'s Revenge

ONCE upon a time there was a Pressagent. He was an honest hard working man. Night after night he stood for hours with his arm crooked over the soda counter thinking up yarns to write about the Beautiful Star for whom he worked. He had succeeded in bulling the Public into believing that she was possessed of Royal blood and other things and so often did he write yarns about her early childhood in faraway Hungary that he began to believe it himself. She did believe it and she displayed a Royal crest on her motor car and stationery without a qualm of conscience. But one day she developed a streak of temperament and fired her Pressagent. He was in desperate circumstances and his little children were crying for Bread and Shoes. As a last resort he threatened to expose her to the Public. He told her he would tell the Public that she had once been a Burlesque Queen. She did not believe he could do it because she had forgotten the good old days, having lived in the rarified atmosphere of Royalty for two years. He searched around and found some Photographs of her when she wore—Tights. When she saw the Photographs she begged him on her Knees to destroy the Evidence. Now he is reinstated as her Pressagent and she will never dare to fire him again.

Moral: No matter how lowly your position in life may be, never write a letter or be photographed because it may be used against you.

M. E. S., Cleveland.—For inconsistency you remind me of the director who in the deathbed scene yelled to the actor, "Come on—put more life in your dying!" "The Mender of Nets" was an old Biograph with Mary Pickford.

J. Y., Detroit.—I like most film men. But I'll be hornswaggled if I'll ever go to see Jack Kerrigan again after reading your bilious panegyric on him. Of course he's good-looking; yes, he can act—and he's nice to his mother; but I know lots of bookkeepers who keep dogs and don't stay out nights. Kerrigan's new one is "The Lord Loves the Irish."

M. W., New York.—I think you will find, if you look hard enough, a story about House Peters in this very issue. Having made you happy, do I get that divine divinity?

Z. P., Hollywood.—I'll listen to your plaints with positive pleasure. But it's hard to believe that a girl with a handwriting like that would have to advertise in the matrimonial news. Having heard that Dick Barthelmess is not married, to Constance Talmadge, Clarine Seymour, Lillian or Dorothy Gish, do you feel more spry?

J. Leopold Turenne, St. Pierre.—The French know how to enjoy life. They sip their joys slowly—and appreciate them. Blanch Sweet may be addressed care the Hampton studios, Hollywood, California; or in care of the Pathe Exchange, New York City.

Elizabeth George, New York.—No one has told me that Chaplin is leaving the screen and I think I should be one of the first to know. Francis X. Bushman opened his play in the west—"The Master Thief." I heard that Miss Bayne was very good in her stage debut. Flora Finch has a young daughter—a grown-up young daughter. Miss Finch is on the stage now, I believe.

M. C., Frisco.—The stars have to make-up for the screen whether they are pretty or not. Make-up is absolutely essential although of course it varies according to complexions. Some actresses use very little. They don't put any rouge on their cheeks; except for their lips their face is very white.

Shirley H. P., Manhattan, Kansas.—You say this is your first letter to me, even though you are a member of my family because your picture appears every month with mine at the head of the department. Ah—you are a letter carrier, I presume? Florence Turner is making two-reel comedies for Universal, out west. Maurice Costello is playing heavies for Vitagraph in Brooklyn; with Corinne Griffith in "The Tower of Jewels." Lottie Briscoe hasn't been playing for ages.

M. K. U., Louisville.—Your letter was a real inspiration. The white paper rested my weary optics and your soothing style eased my seething brain. In other words you may write often and never hear serious complaints from me. Mildred Harris Chaplin has never played in her husband's pictures. Owen Moore's new picture is "Piccadilly Jim." Edna Purviance is still Mr. Chaplin's leading woman. Thank you for your interest.

Roberta C., Mass.—It certainly is awful the way prices and things stay up. But, my dear Bobbette, men are not such fools as you, and women like you—for there are some women like you—seem to think. You say my smattering of intelligence is just enough to hide my lack of brains. But it *does* hide—And oh yes, Bobbette! You make me feel like a married man. Men are all idiots—but a singly blessed one such as I is not reminded of the fact so often. I knew you'd desert Monte Blue and come back to Bill Hart and Me.

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About a year ago I decided to buy a typewriter for home use. My first thought was to purchase one of the makes we were using in the office, which had been put in before I became a buyer for the house. But when it came to digging up a hundred dollars for the machine—I just couldn't. Somehow or other it looked like too much money to me.

Then I thought about picking up a second-hand machine, but the price was about as high, and I had no assurance of service.

I was undecided as to what to do, when one evening at home I ran across an Oliver Typewriter ad in a magazine. I remembered then having read the advertising before and being impressed with the story.

"Why pay $100 for Any Typewriter" —"When You Can Buy a New Oliver for $57?" read the ad—then it went on to explain how The Oliver Typewriter Company had cut the price by selling direct and eliminating costly selling methods. It was clear to me as an experienced buyer how they could well afford to top off $43 of the $100 by their new economical selling plan.

The ad brought out the fact, too, that I didn't have to pay the $57 in a lump sum. I could settle at the easy rate of $3 a month. Naturally that appealed to me, for it was as easy as rental terms.

But the thing that decided me was their free trial offer. Without my sending or depositing a penny, they would ship me an Oliver for five days free trial. I could use the typewriter for five days just as if it were my own, and if I wasn't satisfied, all I had to do was to ship it back at the Oliver Company's expense. Well, I mailed in the coupon and got an Oliver for free trial. To make a short story shorter, I was more than pleased with the Oliver. I fully agreed with The Oliver Typewriter Company that if any typewriter was worth $100 it was this splendid Oliver.

Well, later when we found it necessary to replace some of the typewriters at the office, you may be sure I put in Olivers, saving the company a nice $43 on each. At first the girls were reluctant about changing machines, but after a week or two with the Oliver, they wouldn't have any other.

Naturally now we are all Oliver enthusiasts—that's why I write this letter to you.

You just give the Oliver a trial and you'll be more than willing to buy me a good dinner when I arrive in New York next month.

Yours, J. B.

That is the letter that saved me $43 on each of my typewriters. I not only equipped the office with the Oliver, but like my friend I also bought one for home use. Yes, I am more than willing to buy my friend a good dinner for his valuable advice.

Any reader may order an Oliver direct from this ad by mailing the coupon. No money in advance. No deposit. No obligation to buy. Return or keep the Oliver as you decide after five days free trial. If you decide to keep the typewriter, you make take a year and a half to pay at the easy rate of $3 a month. Mail the coupon today—NOW.

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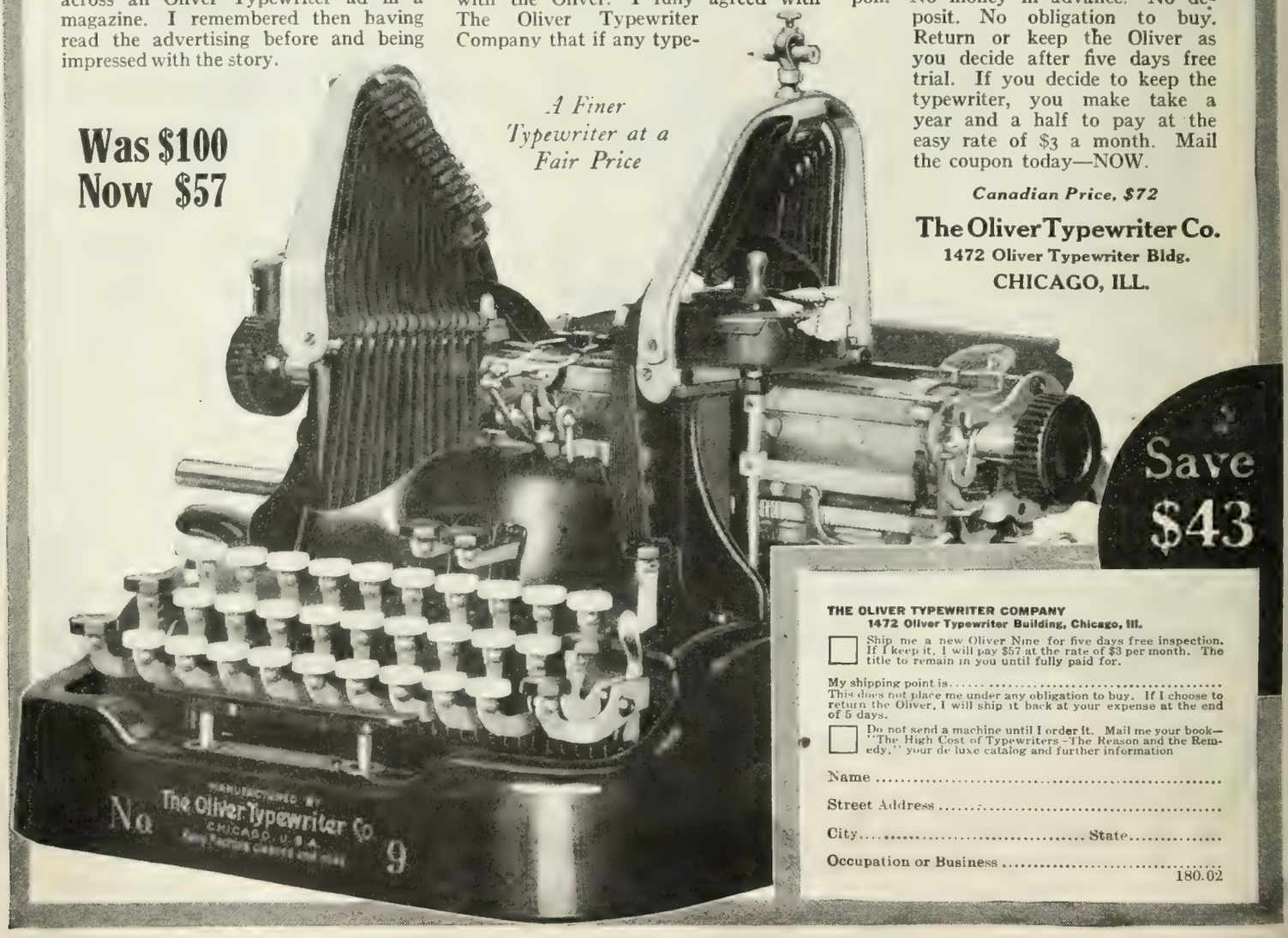

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How to reduce them

COMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores. These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

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Notice the improvement the very first treatment makes—a promise of what the steady use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will do. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect. Use this treatment persistently. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and make them inconspicuous.

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Send for sample cake of soap and booklet of famous treatments

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The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

Magazine

March

20 Cents

If Christ Went to the Movies

Alice Joyce

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVII NO. 4

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YOU are not like any one else in all the world. You may dwell under the same roof, with other people;

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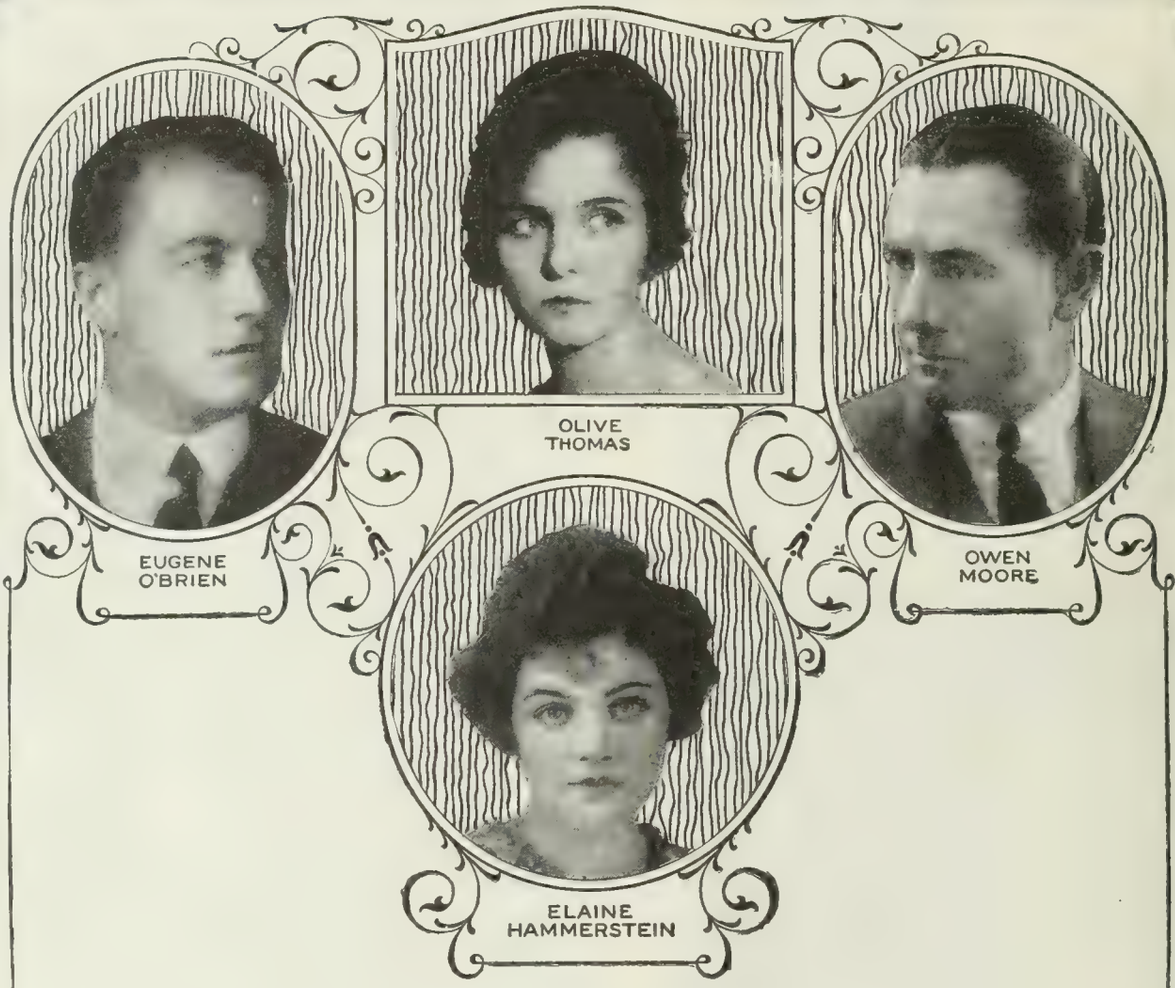

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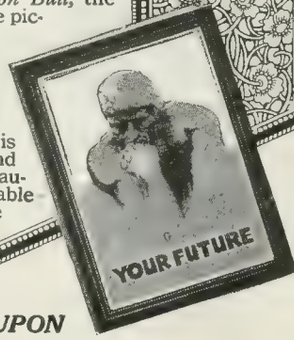

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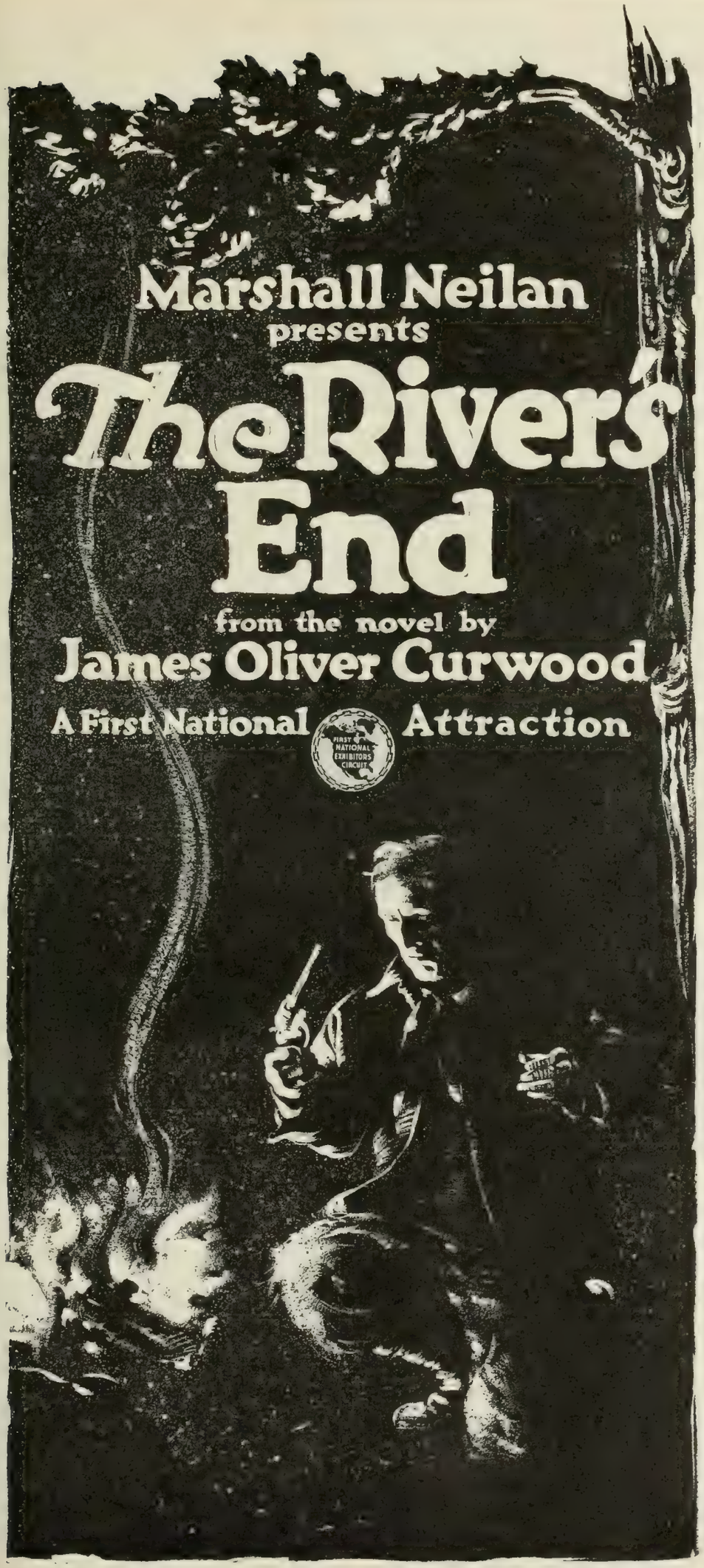

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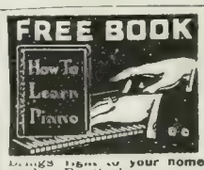

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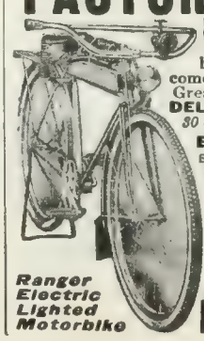

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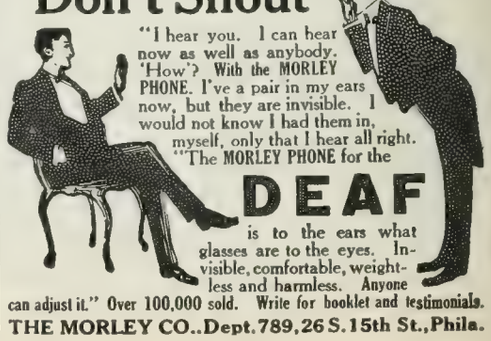

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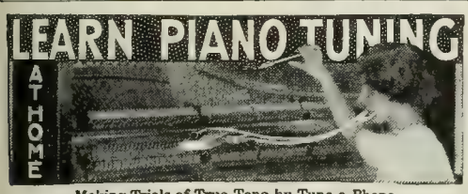

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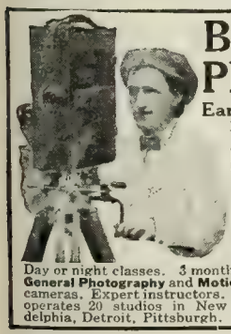

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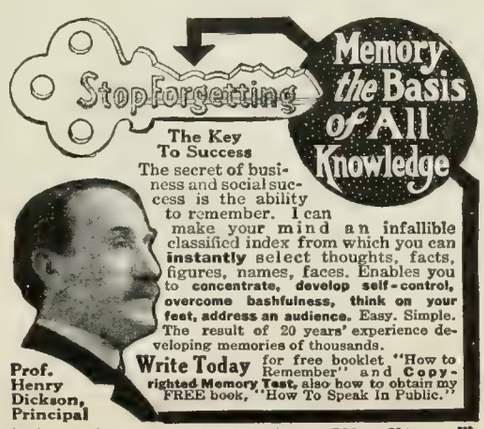

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- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Toolmaker
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
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- ☐ Italian

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AT NIGHT—
a thorough bath for your face

If you want a skin that is clear, brilliant with color—let it breathe at night

TINY, invisible dust particles—always, always falling on your unprotected face!

In crowds—in shops—in theatres—all day long, while you are going unconsciously about your occupations—the delicate skin of your face is exposed to millions of unseen enemies.

That is why a thorough bath for your face *at night* is so important.

During your eight hours of sleep the skin of your face should be allowed to rest—to breathe. The delicate pores should be freed from the dirt and dust that have accumulated during the day.

For remember—authorities on the skin now agree that most of the commoner skin troubles come, not from the blood—but from bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores from outside, through dust and small particles in the air.

If, from neglect or the wrong method of cleansing, your skin has lost the flawless clearness it should have—if it is marred by blackheads—by disfiguring little blemishes—begin tonight to change this condition. You *can* make your skin just what it should be. For every day it is changing—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By giving the *new skin*, as it forms, the special treatment its need demands, you can make it as soft, as clear and smooth as you would like to have it.

The famous treatment for blackheads

Perhaps, in your case, failure to use the right method of cleansing for your type of skin has resulted in disfiguring little blackheads. This condition can be overcome—and your skin can be smooth and clear in future.

To keep your skin free from this trouble, try using every night this famous treatment:

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then, with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Dry carefully. To remove the blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

In the little booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find the treatment for blemishes—for conspicuous nose pores—for each one of the commoner skin troubles. Find the treatment that your particular type of skin demands—then use it regularly each night before retiring. You will be surprised to see how quickly your skin will gain in attractiveness—how smooth, clear and colorful you can keep it by this care.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

We shall be glad to send you a trial size cake

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 503 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 503 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Russell

PETROVA was a newspaper woman before she was an actress. She created "Panthea" on the stage. Whatever may be the differences of opinion over Madame's dramatic efforts, few deny her unique charm. She is in vaudeville now.

THE daughters of celebrated men need not necessarily be obscure. Dagmar Godowsky's father is Leopold, the pianist; but, not content to bask in his reflected glory, Dagmar sought her own career. She is with Universal now.

Sarony

SWEDEN gave us Anna Nilsson, whose fancy middle name is Querentia. We are indebted to Sweden. She started as an artist's model, like so many of our present-day film celebrities; and old Kalem saw her picture beginnings.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

IF you saw him on the stage in "Justice" or "The Jest"; if you followed his funny films and his later serious essays—then there's nothing more that we can tell you about John, youngest of the Barrymores, that premier acting family.

Strauss-Peyton

TAYLOR HOLMES is a genial soul, on the screen and off. As "Bunker Bean" on the stage or as father of three, he is real. He has his own company now, and recently completed "Nothing but the Truth," from the legitimate success.

WE can't see Blanche Sweet without recalling her as the luscious "Judith of Bethulia" in the old Griffith picture. Her performances since then have been many and varied, and we have her own promise not to leave us any more.

Campbell

ANY feminine screen star will gladly sell her jewels, trade in her town car, dismiss her second maid and economize all the year round, if she can only have the suave and subtle Conway Tearle for her high-priced leading man.

Apeda

WHEN Jane McAlpine came to this country from her native Bohemia she couldn't speak a word of English. But she studied until she could and then, to be contrary, went into the silent drama. You saw her in "Checkers."

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

Vol. XVII *March, 1920* No. 4

"Of the People—By the People—For the People"

"JOHN? Why, he's lived here all his life. He's no actor; he's only in the movies!"

"Henry makes a thousand a week as a director—and he hasn't even been to New York!"

"I don't see how Bill got famous . . . . he just writes photoplays!"

No art represents a nation or an era which is not a common appreciation of common people. Shakespeare's plays were not written for the highbrows in the Stratford Fortnightly Club, but for unimaginative persons willing to pay money for real entertainment at the Globe theatre. When Verdi composed "Rigoletto" he suppressed "La Donna e mobile" until the dress-rehearsal, lest every gamin in Italy should be humming it before the first performance. Rodin, herculean moulder of men in marble, was of primitive stock, and chose primitive models and primitive subjects to become the greatest sculptor of modern times.

An art of the people is still so new in America that it is incredible. "Art" used to be synonymous with long hair and anemia, and an inability to do anything in business. Yet in the living celluloids we find an art which in itself is one of the greatest and most golden of businesses!

We have talked enough about the motion picture as an art for the people. Let us realize that it is such because it is essentially an art of the people, and by the people. It doesn't deal in freak propositions. It deals in life. Real life. Common life. Everyday life.

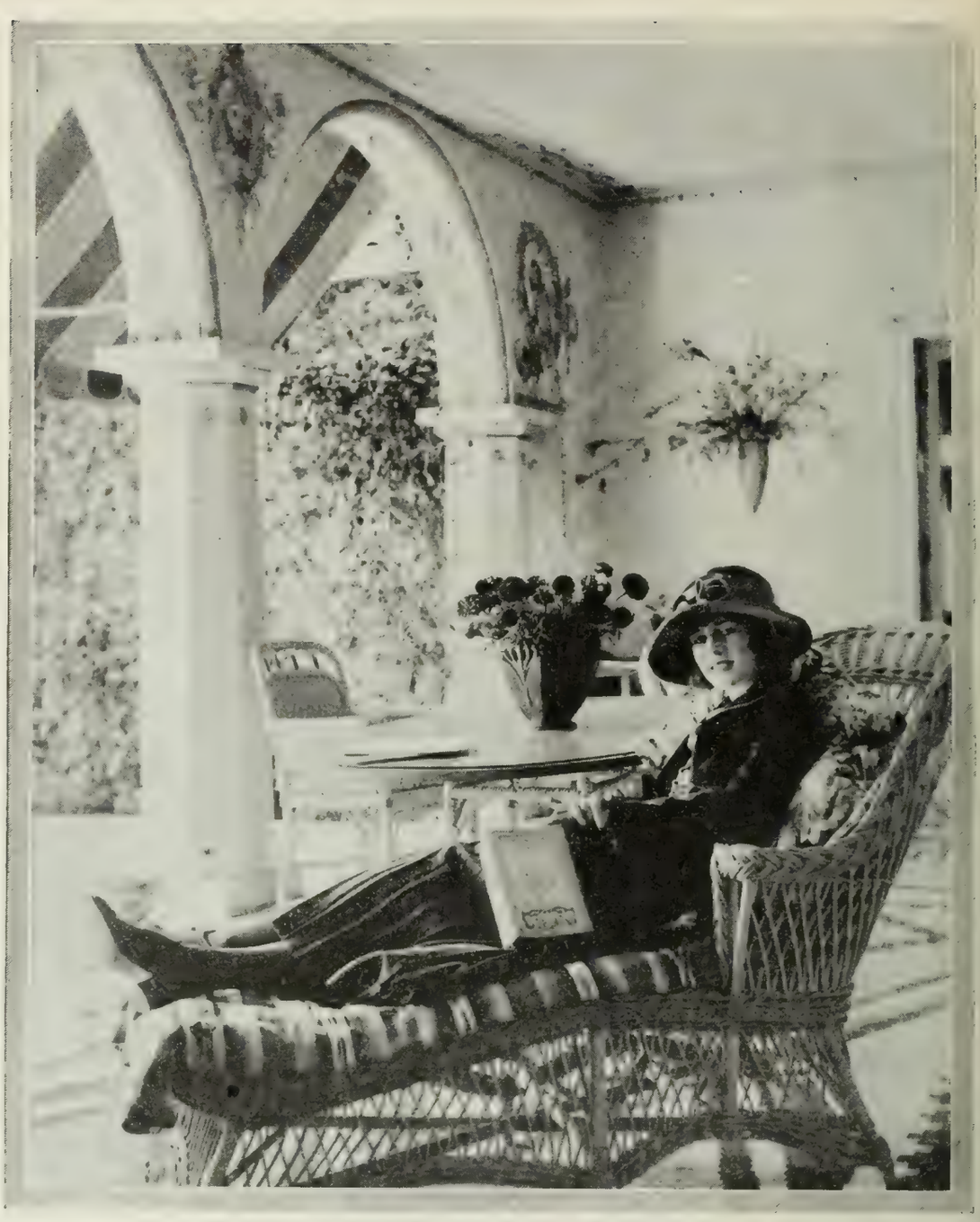
So isn't it fitting that Bill should write the play, while Henry directs John in its principal part?

The old-fashioned, early-Pullman notion of an artist—a jester, a curiosity, an odd piece, a fascinating fellow of no morals—would fit the art of the photoplay like a Ford engine in a Rolls chassis.

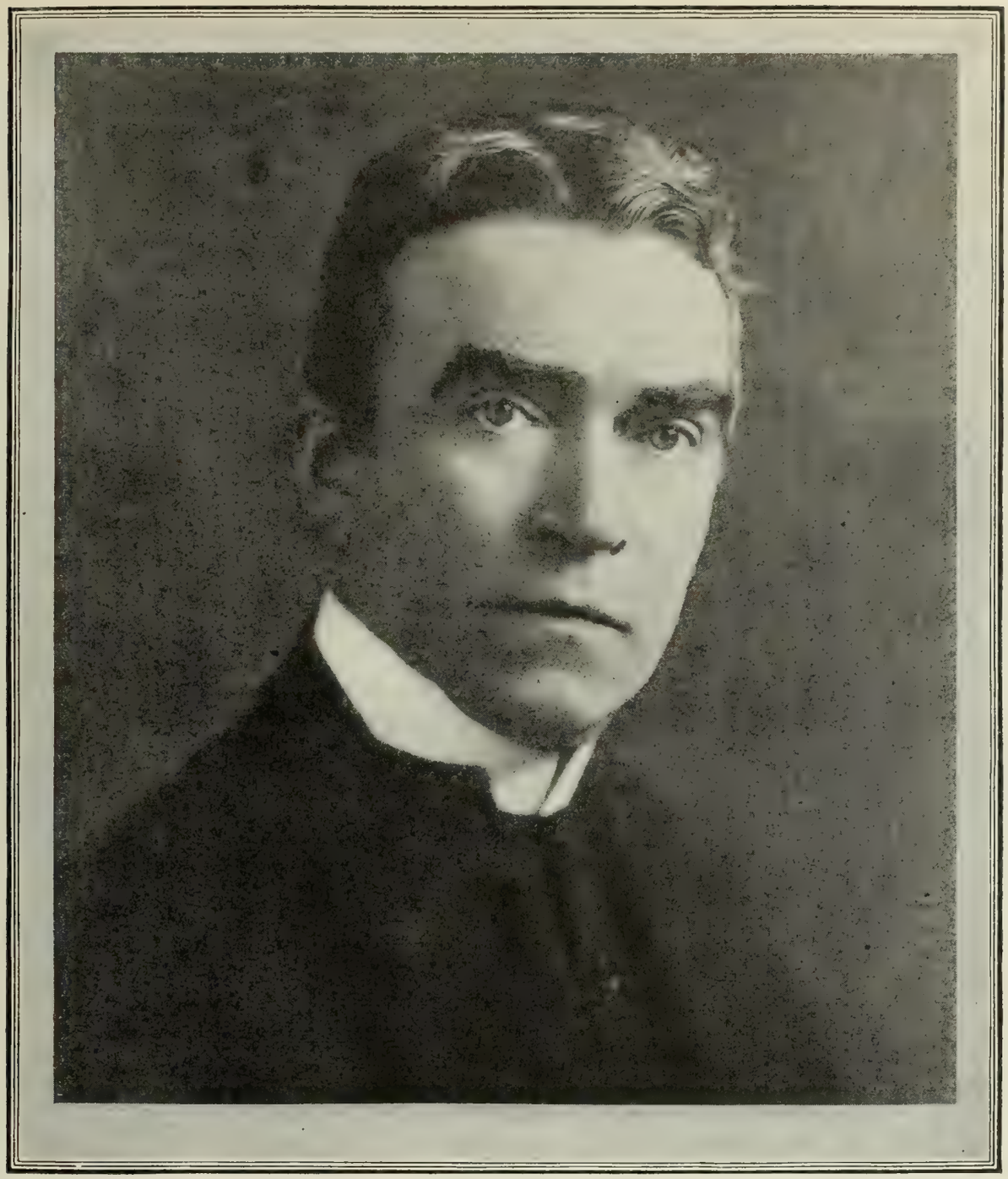
To paraphrase the immortal summary of Abraham Lincoln, the Motion Picture has come to us that art of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Another Conjunction of Stars— in the West.

Anita Stewart rests afar from the movies, high up in her new mountain-top dwelling-place.



ANITA STEWART chose a mountain top for her home in California. An old-world home, up and away from everybody. Not because la Stewart is particularly exclusive, but she likes to breathe an air and absorb an atmosphere which have nothing to do with motion pictures, after her day's work at the studio is done. She lives here with her husband, who is also her manager, Rudolph Cameron; her mother, and her young brother George. You may see her at the above left with her mother and the police-dog who guards her gate. Above, a siesta on her own front porch; and below, a long shot of her home, which is in Laughlin Park, Los Feliz Road.



Champlain Studio

"I am called broad-minded, or a 'Broad Churchman.' I take my stand for anything that makes for human happiness and the betterment of mankind."

If Christ Went to the Movies

By REV. DR. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT

(Rector Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue, New York)

IF Christ went to the "movies"—He would approve.

Christ said "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Could the Divine Master who lightens our heavy burdens and refreshes our weary minds give any but entire approval to an agency like moving pictures that makes for the happiness of His people?

If you were to ask me what Jesus would say at the sight of fourteen thousand churches in America, most of which were built in honor of His name but which are closed except for a few hours every week, I would reply that He would cry out, "Open the doors of these churches and let my people enter; let my churches be put to the uses that pertain to the happiness, best interests and development of my people!"

Christ approves of anything that makes for the happiness of mankind; anything that lifts the minds of His people to a higher plane; to anything that refreshes and interests them after a day's hard grind.

Our churches are most excellent auditoriums. The majority of them are furnished with good organs, and skilled organists are engaged. These churches are a natural meeting place for establishing advantageous gatherings of people who are concerned with the betterment of their positions, educationally, politically and in the terms of human culture. Motion pictures combine amusement, entertainment and education. Pictorial education is of extreme value. It establishes a quickening of the imagination. These pictures put us in contact with new scenes, give us new ideas, make us better acquainted with new personalities and belong in God's church as well as in the theatre.

MY friend Cleveland Moffet, a brilliant-minded author, suggested some years ago that the New York churches provide free moving picture entertainments. Money was subscribed to carry out this plan, several picture producers became philanthropically interested and evenings were devoted to delightful programs in many churches, the pictures being carefully selected.

There is yet a wide difference of opinion as to the use of churches for anything other than religious services. Many believe that only solemn services should be conducted in our churches which they hold to be hallowed by years of sacred use. This closes to the public more than three billion dollars worth of taxable property, save for three or four hours every week.

Coming from a rector of an Episcopal church this may seem somewhat startling, but there is in that church a broad comprehensiveness which, even here in New York, contains two such extremes as the Church of St. Mary the Virgin and Dr. Heber Newton's church. I am called broad-minded or a "Broad Churchman," I take my stand for anything that makes for human happiness and the betterment of mankind.

EVEN in the matter of news, which we all ought to have in as complete and comprehensive a form as possible, the movies can give the big essentials, unencumbered by the mass of reading matter and advertisements on which the commercial success of the press depends. The movies present no such dreadful looking abortions as are exploited in the newspapers on their cartoon pages. I will not call the cartoons by name, but in the movies one sees no such disgusting, unnatural distortions of human form and human nature.

I believe that there is a difficult line between admiration for the human form and pruriency. A certain magazine of physical culture in its effort to show the public high ideals of physical strength and perfection has encountered this difficulty. I believe that just as the picture of Ebert and Noske recently published in the pictorial section of a great newspaper, almost naked, in bathing dress, disgusts the observer with the uncovered forms and unathletic masculine flesh and bones, and has made this picture servicable to the enemies of the German republic, so, on the other hand, the representation to the eye of beautiful human beings can encourage more ideal care and development of the body as well as giving legitimate pleasure. A pathetic side of human nature presents itself in the "bald head row" in our theatres. There is no suggestion of salacity or pruriency in the beautiful pictures of types like Annette Kellermann. They present the glory and beauty of physical perfection, the strongly developed human body battling against the waves or exhibited among beautiful natural surroundings. There is no trace of sex emotion here. The movies of today are our cleanest form of amusement. They are well censored; morality and right prevail.

THERE are thousands of people who come to New York for a good time. Perhaps they select a Broadway theatre performance, a popular show. There is a snappy plot, catchy music and beautiful girls, but it is no part of culture, there is no uplift, no better ideas fill the mind. Georg Brandes said of William August Slaegel, the translator of Shakespeare, that he made Shakespeare part of German Culture. The Germans embraced Shakespeare to a far greater extent than Shakespeare's own fellow-countrymen. Not the theatre but the dramatic art occupies an important place in our development. The movies are in that class. Nothing sticks in the memory like visible images. I remember as a boy I had to practise my piano lessons over and over, playing the same piece of music again and again. Now, I am told great soloists visualize their notes. When they sing or play they are reading from the mind modern psychology stresses this point.

In a Boston church which I used to frequent as a boy there was a most eloquent preacher, the Rev. Wayland Hoyt. He employed the old fashioned oratorical method of word-painting. I freely confess that the only sermon I remember was a description by Dr. Hoyt of his visit to Salisbury cathedral. Pen and word pictures are going out. The movies are supplanting them. Pictures are the supreme thing that the mind can see. Education by means of visual impressions is of the first importance.

There is much that bears closely upon religion and social uplift in the Freudian psychoanalytic psychology. Most people spend much time in fantasy, day-dreaming, wool-gathering. The coward paints himself in heroic scenes, the shop girl pictures herself in a beautiful dress seated in the parterre of the opera. This is the stuff that "dreams are made of." Ideas fall into the mind not regulated by will or checked up by reality. People not only sit in dreams, but act in dreams.

Our motion pictures are of the sort that the individual craves. First and foremost they possess whatever reality is to be had in story, drama, or educational films. The movies clear out the cobwebs of the mind, putting in carefully prepared facts. They are a tonic, a regulator, a clarifier of the inner life, of the imagination. We must think of the movies as that wonderful clean sweep that is clearing out the unhealthful fantasies of the brain.

There is the problem of our adolescents. If our boys and girls do not stay at home, what place have they where they may seek amusement? The street and the dance halls. What happens if they stay at home? I should rather have boys and girls go to the movies than to sit at home twirling their thumbs in a corner, imagining discordant, unruly, abnormal thoughts and brooding over budding and badly understood sex ideas. The movies furnish a clarification of youthful home-brewed fancies.

(Continued on page 121)

OVER 2000 churches in the United States now utilize the motion picture.

Broad-minded clergymen everywhere recognize that a force that can build and operate 14,000 theatres, and attract a daily attendance of 12,500,000 should be an ally in the work of carrying religion to the people.

Every great denomination is considering ways and means of applying the influence of the screen to religion. The Methodist church committed itself quite avowedly to a motion picture program at its centennial celebration at Columbus, Ohio, last Summer.

The motion pictures were criticized, despised, and buffeted by clergymen generally five years ago. The attitude of the church has changed with the gradual but certain improvement in the standards of entertainment and decency.

The church was absolutely right in it's first position. It is right today. But there is still much to be done, for there are still producers who believe that questionable pictures are sure-fire successes. And the church can, by encouraging exhibitors who believe in clean pictures, and discouraging the others, make itself felt.

The Better Photoplay League of America, which was sponsored by this publication, has shown the way. An unorganized majority is helpless. Photoplay carried on the work of organizing the patrons of motion pictures against exhibitors who showed salacious pictures, and the results were felt immediately in the box-office, the most vulnerable part of the exhibitors' and producers' anatomy.

If picture conditions are not right in your town, organize your community and your exhibitor will listen attentively. If he does not, hit him in the box-office. He will hear you then. THE EDITOR.

The Thomas H. Ince Studio at Culver City, Calif. It is said that a certain fluffy star with more money than brains, drove up to the front of this beautiful Colonial mansion one day, and asked a man who happened to be standing on the front verandah: "Where's the owner? I want to buy it for a home." The man said quietly, "I am the owner, Madame." "That so? What's your name?" "Thomas H. Ince," the man informed her. "Drive away like h---," the star snapped at her chauffeur.

This beautiful bit of Mission architecture is the entrance gate to the Garson Studios, on Alessandro Street, Los Angeles. The studio was one of the first permanent picture plants in California and was built by Col. William N. Selig, early in the present decade. It is now the scene of Clara Kimball Young's activities, and the outer wall is about all that remains of the original plant.

Beauty Spots of Filmafornia

IT doesn't cost much more to make a beautiful thing than it does to make an ugly one. So the men who have designed the moving picture studios in California have taken advantage of the fact that gardens can be grown overnight and have made their establishments, in many instances, real show places in both senses. The effect of this charming environment upon writers, directors and players, should be of great importance. Surely the creative artist can find inspiration in visual beauty that will be of material aid in evolving masterpieces for the screen. So far has this matter of studio architecture advanced in five years that there is hardly a sign remaining of the ramshackle makeshifts of half a decade ago.

The Goldwyn Studio at Culver City is after the Grecian style of architecture in front but the yard is pure prairie. It is spacious enough for Will Rogers to fling a nasty rope, but the stars are objecting because there is no jitney service from the boulevard, where they have to park their cars, to their dressing rooms.

This might be a quiet village street in France, or the stables and garages of a multimillionaire's home, or something else, but the fact is it is Director's Row at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Hollywood.

The Metro Studio in Hollywood is, as you may be able to decipher from the street sign post, at the corner of Cahuenga Ave. and Romaine St. The sign half way down the block warns you not to park your car on that side of the street. This is to permit Maxwell Karger plenty of room for outbursts of temperament, which he employs to counterbalance those of the stars.

This is not a row of bungalows patterned on the Old English style, but the La Brea Street front of the Charles Chaplin studio in Hollywood. Except for the glass top of the stage which rises three stories high in the rear, (the framework visible at the right in this photograph) it would be impossible to detect any sign of a studio on this block, except a very small brass plate on the entrance door.

Universal City was the first moving picture studio to be built on an elaborate scale, and is still one of the largest plants in the world. The main buildings are in Mission style, surrounded by attractive gardens and shaded nooks. Evening clothes at midday is Filmafornia's prerogative.

JUBI

Wherein a singing vagabond stumbles into the dark lives of two, sets their melodrama to music, and provides a flawlessly happy ending.

THE first slanting rays of dawn shot across the valley of the Little Laramie in the lush verdure of full summer. Searching through the foliage of the woodland bordering the river the dancing sunbeams cast a softly brilliant pattern of light and shade under the trees. Another perfect Wyoming day was born.

Just a ripple of breeze swept up the river and stirred the grove. A flickering ray of sunshine piercing deep into the woods lighted up the face of a sleeping man. He stirred uneasily under the irritation of the light. His head was pillowed on a crushed hat. His coat was drawn up close about his neck, as if for warmth. Turning laboriously in his sleep, seeking a more comfortable position, the unwelcome light fell strong upon him and brought his blinking, heavy-lidded eyes open to face the morning.

Wearily the sleeper pulled himself up sitting. Stretching his aching body with a long yawn, he looked about. The glint of a bottle caught his eye. He glanced familiarly at it and picked it up hopefully to peer through it at the light. It was empty.

"Shucks!" He tossed it away, making a wry face as he felt about with his swollen, furry tongue. It seemed to him at least two sizes too big for his mouth. In his exclamation there was a tone that might have meant either disappointment at the emptiness of the bottle or disgust at the bottle's betrayal of him the night before, or both.

Painfully he made his way to the river's brink for scant and brief ablutions. With a casual stroke or two he straightened out his crumpled hat, shook a wrinkle out of his coat and was on his way through the woods toward the road. There was the easy air about him which some call vagabondage and others call freedom.

At the roadside he paused and looked up and down its dusty way, cheerfully as one with a fair open mind and no prejudices. As do many who are much alone, he talked to himself in a cordial monotone.

"That road leads to town—that town has a marshal and that marshal keeps a jail—lets go the other way."

He went swinging up the road with leisurely stride. His only destination was breakfast and the whereabouts of that were unknown. Our rambling adventurer had been on his way but a few scant rods when a turn of the road brought to view a scene that fetched him up short, then sent him with swift caution to the concealing shade of an overhanging tree.

A hundred yards away a railway train stood on the prairie and men with guns stood alongside. The engine and express car were being detached. They ran down the track a short distance and then stopped. A masked man clambered over the tender and dropped into the cab.

A puff of smoke followed by an explosion came from the express car as a door shattered and fell in.

The observer under the tree watched with tense curiosity the drama spread out before him in the morning light.

A man on horseback dashed up to the express car, shouting orders and directing his band. The rider's back was turned to the tree retreat of the wanderer, but the marking of the horse, a big bay splashed heavily with white on the rump, was conspicuously visible.

"The train robber who'd ride a horse marked like that is sure one dare-devil," reflected the observer under his tree, where he stood nervously chewing a twig in his silent excitement.

The hold-up was swiftly executed. The robbers ran from the train, mounted their horses and galloped out of sight across the prairie. Presently the trainmen appeared and then the passengers swarmed out of the coaches, talking excitedly. A brakeman started climbing a pole to reach the telegraph line.

"Show's over," our cheerful wanderer under the tree announced to himself. "And if the sheriff's posse finds me here they're going to get considerable inquisitive. Let's go!"

Down the dusty road again, with the same swinging gait, but quickened a trifle. He had no place to go, but he had some place to leave. The warmth of the advancing day brought cheer. Pushing his hat jauntily back he broke into a droning song:

"De massa run? Ha! Ha!
De darky stay? Ho! Ho!
It must be now de Kingdom comin'
And de Year ob Jubilo!"

With a hitch at his belt and a warm boyish smile on his face he sang on.

"De train's been robbed?
Ha! Ha!
I saw the job—Ho! Ho!
The sheriff will pinch
some one soon,
So move on—Jubilo!"

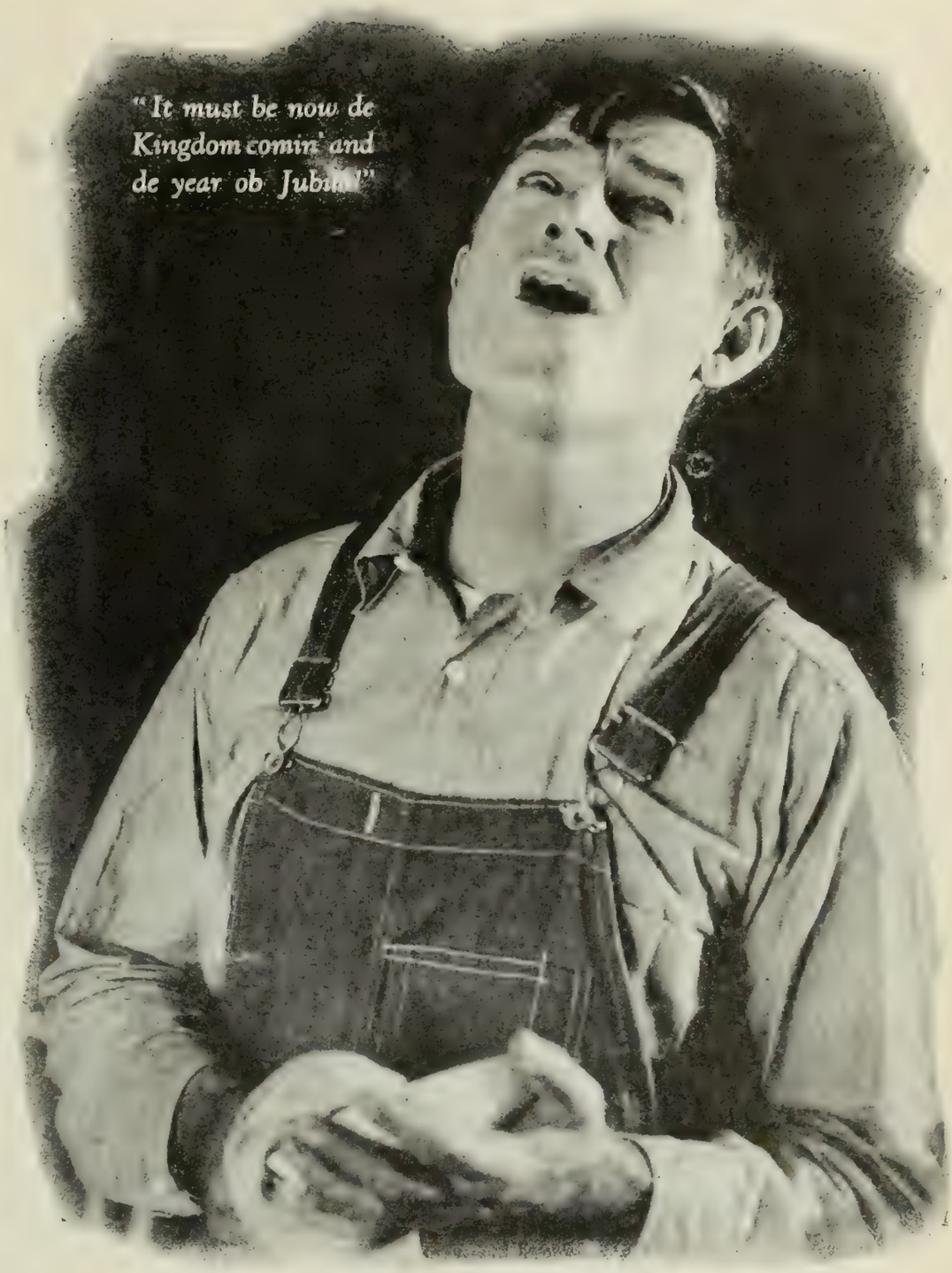
The day had worn well on and the impulse to song had faded when the road-faring stranger slackened his pace with weariness and looked about him. He had not yet arrived at breakfast. The mouth of a lane down the road bore promise.

Up at the other end of that lane Jim Hardy, stern, strong, grey and fifty, was in his barnyard, watering his stock. Busy with her kitchen tasks his daughter, Rose, looked from the window and discovered the

Rose studied him with a gaze that was not all curiosity. Jubilo frankly returned her inspection.

L O

By
TERRY
RAMSAYE



"It must be now de Kingdom comin' and de year ob Jubilo!"

approach of the pedestrian. She hurried to the door and called sharply to her father.

"There's a man coming—could it be—"

Hardy did not answer the unfinished question. He sprang to the porch and gazed down the lane intently.

"Rose, run in and get my revolver."

From down the lane came a snatch of hopeful song:

"It mus' be now the Kingdom comin'
An' de Year ob Jubilo!"

Jim Hardy strapped on his holstered revolver and slipped his coat on over it, keeping his eyes fixed on the approaching visitor. He spoke to his daughter without turning.

"No—it's not *him. He* wouldn't come singing." Hardly paused again for a moment of close attention, then reassuringly spoke to his daughter. "You go in the house; I'll meet him."

The vagrant approached Hardy with his best smile widely radiant, answering the older man's inquiring look.

"I am a candidate for something to eat. Elected?"

The tramp looked Hardy squarely in the eye—squarely but hopefully and ingratiatingly. Hardy with the stern air of a judge confronting a prisoner bored into him with his eyes.

"When did you sober up?"

There was silence and an exchange of sharp, unwavering glances.

"This morning. I woke up cold, sober and thirsty."

He stood waiting expectantly.

Inside the kitchen door Rose stood listening and peering out at their caller. Her expression was not one of displeasure as she surveyed the debonair vagabond. Hardy continued to size up the stranger.

"What is your name?"

There was just a flicker of hesitation, then the reply, intoned as an impressive introduction.

"John Lawrence Alfred Tadema."

"That sounds like a lie," snapped Hardy.

But this struck no fire. The rejoinder came, unabashed and cheerful.

"Still it's a good one. I always wanted to be called 'Tadema'—but my friends call me 'Year ob Jubilo'—just 'Jubilo' for short."

Hardy seized Jubilo's hands and turned them palms up. They were soft and uncalloused, innocent of work.

"Yep. Plain and fancy hobo, loafing a specialty, eating a fine art—May I demonstrate?"

"You can eat, but you will first have to work to earn it."

"My profound thanks, sir—but work?—May I not decline?—I consider work the only great drawback to eating."

Jubilo with a saddened sigh turned and started away. Rose ran from her doorway to her father, whispering to him.

"Don't send him away—I think— I think, I like the way he smiles."

Jubilo's alertness caught the note of intercession. He paused and took his hat in his hand, clearing his throat to get attention.

"I don't want to get into the habit of working, but I also do not want to get entirely out of the habit of eating. I might try it, till, say about meal time."

"All right," replied Hardy, still stern, drawing his daughter aside and leading her into the doorway to speak to her in a low tone.

"I think he's a plain tramp—but if he should have been sent here by *him*, I want him where I can watch him."

Hardy picked up a pair of milk buckets and stepping into the yard called on Jubilo to join him at the barn. The rancher walked rapidly down the long stable to the cows' stall. He turned about quickly to find Jubilo standing open mouthed staring at a big bay horse, heavily splashed with white on

the rump. The tramp looked from the horse to Hardy with a curious, half-alarmed stare.

That strangely and conspicuously marked horse had brought back to Jubilo's mind in a flash the exciting picture of the train robbery in the morning. Was Hardy the train robber? What sort of a place had he blundered into?

Hardy handed Jubilo a milking stool and bucket, then himself went into the next stall and rapidly set about milking a cow. Jubilo with much trepidation and misgiving set out to fathom the mysteries of milking, then he peered around the end of the stall to observe Hardy. Hardy was busy at his task when the revolver under his coat slipped from its holster and fell to the stable floor. Jubilo's eyes opened wide as he saw the big gun, and the dextrously handy movement by which Hardy restored it to his holster.

The wanderer sat looking half-dazed at the empty milk bucket between his knees. He shuddered and swayed with a sense of weakness. He reached for a beam to steady himself and fell, fainting. He came to his senses with Hardy shaking him.

"When did you eat last?"

Jubilo wavered and looked blankly about him. One hand went to his head and the other to his stomach.

"I—I— I don't exactly remember."

"Here, drink some of this." Hardy raised his bucket of warm steaming milk. Jubilo drank it down with long gulps.

"Now sit down—I'll milk this cow," Hardy ordered.

But before Hardy could act on his word Jubilo had set his milking stool in place and started awkwardly at the milking. He looked up at Hardy with a glint of determination in his face.

"I'll do my work before I eat."

Hardy watched a moment, then went about his work. The supper that followed was marked mainly by its silences and Jubilo's devotion to the food. Rose studied him with a gaze that was not all curiosity. And as his hunger subsided Jubilo frankly returned her inspection, with honest admiration.

Jubilo had left the house a few moments, walking with thoughtful step, when he paused. The big bay horse with the white splashed rump, Hardy, the gun and Rose were in his mind. Deliberately he turned about and started toward the house.

"I'd like to get acquainted with a train robber—if he's one," Jubilo murmured to himself.

A few moments later he presented himself at Hardy's door.

"If you need a hand I'd like to tarry with you a while."

Hardy looked at Jubilo in silence, under obvious tension, for a minute at least.

"We have no room in the house—you can sleep in the barn, up in the mow—don't smoke there. You'll find a lantern on the back porch."

"Thanks for the job," returned Jubilo.

Jubilo was awakened in his hay-mow retreat the next morning by a murmur of voices in the stall below. He peered through a crack into the stable below to discover a group of men whom his practised eye readily identified as a sheriff, a town marshal and a couple of deputies.

The sheriff was standing with his hand on the white splashed rump of the big bay horse.

"There ain't another hoss like him in these parts."

The rest of the group nodded in sage agreement.

"Boys, I reckon we'd better have a talk with Hardy," the sheriff announced and led his staff from the barn.

Jubilo bestirred himself with energy and caution, that he might not miss any move in the unfolding drama. With studied sauntering step he emerged from the barn, washed himself at the watering trough and strolled casually into the group of visitors who stood about Hardy, who, half-dressed, had come out on his porch. Jubilo came up just in time to hear Hardy reply to a question from the sheriff:

"I have seen no one—no one except Jubilo, there,—he came along last night."

The officers looked at Jubilo and the marshal nodded recognition.

The sheriff caught the nod and he gave Jubilo his critical attention, from head to foot. He sharply addressed Jubilo in crisp official tone.

"Where'd you come from?"

"The marshal told me to leave Muskoka, and I left."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

Jubilo, by gift of experience, was able to lie with rapid facility.

"Under a haystack just outside of Muskoka."

"See the morning train stop by the bridge?"

"Nope. It woke me up comin' into Muskoka, and I hit out this way—Why?"

"See anything of men on horses?"

Jubilo stood as though puzzling and trying to remember. His eyes took in Hardy and Rose. Hardy was obviously nervous and trying to control his feelings.

"Nope. Didn't see a soul till I got here."

The sheriff stood puzzled. Hardy appeared anxious to get the thing talked out.

"What's so heavy on your mind, Sheriff?" he asked.

"Where was your big bay horse between six and eight yesterday morning, Jim?" was the sheriff's response. Hardy paused before replying.

"Between six and eight? Why, I was cultivating with him."

There was another awkward silence. Then the sheriff hitched at his belt and allowed they would be going. He turned back to Hardy and spoke decisively.

"Jim—don't take any trips and don't let this new man of yours take any neither!"

Jubilo

NARRATED, by permission, from the Goldwyn production, adapted by Robert F. Hill from the *Saturday Evening Post* story by Ben Ames Williams. Directed by Clarence Badger, with the following cast:

Jubilo ..... Will Rogers
Rose Hardy ..... Josie Sedgwick
Jim Hardy ..... Charles French
Punt ..... Willard Louis
Bert Rooker ..... James Mason

Jubilo and Hardy stood together watching the horsemen ride away. As they disappeared Hardy turned to Jubilo with an air of severity.

"What do you know of this robbery?"

"What do *you?*" Jubilo rejoined.

"Nothing, absolutely," replied Hardy with great firmness.

"Well, if you know nothing at all, I know less," Jubilo answered, his mind made up that Hardy was taking this way out of the situation by carefully thought out design.

Hardy and Jubilo stood looking at each other each searching the others' eyes for the truth, when Rose appeared at the door calling them to breakfast. The interruption bridged the moment of doubts.

Days of farm routine followed, with Jubilo performing only the outward motions of work. Labor was not natural to him. His first days of zeal cooled rapidly and he did less and less.

The day came when Rose sought to put Jubilo to shame by going into the cornfield where he dawdled at his work. She set to the hoeing with capable efficient hands, casting an occasional meaning glance at the fence corner where he idled smoking.

Meanwhile Hardy, passing through the barnyard with a pail of water, made a discovery as the thirsty stock followed him to the gate. He abandoned his errand and hurried into the field to find Jubilo.

"Did you water the stock this morning?"

Jubilo evaded Hardy's sharp look and answered, "Yes."

"I have made allowances for you're being a shirker," observed Hardy, his voice smooth and hard like a judge delivering sentence, "but there are two things I won't stand for on this ranch—one of them is abusing animals and the other is lying. I am now going to give you the thrashing that you need."

As Hardy stepped forward Jubilo lightly stepped aside and struck the older man. Hardy stumbled under the blow and Jubilo set himself for an onslaught. It came.

Rose came running up, and then in silence stood her distance, horrified. She knew her father too well to interfere.

Hardy bored in. Jubilo blocked his blows and uppercut back. He missed. Hardy's brawny right shot into the opening and Jubilo went down, sprawling with a cut lip. As he came up Hardy downed him again, this time to stay.

Hardy walked over to Jubilo to pick him up. Rose bent over the injured man in an attitude of curious solicitude. Hardy dragged Jubilo to his feet. He staggered a moment, then shook himself and got his feet firm under him. He looked at Hardy and grinned, then looked at Rose and blushed. Hardy pointed to the stock.

"Now you can water them and get out."

Jubilo moved off and as he left earshot Rose upbraided her father.

"You didn't need to half kill the poor fellow because he lied to you," she cried out. "I am ashamed of you."

"Never mind, Rose," the father answered. "If he's a bum he'll go. If he's a man the licking will do him good and he'll stay."

Jubilo watered the stock and washed his hurts at the well, grinning the while with the sportsmanship of having enjoyed even a fight he had lost.

He met Rose in the lane.

"Give me that hoe."

The girl stepped back with a mingling of pity and alarm on her face, clutching the hoe she carried.

"Please give me that hoe. I'm sorry I lied—but if you're willing to keep me I'd like to stick around—"

Jubilo paused and blushed up to the roots of his hair.

"And — you're not going to do any more man's work—not on my account."

"Remember, Rose — he admits he saw one of those train-robbers."

Jubilo finished the day in the cornfield, hard at work.

It was the hour of after supper smokes in the ranch house. Hardy on the porch in the shadow, pipe in hand, suddenly startled, leaned forward in an attitude of tense listening. Jubilo seated on the porch steps watched him intently. There was a look of sympathy in his eyes as he took note of Hardy's anxiety.

An automobile came rattling up the lane.

Hardy stepped quickly into the house and strapped on his revolver. As he started out again Rose came forward.

"Do you think it is *him*, this time?"

Jubilo overheard with a vast perplexity. What could it be? And was it connected with the train robbery?

Rose called to him.

"Jubilo, come out of the light!"

"I'm comfortable," he replied carelessly, but not without inwardly noting and appreciating her interest.

Hardy emerged to the porch as the automobile swung into the yard. He was nervously fumbling at his shirt collar, keeping his hand close to the holstered revolver under his coat.

The two occupants of the machine tumbled out and came into the light—the sheriff and a stranger.

"Jim, can we take a look at that splashed horse of yours—my friend here was on the train."

Before Hardy could reply Jubilo volunteered to go to the barn to bring down the horse. As he moved off he heard the sheriff address Hardy again. Only by the closest listening could he make out the undertones of a cautious conversation.

"Jim — you ain't changed your mind none about not seein' any of them train robbers?"

"I have not," Hardy snapped.

Jubilo rode the big bay up to the porch. The stranger with the sheriff walked over to the horse and laid his hand on the splashed spot.

"Yep—that's the critter I saw at the train robbery."

Hardy looked bitterly at the sheriff.

"Do you want me to pile in and go to jail with you?"

The sheriff hesitated, started to speak, stuttered and gulped.

"No, Jim," he said at last. "I'm a big man and you'd crowd the car. Just stick around, Jim, that's all." The sheriff and his companion drove away.

Within an hour there was the clatter of a fast riding horseman in the lane and again a tense anxiety ran through the Hardy household. Jubilo was alert, now. Hardy's cause was his cause, no matter the merits of the issue or what it might be about. But the horseman proved to be a neighbor, who having gone to town for medicine brought along Hardy's mail.

"Town's all het up about the train robbery—they got some of the robbers and they'll soon get the rest of them, I hear."

"Hope so," mumbled Hardy, fingering his mail.

Reading a letter under the light a cloud of displeasure swept across Hardy's face. Jubilo watched intently.

"I will have to go to St. Louis at once," Hardy said to Rose, in a low voice. Jubilo sat wondering.

Presently Hardy called to him.

"Got to go to St. Louis—can I trust you to take care of the place?"

"Yes sir."

"Think you can drive me to town in the flivver?"

"I'll drive you to St. Louis if you say so," rejoined Jubilo.

When Jubilo and Hardy trundled into the streets of Muskoka they were not long in encountering the sheriff.

"I was just looking for you," said Hardy. "I have to leave town for a few days."

The sheriff started to shake his head, but Hardy ignored the impending refusal.

"I've got to settle up an estate down there."

"Well, Jim," said the sheriff, perplexed and hesitating, "give me your word you are coming back."

"You have my word."

"Thanks—drop in on me when you get back, Jim."

When Hardy swung onto his train his face was knit with a black frown. His last glimpse of Muskoka had seen Jubilo and the marshal in conversation together on the walk. Just what that might mean between them Hardy could not fathom.

Together Jubilo and the marshal strolled slowly across the street chatting idly.

"Have dinner with me," Jubilo suggested. "It's my turn; you know, you threatened to entertain me once not long ago."

"You're on," the marshal replied, and so together they turned into Muskoka's pool-hall-lunch-room.

The place was agog with the shoutings of a noisy two-handed pool game, with most of the noise emanating from a husky, loud, arrogant chap with a haircut strangely reminiscent of prison barbering.

Rich with his first month's pay in his pocket, and in fact the first money he had ever earned in all his restful life, Jubilo ordered an elaborate meal, elaborate according to the standards of Muskoka, and then turned about on his stool to survey the pool game.

Jubilo's eyes opened wide as he saw the dextrously handy movement by which Hardy returned the gun to its holster.

The vociferous player was shouting for a bet on a shot. His opponent seemed reluctant.

"Well, if you must have action, here's a five spot you can't make it," Jubilo cut in, tossing a five dollar bill on the table.

The noisy man covered the bet, shot and missed.

"Waiter," shouted Jubilo, "cancel that ham-and for me and the marshal and make it a porterhouse for two, on the pool shark!"

This sally brought a laugh from the crowd and a flood of hate into the eyes of the pool player.

Jubilo turned his back on the game and addressed his guest.

"Who is this conquering hero, anyway, marshal?" he asked, nodding back at the discomforted pool expert.

"Name's Bert Rooker," the marshal answered casually. "He's the cheerful idiot that ran through the train at the time of the robbery tellin' everybody to hide their truck—an' there was a hold up man in each car watching where they hid it."

The marshal laughed, but Jubilo was looking thoughtfully at Rooker.

"Helpful of him, wasn't it?" Jubilo suggested at last.

"Never thought of it that way," the marshal answered, dismissing the idea as impossible. "But he claims he saved their lives. He's been living off the story ever since."

Jubilo's drive back to the ranch was destined to eventful developments. Starting from Muskoka late in the afternoon he found himself on the road after dark with engine trouble and a flat tire.

Going to the river brink to immerse his punctured tire in search of leaks, Jubilo's attention was arrested by a tiny camp-

(Continued on page 115)

The Technique of Lovers

In which a star classifies the methods of men and specifically of leading men.

By
CLARA
KIMBALL
YOUNG

IN these days of efficiency experts, machinery, standardization, and all the other short cuts constantly being invented to save time and trouble, it is pleasant to think that there is one corner of life which is immune from relentless progress.

The lover of today, I am convinced, is no different in anything but his clothes, from the lover of a thousand years ago. He is tender or thoughtless, patient or abrupt, merry or Byronic, considerate or selfish—in short, an artist or a carpenter. Of course, many a carpenter is an artist too, and takes a keen joy in the perfect matching of two pieces of timber. And many a self-styled artist is nothing but a carpenter. But you get the general idea. In love making, the artist is he who insists that all moments shall be beautiful, not he who thinks only of victory at any cost.

It is natural that there should be as many kinds of perfect lovers as there are kinds of men, but it is extremely difficult to find the perfect specimen of each kind, because men are naturally impatient. A man who will refuse to accept a suit until the tailor has perfected every stitch, who fusses and fumes over the least squeak in his automobile, who is a connoisseur of food, will frequently be satisfied with the commonest sort of mediocrity in his lovemaking. This is not surprising, of course, because he has no means of comparing his methods with those of other men. That is a privilege—or a trial—permitted, or visited upon, only women.

Yet men could learn, if they only would. But most of them are too egotistical, especially in this one matter. A man may specialize upon any other subject under the sun, and the more he studies the more he realizes there is to learn. He will admit that there is no end to research in electricity and metallurgy, but from the day the freckle-faced girl next door gives him a perfunctory kiss in exchange for a stick of peppermint candy, he thinks he knows all there is to know of love and how to make it. And when the woman does not respond to his ardor he declares that she is cold, unsympathetic and bloodless.

Hoover

"The lover of today, I am convinced, is no different in anything but his clothes, from the lover of a thousand years ago. . . . It is natural that there should be many kinds of lovers, but it is extremely difficult to find the perfect specimen of each kind because men are naturally impatient. . . . A man painstaking over other matters, will frequently be satisfied with the commonest sort of mediocrity in his lovemaking."

This too must be remembered—that a man who can make love perfectly to one sort of woman, will fail utterly with another. The Spanish lover would be doomed to celibacy in Iceland and the Russian would be pathetic in Iowa. The word "affinity" has been so misused and bandied about that one hesitates even to mention it, but in my opinion affinity means merely the perfect matching of technique and temperament. The two personalities fit each other like perfectly beveled cog-wheels of an intricate machine and without all the long processes of gradual adjustment, they begin spinning along at top speed.

I wonder if men who see moving pictures note the differences between the love scenes. Sometimes these differences are subtle, and escape the casual observer, but no observation should be casual where so important a thing is under consideration. These differences have become especially fascinating to me, and as I look back over my pictures, it is interesting to study the various leading men who have played love scenes with me. The list itself is somewhat appalling. For example, just recalled at random without digging into the records, I have been the object of the screen adoration of these players:

Joseph Kilgour, Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, Edmund Lowe, David Powell, Nigel Barrie, Earle Williams, Harry Morey, Maurice Costello, Paul Capellani, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Chester Barnett, Vernon Steele, Ralph Lewis, William Courtleigh and goodness knows how many more.

"Paul Capellani, who played *Armand* to my *Camille*, is my real preference for a screen lover. . . . He has the foreign—Latin — technique, and men of the latin race are born lovers. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that they set their women on a pedestal, as opposed to the American tendency to make of their women companions."

"Rockcliffe Fellowes was the rugged westerner in 'The Easiest Way.'"

"Nigel Barrie, in 'The Better Wife' was the juvenile and impetuous type, the lover who pursues the cave man tactics."

These men are all good lovers in their respective classes, and it would be well worth while for any man who is contemplating making love—and is there a man who is not—to consider their various characteristics, and see which is best adapted to his own personality, and to the susceptibilities of her to whom he intends to make love. And what a lot of unhappiness it would save the women if men would engage in such a study. Just by way of helping a good cause along, I will call attention to some of the more obvious characteristics of some of these lovers—oh, merely as they have been exemplified in their work with me on the screen. Let it be distinctly understood that this discussion is absolutely impersonal.

One of the interesting types of screen lovers is David Powell, my sarcastic suitor in "The Price She Paid." His technique in this story is one I would not recommend for general use, as he made love with "reverse English." He ploughed his way into my frivolous affections by telling me I didn't amount to much, and concealing his interest beneath a highly superior attitude. Of course, this sort of thing rather piques a certain type of woman, who is conscious of her charm, and regards treatment like that as a challenge.

Going to the other extreme, there was Nigel Barrie, who besieged me in "The Marionettes" and "The Better Wife." Here is the juvenile and impetuous type, the lover who pursues the cave man tactics. "Catch them young and treat them rough" is the motto of the lovers of this class. It is said that women love brutes,—though far be it from me to insinuate that there is anything brutal about Mr. Barrie in his love scenes—and I suppose this has its foundation in our instinctive admiration for strength. For countless centuries, the sole bulwark between woman and a savage and predatory world, was man's physical strength. Now that we are more civilized, at least in the social relations of men and women, there lurks in the subconscious mind of women, perhaps, the feeling that her man must be a fighter. And when a lover displays something of the "cave man" she is thrilled. At least, I believe some women are. I have been so advised.

The idea can be carried too far. Personally I think such a technique should be judiciously tempered with a little of the delicacy of feeling that was always characteristic of the amatory art of Maurice Costello, back in the Vitagraph days. It was a delight to play love scenes with him for that very reason.

For contrasted techniques in lovemaking, there is perhaps no better single array of talent than in "Eyes of Youth" in which I had four lovers—Edmund Lowe, Ralph Lewis, William Courtleigh and Milton Sills, representing respectively youthful sincerity, middle aged selfishness, greedy sensuousness, and casual nonchalance. Here in the latter three instances are excellent examples of what not to be. The middle aged man who makes love by offering bribes should remember that love is one commodity that cannot be listed in the market quotations. All he can buy is a spurious imitation.

"For the reason that sincerity must form the solid foundation of factory screen suitors. That is why he is always in demand when a

"Joseph Kilgour – suave, man-about-town, in 'The Easiest Way.'"

"Then, there was Edmund Lowe, in 'Eyes of Youth,' typifying, in contrast to the other three men, youthful sincerity."

lovemaking that is successful, Conway Tearle is one of the most satis- serious and determined lover is wanted, as in 'The Common Law.'"

After all, the lovemaking that does not rest upon a solid foundation of sincerity must fail, no matter what may be its other characteristics, or how fine its technique, and for this reason Conway Tearle is one of the most satisfactory of screen suitors. That is why he is always in demand when a serious and determined lover is wanted, as in "The Common Law" and "The Forbidden Woman." In moments of disappointment he can give an impression, perhaps more intense than any other leading man I ever knew, that the entire world has collapsed, and what woman could resist such an appeal to her sympathies?

Milton Sills, on the other hand, in such stories as "The Claw" and "The Savage Woman," never permits the impression that he is beaten. There is something of the "I'll get her yet" expression about his eyes that arouses admiration rather than sympathy. And after all, there is something compelling about that sort of lover.

So the variety, infinite and fascinating, goes on. There was Chester Barnett, the pathetic Little Billee to my "Trilby," as unhappy a lover as the world has ever known, but hardly a type of lover because he was a victim of circumstances that he could not possibly control. There was Earle Williams, the dignified gentleman type, and Harry Morey who takes one back to the primitive. There was Joseph Kilgour, the suave, man-about-town, and Rockcliffe Fellows, the rugged westerner, excellent contrasts in "The Easiest Way." There was Vernon Steele in "Hearts in Exile," a charming composite of the aristocratic, romantic and esthetic lover.

My own preference? This is purely my personal viewpoint, but of all the screen lovers I have had, I really believe I prefer Paul Capellani, who played Armand to my "Camille." Of course, Mr. Capellani had all the advantages in the world, for Armand is a wonderful role, and should inspire any man who has the least germ of talent for lovemaking. But in addition to that he has the foreign—perhaps I should say the latin technique. The men of the latin races are born lovers. This is undoubtedly because in the Anglo-Saxon countries women have been more companions of men. The latins set their women apart, on a pedestal perhaps you might say, and study them in all their manifestations. There is much to be said for both viewpoints.

The American, for example, does not study woman, and for that matter American women discourage men from studying them—as women. American women have demanded equality, and they deserve equality. But in fighting for that equality they have voluntarily relinquished their former prerogatives. Women in this country have been so insistent upon their claim that mentally and psychologically there is no difference between the sexes, that men have begun to believe it. Consequently they jump to the conclusion that women react to the same impulses and emotions as themselves, and make love as they would want a woman to make love to them if the situation were reversed.

Enemies of

ENEMIES of moving pictures fall—or stumble—into two groups:

1—Those who think they are highbrows.

2—Some highbrows.

In the first group are those semi-erudite gentlemen who write snappy pieces for the popular magazines, alternating between horrifying disclosures and personal plaints. The horrifying disclosures are to some such effect as that the movies are all wrong, because the author saw one in which a man bent an iron poker with his bare hands, a feat which (the author assures his open-mouthed readers) is humanly impossible. The personal plaints are that the moving picture producers do not summon these observant authors and offer them much moneys to remedy the screaming evils. Believing in their childlike blandness that they have discovered something previously unknown to everyone else, like the youth of sixteen who has just fallen in love, they grow violent over the trivial, profound over the superficial, ponderous over the imponderable. Their argument is always centrifugal, beginning with themselves as the centre of the universe, and whirling outwards with a swish of words, until it is lost in mere sound and fury.

In the second group are those really erudite gentlemen who write solemnly for the academic journals, lamenting that the moving picture makes no attempt to visualize their favorite classics, the Iliad, the Æneid, or the Odes of Horace. Many of these gentlemen have taken their scholarly reputations in their hands and descended for a day or two into the Avernus whence come scenario and finished celluloid, but they carefully conceal their disgrace by writing about the horrid experience anonymously. Their argument is always centripetal, beginning with the outskirts of the universe and working inward toward themselves as the centre thereof, until it is lost in mere whisperings and esthetic musings.

The common characteristic of both classes is the same curious inability to recognize a fact as big as a house. They see individual bricks, object to their color, size and shape, but fail to perceive that the whole is a solid edifice. So recently has it been erected, the scaffolding is not yet entirely removed, the debris of the builders still litters the dooryard, paint and patches of cement are needed here and there. Yet these critics point to the ancient House of Literature and the elderly House of Painting across the way as models of what the House of Moving Pictures should be already.

This is not to be a demurrer that the moving picture is still in its infancy, a plea made too long and too often. The virility of the art itself refutes that statement. The main fact to be pointed out to these enemies of the moving picture is that the house was not built for them in the first place, and nobody invited them to the housewarming. They are like the bad boys who were not asked to the party, peeking in at the windows, declaring it isn't much of a party anyhow, and stealing the ice cream freezer off the back porch.

Dealing first with the attacks of these semi-erudite, let it be admitted that in moving pictures there are to be found numerous inconsistencies of plot and perhaps many of character. Is this confined to moving pictures? Is no other art guilty of such lapses? How many novels have you read in which you cannot put your finger upon a certain point in the story and declare that it was utterly inconsistent? Not only in the movies are pokers bent in a manner humanly impossible. The popular magazines of today owe their millions of circulation to their superhuman heroes, who with dynamic brains and herculean bodies nimbly outwit omniscience, surmount the insurmountable, and get the girl in the last chapter.

But these writing boys are smart, and quick to employ the natural advantages their craft offers them, advantages denied the producer of pictures. Take for example our friend the bent poker. Let us suppose the feat to be impossible. By hocus pocus and the use of a rubber poker, let us say, the director of the picture shows the thing accomplished, and those who know snicker. But note how the deft author can cover it up with a flux of words, making capital out of the very impossibility:

"He gripped the poker in his two great strong hands. His whole body became tense. The muscles of his wrists and forearms stood out like whipcords and the veins showed blue and vivid against the tan. Beads of perspiration came out on his forehead. Annie watched, half horrified, half fascinated, unable to repress her admiration even in that moment of terror. The thing she knew could not happen transpired before her eyes. She had read in a magazine that no man could bend an iron poker in his bare hands, and yet there it was. In Hugo's giant grip the poker was bending. And so on and so on."

You've all encountered it. Though I'm very far from clever I could write like that forever. But you can't do that in pictures. The statement is brief and final. The thing goes on before your eyes, and the more exciting, the more impossible it is to halt for titles explaining the seeming inconsistency. But even after a novel is written, accepted by a publisher, and in type—yes, even

the Screen

An answer to the erudite and psuedo-erudite who throw bricks at the motion picture.

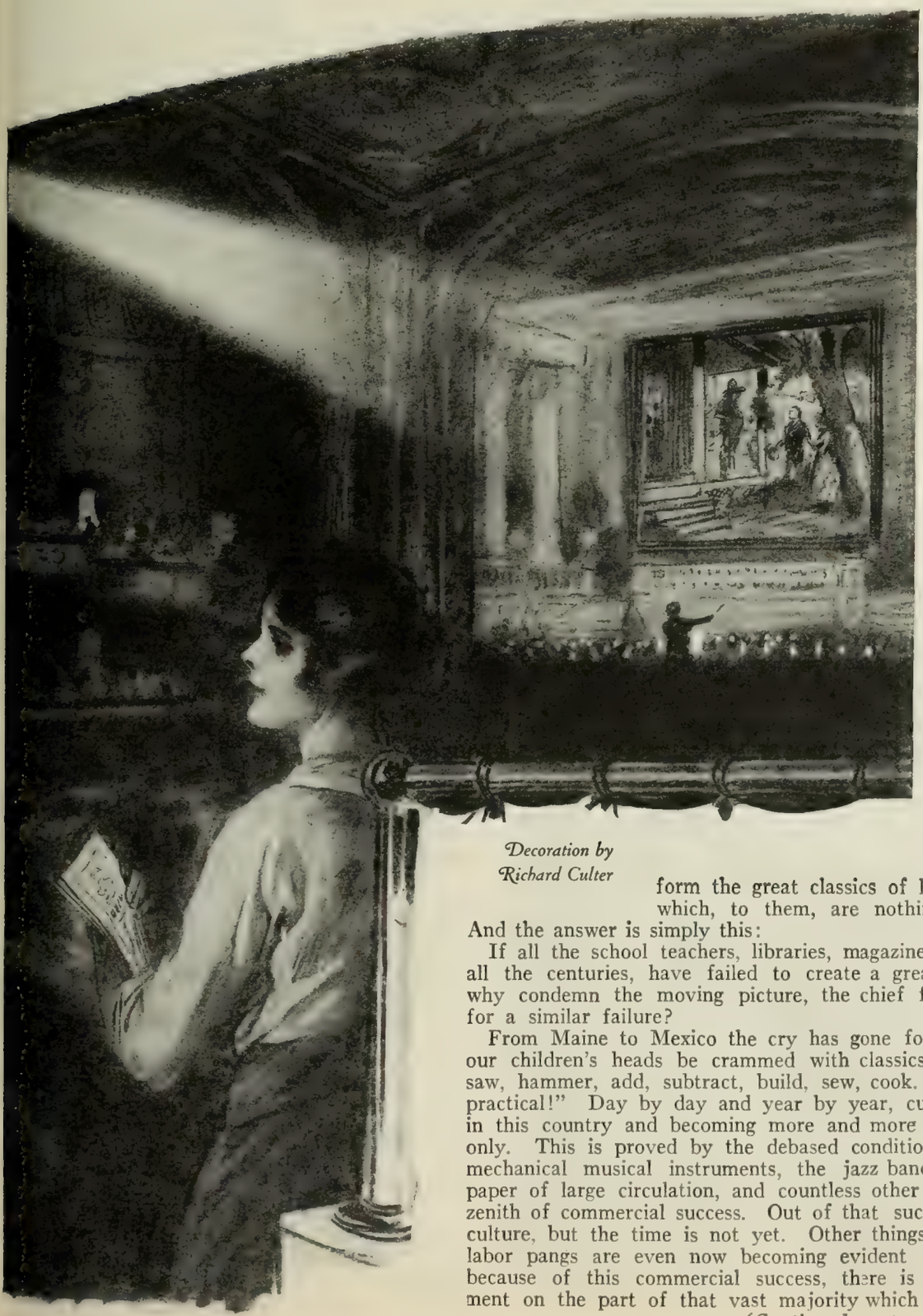
By
RANDOLPH
BARTLETT

between editions—the author can correct and revise, add to and take away from his work. When the picture is finished, it is finished for good or ill. The director assembling his scenes may discover that a certain incident added to the story, would make consistent that which appears inconsistent. It is too late. His players are gone, his sets torn down and rebuilt into other sets,—what is writ is writ.

These things are regrettable. Sometimes they are annoying. But they are nothing more nor less than the typographical errors of the business. A Southern editor wanted to compliment a certain Kentucky Colonel, and wrote of him as a "battle-scarred veteran." The typesetter made it read "battle-scared veteran." The Colonel called, armed and ferocious and the editor promised to make amends. This is how it looked when it found its way into type: "We referred to Colonel Bang as a 'battle-scared veteran.' Of course, all who know the Colonel will understand we could only have meant 'bottle-scarred' veteran." The editor now sleeps with his toes to the daisies. There are seventeen million ways that similar errors can creep into moving pictures, and the wonder is not that there are so many, but that there are so few. They are decreasing constantly, and to find such an array as one encounters from time to time in articles in the cheaper magazines, it is necessary to have a remarkable memory, or patronize only the lowest grade of pictures.

So much for these profound superficialities, errors in construction, flat tones—these bent pokers of the movies.

Come we now to the graver, more solemn condemnation—that the material used in the moving picture scenarios does not represent the world's best literature. You will not find this attack upon moving picture matter in the same publications that delight in ridiculing their manner. For such a magazine to engage in criticism along these lines would be only to draw attention to the fact that its own gruel is very thinly diluted. It is in the higher altitudes of journalism we must search for the criticisms of the material used in the making of pictures. Here we meet a class of critics who, if quite as blind as the others, are much more cultured and altruistic. They complain that the moving picture, which would be a wonderful means of placing before the public in new form the great classics of literature, interests itself in stories which, to them, are nothing other than crude and vulgar. And the answer is simply this:



Decoration by Richard Culter

If all the school teachers, libraries, magazines, and other educative media, in all the centuries, have failed to create a great public demand for the classics, why condemn the moving picture, the chief function of which is to entertain, for a similar failure?

From Maine to Mexico the cry has gone forth in recent years, "Why should our children's heads be crammed with classics in the schools? Teach them to saw, hammer, add, subtract, build, sew, cook. To Gehenna with culture; be practical!" Day by day and year by year, culture is being forced to the wall in this country and becoming more and more a subject for individual research only. This is proved by the debased condition of the drama, the prevalence of mechanical musical instruments, the jazz band, the contents of the average daily paper of large circulation, and countless other manifestations. America is at the zenith of commercial success. Out of that success will come eventually a new culture, but the time is not yet. Other things have first to be born, and the labor pangs are even now becoming evident in the body politic. Meanwhile, because of this commercial success, there is a growing demand for entertainment on the part of that vast majority which is now only beginning to discover

(Continued on page 120)

Who Has a Kangaroo?

It's been four years since Enid Bennett has tasted Antipodean beefsteak.

By
GENE COPELAND

"YOU should see the letters I get from there!" said Enid Bennett.

We were talking about Australia.

She had suggested tea, thoughtfully and enticingly with the added information that in her native Australia it is the custom with a guest to knock at his door before breakfast and offer him tea. Thus the day is started and about six or seven times during its course you are asked to imbibe.

The tea-drinking custom, and that of eating kangaroo beefsteak, are her childhood memories of her own land. She still likes tea but she says kangaroo is so hard to find in America that she hasn't had any since arriving about four years ago.

She has retained much in her manner that tells of her birth in Australia.

Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo, her husband.

In Australia she began her stage career against great odds. Her father was a pioneer founder of schools and the family lived in about the smallest town in Western Australia. It was accessible only by stagecoach. But one day a show came to town, stimulated Enid's dramatic ambitions, and she left home determined to become a success. She played all kinds of parts until she was cast as *Modesty* in "Everywoman."

"When I wanted to come to America," she said, "Mr. Niblo, who had been starring in the plays in which I had ingenue roles, gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Frohman and I came alone. There were some uncertain and discouraging days as is inevitable in anything. But I finally was engaged for 'Cock o' the Walk' with Otis Skinner. Thomas Ince asked me to have a test taken before the camera. I came to the coast to make a couple of pictures, and here I am. I think I stayed because I could have a home of my own and could send for my mother and sisters who make their home with me now."

"How about the husband?"

"Oh," she laughed, "I didn't have a husband until eighteen months ago. When Mr. Niblo came out from New York to direct pictures we met again for the first time since I had left Australia." Now the Niblos are an Ince director-and-star combination.

Superstitions In the Movies

Picture people don't mind admitting they're superstitious—so long as you call it by another name.

By HENRY E. DOUGHERTY

Illustrations by Gale

CR-R-ASH! Boom! Boom!

Like the crack of doom a prop unloosened itself and smashed into a jar of goldfish—and the big set was aquiver with excitement.

Famous motion picture artists, obscure extra girls, musicians, carpenters, directors, the black cat mascot—everything and everybody about the premises seemed to flutter and buzz alternately with questions and answers and explanations.

Then along came a flaxen-haired girl—a young lady whose name has never appeared in type in letters larger than the well known agate variety—and announced right out boldly that she walked beneath a ladder as she came across the lot. The mystery of the falling prop was dispelled immediately.

All the old-timers called a round table conference. About all the superstitions of the movies were sifted through the sieve of various experiences. Whether a production should be started on Friday, or whether one should whistle while standing in a dressing room, or whether one should leave a house or room or set by the same door that gave entrance thereto—these, and many other mooted questions received careful attention.

Having been present at this highly diverting discussion—and having seen the jar of goldfish almost completely obliterated—we received a sudden inspiration.

What are the superstitions of our favorite stars?

Are they afraid of black cats, do they run from their own shadows—or have they superstitions at all?

Cecil B. deMille, creator of many artistic picture plays and chief directing genius on the Lasky lot, looked up quickly, adjusted his cigar, pushed a huge pencil over his right ear and looked at me intently when I asked him if he is superstitious.

Douglas Fairbanks has no love for a rabbit that hops along in front of his auto and crosses the highway at his left.

"I am not superstitious," he declared. "But—" And then he told us an interesting story.

"See this silver dollar?" He exhibited a coin that he had just pulled out of his pocket.

"No, that may not be the one," he added, examining the piece of silver critically. "There are two. Here they are. I carry them with me every day—I am always careful about that.

"Seventeen years ago a friend gave me a silver dollar. 'It will bring you luck,' he told me. I carried it continually, but somehow or another it became mixed with another dollar. You see they are exactly alike—both made in the year 1900 in New Orleans and both worn so that you cannot detect the difference. Naturally, I have to carry both of them now.

"The two dollars were linked with a black opal. Just before I came to Southern California to do picture work here I experienced three terrific failures on Broadway. All three were plays by great authors and I was positive they would be successes, but all three failed.

"When I came west to take up the new venture, I put that black opal away. I have never worn it since. I thought I would also put the dollar away, but remembering the words of my friend. I kept it. I feel that I have been fortunate ever since.

"But I want you to understand that I am not superstitious."

The opal and the two silver dollars may have had nothing to do with it, but success has ever crowned the efforts of Mr. deMille since he entered the motion picture game.

Mary Pickford was a gracious, courteous young lady when we broached the subject to her. She was slightly curious, however. She does not exactly know whether she is superstitious, but she will not do anything that any member of her company will not do, if superstition is the reason.

On this very day Miss Pickford was rehearsing with a feather duster in her hand. She was waving the relic with true Pickford enthusiasm — and somebody—I think it was Paul Powell, her director, said:

"Don't wave the umbrella like that. Shake it!"

So we learned it was an "umbrella" and not a feather duster.

Well, we made inquiry. This is how Miss Pickford replied:

"Some people think it is bad luck to use an umbrella while rehearsing. That's why I am using this feather duster instead."

Now Miss Pickford absolutely refuses to leave her home by the side door if she has previously entered by the front door. She declares it is not superstition on her part, but somebody in her company might hear of the matter, and that would queer production for the day or the week.

She will not allow anyone to whistle in her dressing room. If this calamity does swoop down upon her, the person nearest the door must go outside, turn around three times and then re-enter the room. It is an absolute law.

To whistle in the dressing room means that the star in ques-

Charles Chaplin says he has a horror of the smell of a cigarette or gasoline in the forenoon.

tion is soon to leave the company. Just before Miss Pickford left the Famous Players-Lasky organization to make a series of pictures for First National someone whistled while in her dressing room, she declares.

This was all very interesting. We found that Miss Pickford's sense of humor is marvelous, and while she does not believe in every fad and foible, superstition and suspicion about the studios, she respects those who do because of the psychology of the thing. She does not wish to bring chaos or confusion into her organization. Therefore, she does not take issue with those who do believe.

And then it came to pass that we called upon Charlie Chaplin. Did the famous comedian believe in ghosts? Was there something in this world, seen or unseen, that he feared? Well, we would see.

"I do not believe in superstition," was his rejoinder, also. "But I have no use for that bird they call 'jinx.'"

He grinned amiably through his white teeth and adjusted a trick cap he was wearing. It was a trick cap because he had been out horseback riding. Chaplin has a favorite horse, and when he is not motoring or making comedies he goes for a canter.

"I have a horror of the smell of a cigarette or gasoline in the forenoon," he said. "Whether that is a superstition or an aversion, matters little.

"I will not attempt to explain it. But if I start to the studio and get a whiff of cigarette smoke, or the pungent odor escaping from my motor or someone else's motor rises up and invades my nostrils, I turn right around and beat it. It reminds me too much of the night before, so to speak. Anyhow, it's my 'jinx.'

"You see, if someone should puff cigarette smoke in my face about 9 o'clock in the morning I am liable to fall in the ocean before sundown. If I get gasoline on my hands or my clothes before high noon comes along, then I do not make comedies in the afternoon. The episode might spoil my entire picture. Not that it would be saturated with gasoline—but the comedy would be worse that that—it would be tragedy.

"Oh, no, I am not superstitious—but I am careful!"

Alla Nazimova will not wear jewelry and she will not touch a violin. All because of a dream that later became a superstition.

"It was during my early youth," she said. "My father insisted on my studying the violin. One night I dreamed a weird dream. A violin figured in it. Every time I would reach for the musical instrument a hand would come out of the shadows and snatch it away. When I awoke I had the conviction that if I ever played the violin again—or even touched one with my hands—something terrible would happen to me. I abandoned a musical career and went on the stage. Now I am having the time of my life playing in pictures."

When I called on Douglas Fairbanks he was making a quick circle just outside his dressing room, having adopted a weird step that reminded one of a young Indian about to hit the warpath.

"I have just been whistling," he said. "I whistled in there. That's my dressing room. You see this path—see this circle—see those footsteps. There's where I leave much expensive shoe leather every day. I just can't keep from whistling and when I forget myself and start a joyfest in there"—(again pointing to the room)—"then I come out here and execute a few circles—say about three or thereabouts."

So we got a firsthand glimpse of the athletic comedian in one of his superstitious moods. Speaking further Mr. Fairbanks said:

"I have no love for a rabbit that hops up along the roadside and crosses the highway to my left. I immediately turn around and either call off the trip for the day or take another road. The rabbit may know what it is doing, but I would rather see it turn to the right."

Houdini—magician, handcuff king and man of mystery—admits that he is the most superstitious man in motion pictures—and out. Everything, to him, is a sign of good luck or bad luck.

"I would not think of carrying a lock of hair," he said. "To me that is the surest sign of the hardest of hard luck. Once I bought a collection. In it was a letter written by the Duke of Wellington to an artist who had painted his portrait. In the letter was a lock of the Duke's hair. All the time I had it hard luck pursued me.

"Finally I tossed the thing into the fire. The very next day bad luck and Houdini parted company.

"I once had a lock of Edwin Booth's hair that I bought in another collection. Hard luck seemed to creep upon me again. I gave that away—and once more hard luck left me.

"The numeral '13' does not bring bad luck. It is merely the sign that bad luck is coming.

"Now I'll tell you my good luck sign. If I forget something when I leave home in the morning and have to go back for it, I am sure to have wonderful success during the day. I try to forget something every morning. I must admit that this is reversing an old superstition — but that's the way it plays with me—and I am thoroughly in favor of the new version of the adage."

J. Warren Kerrigan has a horror for the numeral 7. It always brings him bad luck, he says.

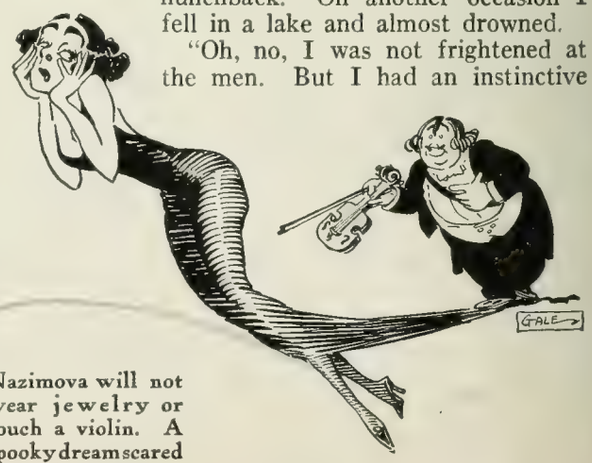
And then there is Tommy Meighan's peculiar superstition. He, strangely enough, has a powerful aversion to accepting checks in a poker game.

His pal, Major "Bob" Warwick, has a peculiar dread of walking in front of speeding autos.

It is a combination of superstition and dread that worries Mary Miles Minter, one of our most youthful stars. She will turn her face when she sees a hunchback coming.

"It's an ill omen to me," she said. "I once lost a pocketbook after looking at a hunchback. On another occasion I fell in a lake and almost drowned.

"Oh, no, I was not frightened at the men. But I had an instinctive



Nazimova will not wear jewelry or touch a violin. A spooky dream scared her off the instrument, she declares.

The Discrepancy Hound

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

I'M the bird
That beaks the flaw in the scene.
I'm the house-detective
In the Caravansery of Art.
The old farm-collie
Planted close over his favorite woodchuck hole
Has nothing on me.
The chicken-inspector up on the Avenue
And the cop on the dead-line forninst Broadway and Pine
Are pikers when *I'm* on the job.
For I put on my Pinkerton scowl
And sit there watching the screen,
Panting and ready to pounce
On the point, the fatal and facile point,
Where the Director-Guy slips up,
Waiting to give the derisive Minnehaha
When Eloise comes out of the alligator-tank
In perfectly dry pan-velvet;
And Elvira, begging for bread on the Bowery,
Sports a Tiffany watch on her wrist;
And the Duke, in going over the cliff,
Starts in tweeds,
But hits the Big Drink
In full evening dress . . . . .
I miss the glory and glamor and grip
Of the story, of course,
For a man digging cooties from under his vest
Isn't altogether enjoying the moonlight,
And the cat intent on getting the fish-bones
Out of the garbage-can
Can't study the stars.
But I'm an observant and omniscient gink,
And I guess I'm getting my fun, after all,
In showing the world
What a wise, wise guy
I really am!

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feeling that they were responsible for it all. Since then I have refused to take further chances.

"I am always afraid of the rain. Of course the coming of a shower will break up picture-making while on location, and there may be a tangible reason why I dislike rain. But I have a deeper feeling than that—a sort of dread, I might say. Sunshine means happiness in the life of birds, for rain drives them indoors—and consequently into prison. Sunshine also means happiness in the lives of human beings—and when it rains they also seek shelter.

"Therefore, when storm clouds appear on the horizon while my company is at work on location, I entertain an instinctive sense of impending evil, and always insist that we get to shelter before the rain falls upon us. I always fear that something may happen to some member of my company before the picture is finished if we remain and it rains upon us."

William S. Hart was oiling an antiquated pistol and his hands were covered with rust and grease when I approached him on the subject of superstition. He had purchased the thing at a curio shop in Los Angeles and was priming it for real action should that be necessary in a certain scene in the picture which he was filming at that time.

"I don't know that I have a superstition, but I have an affection for dumb animals that almost amounts to superstition," he said quietly, placing the pistol on the bench beside him and crossing his right leg over his left knee.

"Since childhood I have always been fond of horses. It gives me great pain to see a horse suffer unnecessarily.

"When I am a witness to a tragedy of this kind I never feel like continuing my day's work. I seem to brood. It's a sort of ill omen. I usually rid myself of the feeling by calling it a day—and then going for a dip in the ocean or a trip to the mountains."

We next encountered J. Warren Kerrigan. He had just returned from Coronado Beach where he had figured in a motorboat accident.

We had heard about his horror for the numeral "7" and we wished to learn about it firsthand.

"I think I was the seventh person to enter that motorboat that day," he said. "I have called off more than one trip because they insisted on putting me in Lower 7, or Upper 7, or because the numeral '7' appeared on my car.

"Somewhere during the week there is an unlucky day. I always have a hunch that it is the seventh day. If I start my week on Monday, then the following Sunday would undoubtedly be the seventh day. But if I start my week on Wednesday, or Saturday—well, it is a matter of mathematics, as there are seven days in the week."

Now there is Frank Keenan, dean of actors and one of our best known film celebrities, who does not want anyone to hang a hat on his doorknob.

Mr. Keenan insists that the hatrack is for that purpose in the first place, and that the doorknob is made for the stipulated purpose of opening and closing doors. Anyhow, to hang a hat thereon is to invite bad luck into the family, whether it is the family that gathers around the well known fireside, or whether it is the movie family.

So if you ever enter Mr. Keenan's office always remember that his doorknob has not yet consented to become a hatrack.

And in conclusion let us give this bit of advice:

Do not walk beneath a ladder.

Do not whistle while in a dressing room.

If you enter a room or set by one door be sure to leave the set or room by the same door.

Do not sit on your trunk until it is unpacked.

Do not hang your hat on the doorknob.

Do not carry locks of hair around in your best watch.

Do not insist that the star's next picture begin on the Thirteenth.

Weigh carefully the value of cigarette smoke or the odor of gasoline before proceeding with the day's work.

That's all.

Photoplay's "Beauty and Brains" Girl—Now!

Comedy claims Lucille Zintheo, the prize contest winner.

IN September, 1915, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated a unique contest—which has, by the way, been widely emulated since then. It was "The Beauty and Brains Contest," and the purpose was to select from the United States ten women, and from the Dominion of Canada one, who could combine the maximum of beauty and brains for the making of motion picture actresses and eventual stars. Such judges as Lillian Russell and William A. Brady were chosen to pass on the merits of the contestants.

Up to February, 1916, the letters and the photographs came pouring in. Eleven beautiful girls were finally selected, their expenses paid to New York, and their talents tried before the camera. Most of them photographed well; one jumped right into a leading part in a picture; another joined a Broadway musical comedy. Still others decided that an actress' career was not for them, after all. But among the pretty and plucky ones was a vivacious brunette from Spokane, Washington. Lucille Zintheo was her name, and she registered with a bang. She went to California, because it seemed to her that film success lay that way; and she played small parts for a while. Then comedy claimed her. Now she is the principal embellishment of the Larry Semon farces for Vitagraph. Below, she is seen leading a chicken-chorus in "The Head Waiter"—Larry Semon at, or on, the piano.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Five Years Ago. Five years ago is only yesterday in almost any line of inventive, scientific or artistic endeavor that you may name. Yet five years ago in the film business—that date is almost prehistoric! Only aviation has kept pace with the giant strides of the Living Shadow across the Whitewashed Wall.

Before us is a record of film events, just five years ago.

Famous Players was celebrating its first anniversary.

The first national advertising of motion pictures had just been made, and was regarded, generally, as a profligate adventure.

Adolph Zukor astounded the trade by showing them that his concern had made no less than thirty features in twelve months.

A serious discussion was under way as to whether five reels would not prove an unwieldly, expensive and impractical length for most photoplays.

Film contracts with a number of rather minor stage stars were announced—general opinion: a triumph for the movie men, a sacrifice of prestige and dignity for money, on the part of the footlight folks.

A man named Griffith, in California, was obscurely engaged upon a picturization of a Thomas Dixon novel, "The Clansman."

An outlaw concern, known as Keystone, was whaling away at brief comedies of which no one knew anything in particular except that the little films were good for a lot of laughs.

So much for five years. Also before us is a standard magazine of exactly ten years ago. One of its principal articles deals, in good humored tolerance, with one of New York's curiosities, a "Kineto theatre" down somewhere among the lower orders, where poor and not too discriminating people found actual entertainment in fifteen-minute versions of classical plays "which come in a tin box," and for which "really good actors" are "said to have posed incognito during the early morning hours in Central Park." These pioneer pictures, when shown, were "accompanied by tragic lectures." Nowadays, we should doubtless consider the pictures far more tragic than the verbal offering. "Whatever the entertainment," concludes the essay of this intruder upon the pitiful amusements of the poor, "no greater price than five cents is ever charged."

Nights With A Vampire. George, who is five years old, lives with his parents in Richmond, Va. The aforesaid parents are ardent picture devotees; George, so far, doen't see much in the travelling views. He had much rather remain at home, playing with his blocks or sleeping the sleep of the very juvenile. But competent nurses seem not to be had, so the boy is dragged to the photoplay many a time and oft, always against his will.

The other day a visitor, as ardent a fan as his mother, asked him as to his favorite star.

"I like Theda Bara best," responded George.

"Why?" His interrogator was somewhat astonished at this very early preference for purple problems.

"Because papa and mamma don't like her, and we stay home them nights!"

"The Great Broadway Success" After the success of his play "Three Faces East," was assured, Anthony Kelly observed one day in a facetious mood, that henceforth he proposed to write all his scenarios in the form of a play, and label the cover of the manuscript, "Produced successfully at the Steenth Street Theatre, New York." He said this line on any 'script would sell it immediately. At that time this was regarded merely as a bit of Irish wit.

Now, however, it is reported, plays are actually being produced with little hope of success on the stage, merely to create an artificial value in the scenario market. The immortal story of Cinderella, produced in one form and another perhaps a score of times in a year, will be rejected, no matter how clever the variation, if submitted to a producer as an "original." But let it get itself into the electrics on Times Square and the film companies will be bidding into the fifty thousands for it. A play that has had a run of a quarter of a century like "In Old Kentucky" is worth this fancy price, of course, because it is so widely advertised, but when a show opens Monday night and goes to the warehouse the following Saturday, it is difficult to see how its record makes it important picture material. And the label "The Great Broadway Success" is being so overworked that it fools nobody any more.

There are two reasons for this condition. First, too much scenario buying is done outside of the scenario departments. Producers pay men of talent large salaries to handle the scenario work, and then won't let them do it. It is hard to sell a literary goldbrick to a man in the writing business, and most of the fake play successes are wished on the scenario editors by those higher up. Which leads to the second reason—producers are success worshippers. It is a form of Manhattan myopia, the least indication of success dazzling the patient and befuddling his vision. He believes that one swallow makes a summer and that a Longacre premiere makes a success. It stands, to him, as a mark

of contact with the public and a measure of public approval. Until scenario chiefs are given free rein and producers learn what a small part of United States the city by the Hudson really is, this condition will be more and more aggravated instead of relieved.

A Good Location A certain producer is a great believer in advertising, and when he decides that a player has star talent the sky is the limit. He was impressing this upon a certain film luminary with whom he had just signed a long starring contract. "You're all right as far as your work is concerned," said the producer, "but you must remember that it is going to take a lot of exploitation to make you a big drawing card. I expect to spend three times as much in advertising you as I pay you in salary. You're only an empty lot—I'm going to put up a Woolworth Building on you." The new star considered a moment. "At least," he finally ventured, "you must admit that I am a good location."

Autocracy in Canada One would think Canada had paid a sufficient price to help slay one form of autocracy, that it would hate the thing in every form. Not so. The Province of Ontario has decided in favor of an autocratic censorship, and has abolished its board of appeal. The censors now have absolute power. The worst criminal unhung has the right to appeal from a verdict of guilty, but a picture which offends in any way the little group of self-righteous souls appointed to judge its merits, is executed summarily. The one thing which made Canadian censorship endurable, if any censorship can be said to be endurable, has been destroyed. This in a country which vaunts its "British sense of justice!"

And the excuse! Oh, exquisite gem of an excuse! It is that the board of appeal has been neglecting its duty, and overruling the board of censors. Here indeed is *lese majesté!* Yet, strange as it may seem, Canada does not wipe out its supreme court when it overrules the judgment of a lower bench. Why not? While we are about it, let's stand the pyramid upon its apex, make the part greater than the whole, turn bolshivik and run amuck.

A few such grim jests will do the trick. Give a lunatic enough rope and he will hang himself.

The Church and The Theatre The church is still experiencing considerable difficulty in adjusting itself to the moving picture. Speaking broadly, the church has entered its third stage of transition in its attitude toward the films. First it regarded the screen as a toy, then as a menace, but now as an opportunity. A few organizations have not yet emerged from the second stage, as, for example, when the entire body of ministers of the city of Mount Vernon, N. Y., waited upon the city council and demanded the repeal of an ordinance they had just passed, permitting the Sunday showing of pictures, although the voters had definitely decided in favor of Sunday opening in a recent election.

"The Coast" When people go west to make photoplays, what is their destination? California? Los Angeles? The Pacific Coast?

No. It is simply "The Coast."

In the days of Augustus Caesar the inhabitants of the world meant only one place when they said "the city." They meant Rome. "City" had acquired a grand simplicity that it had not held before and has not held since.

The fact that the Atlantic has a fairly well-known coast; that there was once a rather renowned coast of France and that there is said to be a coast of South America—and perhaps one or two coasts in the Orient—means nothing in picture language.

"The Coast" means only and always that part of the California slope beginning at Santa Barbara and ending at San Diego. It is the one, only and eternal. There is no other, and if they at some future time begin to make pictures largely upon the sea side of the Carolinas they will have to get a new name, for "Coast" has been permanently attached to and incorporated by the orange belt.

Pictorially there is that coast, and, in the language accredited by all mimics to Ethel Barrymore, there isn't any more.

A Splendid Courtesy The Metropolitan Museum of Art is trying its best to do away with the "Why Do They Do It?" page in PHOTOPLAY, at least so far as matters pertaining to historical accuracy are concerned. There is no excuse for any producer within motoring distance of the splendid institution on Fifth Avenue using a Rennaisance chair in a Medieval setting, or an Egyptian tomb in a Persian story. In a recent letter, Richard F. Bach, associate in industrial arts at the museum, says "There is so much here at the Museum that ought to be useful to the motion picture interests, that it is really too bad that they do not flock to the galleries to make use of the vast resources offered." Some producers have used the Museum to secure accuracy in detail—Fox for "Cleopatra," Artcraft for "The Avalanche," and others.

It is a splendid courtesy that this institution offers to the films—the home of all the ancient and honorable arts and crafts throwing wide its doors to its youngest child. It is time the child stopped playing in the dust, and entered the "lordlier mansion."

Drawn by Norman Anthony

Photoplays We Don't Care To See

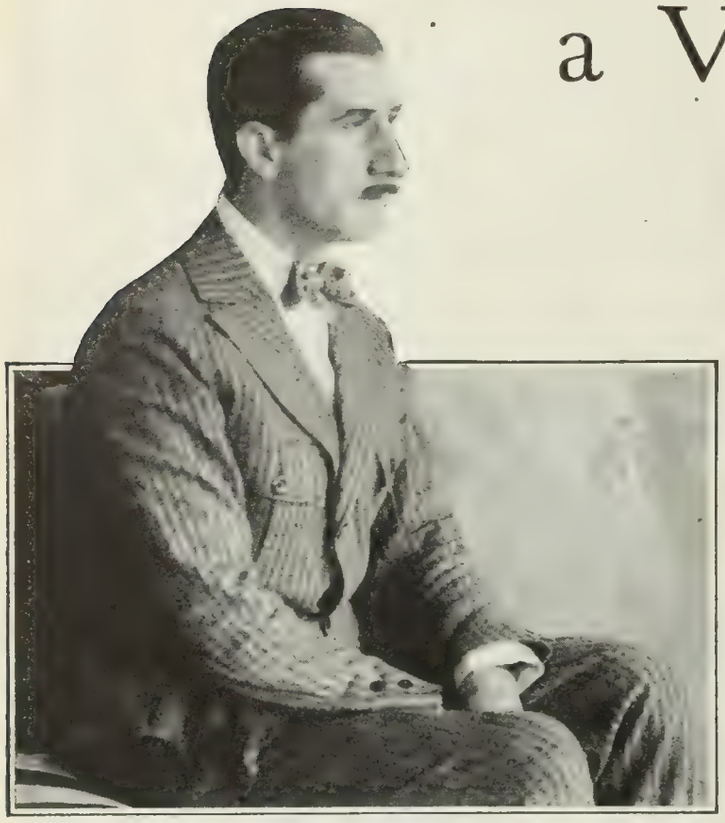
Mary Miles Minter as Lady MacBeth

Charlie Chaplin in Hamlet

Taking Advantage of a Villain

Charles Gerrard is interviewed for the first time

By
GENE COPELAND



A WELL known and good looking actor with but one letter from an admirer in his life! And that from a Japanese!

Surely there must be some mistake in this report. And yet that might be his very reason for having ducked demon interviewers all his life. No one knew why he was so preciously elusive unless some scrupulously secret ethical principle of his calling—an actor villain—compelled him to forego such an indulgence. With Mr. Frohman who was his first manager in America he may have believed that much mystery and glamour is added to an actor's personality if he is known only behind the "foots." Reticence may be a virtue; it is certainly rare enough in these days of illustrated magazines. At any rate the fact remained that no one had ever cornered him and gotten him to talk of himself. He either found legitimate excuses to break appointments or just boldly failed to appear.

So when PHOTOPLAY magazine detailed me to obtain an interview I didn't hail the prospect so gaily myself. I had my own ideas about villains even though I had never before encountered one. Somehow I had always had a predilection for the heroes of the moving pictures. Rather strange that I should have preferred heroes to villains I suppose. But it's just one of those things not to be explained by our mortal minds. I'll admit though that it's simply grand to be able to announce at the Friday Night Church Socials all the celebrated leading men and handsome stars I am to lunch with during the week. All the other girls envy me and it makes me so popular.

But it was with many qualms and much diffidence that I planned to meet Mr. Gerrard, Mr. Gerrard being the villain in this case. I trembled and perspired over the prospect. "What if he 'ducked' me as he had other interviewers" was the terrible thought that kept recurring to my mind. And *what* would I tell the girls to whom I had already announced my intention of seeing him? Of course the interview for the magazine was most incidental. But—to be humiliated—to have to tell the girls I didn't get to see him—*how* could I ever do that?

Mustering my youthful confidence I decided to be the fox in the quest for the wise owl and I called Mr. Gerrard on the phone several times and asked if I might call at the studio to see him that day. He always said, "Yes indeed, but why do you want to see me?"

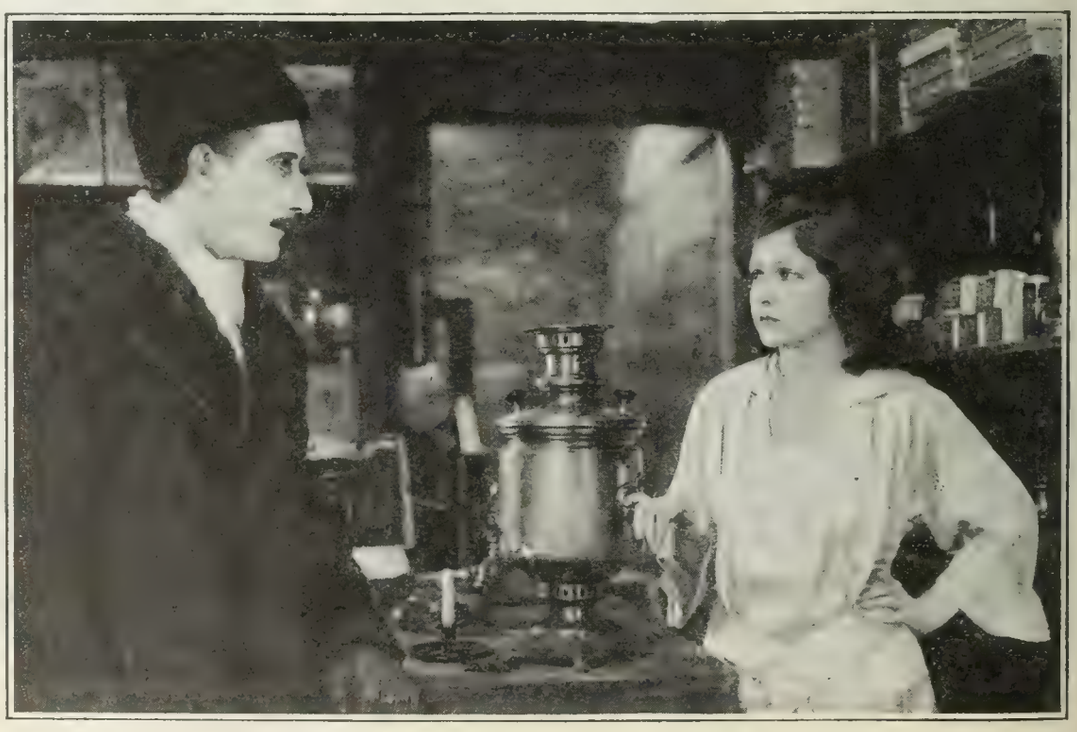
I replied simply "On a very personal matter." (That might mean a real estate agent, a pawn broker or a bill collector in Hollywood). I did this several times without carrying out the suggestion that day. You know that was really a very clever idea of mine: to make an indefinite appointment and never keep it. I wonder if anyone ever thought of it before.

Leaving all thoughts behind however—when I casually sauntered in on the set where Mr. Gerrard was working with Dorothy Gish one day and he was introduced to me, we sat down in a couple of chairs (it is customary around the studios for men and women to take separate chairs) back of the camera and started to chat.

He was in a dress suit and wore it so well that you wondered if he would look as well in anything else. It was impossible to see him digging in a garden. He looked indeed like a real Drury Lane villain for his eyes had a way of appraising you with each glance.

"Do you prefer California to New York?" I asked by way of opening conversation.

"Oh yes indeed," said he, not lifting his eyes from the pig-



At the top of the page—Mr. Gerrard in "The Hun Within." Directly above—as he appeared with Norma Talmadge in "The New Moon."

skin covered book in his lap and speaking with a decided English accent.

I must have been very captivating.

First he made me feel uncomfortable by piercing glances, then he ignored me totally. Thinking I knew something of literature I essayed to discuss modern Irish writers.

Then it was I discovered he was Irish and a real student as well. For even though I knew of Synge, Lady Gregory, William Butler Yeates and Lord Dunsany he was able to roll off glibly a dozen names that I had never heard of.

I was somewhat nonplussed and sat quietly gazing at the grinding camera. Suddenly he looked at me and said really seriously though I am not so sure he was trying to be facetious—"I say, Miss, have you ever worked in pictures?"

And without waiting for me to reply he got up and called the director, Mr. Clifton, and cameraman, Mr. Hill, over and most graciously introduced them to me. That put me in a nice comfortable situation. I wanted to talk to them yet I must not forget my mission in being there.

Mr. Gerrard said to me real encouraging "Perhaps they'll have time to interview you in a few minutes."

"Ha, ha" laughed Mr. Hill and Clifton, "she's here to interview you!"

The villain looked dumfounded and said pathetically, "What have I ever done to be interviewed?"

"The inevitable accounting for having been a villain all your life" I ventured. "A man who has played in pictures with such titles as 'The Conspiracy'.'The Country God Forgot' and 'The Hun Within' sounds as if he needed spiritual rejuvenation," I said jestingly.

"Ah, but you didn't know that I played 'In a Full House' as my first picture part," he replied snappily.

And then I was sure he was Irish.

"Does it pay to be a villain, Mr. Gerrard?" I asked with philosophic intonation.

"I understand it pays more to be a hero, remuneratively speaking" he laughed. "But because I look the part I've always been cast for crook-gentleman crook parts. I am an actor because I love it. I was educated in Dublin University and read good literature as a result of directed tastes no doubt although I really do prefer it. I despise affectedness and sincerely want to do my work well and pleasingly.

"I hate interviews for the reason that the tawdry, over-romantic, over-sentimental characterizations or equally obnoxious "ham," longhaired, funny page, Rialto type that is usually depicted makes for mystery perhaps but does not in my opinion create a genuine appreciation of the hard working, good citizen type of actor. I work hard and love it. I don't know what more to say because I'm too surprised," he ended abruptly.

Fairly delighted with having obtained what I considered the pith and marrow for an interview I started to leave.

"Oh, by the way," he cried. "Here's another thing. In the only fan letter I ever got in my life from a Japanese girl she wanted to know if I were married. I am not married because I bore women."

Whether the remark was candid or a subtle insinuation I will let you conclude. At any rate I went on my way rejoicing that I had taken advantage of a screen villain and discovered an actor who had qualities that would make him an excellent Beau Brummel or Baron de Chevreul (of "A Parisian Romance") but withal was more concerned with his Art than with the publication of meticulous details of his career (as many in the profession are) and that he was an interesting man with the fine human YOU-and-I quality.

Joe Martin.

Monkey Business

Filmdom's latest blushing bride is a regular little chatterbox.

By

MRS. JOE MARTIN (nee Topsy Tree)

Translated from the Simianese by H. C. Bate

Mrs. Joe Martin.

I CAN'T say that I ever heard of a bride giving out an interview panning her husband so soon after their marriage, but then, I am no ordinary bride, and the events which have transpired since Joe Martin led me, blushing, from the Universal City justice's office, excuse anything I might say.

I speak without prejudice. The fact that I was married to this Joe Martin party didn't necessarily change my opinion of him any—for the better. It was a marriage of convenience—if you get what I mean—convenience of the Publicity Department.

Ours was no plebeian courtship. For the benefit of posterity, we decided, after being approached on the subject by members of the publicity staff, to let them screen our heartthrobs. I must say, however, that this had its disadvantages. Take a tip from me, girls, and don't let a camera man come near your cage while you're being courted.

I remember with dismay the time Joe popped the question. I knew it was coming and had taken a firm grip with my toes on the branch upon which we were swaying. I was going to close my eyes and fall lovingly towards him. It is well I had taken precautions. Just as I swayed, there came the ominous "click" of the moving picture camera from beneath the tree.

Although Joe and I are old-timers before the camera—perhaps we were a little nervous at the time. Anyway, I didn't fall into Joe's arms as I expected. There were no arms to fall into. When I opened my eyes and caught my balance, I saw Joe speeding across the fields toward Universal City and gaining on the camera man every second.

The camera man escaped into a building. Joe came back very much put out. He was so upset that he forgot what we had been talking about. I had to remind him.

There were still other times when I was sorry the camera played such an important part in our love-making. The little affair with Jocko, another Universal monk, for instance. Joe had been surly for several days. He had sent me only two shrivelled bananas. It was only by accident that I happened to stroll by Jocko's quarters. He looked so lonesome that I stopped to cheer him up.

One can't be haughty with old friends, though, and I am sure I did my best to cheer up the poor boy. At any rate, when I chanced to look around and saw that awful camera man cranking away within a few feet of me, I paled and fled. Of course, the incident reached Joe's ears. It has been the subject of many a tedious conversation between us.

I shall never forget my wedding day. It was the turning point in my life. Before, I was a carefree girl, enjoying all the light-hearted pleasures of a popular West Coast debutante. Now, alas, I know all the sorrows of disappointed love.

But, to return to the wedding. My wedding gown was a dream in white satin. The bridal wreath of orange blossoms was delicious. In fact, before the ceremony was completed, I had eaten them all.

Joe was equally diked out. At the time, I thought no one could look grander. Now, I suspect that he had "borrowed" the dress suit of some undersized waiter. Either that, or his tailor was a mail-order out-fitter. The best thing about Joe was his high hat, which he held after the mode popular among pall bearers to the ultra-fashionable.

The ceremony took place in an alcove erected for the purpose at Universal City. I was given away by Mr. Fred Fishback, who directs the pictures in which I play. Freddie wept as the knot was being tied. I expected every minute, however, to hear him shout "Cut! Retake!" Those are his pet phrases.

Judge Bobby Mack, who performed the ceremony, was a dear. I could love that man. I smiled kindly at him as he pronounced the words that made me man and wife, I mean Joe Martin's wife. I believe Joe saw this and was jealous. Something must have aroused him. The end of our wedding party was rather exciting.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Judge Mack leaned over to salute me on the cheek as was his privilege. Under the circumstances, I could not object. In fact, I was rather pleased at the idea.

Not so, Joe. In an instant he was roaring with rage. Only the persuasion of Mr. Fishback and others present kept my husband from taking the law into his own hands.

Our honeymoon waned only too soon. The early days in our little Universal City bungalow were indeed happy.

Soon, however, my better half, if you can call that brute from Borneo by such a figure of speech, began to get moody. I always will suspect he was jealous of me. For a long time, you see, many critics rated him as the greatest comedian at Universal City. Far be it from me to make any false claims, but my comedies are funnier than a barrel of monkeys.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—It is with the best of intentions that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents this marital argument. It is only just to Joe Martin to say that for all we know he *may* make the best of husbands. But to be really fair we have got to present both sides of the question; and here is Mrs. Joe's. The Martin-Tree wedding was one of the mid-winter events of the California zoological colony.

Above — The wedding occurred in mid-winter, at Universal City, California. Below — Mrs. Joe Martin, one of our leading dramatic actresses, here shown with Edith Roberts in "The Baby Doll Bandit."

The real break, however, came over the tobacco question. Like all poseurs, Joe is addicted to violet scented cigarettes. I ask you, what can you do with a husband like that? It wouldn't have been so bad, if he had not had the nerve to complain of my pipe—my favorite cob. He would make funny faces—a thing he does with great ease—when I puffed contentedly at my favorite tobacco—Mule Hoof Brand—a tobacco popular among sailors, and which I learned to enjoy on my way to America.

One day, in my absence, he tried some of this tobacco. When I returned I found him almost overcome. Fleeing from my ridicule, he crawled from the house. I have not seen him since. I understand he has gone to the country to recuperate. As he left Universal City, however, he gave out the statement to the press intending to undermine my standing as a moving picture actress of note.

Don't think that I am grieving. I have my career. After all, I found that I could not live with Joe. Why? To tell you the truth—he isn't human. At times, he's even brutal. Well, "Et tu Brute," as the doughboys say.

Don't you love French? You know, I am one of the few screen actresses who don't claim to have been born in Paris, or somewhere. I come by my French quite naturally, though. You might say I was convent-bred. I was raised just outside of a convent in Madagascar.

In fact, when I was induced to come to America to accept a screen contract, the only English I knew was "Fade me, white boy!" "Shoot two bits!" "Read 'em and weep!" and similar phrases I picked up from the little Madagascar darkies near my home. These phrases, I understand, have to do with Osteopathy, or the scientific manipulation of the bones.

Many people have asked me why it is I generally impersonate men, rather than women, in my pictures. I will tell you, if you keep it strictly confidential. Entre nous, as it were.

I was first attracted by the ease with which men make monkeys of themselves. Being of an imitative nature, I tried the reverse of this and found it exceptionally simple. In my latest releases I have proved how nearly human I can act.

Well, if they will set me in a ring with this Joe Martin party, I'll soon prove who's the master mind.

THE best way to elevate the screen would be to hang a few of the sex-play producers.

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The Prince and the Pictures

If the cameramen could have their wish, all temperamental film stars would make Edward of Wales their good-natured model of camera conduct

By BETTY SHANNON

IT is too bad that the Prince of Wales can't find the time off from his duties of learning how to be a king to become a motion picture actor.

Have you ever seen nicer screen features?

Can you think of any juvenile that could get away with that slim, aristocratic stuff the way he could?

And that smile! You know as well as I do that if that smile were given a chance at matinees alone it would go a long way towards clearing up the British war debt—even without the Plantagenet name behind it!

It's especially sad that prince-ing is such strict and occupying business when you consider how well Edward has gotten on in the movies. All fall and early winter he was the most photographed young man in America. Every news reel teemed with pictures of him. It wouldn't have taken any sort of an advertising campaign to have put him across big in drama. And then, when, according to Tracy Mathewson, the photographer who took most of the pictures, he was getting "camera broke," he had to go back home to get ready to leave on a visit to India and some others of those overwhelming colonies he will have to rule some day.

The Prince of Wales is very fond of motion pictures. He knows most of the American stars. And as for the internal economy of a camera—Mr. Mathewson says that the Prince knows more about lenses and apertures and shutter speeds than most of the cameramen who earn their livings by turning a crank!

Mr. Mathewson is greatly prejudiced in favor of the Prince, which speaks well for His Royal Highness. If a man has a mean disposition he would have a hard time hiding it from a photographer who takes his picture every few minutes for three months.

Tracy Mathewson (or "Fatty," as His Royal Highness called him) was the official motion picture photographer of the Prince of Wales' Canadian tour. In other words, he was paid for traveling on a trick train equipped with shower baths, telephones, free cigarettes, free lunches, free stationery, free valets and a free tailor with nothing to do but grind off a few feet of a Prince or Duke or Lord or Admiral or so every now and then.

He and his assistant, George Doran, were the only motion picture cameramen on the royal train—though there were two "still" photographers, one of them being Brooks, the royal photographer. Any others who wanted to follow the Prince about from city to city had to make their own traveling arrangements.

Which is our idea of a pretty nice job, as it was Mr. Mathewson's. Though we have his word for it that it was not a soft one.

Mr. Mathewson found the Prince a very willing and helpful motion picture subject. Whenever His Royal Highness saw the camera of his official screen recorder turned on him at a public function, he tried to help by stepping into better light, or by speaking more slowly, or moving more deliberately. He was very decent about posing. And he had a way of letting one know that he knew one was there which was very gratifying. For instance, in one Canadian city where Edward was to make a public inspection of his guard of honor, Mathewson set his camera under the edge of the grandstand, thinking to get some unusual shots and to be out of everybody's way. In the middle of his focusing he heard an approving, "Attaboy," and looked up to find the Prince calling to him in a low voice behind his palm, so that none of the dignitaries entertaining him would hear.

On the other hand, it took an endless amount of scrambling about to be Johnny-on-the-spot where the best pictures were to be found.

Tracy Mathewson, at the camera-crank, was the official motion picture photographer of the Prince of Wales' Canadian tour, and as such was conceded the distinction of riding on a handcar. This picture was taken while Mathewson was grinding in the face of the engine drawing the royal train. George Doran is the assistant cameraman, holding the legs of the tripod.

The Prince told Commander Dudley North, one of his staff, that he had never seen any one who amused him as much as Mr. Mathewson.

"He has more energy than I have ever seen before," he said. And the sight of Mathewson's plump figure with his 80-pound camera, scurrying off on a hand car to get ahead of the royal train so that he could get a picture of it drawing into a station, hanging by an eyelash to a window-ledge, diving under a crowd, legging it down a platform, or hiding behind a hedge, always brought a grin to the Prince's face.

Prince Edward's party landed from the *Renown* at St. John's, New Brunswick, on August 15th. It was five days later, at Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, that the Prince first spoke to Tracy Mathewson. (Unless you're a Duke or something you don't speak to "royalty" until you're spoken to.)

"The royal party was being entertained at the races," says Mr. Mathewson, "and was seated in the judge's stand. I worked my way up to within about ten feet of the Prince, cursing my luck because I couldn't get near enough for a good old-fashioned American Close-up.

"As I began to grind away, the Prince spied me. He smiled and bowed, then summoned me.

"'You're an American, aren't you?' he said, shaking my hand and asking me my name. 'I thought so, because in England the cinematographers never make "close-ups."

"A few days later I learned that there are traditions about 'photographing royalty' in England as there are about nearly everything else. Brooks, the royal photographer, informed me that there are four things an English photographer would never do when photographing the Prince of Wales. Brooks is the son of the gardener at Windsor Castle and began making his first pictures of the royal children when they were youngsters together. He knows all about what is and what is not good form either for photographers or 'royalty.'

"The four rules are: (1) His Royal Highness should not be photographed 'close-up;' (2) His Royal Highness should not be photographed playing golf or indulging in other like informal sports; (3) His Royal Highness should not be photographed with ladies; and (4) His Royal Highness should not be photographed whenever he royally does not want to be.

"Since the Prince had considered my picture taking at the judge's stand at Charlottetown a 'close-up,' I had already broken rule one. But the consequences had been far more pleasant than otherwise, and I decided in the future to use my own judgment, as I had always done in the past."

When the Prince learned that Mr. Mathewson was to cross the continent with him, he asked if the pictures of the trip could be shown on the train.

Accordingly a motion picture projection machine was installed in the dining car. As often as Mr. Mathewson could get prints of his pictures back from New York, where the negative was sent for development, the Prince had a chance to look at those same pictures of himself which you were looking at in the theaters.

"Those parties in the dining car were very entertaining," says Mr. Mathewson. "Everyone on the train was invited. The Prince sat in an easy chair with his feet on another and 'kidded' the life out of the members of his staff when they appeared on the screen. He was especially entertained at a picture showing his private secretary, Sir Godfrey Thomas, in a high hat. The Prince himself hates to wear a high hat. He asked to have that film run each time we had a show.

"Occasionally complete American news reels were sent. The Prince enjoyed keenly the picturization of current events, and expressed considerable appreciation of a picture of California dancing girls which was shown in one reel.

"One time there was a subject showing his younger brother presenting a cup to the men on a British man-o'-war. The Prince had a good laugh over this.

"'He's stealing my stuff,' he said. 'I always used to do that.' Edward is a fan for American slang.

"There were moments, too, when I felt like a small boy must feel who is caught throwing paper wads. Those troublesome 'photographing royalty' rules would get badly fractured at times.

"There was a fishing picture which gave me some embarrassment.

"They refused to let me go along on a trout fishing trip into the mountains, because the Prince was resting and did not want to be bothered by cameramen. However, I did get a good shot of him as he started out. It occurred to me after he had gone that Doran, my assistant, was of about the same build as His Royal Highness. We managed to scrape up an

(Continued on page 118)

Clothes and Good Taste

By
ELSIE FERGUSON

"It is not what you wear so much as how you wear it."

Campbell Studios

THERE is no doubt in my mind that the average woman is more interested in the fashions displayed in motion picture productions than in the plots! This is not always the fault of the plots, but often times to the credit of the fashions. For an enormous variety of clothes are exhibited in a first-class picture. Expense is not considered at all, so that every detail is perfected, and as a rule the models worn are advanced creations from Paris, or from the best modistes of America.

Before the war, it would have been presumptuous for any American fashion authority to attempt to foretell the modes, without having first consulted the creator of all modes: Paris. At that time the French creations were the first and last word in smart attire, and no American designer would have denied the superior judgment of the Parisienne *artistes*. With the advent of the war, however, and the curtailed transportation facilities, many Manhattan designers were forced to create special models of their own, which soon became as popular, in their original appeal and far greater suitability to American woman, as the modified Paris fashions.

Stimulated by the success of their efforts in this direction, the New York designers have been encouraged to create a greater variety of models, until today a number of smart establishments offer exhibitions of their original designs, following the practise of the great French houses. It is a significant feature in the development of American styles, and I for one am heartily glad to note this progress. It does not at all presage a lack of interest in French fashions as one might hastily assume, but rather signifies the perfect combination of American and French ideas.

There has been a tendency in the past few years to wear garments from other countries, without modifying or altering them to suit American ideas. The vogue for Spanish shawls, for instance, or the Mandarin coats for evening wraps, has flourished in recent years. The *senorita* wears her shawl with a certain grace which cannot of course be emulated, and without which the shawl is lifeless and unattractive. The Chinaman glides along in his Mandarin coat, giving it an air of Oriental dignity which would be ridiculous for an Occidental woman even to attempt to imitate.

On the other hand, many far-eastern ideas may be cleverly adapted for American fashions. The lovely beadwork, embroideries, and fascinating color schemes that have found their way to us from the Orient, have not failed in their purpose to give beauty to our garments. The long fringe which has been so popular during the past season was surely borrowed from the Spanish shawl, and served its purpose in grace and allurement when combined with an American frock or wrap.

Stage clothes, like foreign garments, should be modified slightly, to make them suitable for private wear. It very often follows that costumes used on the stage and in motion pictures do not look at all extreme because they harmonize so perfectly with the settings. As a rule a clever actress carries her clothes with a nonchalance which is too subtle for the average person to observe, but if the garments were copied exactly, and worn without that poise, would lose their charm.

White

Stage clothes, like foreign garments, should be modified slightly in order to make them suitable for private wear. A clever actress can carry her clothes with a nonchalance which often proves half the charm of the garment.

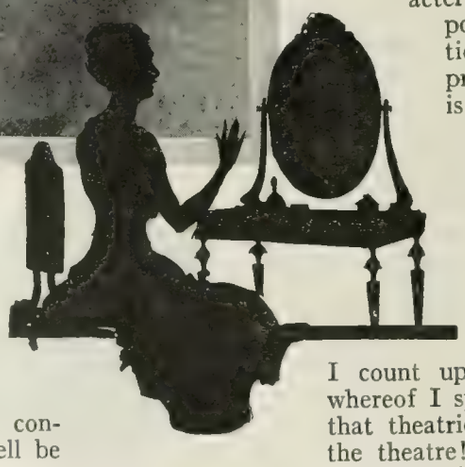
It is not only the selection of lines, colors, and modes which make an attractive *ensemble*. Few women seem to realize the necessity of various carriages for various garments. Someone once said that it is not what you say, but the way you say it, which conveys the subtlety of thought, and this truism might well be applied to fashions: it is not what you wear, but the way you wear it, which best sets off your sartorial personality. Clothes, like humans, possess personalities, and because they are inanimate things in a literal sense, they demand the wearer to assume corresponding carriages and moods to display them.

It very often happens that a hat which is becoming one day is not so attractive another day. This is not the fault of the hat nor the judgment in selection, it is simply the fault of the wearer's mood. Disappointment often follows after a garment or hat has been sent home, because one feels that it does not look as attractive as it did in the shop. Without a doubt, the garment or hat which was becoming when one purchased it, is just as attractive, but the purchaser is not as spontaneous after a tedious day of shopping. One should not attempt to try on new purchases until one is rested and in the mood to wear it to best advantage.

The smart French women are artistes in this respect. They wear their clothes with an unconscious air which permits them to don extreme modes without appearing conspicuous. Nevertheless, their air of unconsciousness is born of long hours of study before a mirror, so that when they finally appear in public, their poise and gestures harmonize so perfectly with their clothes that the effect is as soothing as a rythmic poem.

Few women have real clothes-sense. It may be cultivated, perhaps, but a correct taste must be born in one, I think. One sees so many ridiculous sights on Fifth Avenue, which is supposed to be the fashion-promenade of America. One of the late prevalent and incongruous spectacles was that of the tightly-skirted woman who tried to stride along in it with an athletic swing in her gait. The tight skirt was not, by any means, the correct mode for an athletic woman. Another amusing type is the woman who is always a minute ahead in every new mode that is introduced, whether it becomes her or not. If women would only be *true* to type!

No amount of money can produce a smartly-dressed woman if she lacks that essential sense-of-the-fitness-of-things. The more I see of feminine nature, the more I study styles, the more I am convinced of it. A stately evening gown demands dignity and grace; one cannot strut about with an informal air as one might do when wearing a tweed sport suit —and yet I have seen it happen. When wearing a frock of loose lines and sinuous draperies, it is permissable to lounge at ease; but a costume which is created on dignified lines must be accompanied by the proper poise of the wearer, or the whole effect is spoiled. It is essential in every instance to express the character of one's clothes by one's own postures, and when this is artistically accomplished, half the problem of being smartly attired is solved.



Your common-sense should tell you not to pose. One may be gracefully and artistically attired, and live up to one's clothes in one's manner, without being theatrical about it. The average woman has a great deal of natural charm and I count upon her to exert it. I know whereof I speak, because there is no place that theatricalism shows up more than in the theatre! Audiences—screen audiences too—are demanding more and more that their favorites be quiet, natural, and convincing. An actress must live up to her audience's ideal—in clothes as well as in acting.

The average woman, perhaps, will say to me, "Yes—it is easy for you to talk to us about good taste in clothes. You must have them for your work. But what if one cannot afford a large wardrobe?" And I will answer, "It is not really necessary to have a large wardrobe to be well-dressed if one is careful about selection." The best thing a woman possesses in her wardrobe should control the general selection of other articles. If one is fortunate enough to own a beautiful set of furs, then it is well to choose a gown or suit which will

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ELSIE FERGUSON has been aptly called "the Aristocrat of the Screen." After several seasons in the films, she has announced her return to the stage in Arnold Bennett's "Sacred and Profane Love," but she will continue her picture work.

Abbe

THE baby of the Talmadge family, Natalie, wouldn't be a picture actress at all, if her sisters didn't insist. Obedient, this serious banged brunette wends her way to the studio every morning, to play with Norma or Constance.

Freulich

HARRY CAREY'S birthplace was New York but he is a real westerner if there ever was one. That quick draw he uses took a long time to learn.

IRVING CUMMINGS used to be perfectly uncensorable in films. Then someone decided he would make a good villain and he has had to be bad ever since.

Hartsook

BRYANT WASHBURN is the original busy boy of the cinema. They rush him from one filmed stage success to another. He has had fine parts lately.

Evans

GEORGE WALSH may hurl himself over cliffs, ride wild horses, fight villains and rescue young ladies but that smile of his simply won't come off.

C. Smith Gardner

PORTRAIT of a Very Young Girl. She is Mary Marsh Arms, the six-months-old daughter of Mae Marsh. She has already made her screen debut, for her parents' own camera and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S SCREEN SUPPLEMENT.

WITH this issue Photoplay presents Mr. Burns Mantle to its readers as head of the department of review and criticism known as The Shadow Stage. His soundness of judgment, brilliancy of style and clarity of expression have earned for him an enviable and distinctive place in the ranks of leading American dramatic critics; and his opinions and comments on matters theatrical; have made him, not only a metropolitan, but a national figure.

To the screen, in addition to his vast lore of theatrical knowledge, he brings a broad vision of the possibilities of the photoplay; its great mission as America's greatest recreation; its responsibilities and potentialities as the supreme moulder of public opinion; and withal a sympathetic understanding of the difficulties which beset producers in their effort toward perfection in a still adolescent art form.

THE EDITOR

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Review of the new pictures by Burns Mantle and Photoplay Magazine Editors

By BURNS MANTLE

THE editor, being an inquisitive person when he is nursing an idea, wanted to know how much I knew about pictures.

It took me a full minute and a half to tell him, the extra minute being wasted on an effort to be polite.

"But," I said, producing the familiar alibi, "I know what I like."

That's the curse of being original. It invariably leads to something.

"Write it," said he, as one accustomed to command.

"Write what?" queried I, as one eager to dodge work.

"Write what you know about pictures—and what you like," said he.

"Does that imply that I also can write about those I don't like?"

"It does," said he, turning back to the consideration of serious matters. "If I'm not here, leave your stuff in the mailbox. Good-by and may the 'fillum' gods be with you."

Which is by way of explaining how it happens that you find me this day sitting in where the gifted Julian Johnson formerly sat—Mr. Johnson having moved on to those wider fields of endeavor in cinema land toward which many men struggle, but where only the elect arrive.

For a long time I had been conscious of being gradually moved into the movies. If I tried to keep track of the actors in whose careers I was most interested I was obliged to follow them to the screen. If I wanted to familiarize myself with the history of the newer playwrights I had to trace them through the scenario departments of a film concern. The managers I used to know, and like—because occasionally you do meet a likable manager—I gradually lost track of, because, I discovered, they were all in the movies.

Finally, I found myself growing unpopular with the family and with the neighbors. I knew something about the theater, but did I know anything about Lillian Gish? No. I could remember when Richard Mansfield first played the Baron Chevrial, but did I know what had become of the old Biograph stars? Or how Griffith started? Or that Mae Marsh was living in Forest Hills? Or that Thomas Meighan had become infinitely more resourceful and a more finished actor on the screen than he ever was on the stage? Did I know that Theodore Roberts, far from giving up acting, as I suspected, was doing more acting that ever in front of the camera? Or that Elsie Ferguson had even a larger and more loyal following in the movies than she had commanded in the drama? Or that my old friend, Doug Fairbanks, who, as a boy in knickers, had proudly recited "Antony's speech" in my parlor years and years ago, had acquired millions of new friends by jumping over the world? No!

In sheer self-protection I realized that something would have to be done. So I started for the movies.

"Why do you go, if you don't *have* to?"

"To hear the music," I explained, a little sheepishly.

For a time that was true. Still is true, to a degree.

Then, ever so gradually, because feature pictures were still pretty bad in spots, I found myself acquiring a fondness for parades, and waterfalls, and the thrill of war pictures and the sight of the boys going overseas on that grand crusade, and coming home as conquering heroes. Then I came to know, and to like, the Charlie Rays and the Mary Pickfords, the Gishes and the Alice Joyces; and to rediscover the Barrymores, and the Farnums, the Fergusons, and the Nazimovas. And to applaud the Tourneurs, and the Hugh Fords, and the Tuckers, and the deMilles, and the struggling young Griffiths.

Until—well, here I am.

And I am going to start right in by quarreling with David Wark Griffith. Not as a captious critic, because I admire him beyond all other leaders of this expanding art. But because he is a leader and seems, to me, to be forgetting the responsibilities that go with the job.

I have long considered the advisability of writing him an open letter. And dismissed the suggestion when I realized that he knows so much more of his business than I do. In that letter I was going to ask him if he really thought it necessary to inject into every picture drama he made an ugly assault upon the heroine? Or frequent scenes of such sheer brutality that they sadly minimized when they did not completely undo the fine effect of the picture as a whole?

Granting that there would have been no story worth the screening in "The Birth of a Nation" if the little sister had not been pursued by the negro until she was forced to leap from the cliff to save herself; and that "Hearts of the World" would have lost its "punch" if the German officer had not been an utter brute, was it necessary to drag in the incident of the seduction of the little English girl in "The Great Love," or send an audience shuddering out of the theater with memories of the excessive brutality to which Battling Burrows subjected the pathetic Lucy in "Broken Blossoms" uppermost in their minds?

I heard any number of people say that they would not think of letting their children see this, in other respects, truly wonderful picture because of those horrifying incidents. And many an adult declares that, remembering them, he (and more frequently she) was through with the movies for weeks to come.

Was it necessary to play so strongly upon the attempted assault of the heroine in "Scarlet Days," and to make the wanton mother quite so physically and morally and fleshly repulsive as she was made? Or to add the rape scene to the horrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day in "Intolerance"? Surely there was enough thrilling and holding drama in these stories without this overlay of bestiality as it was developed by the director. And particularly by a director who is so wonderfully capable in the development of those contrasting scenes inspired by the best and truest of human impulses.

It isn't, I contend, fair to the movie-going public to play so persistently upon these baser themes, and certainly it is demoralizing in its effect upon those hundreds of younger directors who consciously or subconsciously take Mr. Griffith as their model.

How many of them, do you suppose, have said to them-

"The Copperhead" is intelligently handled in Charles Maigne's adaptation. Lionel Barrymore plays Milt Shanks simply and truthfully.

"Fighting Cressey" is Blanche Sweet through and through. It is glorified early western drama, without one single dance hall.

In "Red Hot Dollars," which involves the steel industry, Charles Ray is his most natural self.

selves: "Gee, Griffith gets away with a lot worse stuff than that!" as they have visioned some particularly revolting scene in the scenarios from which they are working? Dozens and dozens, I'll wager.

"THE GREATEST QUESTION"—First National

I was still hoping that Mr. Griffith had seen the light when I went to see "The Greatest Question." Here, I said, is a fine theme, and a big one. Here will be a story of that mystical never never land with which the world is just now trying to establish communication. And it will be a clean and wholesome picture with a sweep of sympathetic drama such as always surrounds the theme. But, I was wrong. There again was the beating of Lillian Gish by the degenerate old woman so well played by Josephine Crowell that you wanted to throw an orchestra chair at her. There was another attempted assault upon a young girl by a vicious, licentious, ugly old man, and a brutal murder to top off the excess of violence.

Why, in the name of all things reasonable? Why? If the story was to be based on that boundless love between sympathetic souls on earth that cannot be broken by death, as apparently it was the original intention to base it, why not let it be the logical development of that theme through the experiences of the young man who, called to war, still kept in touch spiritually with his mother and returned to her in the spirit after he had been swept into the sea from the deck of a submerging submarine?

The brute redeemed did not necessarily have to be the particular type of brute that preys upon innocence. His character would have been much more logical, much more convincing if he were just an easily recognizable kind of everyday brute, cruel and hard, selfish and ignorant. But, no, Mr. Griffith, with this obsession for scenes of assault and beating, must needs take both him and his degenerate wife out of character and exaggerate them out of all semblance to any but mentally unsound patients of a psychopathic ward in a hospital.

Dramatically, too, I believe this leading director is on the wrong track. He is shooting birdshot in place of bullets. And as a result he is scattering his dramas so full of incidental scenes that he loses all contact with his main story. The only connection between theme and title in "The Greatest Question" is found in the brief reappearance in the spirit of the dead boy, with whom the audience is not permitted to become sufficiently acquainted to feel more than a passing interest in whether he lives or dies

Otherwise, it is the story of a little girl who, reared by gypsies, was witness to the murder of a young woman "who trusted too much." Grown up, she is adopted by poor but worthy people, seeks work in a neighboring farm house that she may earn something to help her benefactors, discovers in her new employers the brutal pair before mentioned, and finally recognizes in them the perpetrators of the deed that had been stamped upon her infantile mind.

Now, having that much off my heaving chest, I can say some nice things. The pictures themselves, as pictures, are beautiful. There is a fine sense of location in the Griffith equipment. He finds the truest backgrounds for his scenes of any director with whose work I am familiar, and once they are found, the admirable G. W. Bitzer, his camera man extraordinary, employs them to perfect advantage. The countryside pictured in "The Greatest Question," the gypsy camp, the tumble-down farms, are intelligently chosen locations, and in composition the pictures are charmingly atmospheric. There is a real thrill, too, in the submerging submarine that leaves a man in the sea. Griffith also has an impressive sense of character (which is probably one reason I dislike his brutal types so heartily) and each individual is convincingly visioned on the screen. Even his exaggerations of character have point, in that they carry home to dull minds what he intends they should. Lillian Gish is again a charmingly wholesome innocent, Robert Harron an upstanding boyish hero, and Eugene Besserer, Josephine Crowell, George Fawcett and Tom Wilson all splendidly vivid.

"THE COPPERHEAD"—Paramount-Artcraft

Charles Maigne's adaptation and direction of "The Copperhead" does him credit. There was danger here of a blatant patriotism that would have destroyed the finer values of the story. There was danger that too much, or too little, of the secret service plot would be revealed. Finally there was the

always lurking danger of the offense that might be given sensitive Southerners if the war episodes were carelessly screened.

All these problems have been intelligently met and solved, and "The Copperhead" may safely be listed with the big pictures of the year. It is a better story on the screen, in that it is a more complete and more consistent story, than it was on the stage.

Milt Shanks is a spy, but no common screen spy, largely because Augustus Thomas has so written him and partly because Lionel Barrymore, as near the head of our list of character actors as any man I know, not excepting his gifted brother John, plays him simply and truthfully, and with that fine sympathy of which he is master.

The cast is excellent. Barrymore's performance is a perfect bit of characterization, both in his portrayal of the young and the old hero. Mrs. Barrymore (Doris Rankin) is beautifully in earnest as the misunderstanding wife, Arthur Rankin is manly as the boy Joey, and M. F. Schroell, picked for his physical likeness to Lincoln, displayed little of an amateur's awkwardness. If the closeups of him had been less sharp they would have been improved, but in the main the Lincoln substitute was entirely successful. The transition of the sleepy Illinois village in 1861 to a bustling town in the early nineties was well pictured. This is the first big picture to be made on the new Long Island territory where so many Eastern studios are being built. It promises much for the possibilities of our favorite residence section as an Eastern Hollywood.

"RED HOT DOLLARS"—Ince-Paramount

I am one of those to whom Charles Ray is, or has been so far in my movie experiences, a constant source of joy. I the adoring fan, Charles the male Mary Pickford. Once I came near writing him a mash note. Credit him with an engaging personality and you have explained a lot, but not all. Back of that personality is a developed skill in pantomimic byplay, in facial expression, in poise, in all the arts and graces of a natural actor that many an engaging personality fails to acquire. And back of that is the natural, and human, and clean-minded impulse. Granting that "he is always the same" because he kicks the dust, and twists his hat, and turns on his heel to indicate the restlessness of the eager adolescent, his sameness is due rather to the situations in which he is placed than to his histrionic limitations. Playing the type of boys grown up that he plays, he is bound to be limited in his method of expressing their moods and impulses, because they are all of a piece.

In "Red Hot Dollars" Charles is his most natural self.

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"—Paramount

If I had a son I certainly should take him to see "Huckleberry Finn," the Famous Players-Lasky screening of the Mark Twain classic. Here, also, is a perfect picture for all the boys in the world to take their daddies to see; a wholesome boys' story of adventure as full of fun and atmosphere as the book itself. Fine Twain atmosphere, too, very slightly exaggerated and most wholesomely natural, once the main story is reached. I do not know much of William Taylor's work as a director, but I am going to know more on the strength of his fine showing in this picture.

Huck himself tells the story to a finely visioned Mark Twain in the flesh, which is one thing that keeps it so nicely in the spirit of youth.

The boys, too, are real boys, Huck being perfectly realized by Lewis Sargent, and Tom by Gordon Griffith. It is largely Sargent's picture, but he is most ably assisted by every member of the supporting cast. "Huckleberry Finn" is much the best boys' picture I have ever seen. The excellent scenario is the work of Julia Crawford Ivers.

"THE CUP OF FURY"—Goldwyn

The features of "The Cup of Fury" which justify its prominence as the first of Goldwyns' eminent authors' series are not altogether traceable to the influence of Rupert Hughes, the author. They concern more particularly the scenes taken in a shipbuilding yard during the war, and they are vivid and intensely interesting views of this gigantic industry, including an impressive launching and a mob effect or two that are splendidly staged by T. Hayes Hunter, the director.

Answering Photoplay's plea for pictures of the sea, "Behind the Door" is a grim and terrific drama, featuring Hobart Bosworth.

"The Lincoln Highwayman," founded on a vaudeville sketch, deals with the trailing of a robber. William Russell is the robber.

Alice Lake plays the betrayed-heroine in "Should a Woman Tell?" with fine feeling for the dramatic episodes of the story.

"Water, Water, Everywhere!" is an amusing comedy drama, frequently dipping into farce, starring Will Rogers.

"Huckleberry Finn" is a perfect picture for all boys to take their daddies to see. There is fine Twain atmosphere throughout.

"Everywoman" fulfills the demands of the spectacular picture, whose message gets over as surely as it did on the stage.

Otherwise the picture, though sanely adapted from Mr. Hughes' novel of the same title, is frankly conventional in both plot and action and is a little like an echo of a dying past. "The Cup of Fury," in other words, would have been a sensational picture if it could have been conceived, written and produced when we were hot upon the trail of German spies, and keen to cheer the men who were doing such wonderful work in the war industries.

Now we get a belated thrill or two, but feel, some way, that just as the picture arrives at the most interesting point of its development, which concerns the effect the I. W. W. and its bolshevistic allies will have on peace times, it flickers and goes out.

The purpose of the picture, which is the strengthening of our Americanism, is fine, and the characters are all well played, particularly those of the heroine, by Helene Chadwick; her lazy brother Jake, by H. A. Morgan; Davidge, the upstanding American hero, by Rockcliffe Fellowes; Abbie, Jake's wife, by Marian Colvin, and the aristocratic Weblings, by Kate Lester and Herbert Standing.

The Goldwyns' eminent authors idea is certain to bear fruit in time. It already has done so, notably in the case of the Rex Beach pictures, and will do so in the case of Rupert Hughes, for he is a man of taste and he is possessed of a keener sense of drama than ninety per cent of American writers. But it takes time for even a gifted man to make his influence felt through a medium of expression still strange to him.

"SHOULD A WOMAN TELL?"—Metro

Another picture I saw the other day that has a fine background for the approach to the story is Metro's "Should a Woman Tell?" The early scenes are at a life-saving station on the Atlantic coast. There is a yacht in distress in the offing. The guard is called to the rescue, the guests and owner of the yacht are saved by the breeches-buoy and the real story begins in the next reel. These scenes of the lifeguard in action, the launching of the boats, the distress of the shipwrecked party, the helpful part played by the New England natives are wonderfully done, as fine a storm effect and as clever flash-lighting as I have seen.

Then the story slips into the groove frequently followed by betrayed-heroines. In this instance it is helped very much by Alice Lake, who plays the girl with a fine feeling for the dramatic episodes and an indication of intelligence in her playing that is none too common on the screen. She knows, by instinct, perhaps, something of the art of repression, and seldom overplays her scenes. This talent, combined with her clear-eyed beauty, is likely to keep her feet on the path to stardom on which Metro has started her.

I did not catch the answer to "Should a Woman Tell?" though I assumed from the heroine's experiences that she was a good deal of an idiot if she did.

"WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE"—Goldwyn

Will Rogers, as every screen follower knows by this time, is one of the rare personalities of the screen. I suspect him of writing half his own titles (the better half) and of developing many of his own best scenes. It must be a joy for his director to work with him, and if he had as sound a story sense as he has a comedy sense he would be an unbeatable acquisition.

The new Rogers picture, "Water, Water, Everywhere," is, in a majority of its episodes, an amusing and interesting comedy drama. Where it is weak is in the padding, the effort to string out with exaggerated comedy the slender plot. In these incidents it dips freely into farce, and farce is for the farceurs, not for the comedians of Rogers' quality.

In this story Will becomes mixed up with the unco guid people of a Texas town who try to make effective the new prohibition laws. The drys are a crowd of interfering ladies and the males who flock with them, and the wets a rollicking bunch of good and bad fellows who want their likker when they want it, but decide there is compensation in drinking the soft stuff if the barmaids are beautiful. Rogers is neither very wet nor very dry, but a sane middle of the roader. "The man who says he can take it or leave it, sure knows how to take it," is one of his anti-drunk lines, and "Who wants to drink thirty-seven bottles to be one hundred per cent drunk?" is a contrasting argument for the wets. In the story he loves the town belle, but nobly sacrifices her to the handsomer hero once that candidate

(Continued)

proves his worthiness. The scenes include some excellent shots of a mine accident and an exhibition of rough riding by Rogers that makes the similar shows of most of the screen horsemen seem as simple as little Johnnie riding Dobbin to the barn.

"EVERYWOMAN"—Paramount-Artcraft

"Everywoman" as a spectacle fulfilled the demands of the spectacular picture. It was literally photographed against a background of dollar marks. And "Everywoman" as an allegory succeeded in getting its message across on the screen just as surely as it did on the stage. Which is to say that this particular enterprise has been carried through most successfully, by Famous Players-Lasky.

Of course to the easily bored intellectual this message is crude and obvious. Everywoman's pilgrimage in quest of True Love is a primer story for grown infants. But the bored intellectual can as easily leave it alone as try to like it and it will make no more difference with the success of the picture than it did with the success of the play, which has made millions. But whoever does leave it alone will miss some of the most stunning effects achieved recently on the screen.

The cast itself is a remarkable assembly of several of the screen's most capable players. Violet Heming, playing the title role, was wisely chosen. She not only is blessed with physical beauty, and equipped with the results of long stage training, but she is temperamentally the type that could follow Everywoman's pilgrimage and be no more than lightly touched by her successive experiences. The simple scenes were pleasantly intimate, and the revels engineered by Wealth and his friends were impressively grand and costly.

"WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"—United Artists

Just how much the barest suggestion of plausibility, no matter how fancifully imagined, will help a picture is shown in Douglas Fairbanks' "When the Clouds Roll By." Herein the popular cloud jumper does all the things he has been doing in all his other pictures, but because they are introduced in logical sequence and as the result, first, of a regular old terror of a nightmare and, second, as the planned experiments of a scientist who was making a study of human reactions to certain imposed tests, they seem like a new set of stunts.

Both the interest and the fun of "When the Clouds Roll By" are constant for three reels, and then, as though he wished purposely to heap the measure, Fairbanks adds two reels of as lively and thrilling a melodramatic comedy as any you are likely to see screened. There is a cloudburst, a flood, a threatened dam break. I suspect Doug has had this bully idea for a picture in mind for a long time, and has been saving it until he was practically "on his own." If he had begun his United Artists' career with it he would have given that new connection a boost which "His Majesty the American" failed to impart. However, here it is now, and it is Fairbanks at his best. Kathleen Clifford is successful as the heroine, Frank Campeau is excellent and the other parts are all well played.

"PINTO"—Goldwyn

The director and the star who are pleased, for the sake of what they doubtless believe to be their art, to consider all Westerners wild-eyed idiots and all Easterners such fools that they will believe anything they are told about said Westerners, are to me artistically dead before they start work on a picture,

(Continued on page 110)

Photoplay Magazine's Letter Contest

Whether or not you care for motion pictures, they mean something to you.

You cannot live in a world where so many millions of people look to the pictures for their amusement; you cannot pass the door of a motion picture theatre day after day—even without ever going in—you cannot read the newspapers and say, "Motion Pictures mean nothing in my life!"

They *must* mean something to you—if it is only annoyance at having to step out in the street to avoid the happy crowd overflowing the theatre lobby.

If you are a mother whose only son lies under the poppies in France, the pictures may mean solace, forgetfulness, relief from long, sad hours.

The familiar faces appearing on the screen may be your only friends if you are a lonely country girl trying to gain a foothold in a big city.

To those wearied by the humdrum monotony of drab existence in a small town, the pictures may mean the only stimulation which keeps alive the spark of youth, the love of color and romance.

Perhaps pictures mean your main chance of education. They lay the whole world at your feet.

For the *best letter* telling "*What the Motion Pictures Mean to Me*" *Photoplay will give a prize* of $25. For the *second best letter* it will give $15. For the *three next best letters* it will give $10 each.

No letter must be longer than 300 words. All letters must be in by March 1, 1920.

The winning letters will be published.

Photoplay will Announce ANOTHER Big Letter Contest Next Month

WATCH FOR IT!

Director Gish

When Lillian bossed Dorothy around the "lot."

JUST before D. W. Griffith went to Cuba to film scenes for a new picture, he handed a script to Lillian Gish. "Here's Dorothy's new picture," he said. "You can go ahead and direct it."

Lillian—that fair, frail persecuted child of pictures—had never directed before. The Griffith studios at Mamaroneck were in a state of incompletion; the props were new, and the lights were bad—sometimes work was possible only for fifteen minutes a day. But Lillian finished her first picture—a five reel Dorothy Gish comedy—action from start to finish—in twenty-five days. She really directed; bossed the studio hands and the electricians; designed and arranged the sets; consulted with the cameramen and put the players through their paces. Her intensely feminine viewpoint stood her in good stead; like Lois Weber she sees many intimate things in the direction that a man would overlook. "I felt," she said, "just as if I were playing with dolls again. It was fun to make the puppets move the way *I* wanted them to."

"This comedy is no laughing matter," admonishes Director Gish to Comedienne Gish.

In Search of a Sinner

The romance of a merry widow in a daring, modern role.

By JEROME SHOREY

YOU who would chide Georgiana Chadbourne for casting aside her widow's weeds with a little yelp of joy the very first moment that the rules of the game said it was permissible so to do, consider this:

She married Henry Chadbourne when she was seventeen, because she was an orphan and everyone told her what a good man Henry was and what a splendid husband he would make. Not being in love with anyone else, and having only a vague sort of idea what love was anyhow, knowing only that it was pleasant to be kissed by almost any man so long as he was a gentleman, and did not smell too strongly of tobacco, and had kind eyes, and would stop when you told him to, she fell for Henry's virtues. Her chum Helen Blake, had marrried Henry's brother Jeffrey, and Jeffrey, everyone admitted, was not nearly so good a man as Henry, but Helen said he was just a perfect husband. That should have warned Georgiana, but keep in mind that she was only seventeen, and how was she to know that a man who was better than a perfect husband would be a calamity? And Henry was nothing short of that. Of such as Henry are the salt of the earth, but remember, it is salt that drives people to drink.

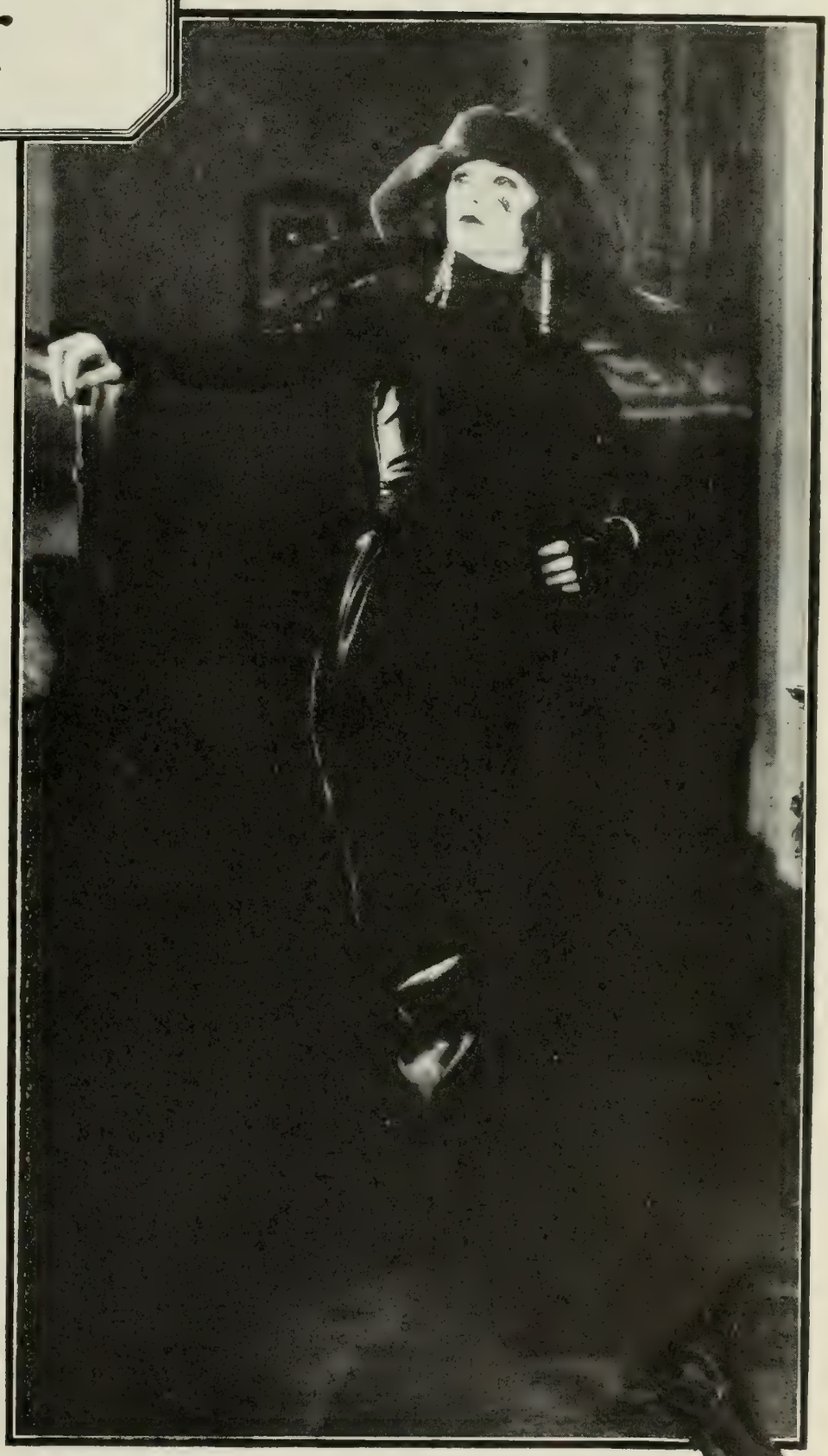
For example: He would rise with the well known lark, play eighteen holes of golf, and come in all merry and bright and boisterous when Georgiana was just rubbing the sleep out of the corners of her eyes.

For example: He would make her drink a cup of hot water before breakfast every morning.

For example: He was eternally trying to improve Georgiana's mind, and seemed to take little interest in the fact that she had a face and form which could hardly be improved.

For example: He would neither become jealous of Georgiana when she flirted a little, nor would he flirt himself. Georgiana entered into a conspiracy with a very gay friend to try to jolt Henry out of his rut of impersonality, and the friend came to their house one evening clad in something that would have hardly made a harness for a bee. Georgiana deliberately left them alone, and a few minutes later Henry called her in to point out what a perfect arrangement of intercostal muscles was displayed by her vampish friend.

For example: If she became desperate and did something really outrageous, all



"I'm going to make war! I'm going to round up a bunch of wild men and if I can find one bad enough I'll marry him!"

"But, Georgiana—you'll get into trouble!" gasped Helen. "I hope so--that's the big idea," retorted Georgiana.

Henry would do was look reproachfully at her, hold up his forefinger, and say in baby-talk tones, "Good little girls don't do that."

Now be reasonable—is a husband like that entitled to one minute more than the exact legal minimum of mourning? Georgiana said not. And she said it to Jeff's wife, who probably told Jeff, for Jeff wore a sort of pained expression the next time he saw Georgiana. Jeff had looked upon Henry as a perfect model, and it was a considerable shock to him to find that Georgiana did not fully appreciate him. But Jeff had the same insufferable tolerance about everything that Henry had, and so he didn't scold the widow. Georgiana had come to New York to visit the Chadbournes, and she unburdened herself to Helen as soon as they were alone.

"Helen, do you know any really devilish men?" she demanded, abruptly.

"Why no—what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. You can't understand because you haven't been married for three years to a perfectly good man. The only time Henry ever got thrilled was when the new issue of the Atlantic Monthly arrived. Look here—"

Georgiana dived into a wardrobe trunk, and began flinging out flimsy, fluffy, enticing garments.

"There's my armor, and I'm here to make war. I'm going to round up a bunch of wild men and if I can find one bad enough, I'll marry him."

"But Georgiana—you'll get into trouble," Helen gasped.

"I hope so. That's the big idea," Georgiana replied.

ON the footbridge which crosses the bridle path in Central Park, Georgiana stood idly dangling a few flowers she had picked from a bush right beside a sign saying she would be arrested if she did, and watched the people riding past below her. They did not look especially evil and so they did not interest her. At last there came one riding alone, a big young man, from the West unless his sombrero lied, and Georgiana became more alert. Not that he looked any worse than the others but, well, there was something about him that —oh, you know how it is. She had a good opportunity to observe him unobserved, as he stopped to adjust a stirrup. It did not take him nearly as long as Georgiana wanted it to, and upon the impulse of the instant she flung upon him as he approached the bridge, her handful of contraband flowers. He caught one, looked up, astonished and rather pleased, and then Georgiana ran—first to escape, then wondering if the stranger would have the gumption to follow her. He seemed sorry to see her go, and made as if to follow, but changed his mind. Georgiana did not stop until she reached her car, and ordered the chauffeur to drive to the Casino.

The restaurant in the Park was rather empty. At one table were an old man made up with wax and dye to deceive himself into thinking he looked about thirty, and a dizzy blonde. Georgiana cast a mildly speculative eye upon them, and in midair her glance met that of the ancient mariner of feminine seas. In her present mood, Georgiana would have outstared old Cyclops himself, and the enameled ruin feasted his eyes until the blonde objected. A minute later his companion went to do a job of telephoning and the reconstructed wreck toddled over to Georgiana's table.

"We've met somewhere before; where was it?" he grinned.

Georgiana looked at him thoughtfully.

"So that's how it's done," she observed. "I've often wondered."

With that she looked beyond. The hero of the horse-path had arrived. True, he was not looking for her, seemingly, for he merely summoned a waiter and ordered something to eat.

But in his buttonhole he wore the flower she had flung him from the bridge. Well, what else would he do with it? Did that prove anything? No, not if you're going to be so darned literal about it, but at least it gave Georgiana a little thrill. And she decided upon her plan of action. Ignoring the sly old fox who had accosted her she went directly to the stranger's table.

"We've met somewhere before; where was it?" she asked.

In the thousandth part of an instant that intervened between her remark and his reply, Georgiana imagined what Henry would have said. He would have said, "Good little girls don't do that." Georgiana made a mental resolve that if the stranger said that to her she would crown him with the sugarbowl. He didn't. He said:

"I've met you a thousand times in my dreams."

Georgiana gasped. This was going pretty strong.

"I've been looking for you all my life," he continued, dead serious.

"And I've been looking for a man like you all afternoon," she replied, being determined not to let the conversation get too much out of hand.

"All my life I've been waiting for you," the equestrian persisted.

"That's very nice, but you might tell me who you are and get started right," Georgiana suggested.

He handed her a card, and wrote an address on it, from which Georgiana learned that her friend was John Garrison of Denver, temporarily staying in New York at the apartment of Mr. Samuel Harding. Before she could return the courtesy the surprising wheel of fate she had started spinning made a new revolution. The dark shadow of a policeman fell across her bright form, and a voice informed her.

"Young woman, you're under arrest for picking flowers in the park."

"But say, officer—" Garrison started to protest.

"Oho, so you've got one of them on you. Maybe I'd better take you along too."

"Isn't there some way we can arrange it so we don't have to be arrested?" Garrison pleaded.

"Not a chance. Come on," the policeman retorted.

Georgiana gave Garrison a quick wink and a suggestion with a gesture, and he grabbed the cop in both arms. While the policeman struggled to free himself Georgiana darted out, jumped into her car and sped away, ignoring Garrison's frantic plea, "Wait, you haven't told me your name."

It was a flushed and triumphant Georgiana that burst into the Chadbourne apartment a little later.

"I've met him! I've met him!" she shouted. "He's a regular devil and he flirted with me from the first minute he saw me."

Helen and Jeffrey looked at each other, scandalized.

"I've had a marvelous time," Georgiana went on. "I nearly got pinched, but he saved me. I left him fighting with a policeman. And I'm terribly, hopelessly, thrillingly in love. Oh, he's wonderful!"

Bit by bit they managed to extract the story from her, their dismay growing with each sentence.

"But this is quite impossible," Jeffrey protested. "Why don't you meet some of our friends, before you throw yourself away on a stranger? We know some awfully nice men."

"I don't want a nice one, I want a wild one, and I've met him—I've met him!" Georgiana replied.

"There's a friend of ours from Denver coming tonight," Jeffrey went on, and at the word "Denver," Georgiana grew interested. "His name is Jack Garrison, and he's thoroughly reliable. He's more like poor old Henry than any other man I ever knew."

"He's—a—good—man?" Georgiana questioned.

"The best in the world. Steady as the Rocky Mountains."

"How long have you known him?" she asked, hopefulness evident in her voice.

"All my life," Jeffrey assured her. "Helen is to meet him for the first time tonight. I know you'll like him."

The blow almost killed Georgiana. She had fallen in love with a good man. There was no doubt of it. Jeffrey would never be mistaken. He had had the example of Henry's goodness from which to judge, and there was no hope. And Garrison had seemed so promising. But the wheel of fate was spinning more rapidly than ever, and again somebody stepped on the accelerator. Another of those little machines that are supposed to simplify life, but really complicate it,—the long distance telephone—did its little bit.

Jeffrey's mother was living alone at their country estate on Long Island, and the housekeeper telephoned that the old lady was quite ill, and would they please come out right away. Helen offered to go alone, but Jeffrey's sense of honor would not permit such a shirking of duty, and he hustled his wife into the car and sped away, after asking Georgiana to apologize to their guest, and introduce herself.

"And remember what I've told you," he said. "He's just the man for you."

Georgiana's first impulse was to leave word that everyone was out and send Garrison away without letting him know that the girl he met in the park was the sister-in-law of his friend. But her maid, Katy, whose wisdom had been evidenced upon more than one troubled occasion, suggested it would be better to give him a chance.

"Perhaps he isn't as good as they think," she said. "I've worked in the families of these good men before."

"No," Georgiana moaned. "There were only two as good as he in the world and I picked them both."

"You mustn't give up like this," Katy urged. "He can't be altogether good. He flirted with you."

"That's so," her mistress agreed. "It's worth while giving him a demonstration run anyhow. I know—I'll pretend I'm Jeff's wife. He's never seen her, and if he flirts with his best friend's wife, I'll know he's a human being."

Georgiana made herself up regardless. If the vampires of commerce ever looked like she did that evening, the breed would not be dying out so rapidly. She wasn't quite sure that

She had picked the flowers from a bush right beside a sign that intimated she would be arrested if she did.

he would be able to get there, as her last sight of him fighting with a policeman promised trouble for him. Yet somehow she had confidence in his ability to get out of scrapes. And he did. He gasped when he saw her.

"You here?" he exclaimed.

"Of course. I'm Mrs. Chadbourne. I didn't have time to tell you after I found you were Jack Garrison."

"Jeff's wife!" Garrison's jaw fell.

"I arranged that Jeffrey should be called away tonight," Georgiana cooed.

"But—is that fair to Jeff," he protested manfully.

"What does it matter to you and me?" she vamped.

"Jeff Chadbourne is the best pal I ever had," he retorted. "There is nothing left for me but to go out of the lives of both of you forever."

She was close to him now, and he felt her warm breath on his cheek and sensed the suppleness of her body ready to cling to him.

"Don't tempt me," he cried. "You are talking madness."

"Love is madness!" she whispered.

"Tell Jeff I envy him his happiness with all my heart," he groaned, and rushed away. He grabbed his hat in the hall and dashed down the stairs too anxious to go while his resolutions held, to wait for the elevator.

"He's crazy about you all right," Katy observed, unblushingly.

"Yes, and he'd drive me crazy too. If he ever said 'Good little girls don't do that,' I'd murder him."

That might have been the end of it, only the wheel was not yet through spinning. Word came from the Long Island estate that old Mrs. Chadbourne had been discovered to have an attack of measles, and Jeffrey and his wife would be quarantined for at least a fortnight.

"Two weeks," Georgiana cogitated. "I believe in two weeks I could make a human being out of that poor fish. It's worth trying. Katy!"

"Yes'm."

"We've got two weeks to make over John Garrison into material that we can live with."

You would never have thought that a young widow with no more advantages than those few which had been allowed Georgiana could have made such a thorough job of it. It must have been Katy and inspiration, for the poor child herself could never, in normal moments, have thought out such a complete campaign of demoralization. But then, too, she was very fond of Garrison, and was determined not to let him escape her. She enlisted the aid of his friend Sam, who was entirely in sympathy with the plan. With his aid she broke up a luncheon of the Purity League in the dining room of the Blinkmore Hotel, at which a suitably inscribed loving cup was to have been presented to Mr. John Garrison, as a testimony to the esteem in which he was held by the organization. She found out wherever he was going and beat him to it. He could not escape her night or day.

At last Garrison decided to put an end to it once and for all. On the understanding that they were to have a good, oldfashioned, serious talk, Georgiana lured the bedevilled young man to the Chadbourne apartment. And she had the stage all set, with herself as the jewel of the piece.

Garrison leaped into his subject:

"I'm going away, but before I go I want to plead with you to drop this life and be a decent, respectable mate for poor old Jeff."

"I don't want to be respectable," she retorted, clinging to him.

It was too much for Jack Garrison. With a sweep he gathered Georgiana in his arms, and gave her the first lesson she ever had in what kissing could be like when there was real conviction behind it. And Georgiana knew she had won her battle. He wasn't hopelessly good. But in an instant the manhood in him asserted itself, and with a pang of conscience he flung her off.

"Poor old Jeff," he groaned. "And we're brother Elks, too."

Georgiana looked at him and wondered what direction he would jump next. She soon found out.

"Oh what's the use of being decent?" he cried, and rushed into the hall.

"Where are you going?" Georgiana called as he opened the door.

"To hell!" he snapped, and banged the door.

"When you come back I guess you'll be human," she said to the door.

On his way to his announced destination Garrison stopped long enough to send a telegram to Jeffrey Chadbourne, reading: "Goodbye. I can no longer stay in this Babylon. Do you know where your wife is and what she is doing?"

When Jeffrey received this he thought Garrison must have found the place where what was unsold July 1, 1919, was kept, because at that particular moment his wife was in the library of their country house playing solitaire. So he decided that as his old friend, that very good man John Garrison, was in trouble, it was up to him to take a chance, break quarantine, and help him out of whatever hole he had fallen into. So he broke all speed records and an hour before midnight jerked a hot and protesting motor to a sudden stop in front of the apartment house where Jack was staying alone, Sam Harding having been called out of town on business. Jeff found his friend flinging clothes into a trunk and suitcase in frenzied haste.

"What's the idea Jack?" he asked.

"Never mind me—look after your home," Jack grunted.

"But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to find the worst woman in New York and take her on a trip to Europe," Jack growled. "I've lost all vestiges of honor and decency, and I'm through with that stuff for keeps. But never mind me, I tell you. Watch your own home."

"You've been drinking."

"'Course I have. And I'm just getting started. But remember—my last words to you are, keep an eye on your home."

The constant repetition of the refrain began to worry Jeff at last and he thought it might be well to investigate. There must be some cause for Jack's raving. So he hurried home. Everything seemed all right. Georgiana was cheerful—even radiant.

"What's the matter with old Jack Garrison?" he asked. "He keeps telling me to keep an eye on my home."

"What is he doing?"

"Packing. Says he's going to find the wildest woman in New York and take her to Europe."

"Oh! He mustn't get that bad!" Georgiana cried, and throwing a cloak about her dragged Jeff back to Jack's apartment.

The wheel of fate is spinning a bit less rapidly. Its whistling is softening down to a purr.

"I guess when you really love a man you want him to be kind of good, after all," said Georgiana, when Jack had been persuaded to unpack, and had listened to the explanation of why he had been subjected to temptations that would have made St. Anthony hesitate.

In Search of a Sinner

NARRATED, by permission, from the Emerson-Loos adaptation of Charlotte Thompson's story of the same name, produced by Joseph Schenck for the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, and presented with the following cast:

Georgiana Chadbourne ..... Constance Talmadge
Jack Garrison ..... Rockcliffe Fellowes
Jeffrey ..... Corliss Giles
Sam ..... William Roselle
Helen ..... Marjorie Milton
Katie ..... Evelyn C. Carrington
The Blonde ..... Lillian Worth
Henry ..... Arnold Lucy
Roue ..... Charles Whittaker

Every Day People Judge You by Your Nails

Have they the beauty they so easily can gain?

"HOW beautifully turned out—how correct," you thought—until you caught a glimpse of her nails.

Then, "Shocking" you said to yourself.

And that one glimpse of her carelessly groomed hands left an impression that you never forgot.

Do you realize how easy it is to keep your nails so lovely that they lend you that assurance which comes from the knowledge that even the most critical eye can find only immaculate perfection?

This method is the secret of the perfect, even cuticle of many fashionable women

The secret of beautiful nails lies in the care of the cuticle. This is the most important part of a manicure. The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows. It becomes tough, thick, and hangnails appear.

You can keep your nails lovely without injuring the cuticle.

Cutex is a harmless cuticle remover. Applied to the cuticle it keeps the base of the nail smooth, firm, crescent-like.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from the tube. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry and grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

It is true that one Cutex manicure makes your nails look lovely, but you cannot *keep* them well groomed by irregular care. Give your nails a Cutex manicure *regularly*.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent bottles. You can get Cutex in drug and department stores in America and chemist shops in England.

A manicure set for 20 cents

For 20 cents we will send you the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard set, but containing enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six complete manicures. Use the coupon below. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 703, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON AND TWO DIMES TODAY

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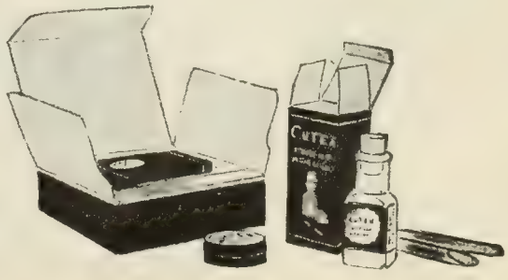


Mary Marsh Arms was approaching her eighth month when this picture was posed.

Mishkin Studios

Mae Marsh Is Back

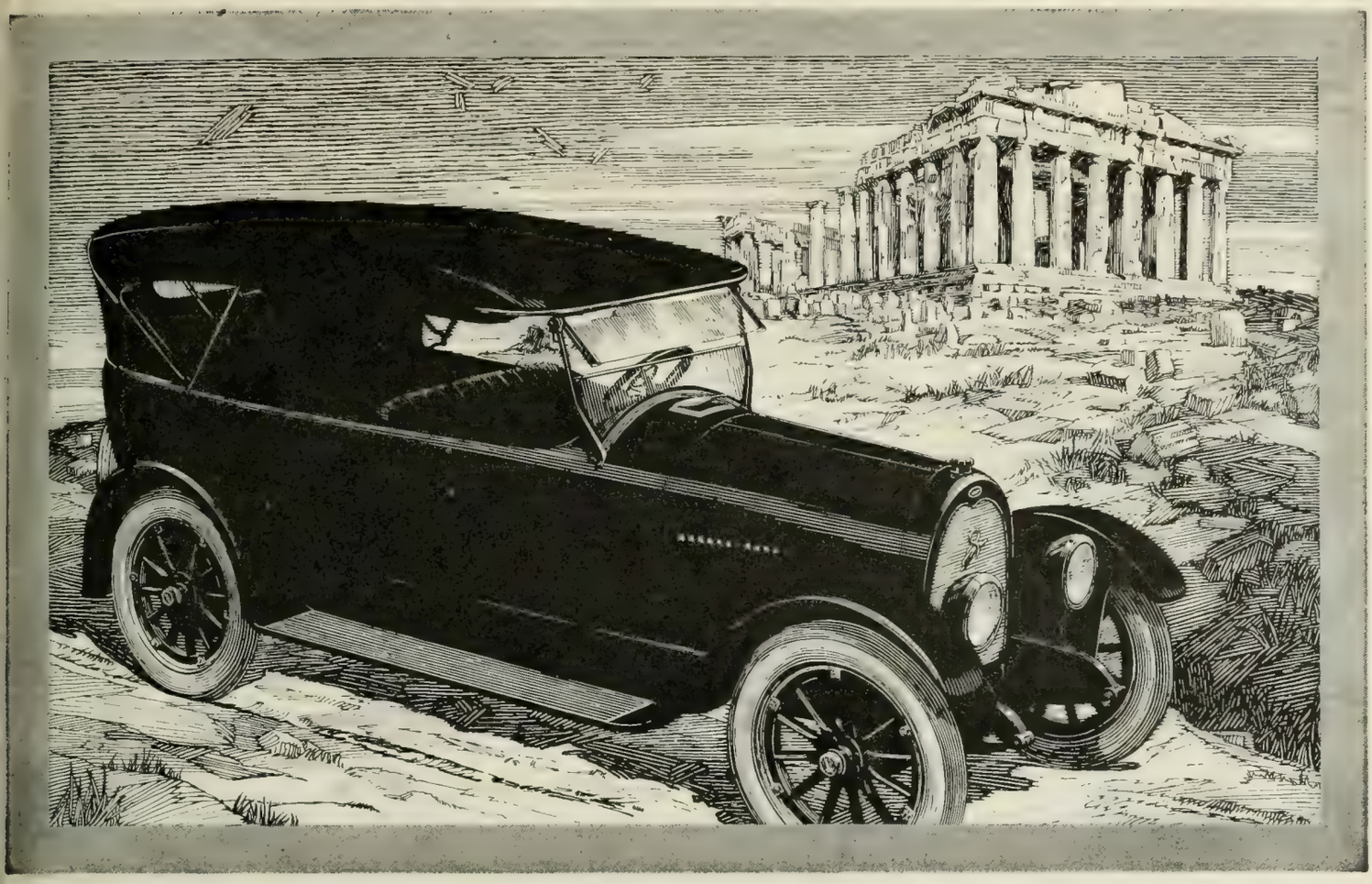
ONE glance at this picture, particularly the chubby, round-eyed kewpie in the lower left-hand corner, and none of the girls we know would find it in their hearts to blame Mae Marsh for being absent from the screen.

Having a baby like this one, says Mae, is just about the nicest thing that can happen to anyone, even a movie star; and she had a hard time making up her mind to leave it for even part of a day, which she would have to do if she signed a contract. But the "wont-you-come-backs" were too insistent, and Mae finally agreed to cast her lot with the Louis Gasnier interests. She will make the type of picture which made her famous, doing the pathetic, sympathetic little girls she alone can do so well.

The baby's name is Mary Marsh Arms and she is, in this picture, approaching her eighth month of life. She is already trying to say "Dada" and you should see her shimmy! Father Louis grabs her tiny feet and Mother Mae tickles her, and Mary does the rest.

This child has some of the most distinguished real and adopted relatives in filmland. Lillian Gish is a self-appointed auntie; so is Dorothy. Bobby Harron is sort of a big brother and Marguerite Marsh and Mildred Marsh are her real aunts, to say nothing of cousin Leslie and cousin Betty, both well-known young cinema debutantes.

Motherhood has made Mae Marsh's philosophy of life more mellow; more tolerant. She has always had a wonderful sense of humor, and she seems to have passed it on to Mary. There was—never—other people than her parents say it—such a good natured baby. And it's a wonder she isn't spoiled. Mother went west soon after the holidays, accompanied by her husband and a nurse, and while she works at the studio, Mary will attain the teeth and baby-talk period in a California bungalow and a California garden. California has always been "home" to Mae Marsh, although her past few years have been spent in New York. The rumors that she was to become a legitimate actress proved to be unfounded, for the present anyway; but it is no secret that she would like, some day, to try out her talents—and her rich voice—on the speaking stage.



THINGS · THAT · ENDURE

The works of men that endure are all alike vitalized by the same spark. That spark is the striving for an ideal perfection that forgets immediate profit.

When the Apperson Brothers built with their own hands the first mechanically successful automobile, their goal was achievement of an ideal perfection.

And as Apperson has grown, this spirit has never changed. It has kept the Appersons breaking trail for more than a quarter of a century. It has endowed every Apperson car with enduring worth.

Appersons stay at their best a long, long time. Owners of old Apperson Sixes and Fours still drive them today, finding it difficult to believe that the Apperson Eight can be an improvement.

Yet the Apperson Eight is a big advance. It has eighty less parts. Astonishing acceleration—from 1 to 40 miles an hour in 40 seconds. This shows the motor's flexibility and tremendous power. And the car is so perfectly balanced that the brake curbs the speed from 40 miles an hour to a dead stop in 4 seconds—40 yards.

These outstanding superiorities represent the excellence of the whole car and its every part.

And Apperson excellence endures. DRIVE an Apperson First—Then Decide.

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Kokomo, Indiana*

APPERSON

Moving Pictures and Big Business

Strong financial interests coming into amusement field in substantial way, but small investor should still avoid the professional moving picture promoter.

A FEW years ago PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE erected a "Look-out-for-the-cars" signboard regarding the seller of motion picture stock. Enormous profits had been made in photoplays. A serial company had literally made hundreds of thousands. The sudden wealth of the individuals holding the patents company was compared to the gold of Croesus. In a night, almost, the once-despised "movie" had come to be the greatest, most productive, most profitable amusement force on earth. Accordingly, the sharpers threw out their bait, and the suckers bit.

Organizations that sounded perfectly tremendous were formed, almost in a day. The amusement press trembled and glowed and scintillated with its weight of dazzling news—news of combines, amalgamations, great directorial unions, imposing new studios, heaven-aspiring production plans, great argosies of authors, fleets of directors, squadrons of imposing actorial celebrities. It was the Mississippi Bubble period of the picture, and there never will be one just like it again.

There were thousands—perhaps hundreds of thousands—of investors in these stocks. Possibly a small group made a little money from its investments. A few got their money back. The great majority saw their cash disappear like water thrown on sand—and, sinisterly, some of this money lives today, in great studios built one wonders how, or in great capital behind long-established production enterprises which have never yielded a dollar to any but their promoters.

We are now entering the second stage of the motion picture giant's expansion. This is the stage in which the picture is officially recognized as Big Business, and in which its highest counsellors take place in the vast affairs of the world, while the men of these vast affairs no longer think it beneath their dignity or a danger to their purses to openly participate in picture manufacture.

It is because of this deserved recognition, this officially acclaimed solidity of our American Art, that we choose this moment in which to tell a few plain truths about an honest, creative industry which in its exuberant and healthy youth is ever inviting the harpies, the idlers, the grafters, and all their kindred birds of prey.

There are, and will continue to be, two opposite but necessarily allied forces in photoplay manufacture. The creator: the artist who makes the picture, whether he be author, director or actor; and the distributor: the man who organizes and maintains the forces necessary for profitable, steady, systematic handling of the artist's product. The Nineteenth Century began an age of specialization which the Twentieth Century is perfecting, and the business and creative forces of the photoplay industry must go on, in peaceable and practical co-operation, as long as photoplays are made.

Do not fall for get-rich-quick talk from moving picture promoters.

From the "Wall Street Journal"

WALL Street is going into amusements in a financial way. The newly incorporated Loew's Theatres numbers among its directors: W. C. Durant, head of the General Motors Corp.; Harvey Gibson, president of the Liberty National Bank; and D. E. Pomeroy, vice-president of the Bankers Trust Co. The Famous Players-Lasky Corp. is being provided with $10,000,000 of new capital with Kuhn, Loeb & Co. backing, while the du Ponts and the Chase Bank interests have entered the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

In view of these developments, some statistics on the motion-picture industry should prove interesting to investors. Gross revenues of picture theatres in the country are estimated at 800 millions this year. They were 675 millions in 1918—comparing favorably with 700 millions gross of thirteen leading rubber companies—against but 65 millions in 1907.

In this country there are 15,000 picture theatres with 8,000,000 seats, nearly every town of 1,000 population having at least one theatre. Twelve hundred new houses are being built at a cost of $72,000,000. Good theatres cost $300 a seat to build at present prices, so that at a conservative calculation of $100 a seat, the investment in motion picture theatres totals about 800 millions. All other countries of the world now have about 17,500 theatres, an indication of the expansion possibilities of the industry, considering the fact that American made films now predominate both here and in foreign lands.

The 5-cent motion picture show is gone—admission tickets now run as high as $2. Change in public taste has resulted in a demand for higher grade pictures, and people are willing to pay higher prices. The first week's box office receipts of the Capitol Theatre in New York were $70,000. Prohibition has proven a big boon to picture theatres, the business doubling in one western city of 450,000 population when the dry law closed 2,700 saloons.

At the present time, the most money is made out of distribution. Of course we are not considering, in this discussion, the large salaries paid the stars and their conductors, nor the increasing gratuities which at last, in all justice, are being extended the authors. We are considering the returns on the stock of producing organizations versus the returns on the capital of distributing organizations. Naturally some one must remain actively concerned in the manufacture of photoplays, or the distributor would have nothing to distribute, but as a whole it is financially better to sell than to originate. Just why this is so need not be fully discussed here—the demand for pictures and the certain and comparatively easy return on them, as against the tedious processes and uncertain expenses of picture-making, are some of the factors.

Now the people who are making the money as distributors only are inviting no partners. If they need money, are sound and have good financial records, they can get it on a business basis from their bankers. The bona-fide distributor is selling no stock to the public, nor is he giving away any territories.

The lines of the producing firms which can operate on a profitable basis, and are so operating, are equally well drawn. There are only a few, a very few, great organizations which are consistent successes. These are solid, compact corporations. There are only a few small producers who win, and the small producer—the independent manufacturer who puts all his eggs into one basket of comedy, or one stellar nest, or one directoral hat—is certainly in no frame of mind to share his limited gains unless the participator is also in a position to venture very generously upon his possibly unlimited losses.

During the past six months Wall street, for the first time, has become seriously interested in motion picture possibilities. Some tremendous deals have resulted. Some colossal financing has been done. Some unexampled expansion has been undergone. As one result, the newspapers have printed scare-head stories about the sky-high expansion of the picture industry, and a chance of riches for every man, woman and child who has a dollar to invest.

Unconsciously, these reporters have played right into the hands of the few get-rich-quicksters who still hang forlornly about the outskirts of this exceedingly lively industry business. But by the same token the very friendly hand of Wall street, extended toward the established and reputable picture interests, has made unnecessary and unwanted the hand and aid of what we may term the itinerant investor—the man who looks for a little

(Concluded on page 114)

BEWARE OF THE LITTLE FLAWS THAT MAKE ONE HOMELY

It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

A LITTLE roughness, a little shine, a little cloudiness of skin, and one's looks are gone! It is so easy, too, to let your skin acquire these bad little traits unless you know just how to avoid them.

Wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping. Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this.

Of course, you can't apply a *cold* cream before going out. It makes your face too oily.

A touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream before going to a dance gives your skin new transparency

Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's *Vanishing* Cream, which is made precisely for this daytime and evening use. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. There is not a bit of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream, so it cannot reappear in a miserable glisten.

When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck, will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance.

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. It takes a cold cream with a good oil base to remove this deeply lodged dust.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say, "How *could* so much dust have gotten into my pores!" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.

One little bedtime duty that no wise woman forgets is the cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream

Even though you are tired, you can make your complexion especially lovely at a moment's notice

Why there are two kinds of cream—one without an oil base and one with it

Every skin needs two creams. Do not forget that the cream which you use for daytime and evening is especially made *without oil* so that it cannot reappear in a shine. This is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It has no oil and cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient which is prescribed by world famous physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from cold, for a powder foundation, for freshening the skin at a moment's notice.

But for cleaning the skin and for massage it is the cream with an *oil* base which you need—Pond's *Cold* Cream. Use it nightly before retiring, and whenever you have been exposed to dust and dirt.

Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

When you go down town, stop at the drug store or at any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. You need never again fear the little flaws that ruin one's appearance.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO. 138T, Hudson St., New York
Please send me, free, the items checked:
☐ A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
☐ A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream
Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
☐ A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
☐ A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

THE Squirrel Cage by A. GNUTT

IN Africa the mother-in-law is no joke. On no account must a black man look on the face of his wife's mother. It would bring him bad luck if he did. It might save us a lot of family rows if we adopted a few African superstitions. Then hubby wouldn't have to make any excuse for staying at the club during mother-in-law's annual visit.

TWO Canadian veterans were talking:
"Do you know the difference between a louse and a cootie," asked one.
"No," answered the other.
"Well, a cootie is a louse which has had military training."

A WAITERLESS table was recently exhibited. Miniature electric railways, somewhat on the principle of the cash carrier, connect each table in a restaurant with the kitchen. The guest writes his order and drops it into a slot on the table. A kitchen attendant places the dishes which the patron had ordered on the proper train, which stops automatically at the table. The used dishes are put on the table by the guest and are whisked back to the kitchen.

IT seems that President Wilson's silk hat revived the custom of wearing them in England. "As a result," says Tid-Bits, "several quite decent people are in danger of either being mistaken for gentlemen or for undertakers' commercial travelers."

"YOUR Honor," said the lawyer, "I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open, inserted his right arm, and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish him for an offence committed only by one of his limbs."
"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the prisoner's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, just as he chooses."
The prisoner calmly unscrewed his cork arm and walked out.

A ZEALOUS revenue officer was sent up into a Kentucky district to try to locate several "moonshine" stills which were known to exist.
Meeting a native the officer said:
"I'll give you fifty dollars if you can take me to a private still."
"Sure I will," was the reply, as he pocketed the money. "Come with me."
For many weary miles over the mountain roads they tramped, until they came into view of army camps. Pointing to a soldier seated on a step inside the square, the native said:—
"There you are, sir, my brother Fred, he's been a soldier for ten years, an' he's a private still."

THE latest swindling device used by confidence men in making unwary part with their money is the "opium brick." The first victim on record was Wong Tong, a chinaman living in Montreal, who was persuaded to raise $500 among his friends for 45 small square packages wrapped up in Chinese red paper and tied with red string like opium. They were filled with blocks of wood.

"WHERE you bin this hour of the night?"
"I've bin at me union, considerin' this here strike."
"Well—you can stay down there an' consider this here lock-out."

THE farmers around Rapid City, Ill., are raising a great howdy do. It seems that trains running from that city "to the bridge" are often delayed, and the passengers have taken to amusing themselves by milking the cows along the way. "We want precautions taken against this or the train speeded up," is the farmer's cry.

STENOGRAPHERS take notice! The Chinese Ambassador to the United States owns a typewriter with over 1,800 keys. Each of the Chinese characters had to be hand engraved as there were no dies of the Chinese characters available. Imagine taking his dictation!

THE poetic hedgerows of England are doomed. They have recently been checked up and found to cover too much ground—500,000 acres to be exact. It is pointed out by the board of agriculture that if only half of that acreage were put in wheat it would feed 1,000,000 people bread for a year.

MAUD—"Your friend, Miss Blank, going to be married? Why, I had the impression that she was a woman in her declining years."
Ethel—"Oh, dear no. She's in her accepting ones."

PROBABLY the world's marrying record for men was created by that notorious bigamist, George Witzoff, whose marriages have been estimated at about 800. A Boer woman named De Beer has done more than indifferently well in the matrimonial game. She has been married to seven husbands, is the mother of 58 children and the grandmother of 300—a decent-sized town.

MAY—"What did father say when you asked him if you could marry me?
Harry—"He didn't really refuse, but he made a very severe condition."
May—"What was it?"
Harry—"He said he'd see me hanged first."

"I HEAR they are eating crows in Germany."
"Well that's a good way for the people to help their country's caws."

THE ruby, weight for weight, is more valuable than the diamond. A pigeon's-blood ruby weighing five carats will sell for five times more than a diamond of the same weight. The greatest ruby mines in the world are at Mogok in Upper Burma. Burma not only produces the finest rubies, but its output is greater than that of all other countries combined.

THE latest story of the humorist of the British royal family, Prince Albert, brother of the Prince of Wales, which he declares is true, concerns a teacher who was giving her class of small children a lesson in "general knowledge." Presently she produced a photograph from an illustrated paper, showing Princess Mary as she appeared a few years ago, with her fair, curly hair upon her shoulders.
"Who is this?" she demanded, and the class shouted back in prompt and gleeful unison, "Mary Pickford!"

"DO you love me?" said the paper-bag to the sugar.
"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.
"You sweet thing!" murmured the paper-bag.

KILLED by lightning while standing under a tree during a storm, it was found, on medical examination, that the victim's body was marked with the imprint of the tree.
Such a freak is not uncommon. The markings on the skin are reddish brown in color, and resemble photographic imprints of trees or shrubs.
Lightning, however, plays many strange tricks. A girl was once crossing a meadow during a thunderstorm when she was struck by lightning. Although every shred of clothing was torn from her, she herself merely experienced slight giddiness.
In another extraordinary case a man was killed by lightning while riding a horse through a storm, but the animal was untouched and unalarmed, and carried his dead master home at a gentle trot.

THE old man from the country stopped in front of a picture palace plastered with posters of lions, tigers, elephants, and other African wild animals.
"Great guns, Henry!" he said to his nephew, who lived in town. "I'm glad I'm going home on Saturday afternoon."
"Why are you so anxious to get away?" asked the nephew.
Pointing to the notices, the old chap read aloud the words—"To be released on Saturday night."

IN a voting competition, organized by a Danish paper, Mary Pickford received 159,199 votes, more than 20,000 ahead of her nearest competitor, Marguerite Clark.
Douglas Fairbanks was top among the men, his votes numbering 132,128. W. S. Hart came next, and fairly near him, with 129,565 votes to his credit. Like the winners, the other artistes who occupied top places are favorites also in this country, but, wonder of wonders, Charlie Chaplin's name was not among them! Can it be possible that the Danes don't like him, or have his pictures been overlooked in Denmark?

"WHY did you snatch the lady's purse?" asked the magistrate.
"Because, your worship, I thought the change might do me good," answered the prisoner.

TWO shipwrecked sailors were on a desert island. They were utterly miserable, pinched with hunger and cold. The one more wretched than the other said to his companion, "Can you pray, Bill?"
"No."
"Can you sing a hymn?"
"No."
"Well," said the first, "let's have something religious; let's have a collection."

IN Athens goats are marched to the housekeepers' doors and milked before the eyes of patrons. But this system does not prevent adulteration. The milkman wears a loose coat with wide sleeves. Around his waist is a rubber bag filled with water, and a tube runs down his arm. As he milks he presses the tube, and milk and water flow silently together into the milk-pail.

"HEAVENS! Who's this? He's mistaken it for an infants' class," one of the examiners at the fifth international shorthand contest for the championship of the world is said to have exclaimed when a certain youth in knickerbockers entered the room.
But that youth had made no mistake. Veteran competitors were amused when he sat down at one of the desks—amusement which turned to amazement and chagrin when he beat nearly all of them, winning second place and writing fifteen words a minute faster than any writer had written before in the international contests.
That is how Charles Swem, the official reporter and personal stenographer to President Wilson, first became known, and when two years later, again in the world's championship shorthand contest, he established a speed record of 268 words a minute, they began to crack the joke that Swem always wrote on wet paper to prevent the friction of his lightning strokes setting it on fire.

A SAILOR stood in front of his commander, a gentleman fierce of mien, and with some nasty questions on the tip of his tongue.
"Brown," came the stern demand, "what have you to say?"
"Sir," and the pat answer tripped lightly, "yesterday afternoon I set out to come aboard. Arriving at the railway station, I found I had only a minute to spare."
"Yes," rapped out the commander.
"Just then a band struck up 'The Star Spangled Banner' and I stood to attention and saluted until they had finished."
"Yes."
"Then, sir, by that time the train had gone!"

DISHEVELLED and weary, the stout suburbanite sank gasping on a seat in the railway station, and glared at the rear end of the train he had just missed. To him came the fussy station-master.
"Were you trying to catch that train, sir?" he asked, pompously.
The panting would-be passenger eyed him balefully for a second before he hissed in reply:—
"Oh, no! I merely wished to chase it out of the station!"

First On Her List

The selection of soap for the toilet or bath is a matter of importance. That is why the discriminating woman places RESINOL SOAP first on her shopping list.

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Brunswick Again Brings a New Idea to Music Lovers

First came The Ultona which introduced an all-record phonograph. Then the Brunswick Tone Amplifier which brought better tone. NOW Brunswick Records, interpreted by great directors.

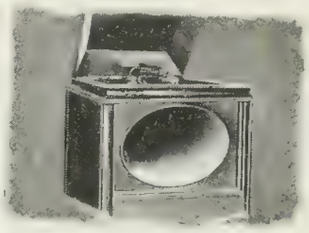
The Ultona

In all the history of phonographic art there are no chapters more interesting than those allotted to Brunswick.

It rested with this old-time house to introduce the Brunswick Method of Reproduction and the advancements it provides.

For years phonograph music had seemed to reach its heights. But people have found that in The Brunswick old standards must be forgotten.

Rare Tones Ever Present



The Brunswick Tone Amplifier

Experts in acoustics have long agreed that better reproduction could come only with a new-type reproducer and a different way of amplifying the sound waves. That was the urge which made the House of Brunswick discover the Ultona and the Brunswick Tone Amplifier.

Of the major phonographs, The Brunswick was the first to play *all records* correct. This is accomplished by the Ultona, a simple, multi-record reproducer which presents to each make of record, at the turn of the hand, the proper diaphragm and needle. This was a tremendous step forward.

Then came the Brunswick Tone Amplifier—built entirely of wood, like a violin. We avoid the use of metal which, having no elasticity, prevents the sound waves from expanding properly. Thus, we overcame old-time harshness.

With these two inventions the Brunswick Method of Reproduction brings a phonograph the like of which cannot be equaled in versatility nor tone. All we ask to prove it is that you hear The Brunswick. Compare it with others. Your own ear will decide.

And NOW Brunswick Records

We are introducing, after years of preparation, Brunswick Discs. They, too, are unlike any you have known before. They bring a new principle in phonographic recording. Each is interpreted by a noted director. Thus, we unite the talent of the artist with the genius of the composer. This is a step which you will appreciate once you make comparisons.

Brunswick Records

Brunswick Phonographs and Brunswick Records are found throughout the country at leading dealers.

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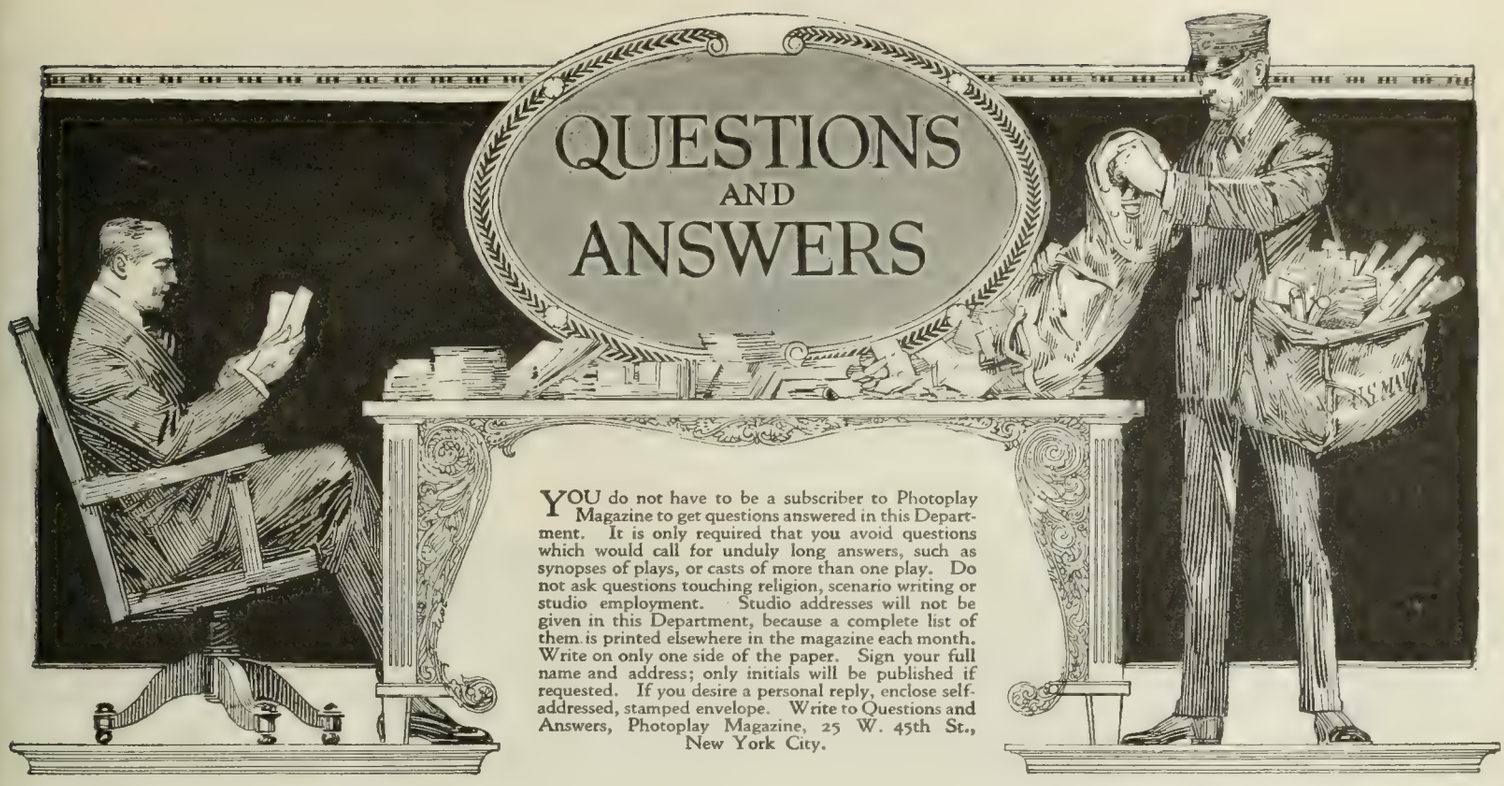

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

CATHERINE C., CRANFORD.—I can't stand it; I can't. With prohibition surely upon us—I discovered that after sampling some new-year's cheer; with the price of neckties soaring, soaring; with Mary Thurman and Alice Lake in drama, and Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost threatening to dress as if for a northwestern winter—I simply will not answer, again, whether or not Dick Barthelmess is married.

ISABEL A. MARR, ADELAIDE.—Yours was a very charming letter. You Australians all write a bit alike—as to form, not substance. Jack Pickford may be addressed care Goldwyn, Culver City, California.

BILLIE, INDIANAPOLIS.—You certainly are an up-to-date girl. "Is it true," you ask, "that Florence Lawrence has retired" and "really, isn't Alice Hollister making pictures any more?" No—and Mary Pickford is no longer with Imp, D. W. Griffith has branched out, with his own company, the Gish sisters are no longer playing small parts, and Charles Chaplin makes a little more money than he used to as a Sennett comedian. It takes a smart feller to keep up with pitchers these days. You enclose a snapshot, saying "I'm told I look like Constance Talmadge but I fear 'tis a sad mistake." Well, said he, clearing his throat in a deprecatory manner, what should *I* say to that?

H. W. H., LITCHFIELD.—It must be pretty bad to live in the town which has its first claim to fame in the fact that E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe used to spend their summers there. You wouldn't mind it so much, you write, if you only had good pictures. But, after waiting months for "Mickey," when this saucy child finally did arrive, the film broke in the middle and then caught on fire. Many of the Zane Grey books have been filmed by Fox. Bill Farnum in "The Last of the Duanes."

MARSHMAN, DETROIT, MICH.—I am no fiend at answering questions. I am merely earning my salary. I will have to beg off in your case, though, even if I get docked for it; I haven't that technical information you crave. Sorry. Yes, I like your city very much.

M. B. S., INQUIRER.—No, the cleverest woman is she who can look like an ingenue, but not think or talk or act like one. "Ingenue" really means a young girl who is artless, ingenuous, and innocent. The personification of innocence is always one of the most appealing forms of drama. Ingenue films, like ingenue women, will never cease to be popular. Pearl White is working in New York at present; her first Fox picture is "The White Moll" now completed. Harry Millarde directed her.

PATRICIA II, AUSTRALIA.—You're right about many of our modern plays, and films, and books. Every man doesn't have to go out and kill a couple of lions to prove his worth. The real struggle of humanity is the inward struggle—such as, say, Douglas Fairbanks' after he had eaten one large onion, one Welsh rarebit, one lobster a la Newburgh, and a slab of mince pie, in "When the Clouds Roll By." Seriously, though, life is only a series of compromises with a hard-pressing world. Mary Fuller has not been in films for a long, long time; she lives in Jersey, I believe. Victoria Forde is the wife of Tom Mix. Thank you sincerely for all your good wishes to us.

Advice to Film Stars

(With Apologies to Herrick)

By
EDMUND J. KIEFER

GATHER admirers while ye may!
New stars are ever dawning;
And these same fans who smile to-day,
To-morrow may be yawning.

GENEVIEVE, OAKLAND CITY.—You should read. Life is much more satisfactory when viewed through the pages of a good book, in a good library—but not, alas, nearly so interesting. Jack Pickford took a flying vacation to New York to spend Christmas with his wife, who is Olive Thomas; she made a railroad leap from New Orleans, where she was locationing, to be with him. You wish you knew Olive? Well, I can only say you wouldn't be disappointed. She is much more beautiful that she is in pictures; I have heard even rival stars say this.

TAPIOCA BLUE, BALTIMORE.—I don't understand you. You say that we are "so partial to New Yorkers and Californians." That isn't true at all, at all. Unless you mean as regards the stars and companies. There is no question about that because very little picture-making goes on outside these two states. You just start a company in Baltimore and we'll show you. Viola Dana, Metro, Hollywood, Cal.

M. E. W., AUGUSTA—I would never make so bold as to say I know a lady's age. I once told a correspondent that so-and-so was approaching her eighteenth year and said correspondent cattily asked, "What detained her?" So I don't like to do that any more. But, according to the veribest statistics—for which, really, there is a crying need in all answer departments—Mary Miles Minter has been nineteen years on earth. She has real golden hair and pretty blue eyes. Next time she comes through here I'll tell her how much you like her.

M. D. B., NEW YORK.—We'll have a fight to the finish over those initials, milady. And another over the pertinacity of confiding—on paper—one another's preferences and prejudices on the stars. Do you want that I should lose my job? My favorite is Venus; anyway. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudie Cameron. Mrs. Wallace Reid is Dorothy Davenport—which is another way of telling you that Wallie is married.

YVONNE R., PONTIAC, ILL.—You're right about that; maybe the reason a man doesn't talk about men so much as women talk about other women is because a man would rather talk about himself. I know that I would. Lila Lee is a great kid; I admire her stick-to-itiveness. Not many youngsters, after all the publicity and attention Lila had would be willing to admit that she had something to learn about acting—not only *admit* it, but take smaller parts to prove it. Harrison Ford. Write to them both at the Lasky Hollywood studios.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARGARET OF MCKEESPORT.—There seems to be no reason why I shouldn't give you Dorothy Dalton's address. Inasmuch as I can't write to her myself, you might as well. And then tell me what she says to you. Write to her care Famous Players, New York; or the Century Theatre, same village. Miss Dalton has been married but is in the singly-blessed state at present. She was once Mrs. Lew Cody.

KATHRYN M., CHICAGO.—So you want to know whether the man named Harry Pollard who acts in the Harold Lloyd comedies is the tall young man with the glasses or the little short one with the drooping mustache. I make answer to that that Harold Lloyd is not Snub Pollard; then will I indulge in that form of vice known as versa and haste to inform thee that Snub is the little fellow, of absolutely no interchangeable identity with Mr. Lloyd. Don't make that mistake again, I beg of you. I suppose next you'll be asking if Phyllis Haver is the big fat woman who acts so funny in the Sennett Comedies.

CHARLOTTE, FORT WAYNE.—At ten, the main thing in life is securing an autograph of your motion picture idol. At four times ten the main thing in life is to wonder how on earth you could ever admire a man like that. True love, my child, seems only to extend itself to young handsome men with eyebrows like Wallace Reid's and hair like Eugene O'Brien's. If I am ever loved it will be for my sweet disposition. Alice Brady, care Realart Pictures Corporation, New York.

M. X. M., MICHIGAN.—You told me to publish you as "Mary X., Detroit Only." And don't ask me how old Constance Talmadge is supposed to be. Very likely the young lady is supposed to be as old as she is. Which is early-twenty or thereabouts. I am constantly bemoaning the cruel fate that ties me to statistics when I long to soar. Constance is a bobbed blonde; not brunette. Don't believe all you hear, kid. Anita Stewart is medium-brunette. Whatever that may be.

BROOKS OF SHEFFIELD.—I have no excuse whatever for answering you, because you not only break the rules: you step on them with your—I hope—daintily shod French feet and smash them into a thousand pieces. I can't help it; I never saw such erratic typewriting as yours. Why don't you try tying the old machine down once in a while? Mine skids all over the desk—or did; now I have it properly trained. I reprove it by threatening to throw it out and get a Corona-Corona instead. Sometimes we accept contributions; it depends, said he wittily, on the contributions.

LORETTA R., BUFFALO.—Don't marvel at your nose for news. Surely it can't be as long as all that. Besides, Loretta, I'm convinced that if I'd been conducting this department for a hundred years instead of only a few, there would still be women who had new questions to ask me. Mary Pickford, her own studios in California; Mary Miles Minter, Realart; Olive Thomas, Selznick, New York. Margarita Fischer's contract with American is up; she is to travel around the country with some sort of a government picture, I understand.

VICTOR WEGNOR, MINN.—What an unfrilly letter yours is—straight to the point and carrying the earmarks of business. And so I shall answer in like vein—strictly business! John Bowers leading man with Madge Kennedy in "Thru the Wrong Door." Wanda Hawley stenographer in the "Poor Boob." Bebe Daniels now with Lasky. Mary Pickford played child roles and was in Belasco's production "The Good Little Devil." Selah.

F. M., PITTSBURG.—So you are very much interested in Thurston Hall. Well, I don't blame you, though he ought to make a good impression with 200 pounds. He is still in pictures. Here are some he has played in: "Cleopatra;" "The Price Mark;" "The Edge of Sin;" "Love Letters;" "An Alien Enemy;" "Tyrant Fear;" "We Can't Have Everything;" "Mating of Marcella." I hope with these you'll see a lot of him.

Drawn by Norman Anthony.

"This is a five-reel picture."
"Yes—four of them explain who directed, photographed it, etc., etc."

B. A. D., MO.—So my sex is an enigma to you. Good; if you knew me well you would lose all interest in me and cease to think me clever. Distance lends enchantment, I vow. Casson Ferguson was the "would-be bad man" in "Unclaimed Goods." He is 28; has blue-grey eyes and brown hair and is not married. Address Lasky, Hollywood, Calif. He played in "How Could You, Jean?" as you suspect. Wallace Reid played opposite Geraldine Farrar in "Marie Rosa." His wife's pre-marriage name was Dorothy Davenport. No, to the children query. Ann Little is the wild mountain girl character you ask about.

LILLY, N. Z.—Yes, Francis Ford still illuminates the screen. His latest is the serial "The Mystery of the Thirteen." He also directs. You ask too much when you seek my favorites. I may have them, but I'm too canny to mention them. I have a hazy dread of bombs, poisoned candy, or loaded cigars.

NAUGHTY SIXTEEN.—I know I shall suffer an intense craving until that promised honey arrives. I'll take a chance on its breaking enroute. Just send it along. The Answer Man needs sweetening, I'll tell you. Mary Pickford's hair is golden— honestly golden. Norma Talmadge's sister Natalie is on the screen. "Intolerance" was taken on the Griffith lot in Hollywood, California.

VIRGINIA.—The "Curly Kid" in "The Girl from Outside" was Cullen Landis. Do you know his sister Margaret Cullen Landis? Perhaps you might grow to like the whole family. I hope this word of enlightenment catches your eye before you leave this country. Do look in on us again, won't you?

CHARLES D. B., OTTAWA.—A pessimist is one who, when laughing, is thinking of the wrinkles it will bring. I'm afraid I can't help you in that personal matter. Constance Talmadge's leading man in "In Search of a Sinner" is Rockcliffe Fellowes. Robert Harron, D. W. Griffith studio, Hunt's Point, Mamaroneck, New York. There also you may reach the sisters Gish. Why, I never said I didn't like the Gish girls. As a matter of fact, there's nobody in films I like better.

CELIA O., HANSBORO.—It is very nice to think about the woman who is made for you. And it is nice, too, to think that you haven't met her yet. Ruth Roland has been married. Norma Talmadge Schenck has an apartment in Manhattan.

MADEMOISELLE FLEURETTE, MARSHALLTOWN.—I have heard it said, too, that the early bird catches the consequences. But I forget what vaudeville team said it first. Your paper is *trés jolie*—but don't, I beg of you, use it again very soon. My eyes aren't so good as they used to be. Dick Barthelmess played the young brother of Nazimova in "War Brides" and he was Marguerite Clark's leading man before he went with the Griffith company. He may play with Dorothy Gish again but it is not likely.

I. D. D., WINDHAM, N. Y.—"Ivanhoe" was done some years ago in England with King Baggott and Leah Baird. So you were writing in a terrible snow-storm; don't you mean brain-storm? "Sporting Life" was produced by Maurice Tourneur and released by Artcraft. I don't know, I am sure, why it is that George Walsh makes up his eyes so dark.

MISS I., SAN FRANCISCO.—There are two kinds of women: those who fall in love, and those with a sense of humor. And I am a man myself, too. Write to Tony Moreno at the Vitagraph studios in the West. He is to appear in features upon the completion of "The Invisible Hand" his new—and last serial.

I. K. COLORADO—You did right, Little Nell, in not attempting to deceive the Answer Man. I can see through the slyest de-

(Continued on page 12[illegible])

Cartoon Stars make big money

Sidney Smith, Clare Briggs, Fontaine Fox and other cartoon stars make from $10,000 to $50,000 a year. Bud Fisher makes over $50,000 a year from Mutt and Jeff. R. L. Goldberg's yearly income is more than $125,000. Yet both Fisher and Goldberg started as $15 a week illustrators. Ministers, bookkeepers, and mechanics have become successful illustrators and cartoonists through the Federal School of Applied Cartooning. Don't let your present job hold **you** back. Capitalize **your** cartoon ideas. The way is now open to you.

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"THE LASH-BROW-INE GIRL"

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Alice Joyce has a natural dignity that is as a raised, arresting hand. She is of gracious manner, with the graciousness of one who softly, smilingly closes a door . . . a mistress of the fine art of self-withdrawal.

Photograph by Bangs

Behind the eyes that Griffith called wonderful, there lies a gentle doggedness. It serves her well, so well that in a popularity contest she was conceded to be third in the list of America's most popular actresses.

The Lady of Vast Silences

A study in inscrutability — a delightful word photograph of a much-beloved star.

By
ADA PATTERSON

VICTOR HUGO told the world that there is nothing as fascinating as a wall which may not be passed. I thought of the French genius and his sage conclusion the first time I met Alice Joyce.

The tall, slender girl with the eyes of autumn leaf brown grazes inscrutability. She is a woman of vast silences. Persons who surround her with chatter seem as so many magpies. Yet, she, without a word, holds the situation. She has a natural dignity that is as a raised, arresting hand. She is of gracious manner, with the graciousness of one who softly, smilingly closes a door. She is a mistress of the fine, protective art of self-withdrawal.

In the days of her artistic beginnings she went to the Biograph Studio. It was while David W. Griffith was its king. She was led before a tall man who sat on a high stand and wore a large felt hat and talked through a megaphone. She stood and looked up at him. Alice-Joycelike, she said not a word. He said: "Come on in the crowd just as you are." The girl tenderfoot in the new land of the screen construed literally his words. She joined the group. He called through the megaphone: "Go and be made up." A girl actress powdered her plentifully and she returned. But by that incident, her silence and the gaze of her large, unfathomable eyes, the star of her hopes to go with the Biograph stock company to California set.

"Juno?" said the rising sun of shadow land. "The girl that reminds me of a cow? She has wonderful eyes but nothing behind them. We wont take her. Strike her name off the list."

Crushed but not beaten the girl went back to the studios of the illustrators. While she posed at fifty cents an hour for C. D. Williams, for Charles Gilbert and Edmund Magrath and in the styles for the commercial photographers, she thought of the motion picture studios and their greater rewards. In this she revealed what was behind the eyes that the great impresario of the screen had granted were wonderful. That something, lodged where he had thought was vacuity, was a gentle doggedness. It is still hers. Well has it served her, so well that in a recent popularity contest she was conceded to be third on the list of most popular actresses in America. The first according to the vote was Mary Pickford. Second, by that rating, was Maude Adams. Followed, Alice Joyce.

One remembers Alice Joyce for the reason that one cannot forget her. After one meeting at the hotel which she has bought with her star dust I thought often of her. I wanted again to see her. I craved more knowledge of her. This not because she is a star of the first magnitude in the screen heavens. It has not been given me to see many photodramas nor to know many of the sovereigns of shadow land. It was because of her haunting personality. Because she is a mysterious, elusive young woman. Because she teased the character student in me into pursuit. Because she was "hard to get at," therefore of hundred woman power interest. A will o' the wisp or a softly shining planet, obscured often by her myriad reticences—which?

I contrived it—a glimpse over "the wall that could not be passed." And these are what I saw, the things that lay behind

She used to pose for artists—at fifty cents an hour. But that's harking back a long time—as you may note by the vogues of these cover pages, as old as ten years.

the eyes that are as none others. I repeat it, as none others. For this I have the corroboration of a weatherbeaten woman who sells postcards of stars of the screen and stage.

"That's Alice Joyce," she said. "There's pretty ones and there's grand ones and there's great ones, but there's something in her eyes that none of the others has."

In the peep over "the wall one cannot pass" I found a spirit that is habitually gentle but that once in a rare while rises and flames and blazes in defense of its own. I beheld, looking past that wall, two children at war in a garden. It was a vegetable garden. To be accurate, as the writing person should, the particular portion in which the fray occurred was an onion patch. The combatants were a tow-headed boy of five and a thin little girl of eight. The girl was winning the war. By well administered cuffs and kicks punctuated by angry cries, she was winning it.

"Will you stop calling me 'scarey eyes'? I can't help it if they're big and scarey looking. They're all I've got." A reminder from a boot tipped with brass. "If you don't quit saying my mouth's too big for my face and my teeth stick out I'll bite you with them." A shower of tears. "Don't you ever say another word about my hands and feet. 'Tain't my fault they're big. Will you promise? Then get up."

It was Alice Joyce's first emotional scene. The villain whom she worsted and reformed was her brother Frank. Then her tormentor, now her most profound admirer.

So Miss Joyce has always turned upon adverse fate when it was too painful to be accepted.

Another glimpse behind the wall and the eyes unique revealed a habit of decision that has worked for her weal. As when she was a pig-tailed, short-skirted stock girl in a department store and asked for a "book." A term in department store vernacular that signifies that the stock girl believes herself entitled to the honors and emoluments of a saleswoman. The head of the department surveyed her high boots and short skirts, sniffed her atmosphere of unimpressive youthfulness and said "No." Upon which the aspiring youngster said something that rhymed with his "No" and as snappy. It was "Then I will go."

She had heard of what is advertised as "the ideal occupation for women," the symbol of which is the switchboard. She would an operator be. Having qualified and equipped herself for the said-to-be-ideal occupation she was installed as operator in a smart Broadway hotel. A male guest tarried beside the switchboard inviting her to dine with him. Mindful of her mother's warnings she said what the head of the department said when she wanted a "book." It was a round, positive, unmistakable monosyllable, such a "No" as one Captain Myles Standish dreaded.

The manager of the hotel strolled past. The guest related his disappointment. "I've been asking this young lady to have dinner with me. She says she won't." The manager turned upon her an interrogative gaze. "I said I won't, and I won't," said the positive young person. The next day she was informed that the hotel would "dispense with her services."

Her next employment was with a man-hating female celibate. The guests shunned the switchboard save for telephoning. There was good reason. The hotel proprietor was vigilant. The penalty for an attempted flirtation would have been an immediate eviction. Alice Joyce remained for three untroubled seasons. A hotel season is from autumn until summer. The three months must be filled.

She went a-modeling. Then came the three-day Biograph attempt and failure. A Kalem studio man saw reproductions of her poses in the studios. His pictures caused a summons from the Kalem company. She was engaged for "The Engineer's Sweetheart." "Do you ride?" "Yes," she answered, refraining from details. The details would have been of five-minute rides on the back of a weary plow horse from a Virginia field to the water trough. In pursuit of her new profession she galloped on a spirited steed across recurrent and seemingly endless car tracks. She fell off three times. Her bruises were large and livid and past counting. Her mother applied liniment and tears.

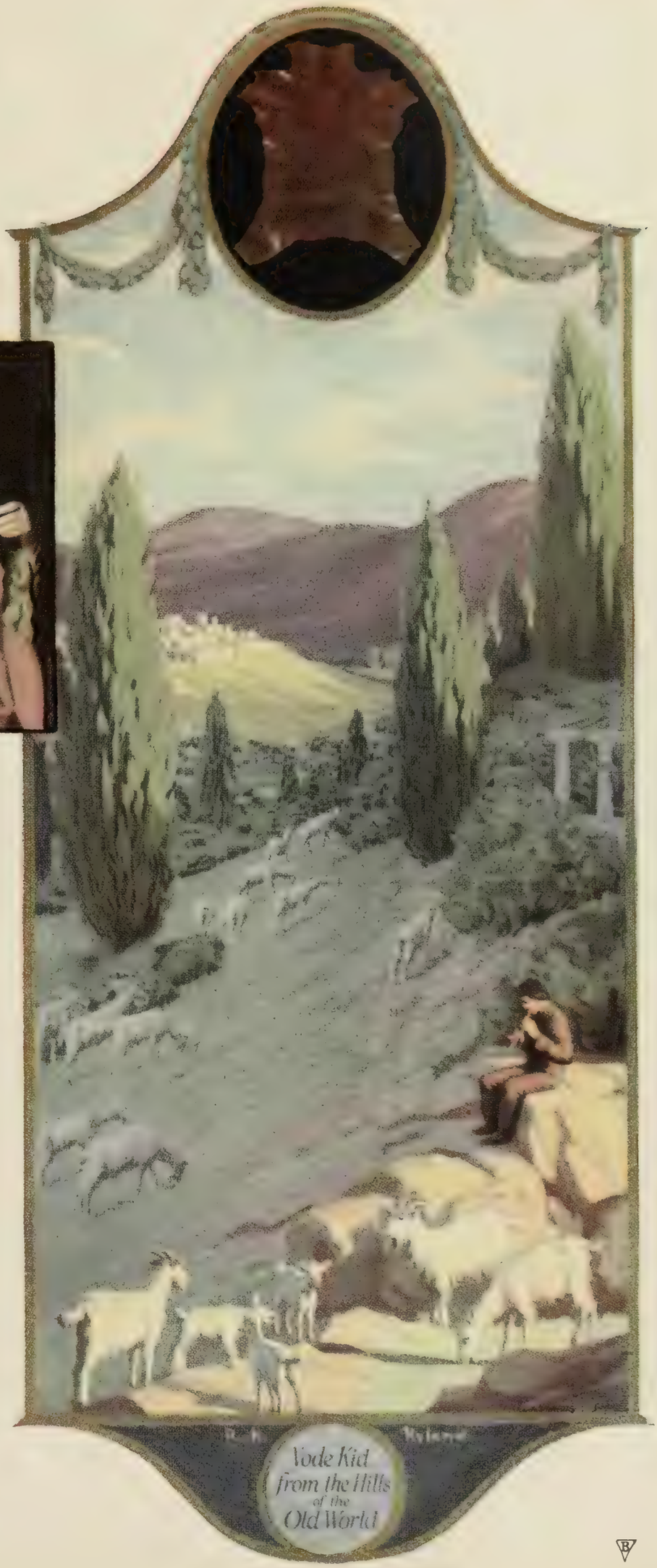
The next day Miss Joyce limped back. She limped through the week. Her gentle

(Continued on page 95)

She has been called the screen's Madonna. "I should be sorry," she said, "if I thought I would have no more children."

Vode KID

The Leather for Fine Shoes



Fine LEATHER *makes Fine Shoes*

ON sunny mountain slopes flocks of kids and goats graze under the watchful eye of shepherds. Some wander away, scrambling over sharp rocks, pushing through thickets, and sometimes indulging in lively fights. They care little that after their goat souls have gone to the goat heaven, their hides may supply the leather for the fashionable shoes of America.

But only the skins of the good little kids who mind their shepherds are made into Vode Kid. For the choicest skins are selected for this ultra leather.

Vode Kid is found in all the shades and lasts shown in the smart boot shops. No matter what your shoe problem you should be able to find a pair of shoes of Vode Kid to solve it. Permit your shoe merchant to help you select the shoes of Vode Kid which best suit your foot and blend with your new costume.

Standard Kid Manufacturing Co.
Boston, Mass.

Agencies in All Shoe Manufacturing Centers

Ask for Shoes of Vode Kid

The History of a Word

THE trade-mark "KODAK" was first applied, in 1888, to a camera manufactured by us and intended for amateur use. It had no "derivation." It was simply invented—made up from letters of the alphabet to meet our trade-mark requirements.

It was short and euphonious and likely to stick in the public mind, and therefore seemed to us to be admirably adapted to use in exploiting our new product.

It was, of course, immediately registered, and so is ours, both by such registration and by common law. Its first application was to the Kodak Camera. Since then we have applied it to other goods of our manufacture, as, for instance, Kodak Tripods, Kodak Portrait Attachments, Kodak Film, Kodak Film Tanks and Kodak Amateur Printers.

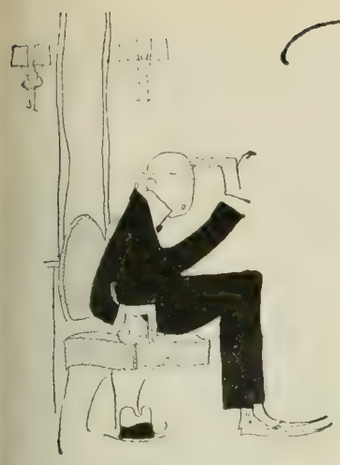
The name "Kodak" does not mean that these goods must be used in connection with a Kodak camera for as a matter of fact any of them may be used with other apparatus or goods. It simply means that they originated with, and are manufactured by, the Eastman Kodak Company.

"Kodak" being our registered and common law trade-mark can not be rightly applied except to goods of our manufacture.

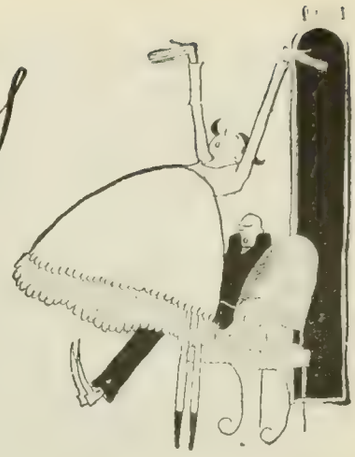
If you ask at the store for a Kodak Camera, or Kodak Film, or other Kodak goods and are handed something not of our manufacture, you are not getting what you specified, which is obviously unfair both to you and to us.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.



Why-Do-They Do-It



Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Specs Without Glass—Again

IN "Sadie Love," *Mumfy* upon arising rubs his eyes violently through heavy rimmed glasses. Harold Lloyd, to my knowledge, is the only man who can do this.

MRS. R. L. GOETZ, Reno, Nev.

An Old Habit

ONE scene in Katherine MacDonald's picture, "The Thunderbolt," shows *Spencer Vale* in riding habit, and after a lapse of four years he is seen in the same habit.

CONSTANCE E. GAWNE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Love Is Blind, Anyway

IN "The Miracle of Love," in a supposedly English scene, the leading lady is seen reading a supposedly English paper. But it was the *New York World.*

M. D., Hartford, Conn.

And Theodore Roberts, Too

WILLIAM FARNUM—"The Last of the Duanes"—makes off to the woods with Louise Lovely, the heroine, in the morning. He is as clean-shaven as a youth. But at night he wears a beard that would have made Rip Van Winkle jealous.

R. P. EMMONDS, Boston, Mass.

"Hot Dawgs!"

CAN you tell me how this ever happened today? The hero of "Shock o' Doom"—Edward Earle—had twenty-five cents in his pocket. He bought three hot frankfurters and was given change!

E. H., New York City.

We'd Call Him a Dog Fancier

IN "Soldiers of Fortune" the hero—Norman Kerry—appears for a flash with a brindle bull in a hammock. There is a brief cut-back, and thereafter he is always seen, in the hammock and elsewhere, with two Chesapeake water-spaniels.

DR. LEONARD K. HIRSHBERG, Baltimore, Md.

A Searsroebuck Indian

EARLE WILLIAMS, in "The Wolf," plays the part of a halfbreed, talks broken English, yet wears a store-bought flannel shirt, immaculate tie, and a cute little mail-order belt with a knife and hatchet attached thereon. He also smokes innumerable cigarettes, which he lights with safety-matches. He leaves on a hunting-trip, returns the following spring—and we see the same new shirt and belt! As he enters the village he languidly lights another cigarette. Did he get them in the "wild northwest?" His hair is always well-brushed and smartly cut. Never heard of tonsorial parlors near an Indian camp. Towards the end, he is pursued by the villain and first we see him by a camp-fire, at night (a sub-title having just informed us that it is night) then we see the villain, *in broad daylight,* and even though the scenes change several times, we still witness that phenomena, daylight for the villain—fire-light for our hero.

WILLIAM C. GRAVELINE, Attleboro, Mass.

Airy Fairy Dorothy

IN Dorothy Gish's "Turning the Tables," Miss Dorothy fell through a window, landing on the other side amid much glass, etc., yet when an outside view of the house and window was shown, the window was as whole as before the young lady fell through.

ELIZABETH MYRES, Los Angeles, Cal.

Maybe He Shaved with the Propeller

IN "Fires of Faith" the American aviator (Eugene O'Brien) is shot down and remains in hiding a week and is then shown sailing away in the Hun's machine with a *clean shaven face.*

G. P. W., Wilmington, Del.

A New War

"BLUE BONNET" with Billie Rhodes opens with the child coming into the world in 1898. Later we see her selling papers at the age of 12 and crying "All about the Allies' Victory." I didn't know the war was on in 1910.

JAMES DYER, Pittsburgh.

The Swans Should Worry!

CORINNE GRIFFITH, as *Blanche Hunter* in "The Climbers," was seen in broad daylight in an evening gown feeding the swans, while *Sterling,* her fiance, wore sport clothes. In another instance in the afternoon on the lawn, her sister was wearing a voile dress and the two women she was talking to had on evening gowns.

R. RYSKIND, New York City.

How Quickly May Cleans Up!

IN "Castles in the Air" May Allison throws an inkwell at the Assistant Manager which completely douses him as they are fighting. When he hugs her again, she also gets the ink on her face and her scarf. But in the next scene, May is spotless, while the poor A. M. still has the ink on.

C. V. SULLIVAN, Minneapolis.

The Faithful Prop

IN "Smashing Barriers" (sixth episode) William Duncan and Edith Johnson are escaping from the villain's clutches—in a wagon. The wagon is rocking dangerously and William and Edith are having trouble holding on; yet there is a bush on one side that stays right along with them for many miles.

H. L. J., Valley View, Texas.

Food for Thought

A SUB-TITLE in "The Isle of Conquest," a Norma Talmadge picture, stated that Wyndham Standing was going in quest of food. But upon returning he had an armful of wood.

FRED E., New York City.

"I Found The Way to Financial Independence"

"It is better than a position. I make more money than I could in any other way. I make new friends every day and have established a pleasant, profitable business that makes me independent of financial worries. I have never been so happy as I am now as a World's Star Representative."

That is the story told by women in every part of the country. Without previous experience they became successful, happy business women, with good incomes. You can do as well as they have done.

Be a Local Representative for

World's Star Hosiery and *Klean-Knit* Underwear

You can devote all or a part of your time to this pleasant, profitable work. You will find it easy to sell World's Star goods to your friends and neighbors.

Women everywhere know the exceptional quality of World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear. They like to make their selections right in their own homes. They welcome our representatives who save them countless tiresome shopping hours.

Previous Experience Is Not Necessary

More than 20,000 women have made money as World's Star Representatives. Thousands of them never had any previous experience, yet they were successful right from the first week.

Use Your Spare Time or All Day

An hour or two a day will enable you to add to your present income. We have representatives who make $50 a week and more by devoting all their time to the work.

The first order taken nearly always means additional orders, because World's Star quality always gives such complete satisfaction.

Write Today! Be Our Exclusive Representative in Your Territory

We tell you just how to start the work, to find new customers. With our help you will very quickly have a profitable business. You can be our only representative in your territory and get all the benefit of our extensive advertising now appearing in all the leading women's magazines.

Write for Our Catalog Today

It gives full information. Send for it now.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
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In Business Here Twenty-five Years

YOU Can Be a Nurse

Learn at Home!

If over 18, you can become a Trained Nurse with Diploma. Learn at home, in spare time. System founded by Orville J. Perkins, M D. Thousands of students during past 20 years.

Earn $18 to $30 a Week

Earn while learning. New method—lessons simple and practical. Write for book and 32 Lesson Pages *Free*. Nurse's outfit free to undergraduates and graduates. Low price, easy terms. Hospital experience if desired. School chartered by State of Illinois. Authorized Diplomas. **Chicago School of Nursing, Dept. 603, 116 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago.**

Write Today for Free Book

Maurice Maeterlinck, noted Belgian poet and playwright, and Madam Maeterlinck, on their arrival in New York.

Wide World Photo

More Beautiful Than The Elephants

An impression of a little visit with Maurice Maeterlinck

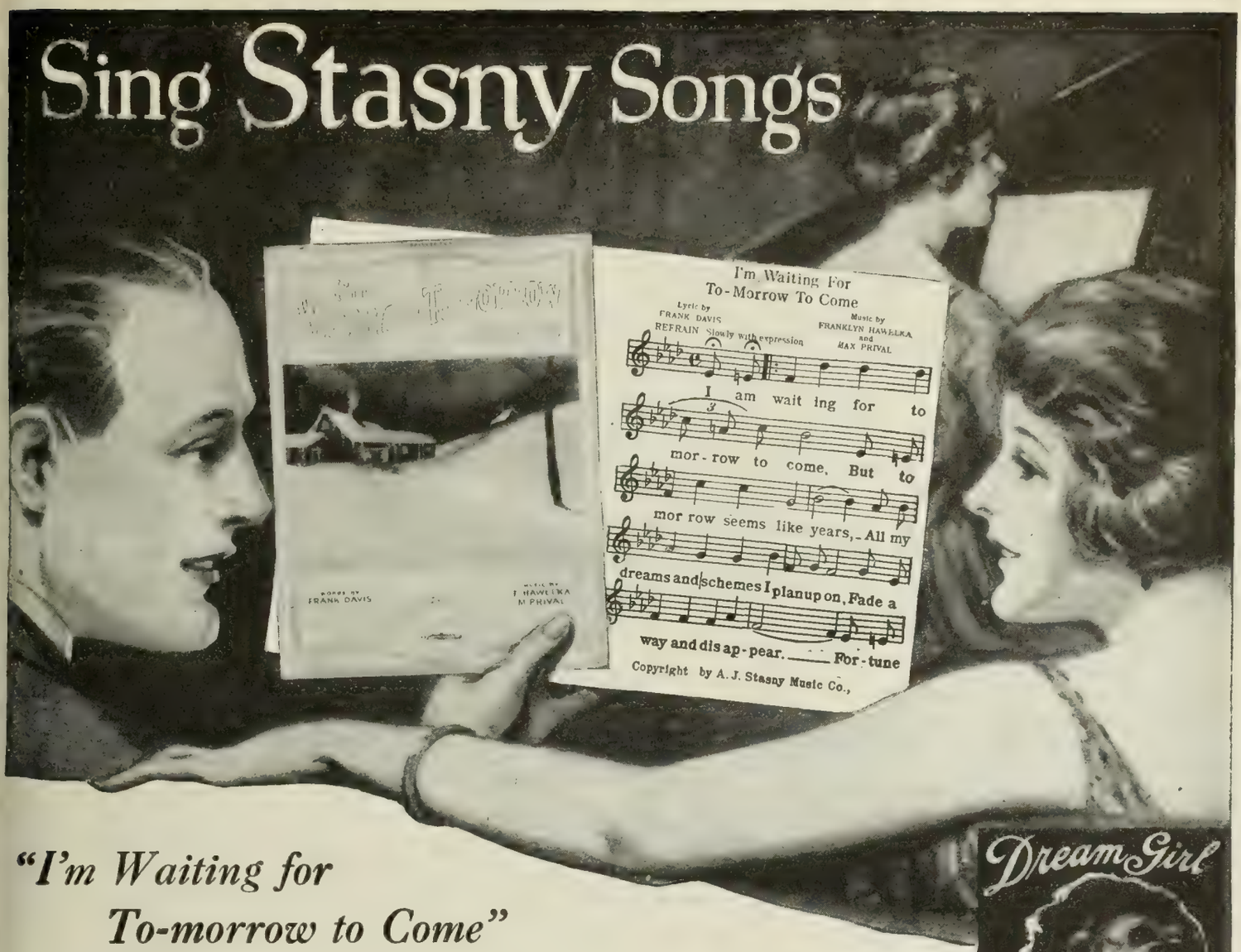
By
BETTY SHANNON

THERE were six of us in the not large brown limousine—and one of us was Maurice Maeterlinck. I have said that the limousine was not large, therefore you may know that we were snugly packed. For Maurice Maeterlinck, as his picture will attestify, possesses six feet of vigorous, rugged person.

It was *tres jolie*. So at least said Mme. Maeterlinck, whose picquant face with its living brown eyes and its honey curls under her beaver hat of a pastel green expressed many delightful and humorous ideas of the situation that she lacked the words to say in English. The rest of us thought so too. Even Monsieur Maeterlinck who sat in the corner politely bunched up inside his brown overcoat to make more room beside him on the back seat for Madame and the wife of Mr. Henry Russell, his personal manager and friend, seemed not to mind it. The dignified Mr. Russell, an opera director well known both in Europe and America, rode outside with the driver. Mr. Felix Isman, a friend, knelt on the floor, and I sat on one of the collapsible seats, twisted about so that I could watch the serene face of the great Belgian poet, philosopher and dramatist with its very blue, kindly eyes, its generous mouth, its almost boyishly stubborn chin, its sturdy wholesomeness.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Sing Stasny Songs



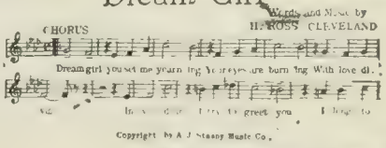
"I'm Waiting for To-morrow to Come"

All the hopes and longing of youth and love are packed into this wonderful song. Its simple melody has a sympathetic quality that appeals to everybody, a lilt that stays in your memory.

When you want to be sure of having a good time, sing Stasny Songs. They are always welcomed in any company, because everyone likes to sing them and to hear them sung. They are just right in the home, when a few congenial people are gathered around the piano. They make a hit in theatres and restaurants. There is a universal appeal about every one of them that goes right to the heart.

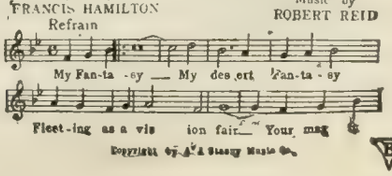
Every chap that has ever dreamt of a lovely girl will like this song—every girl that has ever hoped to be dreamt about will love to hear it sung. It's easy to sing, delightful to listen to. YOU should get it for your piano TODAY.

Dream Girl



The mystic East will cast its magic spell over you when you hear "My Desert Fantasy." It carries with it a breath of the Orient that will stir you strangely. Don't miss it. Get it from your music dealer today. It can be had either as an instrumental or vocal number.

My Desert Fantasy



Other Stasny Favorites

VOCAL	INSTRUMENTAL
One Happy Day	Blue Bird Inspiration
That's Why I Love to Live	Love's Garden
Just a Kiss	Dream True
That's Why I Call You 'Dear'	An Autumn Day

On Sale Wherever the better grade of music is sold. If your dealer is out of these Stasny Song Hits, we will send them to you for 40c a copy, any three for $1.00, postpaid; orchestra 25c each.

Get them from your dealer for your TALKING MACHINE

A. J. Stasny Music Co.

56 West 45th Street, New York

Get them from your dealer for your PLAYER PIANO

The Delicate Freshness of a Young Girl's Skin

is closely reflected in a toilet made with LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER.

This new toilet luxury leaves a velvety film of beauty in every tiny crevice of the flesh,—not only powdering with a magic touch, but also softening and protecting.

After you have used LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER there is no need of a powder puff—not all day long. You are saved the eternal dabbing on of more powder, and you are happy in knowing that neither wind, rain, nor perspiration will spoil your complexion.

Still, LA MEDA has none of that enameled nor over-done appearance. Simply the naturalness of a beautiful skin.

La Meda
Cold Creamed Powder

is just the powder you need for motoring, an evening of dancing, or for any occasion when the face, neck or arms need protecting as well as beautifying.

The constant, every-day use of LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER cannot help but result in a permanent benefit to the complexion.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER for you or we will send it postpaid upon receipt of 65 cents a jar. Three tints: White, Flesh and Brunette.

Send the Coupon for a **Trial Jar** and judge for yourself the wonders of LA MEDA.

TRIAL JAR COUPON

La Meda Mfg. Co.,
103 E. Garfield Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send handsome miniature test jar of LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER in the .....tint.
I enclose 10 cents silver and a 2c stamp for postage and packing. (Or 12 cents stamps if more convenient.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

I usually buy my toilet goods from

.....

More Beautiful Than the Elephants

(Continued from page 90)

It was the day after Christmas, the day before the premier of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" as an opera at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

We were on our way to the movies. Not to a regular motion picture theatre—there would not have been time for that, since "The Master" and his wife and his manager's family were due to call on Mary Garden in an hour. But we were progressing as fast as Madison Avenue crossways policemen would permit us to the office of one of the Kinogram typical weeklies that had made a picture of Monsieur and Madame before landing from the boat which brought them to America. The picture had not yet been presented in the theatres. But they could not wait to see how they looked, dear souls. Especially Madame! Before the war—before she became the second wife of the great Maeterlinck, when she was still Renee Dahon the actress—she had played in two pictures in Paris. She hopes to do dramatic work again for the screen.

While we exclaimed over the tiny blue bird in a wee crystal cage attached to a delicate chain which Mme. Maeterlinck fetched out of its leather case to show us, and while we laughed merrily at nothing at all but that we were so crowded in, Maeterlinck looked out, for the most part, on the mid-afternoon turmoil. It seemed to confuse him, even while it interested him. Perhaps its very restlessness brought into the mind of the great nature lover who recorded "The Life of the Bee" the picture of his peaceful bee hives, the beloved seclusion of his home at the old Abbey of Saint-Wandrille.

Occasionally he would join in with us.

He did not know how he liked America yet—"I go where I am taken and make no outcry," he said with expressive gesture. "I am always in *notre* limousine. I see only the avenues and these"—pointing to the high buildings.

Mr. Isman suggested that after all the high brows were through showing him the things they thought he ought to want to see, he would take Maeterlinck and his wife out to see the famous white lights. This brought a radiant "Merci" from them both.

Maeterlinck could not understand the curious, aggressive ways of the American journalists in search of interviews. They overwhelmed him. (Even at that moment he was being sheltered from hundreds of them who were trying to break past the protective barrier reared by the sympathetic Mr. Russell to bombard him with questions. Neither Mr. Russell or Monsieur Maeterlinck knew that I belonged to the clan—or I am afraid they would never have consented to letting me arrange this enchanting movie party.) Three weeks before sailing date he had cabled Mr. Russell in America saying he could not come. But out of deference to the committee of fashionable American women who had laid the plans for a "Blue Bird for Happiness Campaign" he reconsidered his decision.

Maeterlinck had never seen the motion picture version of "The Blue Bird," which was produced in this country about two years ago. He had missed it when it was shown in Paris. He does not like Paris—"it ees too cold." He would be "ver' glad" to see "The Blue Bird" photodrama while he is in America—especially after he had seen the opera, so he could compare the two. Madame wished to see how the role of "Tyltyl" appeared on the screen, for she was the creator of that part in the play in Paris. Monsieur was afraid that the story would have lost much of its imaginative quality in the screening.

He did not want to talk of the lectures he had come to America to deliver. Madame said, "He ees so scairt—like me. He has almost, what you say, the cold foot. He work ver' much to learn English—on the boat, every day here. I think he will not be scairt when he make his lecture."

Maeterlinck was wrapt in a more or less aloof dignity during our crowded journey, but he expanded into a delighted child when we were seated in the projection room before the screen on which his picture was to be thrown.

I had the place of honor beside him.

While we were waiting for the room to darken and the picture to begin I learned that he is an enthusiastic picture fan.

"Ah—we go often to the picture theatre—we lak it much," he said happily, "they are gude. The Americaine picture I lak most—it ees best of all in Europe. Of all who play I lak Bessie Love" (he called it Bessie Luve). "She has the purest art. We look for her tous le temps. We lak William Hart—not so much Charlie Chaplin. He ees not—he ees wulgar."

It occurred to me that Mme. Maeterlinck herself looks like Bessie Love. I said as much. It brought a pleased protest from Madame, though I believe that Maeterlinck himself, though he did not say so, agreed with me.

"I do not luke lak Bessie Love," she said modestly. "Bessie Love is ver' pretty."

Now the picture began—opening with a subject showing the celebration of Armistice Day in India.

First was heralded the arrival of a great many podgy Rajahs, clad in flowing robes which did nothing to conceal their unbeautiful figures.

"They are stoofy," observed Maurice Maeterlinck in his best English.

"Stuffy," corrected the younger Russell who stood at his elbow.

"La la—la la—magnifique!" he exclaimed at intervals as a procession of gorgeous elephants, heavy in priceless trappings of silver and gold, lumbered across the screen. And then (in French which again taxed the translating powers of the lad at his side)—"We shall not be so beautiful as the elephants!"

There were other subjects on week day topics before the rose tinted picture of the mist enshrouded ship on which Maurice Maeterlinck and his wife crossed the ocean for the first time flashed on the screen. When it did Maeterlinck stirred and moved imperceptibly forward in his seat. It was beautiful—*tres, tres jolie, tres bien* and all the rest. And the elephants were completely outshone.

After that there was nothing to stay for, so we left—"The Master" and his party with many cries of *"Merci! Merci"* to visit Miss Garden, and I to go about my work.

It did not really matter that I had not tried to coax Maeterlinck into betraying his ideas of the psychology and the philosophy and all the other ologies thinkers are beginning to look for in the motion pictures.

It did not matter that he had not talked to me, in his quaint, uncertain English, on life after death—the subject on which he had come to our shores to lecture.

Let the high brows pin him down and probe him for that. I had seen him throw back his head, with its wilful silver hair, and laugh like a child at motion pictures. I had seen him relieved of all embarrassment and shyness at being in the presence of strangers. I had caught a glimpse of that great simplicity of soul which makes "The Master" love and write about little things.

I saw him again the following night at the premier of "The Blue Bird" at the Metropolitan. I was standing at the stage

More Beautiful Than the Elephants

(Concluded from page 92)

entrance, waiting to be let in past the inexorable ticket taker, when Monsieur and Madame arrived with their party.

Madame looked like an exquisite flower in her pale evening dress trimmed with gold lace showing under her fur wrap. In her hair was a garland of yellowish-pink rose buds. In her hand she carried a formal bouquet edged with a shelf of stiff paper lace, which reminded one of nothing so much as the prim little maids of long ago in their lace edged pantalets.

Maeterlinck himself wore the same brown coat, with its youthful belt, over his evening clothes. His gray hair, parted well to the back and brushed forward and around his head, was more tractable than the day before. He had a more shy expression, as if he were dreading the necessity of facing the thousands of eyes which would shortly be focused on him.

When they saw me, they stepped forward with the simplest cordiality and greeted me, with very correct, "How do you dos."

There was a great clapping of hands when they entered the honor box in the middle of the horse shoe, draped with Belgian and American flags, and again when Maeterlinck appeared on the stage after the third act with Albert Wolff, the composer, who also conducted the opera.

I did not hear Monsieur's first lecture on "The Unknown Shore," which he himself prefers to name, "New Proofs of Immortality." But it is a matter of history that his immature English—acquired in two months—failed him. The lecture had been written out phonetically thus,—"Aie ondre stann tha mannale aixpeh tha aie brinn ae maissija ov dhe waugh." It was finally necessary to send to his apartment for the English and French versions of his talk, so that he could read in French a paragraph or two, and that the Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright might make it clear by reading the same in English.

Translated, this is what the phonetic introduction means, "I understand that many expect that I bring a message of the war." No wonder Maurice Maeterlinck got confused.

Mary Pickford —Director

Demonstrating that often a little girl can best direct little girls.

By
M. LEWIS RUSSEL

"NOW are you all ready for the picture?"—(I recognized that clear voice, but where was Mary? Oh yes! Under a table, on her hands and knees!) "Remember, now, I'm a big old bear, and I'm going to get you if you don't do just what I tell you! G-r-r-r-r-

Three delighted peals of childish laughter showed plainly how excited was the imagination of three dimpled little girls. Robed only in cherubic smiles and angel wings, they sat on a studio-cloud or climbed golden

That Would Buy 100 Dishes

Of Supreme Food—Quaker Oats

Consider that—the steak for an average family meal would serve 100 dishes of the food of foods.

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. One egg would buy five dishes. One chop would buy twelve dishes, based on prices at this writing.

You can serve ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats for about the cost of serving one with meat or eggs or fish.

Saves 90% on Your Breakfast

But the true way to measure foods is by nutrition. The calory—the energy unit—is used for this comparison. Quaker Oats yield 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890 and eggs 635.

This is the cost per 1000 calories in some necessary foods at this writing:

Cost Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats, 5½c **Average Meats, 45c** **Average Fish, 50c**
Hen's Eggs, 70c **Vegetables, 11c to 75c**

So Quaker Oats, compared with average meat foods, saves some 90 per cent on a breakfast. And the oat is the supreme food. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

It is rich in elements which growing children need. As a vim-food it has age-old fame. Make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast. Start the day well-fed. Use this saving to bring your average food cost down.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

Serve Quaker Oats for its delightful flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet it costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

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Mary Pickford — Director

(Concluded)

"The little girl who does the very best will get a lovely little toy dog!" (As well as some candy. Ed.)

dream-stairs, at the commands of the star-director. Mary Pickford crept from her bear-cave, laughing, and rewarded the three little angels with chocolates.

"Now" she called to the cherubs "we are going to take the picture." (Sotto voice to the electricians, "Don't turn on the lights until we try them once more.") Rehearsal went splendidly. Then:

"All right—now we'll do it again (ready, boys)—and I'll tell you what,"—three little heads bent eagerly her way,—"the little girl that does this the ve-ry best—is going to get—a love-ly little toy dog!" Gasps of astonishment, then with childish cunning a little voice called:

"Miss Mary,—with a bell on it's neck?"

"Yes sir, with a bell!—Lights—Camera! Now—slowly, Marjorie, go on up—look at Dorothy—*now,* take it away from her—*good—fine!*"

"Miss Mary," coaxingly, "do *I* get the little doggie?"

"Wait, dearie, till we try it again." (Aside, "Did you hear that cute little thing?")

Back and forth she went, arranging positions, studying effects. All unconsciously a cherub took a wonderfully graceful position. We caught our breath, eager to call her attention. Never worry, for—

"Hold that, dearie, here,—just like you were," Mary Pickford had caught it instantly!

"O!" gleefully, "I can see myself in your eyes, Miss Mary!"

"Now cover up and drink this hot milk" (It was the third time these small players had been given hot milk.

In the midst of it:—"Miss Mary,—Miss *Ma-ry*—Miss Mary, *dear,* can I have a real *live* doggie?"

"Well, maybe, we'll see!" (Oh, the scheming of these precious little angels.)

Another half hour of work, with endless questions, then suddenly:

"Miss Pic-shurd, when will our dogs be here? 'Ist in a minute? O my dog's going to be so lit-tle it can't open it's eyes!" (One dog has grown to three!)

"Miss Pic-shurd!" repeated Mary aside to us, "Aren't they dear? You know they have been so wonderful I think we ought to give them three real dogs, don't you? If their mothers will let them have them."

Little Dorothy had been studying the patient star-director, who had been making a game of work for them, and suddenly she reached a satisfactory conclusion of her own. Leaning over, affectionately, towards Miss Pickford she declared with conviction,

"Why you're just a little girl!"

No wonder she is so successful with them when, after two hours of hard work, she can leave them with that feeling. Perhaps the secret of it is that after all she is, at heart, "Just a little girl."

The Lady of Vast Silence

(Concluded from page 86)

doggedness had been crowned by a gold coin. The reward for her services that first unforgettable day should have been five dollars but because of the horse and the falls and the bruises and her dry eyed victory it was ten. Success beckoned her. She went to the land forbidden her by the Biograph. Soon she became a personage in picture land.

California was a fairyland that stirred memories of her childhood, a warm emotional, beauty loving childhood. But not a soft one. Her father and mother had separated. Her mother had turned seamstress. The small Alice spent hours of silent delight in the workroom, caressing brilliant bits of cloth. One day she broke her usual silence.

"Look, Mother! Lovely!" Her mother went to the window. The small girl stood enraptured before an effect she had produced. With a scrap of red calico she had in part covered a cluster of growing violets.

"Yes, dear, Beautiful!" Her tired mother went back to her work saying "I shouldn't wonder if Alice would be a dressmaker too."

Tastes are character indicators. Further peering over the Joyce wall revealed that she likes old friends best; that friendships mean much to her; that the qualities she seeks in a friend are sincerity, frankness, simplicity.

She has a gentle, impersonal satisfaction in her deserved fame. But it is impersonal.

"The year that I left the screen and stayed at home to take care of my baby Alice I learned a great deal" I heard her say: "When I met persons and was introduced as Mrs. Moore people paid very little attention to me. If someone said 'That is Alice Joyce,' it was very different. It was chastening to know that as myself I didn't interest the passing crowd."

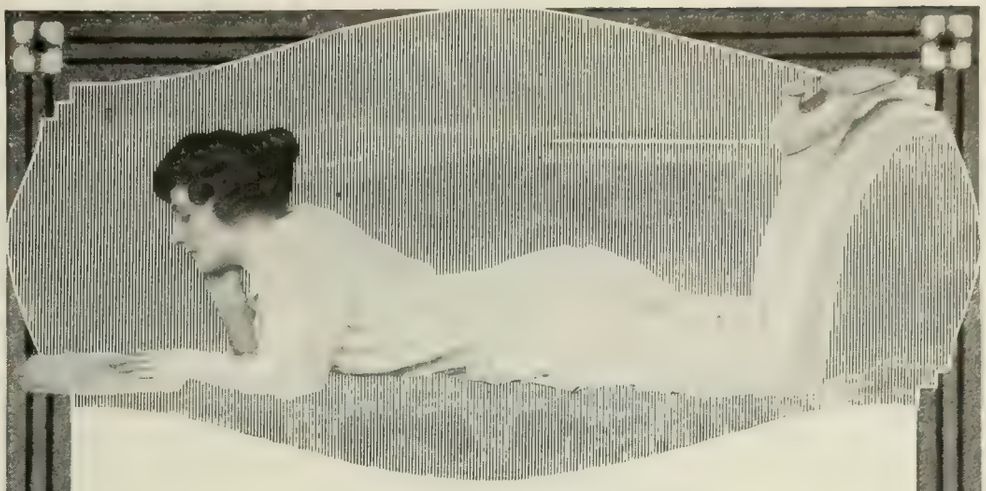
She was Mrs. Tom Moore. Was, not is, for two years ago the New York courts severed their bonds at her request.

"I brought the suit because my husband requested it," she said. "Afterwards he changed his mind but the suit had gone too far. It was better for our daughter. It is better that a child should have half a home or rather two homes, than that she should live in an inharmonius atmosphere. Mr. Moore is a fine actor and fine man. But our tastes and habits were different. We became like strangers. Alice is devoted to him. When we are both in the city we go to plays together. We are friends."

The future of Alice Joyce is like herself, nearly inscrutable. There remains two years of a contract with the second company that her talents have served, the Vitagraph. Her art has steadily and swiftly improved. She has a huge following. The Joyce "fan" waves in a continuous breeze. Her future rests in great part with herself. When her contract expires will she retire, at thirty-one, to a new alliance and new domesticity? A strong, almost fierce maternal instinct, hides behind the eyes of "Juno." "I should be very sorry if I thought I would have no more children," she has said. But she believes that divided interest means only partial realization of potentialties.

"I don't know just what I want" she says. "I do know that whatever the picture I have done I always want to do better. I always have a sense that there is something better farther on."

One of the famed Vienna bronzes is of a prostrate woman reaching eagerly toward something invisible. The strain and pain of the reaching show in her thin far-stretched arm, in the slim fingers stretched to their farthermost point. My last glimpse of Alice Joyce recalled to me that Vienna bronze, slim, brown, shining, reaching—For what?



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Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By Cal York

MARY PICKFORD may be billywested very shortly. To save Miss Pickford the tedious task of standing in front of the camera merely for the purpose of getting the focus and height range before even rehearsals can begin, a search was made for a girl her size, just to do this and nothing else. The young person began to regard herself as Miss Pickford's double or understudy, and one day showed up with long curls and in a gingham dress something like Miss Pickford was wearing in "Pollyanna." She looked about as much like Mary Pickford as billywest looks like Charles Chaplin, and had quite a lot of photographs made which she has been sending around to various publications. These are accompanied by the same sort of declaration all other imitators make, that she is not going to do imitations, of course, but will depend upon her own originality and talent. There is nothing more for Miss Pickford to fear in this, of course, than there has been for Mr. Chaplin to fear from billywest. As has been remarked previously in this compendium of information and entertainment, it is a simple matter to imitate a face, but something entirely different and more complicated to imitate what goes on behind that face.

IT used to be the stars that the producers worried about and locked up o' nights to keep them from straying, but now it begins to appear that players' contracts are fairly permanent affairs, and it is the directors whose feet grow uneasy. The latest controversy concerning a member of this profession is between Universal and Allan Holubar. Mr. Holubar and Mrs. Holubar, the latter better known as Dorothy Phillips, said along in December that they were leaving the Laemmle fold to go it on their own, but Mr. Laemmle said such could not be, and hastened across the well worn Santa Fe trail.

At the moment of writing this gem of prose the question of Mr. Holubar's right to carry out his plan had not been settled, so with bated breath, dear reader, you must wait for the next issue.

ETHEL CLAYTON has completed her new home in Hollywood and furnished it elaborately, many of the unique decorations being accumulations of the trip she made through the Orient, shortly after the death of her husband, Joseph Kaufman.

HOLLYWOOD is to have a parallel to what the Little Church Around the Corner used to be to New York theatrical folk. That institution welcomed players when the profession was regarded as not quite respectable—back in the eighties. Now the Rev. Neal Dodd proposes a beautifully designed and charmingly located institution to be known as St. Mary of the Angels, primarily for the picture colony, which includes so many shades of belief and unbelief that he thinks a broadly conducted church should be popular. Already a small temporary building has been erected on property donated for the purpose, and subscriptions are being taken for a building fund.

This young brunette absolutely refused to smile during the filming of a picture until Pauline Frederick picked him up and coaxed him into it. Every scene in which he appeared had to be personally directed by Miss Frederick.

SEEMS that the news that Gloria Swanson was engaged was true, if a bit premature, and if also it allied her to the wrong man. The Los Angeles gossip, printed and everything, had it that she was to marry a Pasadena millionaire or something. Now the duly authenticated information is received that the gentleman's name is Herbert K. Somborn, who is president of the Equity Pictures Corporation. They were married about the first of the year. Miss Swanson is one of the Sennett graduates who has achieved serious stardom.

METRO wanted to make certain scenes of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" in a real prison and sent the location grabber to both San Quentin and Folsom, the California penitentiaries. "Say, those wardens are just like Hollywood landlords," the agent reported. "They have a rule barring children, dogs and moving picture actors."

JACK DEMPSEY, whose claim to fame lies in the fact that he rocked Jess Willard to sleep last July, is to appear on the screen in a picture now being made at the Brunton Studios. The first and inevitable press agent story has to do with a person on the lot insulting the pugilist and refusing to retract, whereupon he is knocked down and out. When he recovers, the story goes on, he is told the name of the man he insulted, whereupon the reader is expected to laugh heartily. We nearly laughed at this when Sullivan was beaten by Sharkey. Of course the story isn't so.

MRS. PAULINE GARRETTE KIMBALL, wife of Edward Kimball and mother of Clara Kimball Young, died at her home in Hollywood Dec. 12. She had long been ill but the malady did not take an acute form until about two weeks before her death. Mrs. Kimball was born in 1860, and in her early years was one of the noted beauties of the stage. She and her

(Continued on page 99)

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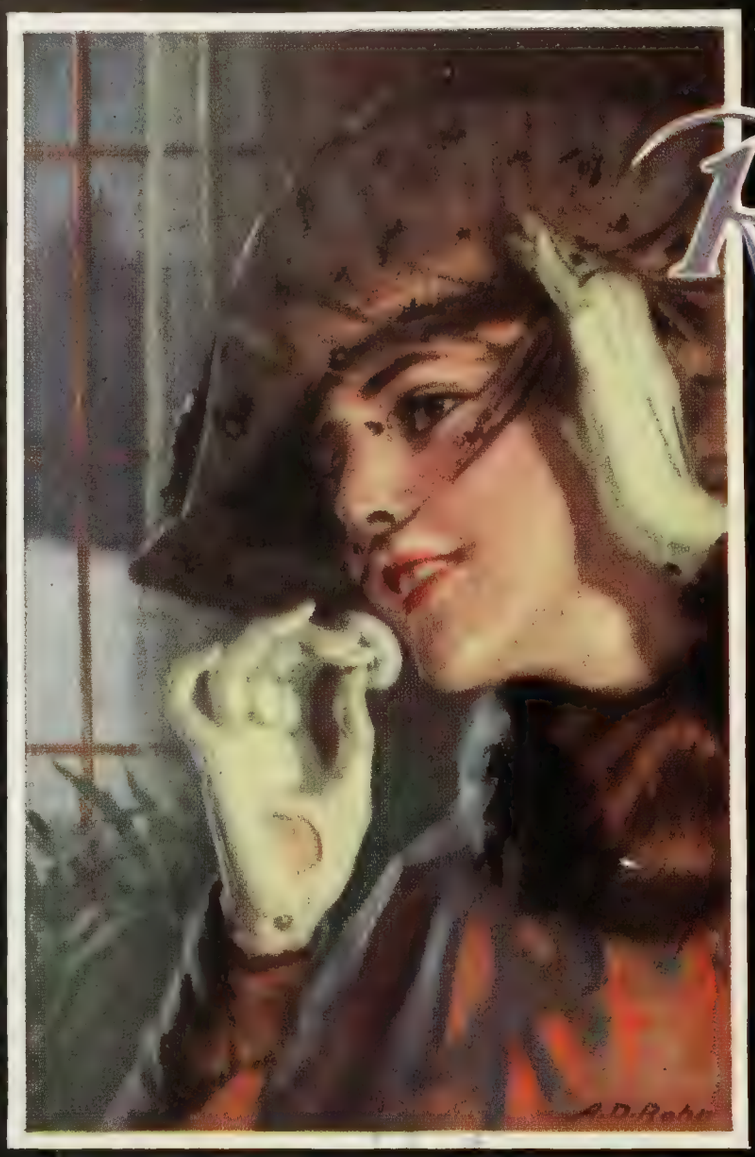

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Nail Polishes
Powder (Solid)
Sachet Powder
Shampoo
Smelling Salts
Soap
Talcum Powder
Tissue Cream
Toilet Water
Tooth Paste
Vanity Case

(Continued from page 96)

husband appeared together in numerous productions. She played in a number of pictures with Vitagraph and World while Miss Young was starring with those companies, but retired from active professional life several years ago. Her husband, who appears frequently in their daughter's productions, survives her.

THEY used to tell about a brand of moonshine whiskey that would make a rabbit spit in the eye of a bulldog. Perhaps that was what one of the extra men at the Lasky studio in Hollywood had under his belt one day in November. Adolph Zukor, head of the Paramount-Artcraft-Famous Players-Lasky interests, was visiting the studio and taking life easy. Stretched out in an arm chair he was watching the making of a scene in "The Sea Wolf," when the "extra" charged past from his dressing room, and stumbled over Mr. Zukor's feet.

"Can't you keep your dogs in their kennel?" he growled.

Did Mr. Zukor rise in Olympian wrath and demand the ejection and permanent banishment of the boor? He did not. He apologized humbly.

A few minutes later the "extra" learned the identity of the quiet little man—and he hasn't been seen since.

CONWAY TEARLE has been secured by Harry Garson to play opposite Clara Kimball Young in "The Forbidden Woman." Mr. Tearle last appeared as leading man for Miss Young in "The Foolish Virgin." Tearle is reported as being the payee of a $2,500 check every week for his services.

WHILE in France as a member of the Signal Corps, George E. Marshall, directing Ruth Roland, was captured by Mademoiselle Germaine Minet. He has returned to Los Angeles with his bride. Although pretty and vivacious Mrs. Marshall is quoted as saying, "I have no wish to enter ze pictures."

CECIL B. DEMILLE, director-general of the Lasky Studio, has returned to Los Angeles from New York and declares himself more of a Californian than ever. He says he does not like the scenery, the climate or the police force in New York which indicates that there is no immediate likelihood of the removal of the Lasky Studio to the east. His company was arrested while working on location in New York City.

JACK DEMPSEY, the heavy weight champion of the world, is at work at the Brunton Studio on his first Pathe picture. His leading woman is Josie Sedgwick.

THE George Beban Company is now working as an individual producing organization at the Katherine MacDonald Studios.

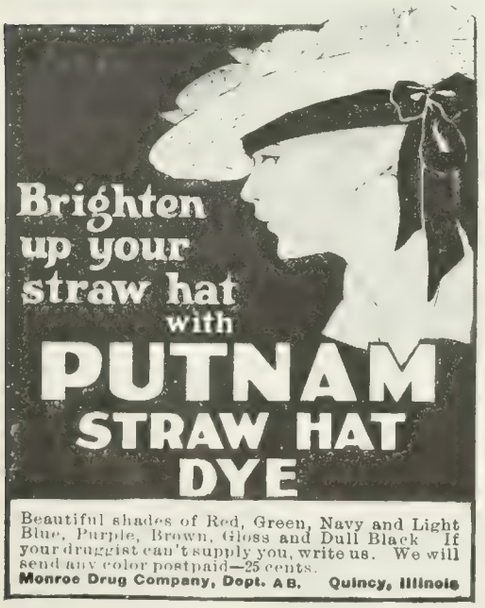
EDDIE POLO is going to South America where he has planned to film the last three or four episodes of "The Vanishing Dagger," the serial on which he is now working at Universal City. Heretofore the only films made in South America have been scenics. Besides filming the serial, Polo will make a personal appearance in every important theater.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE has announced his intention to make New York his future producing center.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN and Mrs. Beverly Bayne Bushman stepped into the limelight in Los Angeles in December, choosing for their venture a spokie by Edward Rose, "The Master Thief." The former film favorites themselves made a rather good impression upon the audiences at the Mason Opera House, and the film colony turned out in large numbers, but the play—well, there is a report that somebody is going to shoot it exactly as is for a roaring comedy. And it wasn't supposed to be funny.

"FLOURING" an elephant is the latest stunt in photoplay production. The scenario of Madge Kennedy's picture "The Blooming Angel" called for a pink elephant. The owner of Eno objected to the use of paint or whitewash, so they tried covering her with flour. Eno developed a liking for the stuff and kept sucking it off with her

For a long time motion picture men have tried to invade the sacred precincts of the Waldorf Astoria, one of Manhattan's oldest and best hostelries. Most of the other famous hotel lobbies of New York have been location scenes at one time or another. But the Waldorf only capitulated lately, when Owen Moore, Seena Owen and Director Ruggles walked in and set up their lights. Note the powerful light focused on Moore and Miss Owen, in the center foreground.



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Plays and Players

(Continued)

What does this mean, Mr. Sennett? Dressing up your best brunette-water-baby in eccentric clothes! Marie Prevost is one comedienne who has some other excuse for wearing a bathing-suit than that it becomes her; she can really swim.

trunk. It kept a force of property men busy all morning applying fresh flour, until she lost her appetite for it.

CECIL B. DEMILLE is anxious to do some stage directing once more. He will take advantage of the first available opportunity to produce a play by Edgar Selwyn, featuring Gloria Swanson in one of the principal roles.

JACK PERRIN, leading man in the Universal serial, "The Iron Man," went through five months of sensational scenes for the thriller, and then sprained his ankle going down the front steps of his new Hollywood home, injuring himself so badly that he had to lay off work for two weeks.

EDWARD CONNELLY has been selected to play Nathaniel Berry in the Metro production of "Shore Acres." He played in "Shore Acres" with James A. Herne for five years. At the time of Mr. Herne's death his widow selected Mr. Connelly to play her husband's role in an English production. It is said that he can play "Uncle Nat" as Herne played it—every shade of emotion the same.

RICHARD TUCKER, now supporting Pauline Frederick, has the unique distinction of having been officially "killed" more than once. Through some unaccountable error his name appeared in the "killed in action" casualty list three times. While his friends were bemoaning his fate he was fighting in the Third Division, where he was promoted to a captaincy for valor under fire.

LOUISE LOVELY has been engaged by William Fox to support William Farnum in all the features he will make on the coast next year. Miss Lovely will be the first leading woman to be with Mr. Farnum for a run of consecutive pictures.

LIONEL BELMORE, who has returned from a lengthy tour of Australia with the Guy Bates Post company, is now appearing in Goldwyn productions.

A PRESS AGENT with more nerve than anything else plastered Los Angeles—probably other cities have had the same experience—with a poster looking something like this:

PROCLAMATION

On and after November 30, 1919, all women between the ages of 18 and 37 are hereby declared to be

"COMMON PROPERTY"

(Signed) Ivan Ivanoff,
Bolsheviki Minister.

The thing was, of course, an advertisement for the film "Common Property," but the Los Angeles women's clubs didn't like this method of publicity, and had the press agent arrested and fined. But as the fine was only $5 the press agent is still bragging about it.

LOTTIE PICKFORD has filed a suit for divorce from her husband Albert G. Rupp, a New York broker. She charges desertion.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

WARNER OLAND, who likes to prowl around Oriental shops ever since he played the Japanese spy in "Patria," was in a store making a purchase, when a flashily dressed woman of the *nouveau riche* type came in and asked for a tin Buddha to use for a mail box. The Chinese clerk, aston-

What do hands signify? This is Lieut. O. L. Locklear, daredevil aviator who was an aerial instructor at Kelly Field, where he was arrested for "deliberately risking his life and government property . . . by leaping from one aeroplane to another in mid-air." His daring saved him from more than mild censure and he continued as instructor during the war. Some of his sensational jumps furnish the theme for "The Great Air Robbery," a Universal thriller.

ished, asked her if she knew who Buddha was. "No," came the answer, "Who is she?"

SO far as official recognition and outward appearances were concerned, prohibition went into effect in Los Angeles several months before they paid any attention to it in San Francisco. Thomas Meighan was in the city by the Golden Gate doing some location scenes, and tells this story, which may or may not be literally true:

"I was in a place where they sell, among other things, lemonade, when a man carrying a suitcase rushed in, dropped his bag, and wrote on a piece of paper, "Give me a drink, quick." The clerk seemed to understand, and handed him the old red-eye bottle. The man poured out one, gulped it down, and wrote again, 'Give me another and the check.' The clerk handed him the bottle again, and wrote on the paper, 'No charge to deaf and dumb people.' The stranger took the second drink, and cleared his throat:

"'I'm not deaf and dumb,' he said. 'I just came in from Los Angeles and I was so dry I couldn't speak.'"

The Final Touch

Have a complexion that stands the most critical gaze —a skin radiantly beautiful in sunlight or under the glare of bright, artificial light. Win the admiration that only a complexion which bespeaks the bloom of youth can gain, by using

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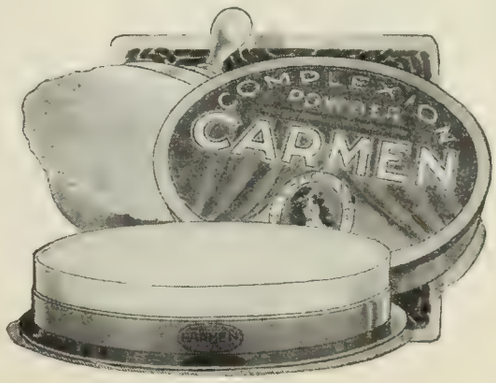
Its final touch imparts to the most lovely natural complexion an added subtle charm and gives even rough skins a velvety smoothness that challenges close inspection.



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Stafford-Miller Co.
St. Louis, Missouri

Grandma Knows Musterole Is Best

Remember the time when you had that dreadful congestion of the lungs—and Grandma slapped a stinging, messy mustard plaster on your chest? How you writhed and tossed and begged Grandma to "take it off"?

That was many years ago. Now, Grandma gets the jar of Musterole, for now she knows Musterole is *better* than a mustard plaster.

She knows that it relieves colds, congestions, and rheumatic aches and pains.

And what is best, it relieves *without discomfort or blister.*

Musterole is a clean white ointment made of oil of mustard and other home simples.

Just rub it gently over the spot where there is congestion or pain. It penetrates down under the skin and generates a tingling, pleasant heat. Healing Nature does the rest. Congestions and pains both go away.

Peculiarly enough, Musterole feels delightfully cool a few moments after you have applied it.

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Every advertisement in Photoplay is guaranteed not only by the advertiser, but by the publisher.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

He wants to be a "ser'us actor" and he doesn't think his father is a bit funny on the screen. Asked if he liked working in pictures, Jimmy Rogers, four-year-old son of Will, replied, "Uh-huh" and added that he likes ponies better and his new bicycle "better'n anythin'."

THERE was a bank robbery in Los Angeles not long ago, and after a dramatic pursuit across the desert the bandits were caught. Douglas Fairbanks happened around near the jail that day and a reporter inveigled him into interviewing the prisoners and having himself photographed with them. The picture was published in an evening paper, and that night Fairbanks, standing in the lobby of the Alexandria, heard a woman exclaim excitedly: "There's one of those bandits now." Such is fame!

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE was a pleasant visitor to the Hollywood colony in December, when Allan Dwan was shooting coal mine scenes for his production based upon White's novel, "The Heart of a Fool." This was the first time the noted Kansan ever saw a picture being made, and he also confessed that he had seen only half a dozen movies in his life, and never had seen Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks on the screen. "I go to see a picture about once a year," he said, "as something between a public duty and a religious rite, and I just see whatever happens to be handy." He has just sold another of his novels, "A Certain Rich Man," to Benjamin B. Hampton.

THE Grand Medal of Honor of Gold and Platinum set with Rubies and Diamonds for this month goes to Elmer Rice of the Goldwyn scenario staff, for he invented with no outside aid, the word "climatador," meaning one who throws the bull about the climate, of whom there are enough in California to entitle them to specific classification.

JULIUS TANNEN, of the vaudevilles was Los in Angeles a few weeks ago, and visited several moving picture studios, looking up old friends who are now almost extras. He found that quite a number of rather small fry were inclined to look down upon him as an inferior sort of person because he was only a monologist in vaudeville. "Now I understand," Tannen commented, "why they can sell 5,000 feet of that sort of people for a dime."

GEORGE BEBAN'S devotion to realism nearly cost T. Lloyd Whitlock, a member of his company, one bride, while "One Man in a Million" was being made. Mr. Whitlock had induced Miss Myrtle Gibsone to be his'n just as Beban began work on the production. Miss Gibsone had set the day and Mr. Beban concurrently decided that for the role Mr. Whitlock was to play he must grow a stubbly beard, promising that it could be removed by the day Miss Gibsone had set. But various elements interfered, and three times Miss Gibsone selected another day, declaring that she would never marry a man who looked like that, while Beban implored Whitlock in the name of art to spare the brush. The fourth time Miss Gibsone set the date there was something in her eye that

Plays and Players

(Continued)

said, "Too much is enough." By a burst of speed Beban finished the whisker part of the picture in time, and the wedding bells rang out.

ALL those who have been sympathizing with Mary Pickford on account of the big income tax she has to pay, can now dry their tears. It has just been learned, through Miss Pickford's testimony in successfully defending a suit brought against her for commission by a theatrical agent, that the Famous-Players-Lasky organization agreed to pay her income tax when she was working for that company. But a curious point arose in this connection, which is that the government regards this payment by the company as an addition to Mary's salary, and she has to pay a tax on her income tax. Kinda complicated.

They say "he looks like a million" and that's the reason that Henry Barrows is cast in so many films requiring the distinguished presence of a screen capitalist. He has played more brokers and millionaire daddies of beautiful daughters than any other actor we can think of right now.

D. W. GRIFFITH isn't going to do the actual directing of Doris Keane, after all. He will merely supervise the production of "Romance" in which the famous actress will appear, and turn over the megaphone to Chet Withey.

"SACRED and Profane Love" is the intriguing title under which Arnold Bennett's novel, "The Book of Carlotta," makes its dramatic debut. Elsie Ferguson, while she appears in it, will continue her screen work at the same time,—for the present at least; but it is said the star, having employed her talents solely before the camera for three years, feels that she needs a rest from the studios, before she goes "stale." And she wants, and hopes, to make a picture of this new play.

New Rules

For Baking Beans

By the Van Camp Domestic Science Expert

Scientific cooks have now developed new ways of baking beans But these new rules require costly facilities. So modern baked beans can't be baked at home.

The great thing is to have baked beans easy to digest. Then to have them mellow, nut-like, uncrisped and unbroken. Then to have all flavor kept intact. This is how the culinary experts do this at Van Camp's.

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The beans they use are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before they start to cook.

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

THINGS are a bit dull in and about Manhattan, now. The Fifth Avenue shops are thinking of laying off some of their help; the theatres aren't doing such a good business; the Ritz is quiet and as for the Goldwyn offices—but we had better pass right over this. Mabel Normand, a cut-up in her own home-town as well as on the screen, has left for California. She spent the holidays in the east, with her mother and sister and brother Claude, and did not, as was her company's first intention, remain to make a picture there. She left New York regretfully, for, although she loves the west, it's not "home" to her. She hails from Staten Island.

CONRAD NAGLE'S wife accompanied him to California, where he was summoned by Famous Players-Lasky to take the leading part in "The Fighting Chance." She was wandering about the Lasky lot one day, when director Charles Maigne spied her. "There," he said to his assistant, "is the type of girl we want to take that part." He approached Mrs. Nagle, asked her a few questions, seemingly was not at all discouraged when she confessed her lack of stage or screen experience, and engaged her for the role. All this without being aware of her real identity. The next day, the players were called on the set to go through a scene. Conrad Nagle assumed his position; the other members of the cast went through their paces. Mrs. Nagle crept on the scene. Her husband saw her and cried, "Better get off the set." She only laughed at him, did her bit, under Maigne's direction, and Nagle had the surprise of his life. Mrs. Nagle, who will appear under her maiden name of Ruth Helms, is a statuesque brunette of most vivacious expression.

SOMETHING has got to be done about this right away. There goes another Follies girl into the movies. Once in, they lose forever that *piquance* which characterizes Mr. Ziegfeld's beauties, and become, instead, staid aspirants for a "career." Now it is Kathryn Perry, who had a speaking part in last year's Follies; she will be Owen Moore's feminine foil in a new picture.

THE other picture men who have been hoping and praying that they might achieve the same shadowy, impressionistic effects as in "Broken Blossoms" will be surprised and comforted to hear this. A certain producer was talking to the manager of a New Jersey film theatre. "I always heard that Griffith was so much," said the manager. "Well, isn't he?" asked the producer. "Say," said the manager, "those close-ups in 'Broken Blossoms' were so out-of-focus when I started to run that there print that I had to cut out most of them!"

"APHRODITE," as shimmering as when she steps from her pedestal on the stage of the Century Theatre in Manhattan, will come to us on the screen. Famous-Lasky has purchased world's right on the play from the story of Pierre Louys. While nothing has yet been said to that effect, there can be but little doubt that Dorothy Dalton, having played the principal role of *Chrysis* in the stage version, will do the same for the films. The role of "Aphrodite," herself, is not burdened with heavy dramatic requirements; it might well be filled by any Follies or Sennett beauty. Dorothy Dalton, it might be mentioned in passing, is no longer a "Thomas H. Ince Star." According to a new contract, she's a Paramount-Artcraft luminary.

SOME high-brows and other low-brows formed a forum and had a good knock-down and drag-out fight over the quotation, "When I was a King of Babylon, and you were a Christian slave," used as a sub-title in Cecil deMille's "Male and Female," to introduce, supposedly, Gloria Swanson's gorgeous peacock costume. They looked it up; and it *is* from a poem by Henley, and it *is* correct. That is, it's a quotation, all right. As to the historical part of it: Babylon bloomed long before Christ, as we all learned in our D. W. Griffith celluloid primers. It was, say the histories, a very dismal place in Christ's time. The glorious old city was razed to the ground. It was rebuilt in later years, but was never so great again. DeMille, we presume, was merely asserting poetic license in making his Babylon of the days of the Christian slaves as gorgeous a panorama as it was in its real days of grandeur.

ARTISTS are in a serious quandary. They are hard up for beautiful girls to pose for them. As usual, the movies stand in a fair way to take the blame. Of course, all the artists don't say that all the girls deserted the pastel studios for the celluloid, but they do insinuate, in no uncertain terms, that if it weren't for the precedent set by Alice Joyce, Mabel Normand and other now-famous stars, such as idea would never have occurred to the pretty adjuncts of their work. Some models, like Kay Laurell, left to go into the Follies—but only came to the screen in the long run. Of the other deserters, some went to France to do war-work, and liked it so well over there they never came back. Still others have married millionaires, or near-millionaires. But the fact remains that the dismay among artists today is like unto the dismay in the heart of Mr. Ziegfeld. The screen's to blame.

WILL ROGERS may look like a cheerful guy, but he says that until he was well along in his life career, he had something on his mind that worried him. "When I was a kid—well, it was like this. I was born in Oklahoma, and I used to hear about Eastern boys who dreamed of running away from having to go to the grocery, and heading for the Indian Territory. I used to most break my heart to think I hadn't a place like the Indian Territory to run away to, having been born there. It didn't seem fair. I learned to rope steers at a tender age but what fun is there roping steers when all the folks are so used to it they just ride by and yawn? I used to think it would be fun to rope steers in New York. But I finally got on the vaudeville stage, leaving cowboying altogether. My act was to do tricks with a lariat and maybe yawn or say 'thank you' once in a while. But one time I got nervous. My rope wouldn't behave; my fingers got twisted and I got red in the face. So I had to say something. I said, 'Swinging a rope is all right, when your neck ain't in it. Then it's hell.' I heard a few laughs. I went on, 'Out west where I come from they won't let me play with this rope. They think I might hurt myself.' That got more laughs. And from then on I decided it was more pleasant and profitable to make my tongue wag instead of my lariat."

CARMEL MYERS, brunette beauty who started with Griffith and starred for Universal in a series of pictures, is making good on Broadway. It is her first stage appearance of consequence, and is a singing and dancing role in "The Magic Melody," a musical comedy.

Plays and Players

(Concluded)

INA CLAIRE will come back to the celluloids in the screen version of "Polly With a Past," her greatest stage hit. Production will be started in the early spring, in a New York studio. Metro, having purchased screen rights to the play for the reputed price of $75,000, induced Ina to play in it—her first pastel appearance since the Lasky days of "The Puppet Crown." She is having a New York run now in "The Gold-Diggers."

YOU may remember Muriel Ostriche, one of the first film ingenues. She started with Thanhouser. She has, lately, been considerably taken up with a case in the courts, in which she is the plaintiff against her parents, Abram and Miriam Oestriche. She alleges they have been holding out on her. She wants to recover the money she claims she gave her parents to save for her when she was making large sums in pictures. Muriel, it seems, did not have the full co-operation of her family in her career, until she married. She is now Mrs. Frank Brady. Muriel Ostriche has not done any picture work recently. Ah well—it all comes out in the courts.

THE Griffith story is cold now. You probably read all about it in the papers. How the producer, with many members of his company, went down to Miami, Florida, to make a picture. How he and the company left Miami for Nassau, Bahama, in the yacht *Grey Duck,* and were not seen or heard from for five days thereafter. They were without food or water for three days, with a heavy sea. The pilot was thrown from the wheel several times; two members of the party were swept overboard, but rescued. Griffith took the wheel, but the boat was helpless. They floundered for hours, with engine trouble. Sponge fishers came to the rescue. Before the news of the final safe arrival was received, the Navy Department had ordered all available craft to search for the *Grey Duck.* The party was in the Spanish Main, called the graveyard of the ocean, the old pirate sea. In the company Mr. Griffith took south with him were Dick Barthelmess, Elmer Clifton, Clarine Seymour, Carol Dempster, and Kate Bruce and others. At the time the story gained circulation, many rumors were rife that it was "only press stuff." But it was a sure enough adventure.

At Home and Abroad

ONE of the principal differences I notice between the moving picture studios in Sweden and those in America is the way people address one another," said Miss Thora Holm, publisher of a magazine in Stockholm, who passed two weeks in the California film colony recently.

"In the Swedish studios you hear men say 'Mr. Director,' 'Mr. Cameraman,' 'Mr. Property Man.' It is all quite dignified. In your studios it is quite different. Mostly I heard 'Say Bill,' 'Listen Jones,' 'Here you Jake.'

"Oh yes—and the delightful informality of the directors in addressing the actresses. Always they seem to call them 'Dearie.'"

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Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles nowadays are traced to film.

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Dental science, after years of searching, has found an efficient film combatant. Able authorities have proved it by years of careful tests. Now great efforts are being made to bring it into universal use.

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Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

When you see the results and read the reason, Pepsodent will need no argument. The cleaner, whiter, safer teeth are evidence enough. For your own sake, don't wait longer. Cut out the coupon now.

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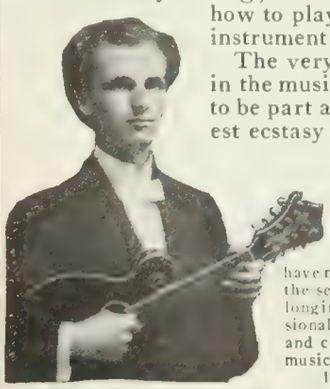

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Speak to him and, although his hearing is acute, he will gaze through and beyond you. He makes no attempt to conceal a yawn if your presence irks him, and it usually does. Potentates and property men, stars and stevadores are one and the same to this self-sufficient sage. The world is his marble, and he knows it. In all the Universe, his lofty mien seems to say, there is not a soul quite up to his intellectual plane.

Perhaps you can picture this rare individual in your mind's eye. But if you cannot, we might say that he resembles nothing so much as an animated bottle brush. That's about the only thing a blue-ribbon, wire-haired terrier can look like and keep up family tradition. His stiff Dundrearys stand out like iron filings from the ends of a live magnet, lending a touch of belligerence to his retrospective expression. As for pedigree, his stretches way back through the Hound of the Baskervilles to Cerberus himself—and mon!—he is as Scotch as Haig and Haig. When it comes to bench show points, he's a regular porcupine.

All this unbending dignity about Whiskers, however, is reserved for the Ince lot, for as side kick to his master Charles Ray he must deport himself as befits one of his station. When in the more intimate environment of the new Ray home at Bevery Hills, Whiskers unlimbers and is as "agile as a gol durn chipmunk."

The Extra Girl Is Handed a Few Snickers

By

HELEN G. SMITH

WHEN I first essayed the life of an "extra girl" in the "movies," I was told that it was about the same sort of work as the "walking ladies and gentlemen" I had once known on the stage—and it is. Especially the walking part of it. I found that out when trying to reach the first of the studios where I had been told extra work was to be had. I had two miles to walk to reach the place from the end of the car line.

There I discovered that I had to play in a mob scene in the yard before I could even get a chance to talk to a director. Ellis Island and its examination has nothing on the office of the employment manager at a motion picture studio. His or her little book has facts—principally anatomical—about me on record that I hardly knew myself until they were dragged out of me.

My face not being the sort exactly that would call a halt to a time piece, I managed finally to talk to a director and explained my experience on the stage and was ordered to report the next morning at eight on stage four, "dressed." I had no intention of appearing in any other manner but before I could voice my intention in this respect, I was handed a slip of paper by the assistant director which called upon the wardrobe lady to supply me with an outfit for a western "cow girl." I was to get that in the morning and be dressed in it by eight. "Do you ride?" he asked me. "I do when I've the price," I replied. That wasn't the right answer, I found out next day but it seemed to suffice and next morning I was on the job in a weird getup of sombrero and short skirts—very short—and waist and boots that almost fitted.

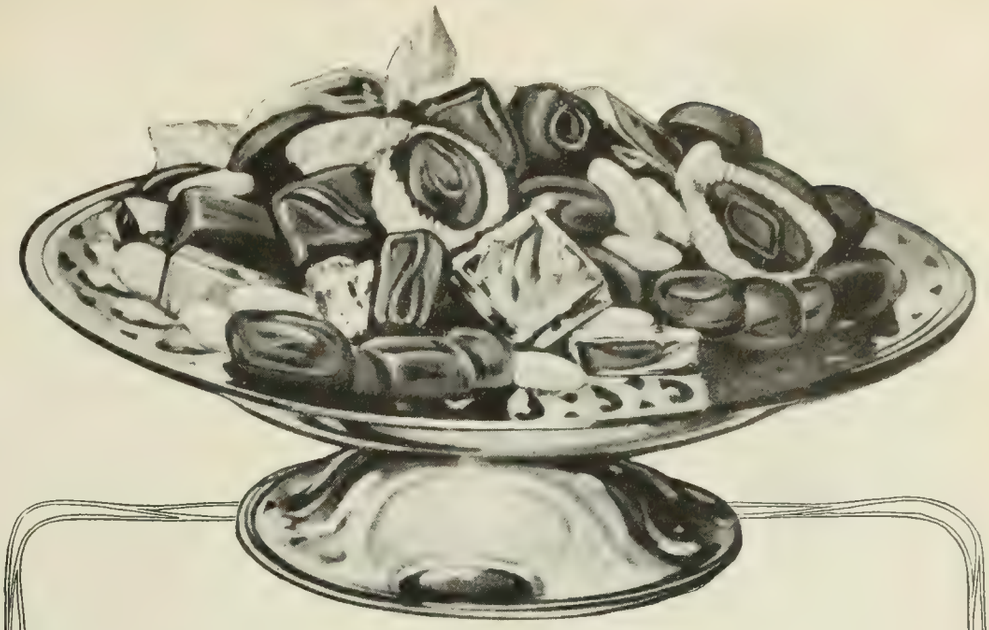
My job with several others was to gather in a group outside the dance hall and to ride wildly down the main street to same and dash in.

I dashed with the best of them and made a flying entrance when my pony stopped suddenly on my cry of "Whoa." It should have been *"woe!"* Luckily the set was not a real house or I'd not be telling this. It was "compo" board and I went through it like the 20th Century through Skaneateles, N. Y.

After me and the dance hall were picked up and put together again the director said "I thought you could ride!" "I can," said I —witheringly, I hope,—"but I can't *stop* riding, that's all." "You can fly, too, can't you?" he smiled.

After a while we were finished with the location—*dis*location, it almost proved to be for me—and went back to the stages where the interior of a dance hall was set up and we were told that we danced with the cow boys in this set. We were supposed to be mainly atmosphere as were the cowboys in the set. Atmosphere was right, on the cowboys' part at least; luckily it was outdoors that the set was staged and there was a good breeze!

If any one waltzes up and tells you that dancing in cowgirl boots is a pleasant enjoyment tell them for me that they are away off. The talk of dancing raised my hopes, for I love to dance, but all this dance raised was blisters on all two of my heels. And when the fight started—(sure, there



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The Extra Girl Is Handed a Few Snickers

(Concluded)

was a fight; a dance hall drama of the west without a fight would be almost as absurd as one without any booze!)—I was sure that it was me the hero was fighting and not the villain. They just mussed it up between them and battled all over the set and knocked some of us girls into chairs and tables, and of course I was right in line for a right swing that somehow glanced off the right party, connected with an innocent bystander, who caromed off into me and sent me to the arnica for the count of at least eleven!

That about let me out and when I staggered out to the office later and collected my three dollars I felt certain that "extraing" was not my *forte*. It was more like "thirty," to use a newspaper expression!

But 'twas not to be. The assistant director whose main job seemed to be to do everything except take the picture, called me over and said, "What else can you do as good as you can ride?" I smiled sadly behind what remained of my black eye and said: "Anything short of murder or mayhem." "I don't know Mayme," he said, "but if she is any worse than you as a female cowboy I'd like to. But I can use you, I think."

"Thanks, I was used today and roughly," I said. "I mean, I can give you the small part of a maid," said he. "What would I do with the small part of a maid?" I said,—"Besides I'm hungry and the small part of a chicken looks better to me right now," and off I started. But he stopped me and explained that there was a small part in the next picture that I might be able to handle and so I agreed. But I wondered all the way back to town what they would do to the maid; if they would treat a cow girl as rough as that, a girl with a gun on each hip, what would they do to a poor maid with nothing on her hip but an apron?

But it was all right and there I was the next day, with a foolish lace cap on my head and a postage stamp apron, answering door bells and handing out letters to the mistress and such like doings that obtain in the "haute monde."

Of course right away the leading man had to chuck me under the chin. Why do they always do that in pictures? I didn't know he was going to chuck right then and proceeded to "chuck" him under a lounge, but it was explained to me that it was in the part so I had to stand for it.

We worked outside too and borrowed a swell mansion in the suburbs. It was about ten times the size of the home shown inside on the stage but that didn't seem to bother the director any. He also had me look up and down the street when I came out to mail a letter as if I didn't know where the mail box was! Why do maids in pictures always do that? Maybe they are new maids. Or she's looking to see if John the Cop is near by!

After that experience I got plenty of work in the studio and played everything from a nigger cooklady to a boarding-house landlady's help. The hours I worked were more like those of a night watchman for often after staying around all day we didn't start to work until late in the afernoon and had to work most of the night, usually because some leading lady or man had the peeves or forgot to leave a call. Once we went sixty miles out into the mountains to do a scene and then discovered that the camera man's assistant had forgotten the crank that turned the camera. But the director didn't forget any of the things he wanted to call him, nor did we!

And thus it went. The life of an extra girl is just one thing after another and the reason why they are called "extra" girls is because of the extra amount of work that one has to do. The only thing that isn't extra is the pay.

But you *can* live on it—if you can live *through* it!!

The one infallible system for getting Lizzie started on her way brisk mornings is to keep a pachyderm on hand in the garage. All A. C. Stecker, chief animal trainer of the Universal City arena, has to do is call to Charlie Bullephant, his mechanician, to back up and swing his tail over the hood so that he can grasp it firmly, then switch on the ignition, engage his gear, whistle, and, presto, his car is off.

OUR READERS SAY:

Letters from readers are invited by the editor. They should be not more than three hundred words in length, and must have attached the writer's name and address.

Washington, D. C.

Editor Photoplay.

Dear Sir—I heard one recently that is too good to keep.

On F. street in Washington a sort of dress parade occurs each afternoon—just before matinee time.

Yesterday I was strolling down F street, close behind a couple. The man seemed well-to-do and was evidently showing a pretty young stranger about the city. They were discussing a play they had seen, and drifted on to the topic of screen players—Frederick, Moore, Fairbanks. She had never seen Olive Thomas and Tom Meighan. Then he mentioned Hayakawa.

The young woman drawled: "Ah've nevah heard it, but it sounds 'sif it was pretty. Mos' of those rhapsodies ah, you know."

That was where I left the parade and cut down Thirteenth to laugh.

G. CLARVOE.

Birmingham, England.

Dear Editor.

I have taken the liberty and initial joy to inscribed a few words of gratitude and good cheer in appreciation for the many pleasant and delightful hours PHOTOPLAY has given to me during my recent service. Its fearless unbiased criticism and also its well seasoned pictorial eruditions of the "Mirror of Life" of the world's progress day by day has been very beneficial to me.

I, myself, being an English soldier, am writing perhaps in an over joyous strain, and move in rhapsodies mainly perhaps on account of my day having arrived at last. Today I packed my kit bag for demobilization and said farewell, "a long farewell" to the drab garb of khaki and entered upon a new and revised edition of "The Old Homestead."

During my three and one-half years service PHOTOPLAY has ultimately reached me safely month by month during my wanderings like "Ulysses in the Wilderness" through this international holocaust. The happy reflections it has purveyed to me have been a tantamount to the monotony, sordid and disconsolate surroundings of the past strenuous few years.

The motion picture is that medium for all stations that can inspire one and all that life is a lofty calling and not the hard and grovelling thing we sometimes imagine it to be, to struggle through as best we can.

Let us trust that its lessons will bring fertile results to every homestead.

With all good wishes and success.

—JOHN H. BURNEY.

Where The Producer Comes In

IT is authoritatively estimated that the gross box-office income of picture theatres today in this country is $750,000,000. Of this sum the producers and distributors receive $75,000,000. This, of course, is exclusive of foreign sales.

In other words, according to these figures the producer is getting ten per cent of what the exhibitor receives from the public or only one dollar in every ten taken in.

Cherish your beauty at all Seasons

THERE is nothing we cherish so deeply as the persistent preference that American women of three generations have expressed for D & R Perfect Cold Cream. The fact that old admirers continue to use this dependable and tested toilet necessity, year in and year out, while the younger generation keeps swelling the ranks of satisfied patrons, is the final proof of superiority. The Red Band of Honor on every package of

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is put there as our pledge to you of unquestioned quality and purity and for your protection against substitution. The daily use of D & R Perfect Cold Cream will add charm to your complexion, cherish its beauty in all seasons and keep your skin clear and soft. It has many uses in the home and nursery.

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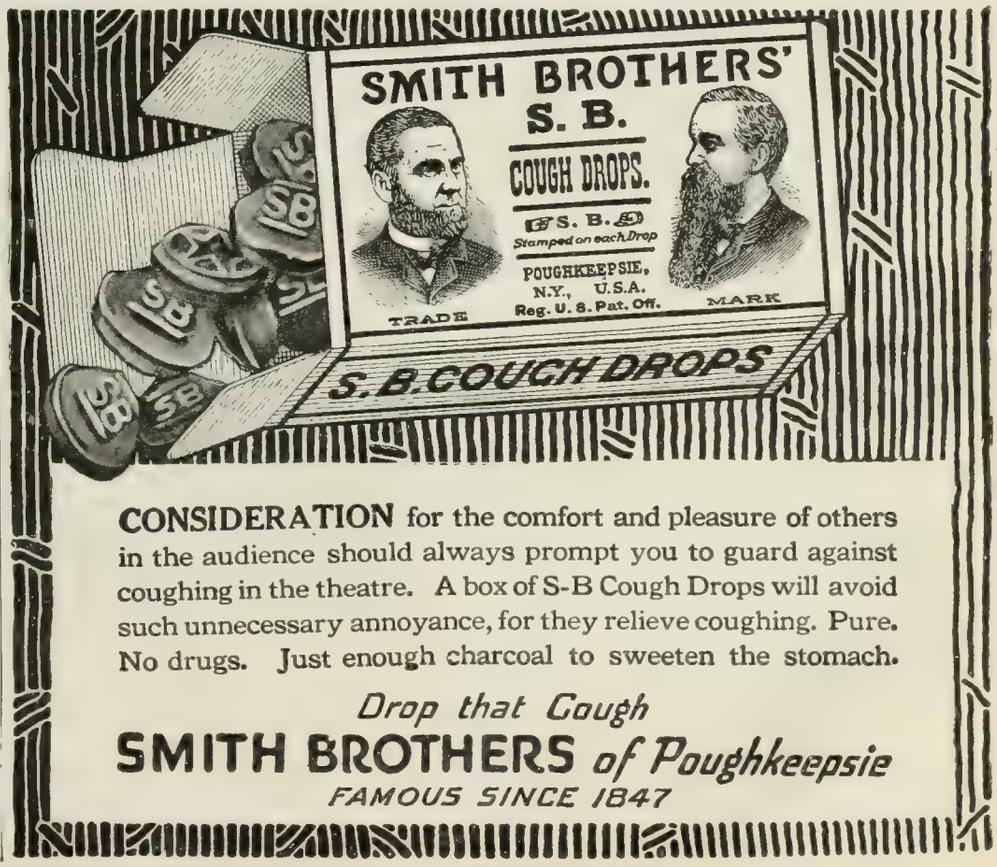

CONSIDERATION for the comfort and pleasure of others in the audience should always prompt you to guard against coughing in the theatre. A box of S-B Cough Drops will avoid such unnecessary annoyance, for they relieve coughing. Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

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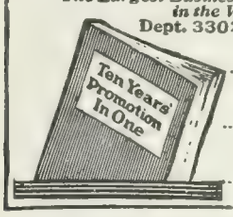

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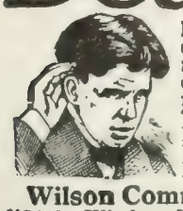
Deafness



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Here is a seldom photographed portion of a film factory.

Mud Mixers of the Movies

HOW about the people who make the pictures, the hundreds of artists, molders, carpenters, writers, artificers, and craftsmen? Did you ever think of the art department of the movies?

Merry Kris Kringle had nothing on the head plaster artist out at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City, California. Here he presides in a large white airy room where a busy corps of experienced artists work from early morn until sometimes late at night, building all sorts of articles from a Mississippi river steamboat to a Petrograd street, including things of all metals and materials, and of all sizes, shapes, and styles. They can make anything at a moment's notice, and it will look just like the original.

If an order comes in for a brick building, one will be made within the week, so that the director can go out to the back lot and shoot a picture supposed to be laid in far away Madrid—and all this is plaster, burlap, sawdust, and—art.

All the statuary you see in pictures is usually duplicated from a rented original, or even modeled after a famous piece. Brackets for all building and architectural work are of mere plaster Paris. When you see a lily white marble bust of an Italian genius smashed on the floor by an enraged millionaire, you must not hold your breath in intense excitement, but just remember that this is one of the "prop" pieces of marble.

If a war story is made, helmets are not of steel, but of papier mache. Soldiers blown up apparently alive, are only dummies of excelsior, plaster, wax, paint, and real clothing, cleverly assembled.

The plaster shop is an interesting place as the men are always making something. Clay modeling is done here every day, and an artist is always working in wax or clay.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 67)

even a comedy. For which reason I thought "Pinto" an over-exaggerated dull picture, and Mabel Normand's contribution thereto unworthy a screen star of what I have been assured is her standing. It is the story of a wild young thing who was adopted in the west by five ranch owners. Coming to New York to visit one of them she becomes entangled in a love affair with the boy next door, and finally with society, which eventually she "cleans up" by giving a wild west show for charity. The fete is a great success until one of the westerners, becoming loco with likker, shoots up the party. Many of the scenes are well taken, and the western show is cleverly staged. The cast, so far as the types are concerned, is rather obviously actorish, but the straight parts, played by Edythe Chapman, Hallam Cooley and Cullen Landis, are well played. Victor Schertzinger wrote and directed "Pinto," with some assistance from Gerald Duffy and George Webber.

THE WILLOW TREE

Pictorially, the Benrimo-Rhodes fantasy of "The Willow Tree" has been charmingly transferred to the screen by Metro. But the love romance has been rather successfully eluded by June Mathis, who wrote the adaptation, and Henry Otto, who directed it. The impression one has on seeing it, or at least the impression this one had, is that of smelling a beautiful bouquet of artificial flowers: the coloring is there, but the fragrance is nil.

The story is that of an ancient Japanese legend concerning the princess who was carved from the heart of a willow tree to keep a lonely Samurai company in his hermitage far from the haunts of men.

The story would have been immeasurably improved in the screen version if, in her life with Hamilton, the love theme had been more strongly developed. As it stands there is little regret at their separation and

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

little suspense as to the outcome. Viola Dana is a charmingly simple princess. There are several Japanese natives who add a touch of actuality to the scenes, and the scenic backgrounds and costuming are most attractive.

BEHIND THE DOOR—Ince

Only the other day we made a plea in PHOTOPLAY for tales of the sea, not knowing at the time that out in the Thomas H. Ince studio they were making a grim and terrific drama of the ocean lanes, "Behind the Door," made by Luther Reed from the Gouverneur Morris story. It is a drama of the sea in its most ferocious mood—the period when it gave shelter to those pirates of civilization, the U-Boats. At their mildest, the water prairies arouse all the fundamental emotions, strip them bare of pretence, and bring men and women into grips with themselves. Lash this landscape into fury, either with the storms of blustering Boreas, or the storms of human passions gone awry and the result fairly wrenches the soul with grandeur or with tragedy. It is such a tragedy that Hobart Bosworth, as captain of an American liner traveling the waters infested by submarines, is called upon to portray in "Behind the Door." It took courage to make such a picture as this, for it is a "he-picture," no pap for puling infants.

MARY'S ANKLE —Ince

Those heavenly twins of comedy, Douglas MacLean and Doris May, in "Mary's Ankle," have, if not a perfectly worthy successor to "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave," at least a sprightly bit of fun that will help rivet the reputation they are building.

THE BEST OF LUCK—Metro

Melodramas are of two kinds—those which remind you of overdone serials, and those in which the essentially platitudinous situation is developed in a manner so gradual, and embellished by so much realism of character and beauty of scene, that the climax with its "big punch" finds a disarmed and eager audience. So in the latter manner did Albert S. LeVino transpose for the silversheet the Drury Lane melodrama, "The Best of Luck." There is a race in the rain at night between a motorcycle and two automobiles, some "submarine stuff," and all the other concomitants of Drury Lane, but all handled with an eye for visual beauty and consistency that take it out of the melodrama class and make "The Best of Luck" a spectacle.

HIS WIFE'S FRIEND—Ince-Artcraft

It's one of those things that, if it were a "legitimate" play, you would, instead of chewing your program or adding up long rows of figures jotted thereon, between acts —discuss with your neighbor the probability of so-and-so's participation in the crime. One of the "my-dear-whom-do-you-suspect" plays. Of course, it is not nearly so much fun attending a murder play in the cinema, for there are no intermissions in which to make vocal test of your sherlock-holmsing. Director Joe DeGrasse made this in New York, where country-estates-not-far-from-London look like the real thing. Miss Dalton's rehearsals in "Aphrodite," which had not yet opened when this was made, seem to have given her more poise and certainly less embonpoint.

A Dream Come True

Always use SEM-PRAY FACE POWDER in combination with SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY. It is refreshingly good for the complexion and the perfume is exquisite. The additional use of SEM-PRAY ROUGE and SEM-PRAY VANISHING CREME completes a perfect toilet.

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"If I could only get something to really prevent chapping—" thousands of lips frame this question every winter.

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY will help you to keep your complexion delicately soft and alluring whatever the pranks of wind or weather.

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY is a face cream in cake form. Gently, tenderly, scientifically it cleanses the innermost pores of the skin and removes the particles of dust and dirt that are lodged beyond reach of soap and water. For sale at almost all good toilet counters.

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Single Grip E. Z. . 40c and 60c
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Avoid Lumber Shortage

Lumber shortage—a virtual famine of lumber—exists in many parts of the country. Reports indicate that it is impossible even now to get material for certain needs. Stocks were never so low as they are at present. The demand was never so great as it is now. **This Means Still Higher Lumber Prices.** It means that prices will go upwards rapidly—that it will possibly take $150 in six months or a year to buy $100 worth of lumber. Will you be forced to pay these prices? Will your need of a home in six months cost you a 50% or a 100% penalty?

Build Now Early buyers of Aladdin Homes are assured delivery. Aladdin buyers are also assured a big saving—from $300 to $1,000. **BUT,** quick action is necessary. The enormous demand for homes will soon fill the Aladdin Mills to capacity. Your order will possibly be too late. An important message to every builder is contained in the Aladdin Catalog. It is the message to you from the World's greatest home-building organization. Send for this book today.

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Aladdin Mills are located in Michigan, North Carolina, Mississippi and Oregon. The Aladdin Lumber Yards are the four greatest forests of the United States. Each one has sufficient standing timber to take care of the needs of the country for many years. The possible lumber famine predicted in all parts of the country will not affect the Aladdin Co. Every Aladdin Home manufactured in 1920 will be shipped quickly and completely. No shortage of a few grades of materials from the Aladdin House order.

Aladdin Houses are cut-to-fit as follows: Lumber, mill-work, flooring, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paints, varnishes. Complete material is shipped to you in a sealed box car, all ready to erect. Send today for a copy of the book, **"Aladdin Homes,"** No. 1377.

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Send the coupon for a trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and give the exact color of your hair. Try it on a lock of hair. Compare the results and the pleasure of using with the old way. Send in the coupon now

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30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiate. Good for young and old

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Send stamp for list of photos of famous Movie Stars.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

BECKONING ROADS—Barriscale-Hodkinson

Bessie Barriscale is such a good actress, you'd think after seeing herself in this she would make a resolution never to let it happen again. It is mechanically built from a long and complicated magazine serial by Jeanne Judson, with business intrigues and flashes of the so-called "night life" of Manhattan.

MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE—Lasky

Perhaps you are one of those persons who likes trick pictures. We happen to be in the other class. There has to be a pretty good excuse for a trick ending, or we don't like to be fooled. There is, in our estimation, little excuse for the maze of serial stunts which lead up to the give-away in this picture. If you are an inordinate admirer of Ethel Clayton you may, if you practice the proper spirit, be able to forgive her for posing with or without a parasol throughout the picture. She never used to do that, when she was our favorite domestic heroine. We suppose Robert Vignola did his best with the script and Julia Crawford Ivers with the scenario. Must we blame the original author, Joseph Gollomb? Edward Coxen is the young man they took all the trouble for; Herbert Heyes the husband. If you come in in the middle you'll think you blundered into a Pathe serial.

HEARTSTRINGS—Fox

Here is an instance of a mechanical theme played upon by a skilled director and his actorial aides until it becomes something closely resembling a good picture. It tells Henry Albert Phillips' story. The baby in the picture has a lot to do with it. This baby—and where did director J. Gordon Edward find him? is funnier than any baby Sennett ever sponsored, and more unconscious. Gladys Coburn, of the films before, is pretty, but affected. The work of William Farnum is always excellent. But did Pierre ever touch his violin again? The musical theme is left rather up in the air.

THE SPEAK-EASY—Mack Sennett-Paramount

Mack Sennett's people are, more and more, deliberately setting out to be funny. For some months, now, the output of the facetious factory on the coast from which we expect snappier, more sophisticated fun than from any one other studio, has been inclined to be heavy, dull, and ponderous. The director works too hard; the sub-title writer tries too desperately to be funny. This comedy is anti-climatic. It is on prohibition, and prohibition has got to be darned funny to make many people laugh at it. Charlie Murray is there; Ben Turpin, briefly; little Marie Prevost—this child is beautiful in a bathing-suit; here they have dressed her up in a costume made to fit Louise Fazenda or Polly Moran.

FIGHTING CRESSEY—Pathe

"Fighting Cressey" is Blanche Sweet through and through—a Blanche Sweet in hoop skirts and mits, a Blanche Sweet in dainty concoctions of tulle and rose buds and quaint silk basques and drooping hats, a Blanche Sweet full of "McKinstry pride", quick at the trigger, quick to hate or love,

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

full of fire—and lovelier than the old days. Blanche Sweet has come back to the screen after an absence of two years with deepened powers. You will like "Fighting Cressey". It is a glorified early western drama. There is not a dance hall dive in the picture. You may have read Bret Harte's story, "Cressey", on which this photoplay is founded.

THE BREATH OF THE GODS—Universal-Jewel

You will go away from this picture with a lot of lumps in your throat, and the feeling that you have seen something very worth while. It will not serve to boost the ways of international diplomacy any higher in your estimation, but it will prove that Tsuru Aoki, here seen in her first starring vehicle, is of star material. As the bird-like "Yuki", who is the sacrifice of diplomatic baseness and of the traditions of her country, she proves herself capable of expressing the great dramatic intensity and poignancy of emotion.

Tsuru Aoki is like a bewildered butterfly in her exquisite gardens. And, oh! what an assortment of kimonas she wears.

ROARING LIONS AND TENDER HEARTS—Fox-Sunshine

No joking. There is a crying need for but it is light, and frothy, and its action never lags—and what more can anyone ask of a slapstick comedy? Marvel Rae—you remember she was one of the blondest and pertest of the Sennett squabs—is in this which may be one reason why it appealed to us.

THE LINCOLN HIGHWAYMAN—Fox

Automobiles in moving pictures frequently are used only for the actors to get into and out of, and do nothing but clog the action. "The Lincoln Highwayman" is a brilliant example of what can be done with a story in which a great part of the action takes place in and about the gasoline chariots. It is a mystery comedy melodrama, dealing with the trailing of a robber who has been making the Lincoln highway his stamping ground. Emmett J. Flynn directed, and made the story race at terrific speed throughout. Lois Lee, who entered films via the PHOTOPLAY Beauty and Brains Contest several years ago, is a chic foil for the big star.

THE HAYSEED—Paramount

Fatty Arbuckle may be a low comedian; he may be vulgar at times; there's no doubt as to that, but have you ever been bored by an Arbuckle comedy? And can you say as much for many other comedians? He has his own company now, and everything; but he still throws pies and trips up Buster Keaton—now his fall guy since nephew St. John left the fold—and eats onions. You may not believe that eating an onion—to the distress of all your relatives, friends, and your best girl, is such a funny proceeding—but you should see Roscoe, suspected of some petty misdeamour or other, turn in despair from one to another of his supports while they turn away from him, with even his dog Luke sharing the general disapproval. Of course it's all cleared up, when Molly Malone—is there a prettier and a defter child in comedy than Molly?—comes to his rescue and loves him just the same.

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Foods Easy to Digest

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not for breakfasts only. Serve them for luncheons and suppers. Float in every bowl of milk.

These are bubble grains, airy, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size. No other dainty in existence makes the milk dish so enticing.

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Under Prof. Anderson's process, every food cell is exploded. Digestion is made easy and complete.

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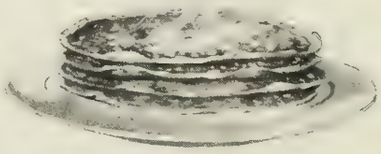
Serve as a breakfast dainty. Mix with your fruits. But don't forget that Puffed Grains also form the ideal bedtime dish.

Puffed Grains are the greatest of grain foods and the most enticing. Serve all three kinds. Let children revel in them.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

A New Pancake Delight

Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes fluffy pancakes with a nut-like taste—the finest pancakes ever served. The flour is self-raising. Simply add milk or water. Ask your grocer for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour and you'll have a new delight.



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After carefully cleansing your face and neck each night with Lettuce Cream, rub in Whitening Cream until every bit has been absorbed. You will soon notice a marked improvement—the skin will be several shades lighter, fresher, fairer, lovelier. Send 2c stamp for sample.

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At Drug and Department Stores

Moving Pictures and Big Business

(Concluded from page 76)

bargain here and there, into which he may put his thrifty savings.

The sound men of the picture industry today want only one of two things: to hold all the ends of their businesses tightly in their own hands, or else to interest truly regal capital which will set them afloat upon expansion schemes as solid as they are imperial.

An unwelcome guest who has appeared at the picture feast is that sort of middleman who really represents nothing, yet, while bringing neither important money, executive brains nor an original contribution of art into the picture game yet contrives to fasten himself upon it and fatten upon it. He is a leech who extracts enormous publicity, enormous personal attention, and —too often—an enormous salary. Sometimes he is a super press-agent, sometimes he calls himself a general manager, sometimes he is a legal representative and sometimes he is merely an adviser. The big corporations have a few of him, but as a rule he can't stand their searchlights.

Remember These Things—

The photoplay industry is so young that it has never been systematized—maybe it never will be, for, after all, it is basically an art. It is today the most wasteful thing, in point of money invested, in business circles.

The picture business, in general, is always something that is *going* to make money.

Only a few people have ever made any money, apart from salaries, out of the picture business.

Those who are making money now generally do not need any outside money.

Those who are now making money and need more money are, generally speaking, in a position to get it from people in the money business.

There is no business on earth where the inexperienced man can lose money faster or more hopelessly.

Finally, the making of pictures is not a cheap, flashy venture, in which a few are "lucky." It is a new, intricate, tricky, subtle pursuit in trade and manufacture. Its masters may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

As a mere matter of investment you can do better at almost anything else than the picture business—unless you have money to go into it on a great scale, and an honest intelligence to guide your endowing hand.

Finally, do not fall for any get-rich-quick talk from promoters of new companies. You haven't even a roulette-wheel chance. The cards are generally stacked against you.

A $3,000 Whistle

This is a true story. For obvious reasons names cannot be mentioned.

The president of the film company was in fine fettle. So he strolled into the Los Angeles studio, whistling, whacking loose timbers with his cane, and acting like a boy on a holiday. Suddenly a flashing-eyed, beautiful fury sped toward him screaming:

"You—you—you swine! Good heavens, isn't it possible to have a little quiet around this studio when I have a big scene going on? You've upset me so I can't go on."

The star had been devoting all morning to getting herself keyed up to a terrific emotional pitch for the climax of her picture, and her tragedy was shattered by the president's merry whistle. She went home and did not return for three days, and her salary is just $1,000 a day.

Jubilo

(Continued from page 38)

fire on the bank a short distance away. He crouched in the darkness between rocks to make observations. Two men were seated by the fire. They were counting something on the ground between them. Jubilo crept closer. When the fire flared up he could see piles of money and little stacks of jewelry between the two men. As he watched a third came out of the darkness, jumped off his horse and joined the group at the fire and the counting of the loot was resumed. The newcomer moved around the fire and faced the spot of Jubilo's concealment. In a flash the hidden observer recognized him.

"Mr. Bert Rooker, pool shark." Jubilo murmured to himself. "Isn't this interesting?"

Rooker was giving orders. Presently they gathered up the loot. One of the men threw a hat full of water on the tiny fire and they rode away in the darkness.

Jubilo laid low until they were well away, then reconnoitered the spot. Striking a match near the site of the abandoned camp fire he found a streak of white on the ground. Cautiously he followed it up and discovered a can of whitewash hidden under a rock. Jubilo uttered a low whistle of surprise and tucked it back where he found it. He had something to think about.

Back at the Hardy ranch house affairs followed their usual routine for some days, marked only by the increasing attentiveness of Jubilo to the subject of housework and helping Rose in the kitchen. Rose was not displeased with the attention.

Jubilo and Rose were busy with the supper dishes in the kitchen in the evening when glancing up they discovered Rooker standing, leering at them from the doorway.

Jubilo stood amazed as Rooker advanced familiarly and extended his hand to Rose. Embarrassed and hesitant, she looked at him, then refused. Rooker, insulted, snarled back his anger.

"Who's your friend, Rosie?"

Upset and confused, Rose did not answer.

"So Hardy went away and left his Rosie with a young fellow around!"

Jubilo stood by, having a hard battle with his rising temper and watching Rosie for a cue to action. Rooker continued his taunting insult.

"Naughty! Naughty! Rosie!"

"Careful there!" Jubilo took a step forward.

"Call off your dog, Rosie," Rooker sneered.

Jubilo looked at Rose with his eyes begging permission to throw Rooker out. But Rose shook her head against violence. She turned to resume her dishwashing and whispered to Jubilo.

"I can't explain now, but I don't want to offend Bert."

This from Rose left Jubilo more confused than ever, and wildly speculating what the connection might be between the fragments of fact he had stumbled upon. He feared lest something further develop to confirm a growing suspicion. Why should Rose stand so much from the uncouth insulting Rooker?

Again Jubilo leaned toward Rose.

"I'll chase him if you say so!" Jubilo pleaded.

"No—but make him sleep in the barn. You sleep in dad's room tonight, Jubilo."

Rooker meanwhile was making himself very much at home. He tossed off his coat and hat, helped himself to Hardy's cigars and strolled about the house. He opened the living room door to Rose's room and peered in, then noted the door to Hardy's room across the living room. This door he left open, grinning to himself. Then he chose a comfortable chair and stretched out.

Jubilo lingered in the kitchen putting the dishes away as Rose entered the living room. Rooker arose with a vast air of politeness. He seized her hands and held her at arm's length.

"I'd a hardly known you, Rosie. You're some kid now."

There was deliberate meaning in her eyes and voice when she spoke.

"You have not changed, Bert."

"Why should I—in that nice, quiet, retired life where your father put me!" Rooker retorted. "Sit down, I want to talk to you."

Jubilo took a seat in the kitchen near the door, within hearing of the conversation. Rooker continued innuendo and implication and talked of a renewed friendship. At last Rose got up in desperation.

"I am going to bed. You can sleep in the barn." She was pale with anger.

She started to leave the room. Rooker rose and stood in her way. Then Jubilo entered.

"Jubilo, please show Mr. Rooker to the hay-mow."

"No, I'll take your father's room," Rooker insisted.

Jubilo stepped forward and Rooker looked from him to Rose and back again. A thought of caution struck him. Perhaps Jubilo was something else than a mere hired man. He decided to move carefully. He must size Jubilo up.

"Say," Rooker broke into the silence suddenly, "have you seen any of them train robbers?"

"Yes, one of them," Jubilo's voice was cold and casual.

Rooker turned to Rose grinning.

"Remember Rose, he admits he saw one of them. Your dad may not be back, now."

Rose looked at Jubilo in astonishment. What could he mean? Rooker was evidently pleased by this turn of the situation.

"All right, Mr. Jubilo, come on and show me this barn," he commanded.

As they stood outside Rooker turned sharply on Jubilo.

"You may have to tell a judge that you've seen that train robber."

"I'm going to enjoy tellin' all about the one I saw," Jubilo was smiling from ear to ear.

When Jubilo reentered the house Rose shot a direct question at him about his train robber.

"When I saw the robber your dad was a long ways off," he said softly in reply.

"Oh, I'm so glad you didn't think he was mixed up in that deal," Rose exclaimed, then bid Jubilo goodnight.

Lamp in hand Jubilo stood scratching his puzzled head.

"I wish I felt that way about it, too," he murmured.

It was very dark and still when Rooker crept from the barn into the shadows of the house. Silently he dug a hole in the yard and presently lifted into it a small bag, carefully replacing the dirt over it.

This done he tiptoed into the house and made his stealthy way toward the door of Rose's room. He was reaching for the doorknob when Jubilo rose up before him. Rooker dashed out in a flash.

"Jubilo! Jubilo!" Rose called from the other side of the door. "What is it?"

"Oh, nothing, I just got up to look at the clock—you've got three hours more to sleep," he answered cheerily.

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Jubilo

(Continued)

Rose's door opened a narrow bit.

"Jubilo, you are a wonderful liar."

Then the door closed again.

Jubilo went quietly from the house. A brief investigation assured him that Rooker had gone back to the barn. Then swiftly but carefully Jubilo dug up the loot that Rooker had buried in the yard and again piled the dirt back as it was before. He opened the bag in the moonlight. It glittered with money and jewelry.

"Hardy's bit?" he muttered. "I wonder?"

Jubilo softly entered the house again and concealed the bag in the piano.

Rose and Jubilo drove into Muskoka the following day to meet Hardy, due back from St. Louis. Jubilo's rising curiosity led him to the marshal's office.

"What you got on your mind, Jubilo?" that dignitary demanded.

"I was just wondering," Jubilo said slowly, "I was just wondering what the train robbers used to splash that horse to look like Hardy's?"

The marshal shook his head in scorn of the theory.

"Don't give us no bum steers—when we get them prisoners to talkin'—

"All right Mr. Marshal—I was just merely wondering." And Jubilo went out.

Out on the street he ran into an unhappy scene. Rooker, back in town and drunk, had encountered Rose.

"Come on girlie—I know where we can get a little drink."

"But Bert, I don't want a drink," she protested.

Jubilo seized Rooker by the arm and pulling him after him removed the offender from the scene by thrusting him into the pool hall door. Indoors and released from Jubilo's strong grip Rooker renewed his braggadocio bearing. The sheriff entered and was buttonholed for husky whispered confidences from Rooker. Jubilo sauntered to a pool table and idly knocked the balls about, watching out of the corner of his eye.

The sheriff was obviously being impressed with a story from Rooker. Presently he bustled out. Rooker drew a chair up in a corner and began loud-mouthed conversation with the loafers. Jubilo was still listening.

"Yea Bo! She's some little Rosie!" Rooker winked meaningly at his circle of listeners.

There was a snicker of laughter and some one else spoke.

"Who said anything about marrying her? —she'll fall for me anyway."

Jubilo strode in, vibrant with rage.

"Tell them that you lied—tell them that you lied!" he shouted at Rooker.

"What makes *you* think I lied?" Rooker sneered.

In the same flash Jubilo struck and Rooker reached for his revolver. A swift blow on the arm sent the gun flying. They closed in. The fight went fast. Rooker sent Jubilo reeling with a blow under the eye. He followed his vantage too closely and caught two terrific blows on his chin. Rooker crumpled and fell, knocked out. Jubilo swept up Rooker's revolver and put it in his pocket. Then he seized him by the throat and shook him back to consciousness.

"Now tell them that you lied—tell them now."

Rooker gurgled and struggled.

"Tell them, now!"

"It ain't so, fellows. It ain't so," Rooker choked out.

"And I'll tell you something else, you fellows—you're a bunch of bums to listen

Jubilo

(Continued)

to him." And with that Jubilo strode out to the town watering trough to wash his fight-battered face.

Down the street in close confab came the marshal and the sheriff. They spied Jubilo and approached.

"What's all this chatter about a horse that'd been marked?" the sheriff demanded.

Jubilo looked up rather unconcerned of manner.

"Well, sheriff, if I was trying to catch train robbers I'd look for a horse that'd been splashed with whitewash."

The sheriff and the marshal jumped into animated conversation and Jubilo chose this time to leave. He was due at the station. As he left the watering trough, he slapped a big bay horse there to swing him out of the path. The move caught the sheriff's eye. Then just a glimmer of something arrested the sheriff's attention and he stepped over to examine the bay carefully. Presently he beckoned to the marshal and they bent over the horse's flank, looking very closely and carefully.

Down at the railway station Hardy hurried off the train and up the platform to meet Rose, who stood there a picture of worry and despair.

"Don't worry now, honey," Hardy reassured her. "We are ready for Bert now."

Jubilo was waiting in the automobile.

"Hello Jubilo," said Hardy with quiet cordiality, extending his hand. "You've done well, I should say."

"Never mind the thanks part of it, now," Jubilo responded. He drew Hardy aside. "I want to take a hand in this thing. I saw Rooker with the loot." Jubilo told Hardy the whole story of his river bank discovery and subsequent happenings rapidly. Hardy listened in deep attentiveness.

"Have you told the sheriff?"

Jubilo shook his head.

"Well, I rather you'd keep quiet about Rooker, if you don't mind," Hardy said.

Jubilo concealed his surprise, but he puzzled over Hardy's attitude all the way home.

Jubilo was peacefully resting and puzzling in the comfort of the flivver's front seat the next day. He counted the points of the mystery over to his self on his fingers.

"Rooker planned the job.

"Rooker planted the swag in this yard.

"Hardy is afraid of some one.

"Hardy doesn't want Rooker pinched.

"Why?

"Oh boy, this is deep, too deep for Jubilo," he complained to himself.

Down the lane came the clatter of cantering hoofs. Rooker rode into the yard, jumped off his horse and walked up to the house. Jubilo swung out of his idle seat, took a hitch at his gun belt and followed.

Hardy with Rose beside him stood in the doorway. Hardy and Rooker stood staring at each other. The expression in Rose's eyes told Rooker of Jubilo's approach and he looked about. Jubilo stopped and grinned. He took another hitch at his gun belt and waited.

Rooker stepped up on the porch and extended his hand to Hardy.

"Well Judge, I told you I'd come, didn't I?"

The word "Judge" caught Jubilo's surprised ears.

Hardy turned to Jubilo.

"You and Rose can go out, if you will."

They lingered in earshot. Rooker's rough voice grew loud.

"I've got you, Judge—not for any little five years like you handed me—they killed the express messenger on that train and you'll get the limit."

Hardy did not make a direct reply. He spoke slowly.

"I had to do my duty, Bert. You were guilty and even my love for your mother could not keep you out of prison."

A light of understanding crept over the face of Jubilo as he stood by Rose listening.

Rooker became vehement, working himself into a frothing rage.

"When you're behind bars, Judge, remember I did it—I planted the goods in your yard—I sent the sheriff up here—and he's on his way now. And when you are there, think of me and Rosie—for I'm going to get her!"

"You mention her name again and I will kill you," Hardy shouted. He pushed Rooker away from him.

Rooker reached for his revolver. Hardy, calmer and quicker, shot from inside his coat and Rooker crumpled up on the floor.

The sheriff's car entered the lane. In a flash Jubilo ran into the yards and fired two shots into the air. He stood waiting when the sheriff and marshal stepped from the car.

"Handcuffs for one, sheriff—I've just killed a man."

The sheriff opened Jubilo's gun, finding the two discharged cartridges.

"Who'd you get?"

"Rooker—and while I'm about it, I was the man that rode Hardy's horse in the train robbery, too."

At this the sheriff and marshal broke into a laugh.

"Come on with us, we want to see Hardy," the sheriff answered.

"No use to pester them—let's go," Jubilo urged, with pleading in his voice.

With Jubilo between them the sheriff and marshal marched into Hardy's living room where Rose and Hardy stood. Rooker lay still on the floor. The sheriff spoke.

"Jubilo here says he's done for Rooker."

Jubilo hung his head in his most guilty manner. Hardy could not conceal his astonishment.

"The sheriff here got me before I could get away—no use to lie—so I told him," Jubilo said.

Rose suddenly comprehending Jubilo's effort at self-sacrifice rushed to his side and took his shoulders in her two hands.

"Jubilo, you blessed liar!"

Hardy held up his hand for silence.

"Sheriff, I killed Rooker. He pulled on me and I beat him to it," Hardy announced.

"There's a lot of competition around here," the sheriff snorted.

"But," he continued stooping over Rooker's prostrate form. "It looks to me like you both lied—only a bullet in the shoulder."

At this Rooker stirred.

"Hell!" Jubilo exclaimed. "First time I ever missed!"

Jubilo's attempt at playing the bad gun man drew a smile from the sheriff.

"Here, Mr. Marshal, take Rooker out and put him in the car," the sheriff ordered, then turned and addressed Jubilo.

"Son, you dry up. Rooker's a bed egg, tried to lay the blame on Hardy, so I let on to believe him till the whole truth came out."

The marshal started out with Rooker. Rose stepped forward and addressed the plotting bandit forgivingly.

"Please don't hold malice in your heart Bert."

He answered only by hanging his head.

Rose's solicitude made Jubilo swiftly view Rooker as an unfortunate, and as swiftly

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Jubilo

(Concluded)

evolve an idea of sympathy. Jubilo followed the marshal out to the car with Rooker. The marshal placed Rooker in the front seat and stepped to the front of the car to crank it. As the marshal stooped Jubilo pulled Rooker over to the driver's side, pointed to the steering wheel and whispered "Beat it."

As the motor started Rooker suited action to the command and threw in the clutch. The car shot forward and the marshal dodged out of the way. As the marshal jumped he bumped into Jubilo and both men went sprawling. The marshal righted himself first and started shooting at the fleeing car. Jubilo pulled his revolver and pretended to join in the fusillade, taking the opportunity to shoot a puncture into Hardy's car which stood by.

The marshal and the sheriff ran for Hardy's car to give chase.

"That darned tire's down again," lamented Jubilo. "The marshal's such a rotten shot he aimed at that other flivver and hit this one."

In another excited moment the marshal and sheriff were riding hot but hopelessly after Rooker on a horse and mule borrowed from Hardy's stable. Jubilo laughed them out of sight.

Rose, comprehending all, walked out to Jubilo and offered her thanks. They sat down together and Jubilo began to roll a cigarette. Rose waited patiently almost a minute, a mischievous twinkle in her

"Well, Jubilo, if you haven't anything to say, you might sing something."

"If I did it'd be a swan song," Jubilo rejoined.

"Why?"

"Because—everything's all right here now, so I am going away."

Hardy came to the kitchen door and looked at Rose and Jubilo. Then he smiled and turned away.

"Where are you going, Jubilo?" Rose's voice was low and soft.

"Just away."

"Don't go, Jubilo."

He looked up quickly and Rose turned her head away. He faced her about and looked into her eyes. The next moment she was in his arms.

Hardy appeared at the door again. He stepped back and emerged beating a call on a tin pan with a wooden spoon. A wide smile covered his face, chasing away the hard lines of worry.

Rose and Jubilo sprang apart and Rose ran toward the house ahead of him.

Jubilo pushed his hat jauntily back on the top of his head, shoved his hands deep in his pockets and came along singing.

"It mus be now de Kingdom comin' an de year ob Jubilo."

The Prince and the Pictures

(Concluded from page 56)

outing suit which looked like the one the Prince wore, dressed Doran up in it, and photographed him fishing up and down a stream with his back to the camera. No one who had not been there would have suspected it was not the Prince.

"The Prince did not know anything about it until the picture flashed on the dining car wall. He laughed about it and called it 'very clever', but I never felt quite right about it.

"The Prince is a great runner," says Mr. Mathewson. "The royal train often stopped in the middle of a prairie so that he could emerge in his running suit, white trunks and jersey, and go for a sprint. Ten miles at a time was nothing for him.

"At Regina, after a cross country run, the Prince's valet hung his trunks on the clothes line behind the Lieutenant Governor's house. When he went to get them again they were gone, lost, no doubt, to some valiant souvenir seeker under the very noses of the police.

"He was delighted as a child at the circus with the Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, stampede. And it was truly a wonderful affair. There were cowboys and cowgirls there from many of our western states, as well as from Canada.

"Several incidents occurred which set every one roaring.

"Sam Alford, after bull-dogging a steer in record time, was congratulated by the Prince. As he was shaking hands he realized that all was not as it should be with one of his trouser legs. Looking down, he discovered that he had torn it. Immediately he turned to His Royal Highness and asked the loan of a pin. The Prince did not have one, but he commissioned Lord Claude Hamilton to find one. The pin held things together very well until Nora Wells, the hard-riding cowgirl from Calgary, had a chance to do a little mending.

"When it came time for the Prince to leave, a Texan cowboy took up a large megaphone and announced that the crowd was to remain seated while 'the Royal Prince's Highness' left the grounds. When corrected, he called again, 'Please keep your seats while the Royal Princess leaves the ground.' And when told that the Prince was a man, not a girl, he took up his megaphone disgustedly again and shouted, 'Keep your seats while this here Royal He Princess leaves the ground.'

"You can know that the Prince of Wales is keen for motion pictures, when I tell you what happened at Revelstoke. The royal train was held up two or three hours after the announced starting time. None of us could find out what was the trouble till the next morning.

"The Prince had been so intrigued by the posters he saw outside a motion picture theatre, that he had gone in to see the show.

"There was practically no one in the house.

" 'Where is everybody,' Edward asked the usher. 'The seats are nearly empty.'

" 'They're all done around the royal train looking for the Prince of Wales, I guess,' the boy answered.

" 'I'm afraid they won't find him there,' the Prince laughed.

" 'Oh, I guess they will. They say he's a nice fellow,' the boy said.

" 'But he's here. I'm the Prince,' chuckled Edward, while the boy nearly fainted from embarrassment."

It would not do to end this story without acknowledging that the Prince of Wales is devoted to American chewing gum, and that he chewed it frequently as he sat on the observation platform of the "Killarney." Though we shall probably call down a storm of censorship from mothers who have been trying to break impressionable daughters of the habit without success.

Mr. Mathewson saw him one day coming out of a tiny "general store" in some bleak western town delightedly fingering a fresh package, and admitting, to the utter enchantment of every one within ear shot, "Now I feel like a regular guy!"

Clothes and Good Taste

(Concluded from page 58)

harmonize with them, making the furs the motive in the color scheme. A hat should be chosen which will look well with the furs and the costume, followed by shoes, gloves, and other accessories with this same thought in mind.

For a limited wardrobe one should be most careful about the choice of all things, especially, I might say, in the selection of the articles which should give good service and contribute towards the *tout ensemble* of beauty and harmony. It is always wise to choose dark colors if one must wear one's garments throughout the season. In fact, dark colors are always attractive and restful against a background of riotous blues, reds, and yellows. Nothing is more striking in the evening than a simple, well-made gown of black velvet or lustrous satin, which is bound to stand out against the groups of gay colors which fill every drawing-room.

If one wishes to add a touch of color to a sombre toilette, nothing is smarter than a lovely flame-hued fan of ostrich feathers, or a novelty French fan created from net in shades of green or orange, mounted in amber sticks. A fan does not look well with an elaborate gown, but if one wishes to obtain service and beauty, one cannot go wrong by selecting a simple black evening gown, and adding one's own touch of gaiety with a fan or jewel.

Wear jewels for their beauty, not because you own them and desire to display them. Be discriminate in their selection. It is better by far to wear one ring which harmonizes with the costume, than several odd pieces of jewelry which destroy the effect. Pearls or diamonds, when nicely mounted, look well with almost any evening costume, but it is unwise to wear sapphires, rubies, or emeralds unless they happen to harmonize with the color scheme. Never combine odd stones like a ruby and emerald, or a sapphire and emerald.

One's coiffure is a most important item. Not only should the hair be dressed to become the face, but the style of one's costume should also be considered. Some gowns demand a very high coiffure; others look best with the hair dressed low. All these details should be carefully studied in advance. The art of being well-dressed does not come naturally to all persons and even if it does, it is worth studying.

Because there have been no radical changes in hair-dressing in the last few years, the head-bands are still popular for the theatre and the opera. Women have never had such a wide and rare opportunity to dress to suit their own personalities, as at the present time. Fashion does not demand a special type of coiffure, and the manner in which one wears one's hair is entirely a matter of choice, not custom. Looking about in the theatre one will observe almost every style of coiffure, and whether it is dressed high or low, or bobbed at the ears, if it is becoming to the person wearing it, it is smart. Personally, I prefer simplicity in the arrangement of the hair, and I do not believe that we shall ever return to the exaggerated styles in pompadours or puffs.

When all is said and done, it is the art that conceals art, which applies to fashions as well as to all other creative pursuits. Some women acquire the trick of knowing what is smart, and others are blessed with an innate sense of style, but no one who really desires to be attractive and well-dressed can take chances without careful thought. Impulsive selections often prove costly and useless. Make a regular campaign of it; map out your feminine defenses and attacks; and buy your clothes accordingly.

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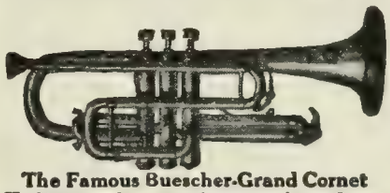

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Enemies of the Screen

(Continued from page 43)

that it has a right to be happy in its own way.

It is for these millions that the moving picture was made and flourishes. Consider this fact, that unless a company produces pictures which the millions approve, not all the wealth of Standard Oil and Morgan combined could keep it from bankruptcy. Pictures there have been which have measured quite up to the standard of the *intelligensia* but there was no audience for them. Where were you cultured ladies and gentlemen when "The Blue Bird" flitted across the screen and too soon disappeared? Where when "Prunella" tripped past and was next day forgotten? Where when "The Gown of Destiny" shimmered subtly a moment and faded out? Where when William Fox offered to visualize for you all the world's fairy lore beginning with "The Arabian Nights" in pure spirit of play, and did so until it was clear that the effort was not appreciated? These productions contained much that was finest art—not heavy and academic, but sparkling, vibrant, often touched with keenest humor and satire.

The trouble with these highbrows is the same as that of the various organizations which arise from time to time to uplift the stage—they are trying to dictate what others shall enjoy, not offering an audience for that better entertainment. They forget that $50,000 is not an unusual cost price of a feature picture, and that stockholders want dividends. I have not heard of any wealthy members of the *intelligensia* offering to spend $50,000 to show what they consider the proper realm of the moving picture. The sole investment they offer is good advice, which, according to one of the oldest proverbs, is the cheapest of commodities.

But the spokesmen of the *intelligensia* hold one trump card in reserve, and as you tell them that the public will not support the sort of things they demand of the producers, they pull it from their sleeves triumphantly:

"How about Griffith? He has proved that the highest possible screen art is the most profitable."

How about Griffith? Let us see just what he has proved.

The first Griffith picture I ever saw was "The Escape," and the thing I remember principally about it was a terrific fight. There was also the shooting of a father by his son and the beating of a wife by her husband. This sounds crude and vulgar, but it was all handled with consummate skill.

Next came "The Birth of a Nation," which established Mr. Griffith's fame for all time. And how? The two novels upon which this picture was based were "The Clansman" and "The Leopard's Spots." Never has greater craft been combined with greater craftsmanship than in the production which emanated from them. Mr. Griffith called his picture "The Birth of a Nation," this title being responsible for fully half its success.

What, then, is the universal appeal that has made "The Birth of a Nation" the biggest financial success in pictures? Simply the same appeal that is to be found in the same producer's "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World" and "Broken Blossoms." He uses the fundamental human emotions in just the same way that John Philip Sousa uses the trombones in the chorus of his marches. In the climaxes of "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance" and "Hearts of the World," you will find exactly the same situation. The "sympathetic" characters are in grave danger and relief is on the way. A girl is in the arms of a brute, and the clans are riding to save her. Babylon is in peril and a girl is driving a chariot across the desert to warn the city. A man is about to be hanged unjustly, and his wife in an automobile races with a train to procure his pardon. A splintered door is giving way and a German officer will soon have the heroine in his power unless the French troops arrive first. It is in the handling of these violent scenes that Griffith proves his craftsmanship. In "Broken Blossoms" the scenes are sickeningly cruel, but are glazed over with a visual beauty that soothes the quivering nerves. In other words, Mr. Griffith has employed exactly the same material that is used by his contemporaries, but he has handled it in the mode of the goldsmith, not that of the blacksmith. This is craftsmanship, and even the *intelligensia* have been fooled.

The success of Mr. Griffith on the screen, it might be noted, is precisely parallel to that of David Belasco in the theatre. Both have discovered that the public is best pleased by the presentation of the familiar in elaborate form.

For the vast majority of mankind, things must be stated plainly and simply. Nor, perhaps, would it be wrong to add that unless a thing can be stated simply it is not worth stating at all. It is only when art has degenerated that it becomes complex. The limpid phrases of the great masters of music make the horrendous clamor of the moderns seem like debauches of sound, because the masters sang in simple phrases. Great poets like Shakespeare and Whitman are easily understood because they touch the fundamentals of feeling; it is only when writers have little to say, like the *imagists* and *vers librists* of to-day, that they weave intricate phrases to be impressive. Who will dare to say, then, that the moving picture, with all its faults, is not great art? It is truly simple. At least it must be considered seriously, for that which is hungrily devoured by the millions cannot be entirely unhealthy food.

The enmity toward moving pictures has been generated among the erudite and semi-erudite because of a misconception of art. To them whom Tolstoi called "the cultured crowd," there can be no art except that which appeals to the person of education. In other words, only the educated can appreciate art. If this be true, then moving pictures are not art, nor will they ever be. But if Tolstoi was right, if it be true, as he declared that—

> "Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man consciously by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them,"

then the response to the moving picture in seventeen thousand theatres in this land, daily and nightly, proves that this is indeed an art, not yet come to its full flower, but nevertheless the one beautiful thing in millions of lives otherwise drab and colorless.

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If Christ Went to the Movies

(Concluded from page 30)

A friend of mine says that there is no theatrical production which is worth more than fifty cents to see. Prices of a dollar or more makes movies a recreation for the well-to-do. These advanced prices of admission destroy democracy. All people have a yearning for something fine. Big theatrical people, the state and the church must meet this need. What we have got to do today is to present clean, fine, interesting performances for people of small means, people who need to have their burdens lightened.

Christ taught his followers by "Pictures." Parables, we call them. He used that marvelous pictorial element which is part and parcel of human life. What is the parable of the Prodigal Son but a series of pictures divinely presented? We must think of Christ as an ideal personality having vital, ethical ideas bearing on our life today, not as the vicarious offering perpetuated in the sacraments of the church. Christ lived and walked among the men of his day. He shared in the life of the common people. He ate at the Pharisee's house. He took part in the marriage celebration at Cana of Galilee. He labored and taught among the people. Were the Lord to descend upon the earth today can we doubt His approval of this form of education when we consider His own method of pictorial teaching?

If Christ went to the movies would he not say, "Let my people enjoy this thing. Let my Church employ it. Blessed be that which uplifts, restores, and refreshes the weary souls of men."

Are You Doing Your Part?

WHEN you go to see a photodrama you demand, and rightfully so, that the star be a good actor, the director be a good dramaturgist, the builder of scenes be a good artist, the author be a good story-teller—and so on.

Did it ever occur to you that each one of these individuals who are contributing to your entertainment has the right to ask reciprocity from you? You expect to be entertained. Therefore you should be willing to be as capable in your function as the makers of the picture in theirs.

Your part is to be a good spectator.

This does not mean merely to be a silent spectator, not to read the titles aloud, not to chew gum audibly, not to leave the theatre in a tense moment of the drama, not to carry on an audible conversation with your companion. These are all negative qualities. To be a good spectator calls for a more active attitude on your part.

It means that instead of going to see a picture with that sort of superior state of mind that defies anything or anyone to please you, you should go expecting the best, not the worst. For, strange as it may seem, there are thousands who get more delight out of noticing that the hero's clothes were dry just after he has been in a heavy rainstorm, than out of seeing a production which disarms all criticism. It tickles their vanity to be able to run around among their friends, and prove their cleverness by telling how they caught the director napping.

It is just as bad to accept everything blindly. Intelligent criticism is valuable and has a foremost place in the advance of pictures. But the most intelligent and valuable criticism is that which comes from spectators who are in sympathy with the entertainment, not from the carping crew whose chief delight is in finding fault.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 82)

ception and the thickest ink. I like you better, anyhow, as you are: a little Junior in high-school—than if you'd posed to me as a "very modern vampire" as was your first praiseworthy intention. I'm not afraid of the boy who sits across the aisle; he couldn't be jealous of a pen-and-ink gentleman. I am sorry you didn't ask more questions but I have already told others all I know about Dick Barthelmess.

H. S. LEWIS, ATLANTA, GA.—I can't give you Dorothy Gish's personal address except to tell you that she lives in Mamaroneck, with her mother Mae and sister Lillian and parrot John and that she works at the Griffith studios—address of which is given elsewhere. That is all I know; I don't know any more.

F. A. P., FRISCO.—I don't know much about these things but I should say you were in love. And take my advice; don't count on the leap-year spirit; do the asking yourself. Enid Bennett played in "Stepping Out." She may be reached at the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal. She is married to her director, Fred Niblo.

S. G., INDIANA.—You don't mean Dick Martin, do you? There's a young actor by that name, who has appeared in Johnny Dooley comedies. June Elvidge and Edwin August productions, and with Agnes Ayres. Gladys Leslie is no longer with Vitagraph; new plans not yet announced. Married.

REYES P., MANILA.—I may be single, but I lead a double life. To all you people who write in to me, I am cross, and sometimes sarcastic; but after office hours—ah! Charles Spencer Chaplin is his real name. He lives and works in Hollywood, California. He is a member of the same organization as Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks; also D. W. Griffith: the United Artists. He first appeared on the screen in Keystone comedy.

INEZ TWILIGHT.—I'm no star-gazer; evidently you are. There are shades of love; for instance the difference in feeling in a man when he first meets the girl he falls for, and when he first meets the girl's mother. 'S a great thing, love. Theda Bara was "Salome" in the Fox version. Wallace MacDonald is in California, playing opposite Anita Stewart right now in "The Fighting Sheperdess." Write to him care Los Angeles Athletic Club.

E. K. G. C., GRANITE CITY, ILL.—Don't call me Apollo, you Granite-City goddess. I am no Apollo or Adonis or anything like that. Frances Ring is really Mrs. Tom Meighan. I would be content with what fate gave me, if I were you. I have a good disposition, among other assets, and I am exceedingly glad and proud about it. Well, it's great to be satisfied with yourself. Cleo Madison in that old Universal serial, "The Trey of Hearts."

ERIC SCAVDRETT, NEW ZEALAND.—Who can tell—Mildred Harris might be interested in corresponding with you in far off New Zealand, considering you have no romance-shattering grey hairs—but, whist, man look out for friend husband, Charlie Chaplin. In real life he may be more fierce than he is in reel life. Married as Mildred is, I dare not give you her private address, but a letter sent to her at the Lois B. Mayer Studio, Hollywood, Calif., might bring that much desired photo.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

DOT FERGUSON.—I do hope you finished knitting that sweater in time for Xmas. Who was the lucky fellow? So you and your classmate had an argument over Fannie Ward's age. Why argue over the span of time when she is acknowledged to be blessed with perpetual girlhood? Of course we think Herbert Rawlinson is wonderful. His address is Hotel Algonquin, N. Y. C. Fortunately for some lucky fellow Constance Binney is not married. That joy is yet to come to someone. You could tell her you met her at dancing school by writing her at the Realart Studio, N. Y. C. "The Country Cousin" was Elaine Hammerstein's first Selznick picture, but did not mark her debut into filmdom.

G. H., KANSAS CITY.—I'm quite fussed that you think me learned, and dodge the invocation! And now about your queries. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-four years old. He is working on a new picture which up to this time has not been named. Keep your adoring eyes open, and it will soon be skipping along. It is possible that he will play with Lillian Gish at some time in the future, but the gods do not decree it so just now. Just let your questions rip along.

J. GRACE, NANTUCKET.—Bless your heart, I'm never too busy to answer your questions. No, Harrison Ford is not married—now, which is another way of saying he is divorced. I see you have a sneaking fondness for Constance Talmadge. Write her care of the Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C., and Uncle Sam may deliver her photo to you. And the same procedure may bring you Nazimova's photo. Write her care the Metro Studio, Hollywood, California.

BLUE EYES.—A high-school education essential to radiating the screen? Certainly not! You seem to have everything in your favor—height, weight and tender years—to say nothing of those big blue-eyes. But, on the other hand, I would finish high-school if I were you; a little extra learning never goes amiss.

ROSE KEITH, ATLANTA.—Lest your grandmother, mother and self have been having more knock-down-drag-out fights, I am distressed that your queries have not been answered before. No, Herbert Heyes, who measures six feet two in altitude, did not play with Virginia Pearson in "The Love Auction." Neither did Harold Lockwood star with Alice Brady in "The Death Dance." I hope that this information will bring peace to the family.

E. M., ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—I should love to correspond with you, little E. M., but alas my days and nights are one long stretch of correspondence. So just be content with my desire rather than the fulfillment, won't you? Douglas MacLean is married, although probably he doesn't shout about it from the housetops. A letter sent to the Ince Studio, Culver City, Calif., will reach him.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.—So you think me the nuttiest of nuts. Good! That, at least, is a distinction. Am I an actor? Yes, in a way; we are all players in the Great Drama of Life. I'm not ashamed of my age, but as time is infinite why mention its passing? The diminutive Marguerite Clark may be addressed Famous Players, 485 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Dorothy Davenport's address is 1822 Morgan Place, Hollywood, Calif. I think she would welcome a tribute from Montana. It's a great state.

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350 N. Clark Street CHICAGO

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

GEORGEANA, LONG BEACH.—How can you sign yourself "As ever" when this is the first time you have written to me? Alice Lake is *Norah* in "Lombardi Ltd." I'll have to tell Dorothy Gish you don't like her choice of leading men lately. Leading men are hard to find.

C. L. C., ST. LOUIS.—New-comers are always welcome. Tom Moore, Goldwyn studios, Culver City, California; Alla Nazimova, Metro, Hollywood, John Barrymore, Famous Players, New York; Norma Talmadge, her own company. That's a wig Dorothy wears; you'll see her without it on the screen for the first time in a year if you go to see PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT Number Eleven.

THERESE F. S., HEMPSTEAD.—At twelve you have an amazing sagacity. You realize that you should be concise and brief. In a woman-child that's a rare attribute—but maybe you'll outgrow it. Creighton Hale is an Irish blonde; June Caprice is blonde but not Irish. Hale is married but has no children that I know of. Miss Caprice has never been married and is not engaged that I have heard.

SARA G., GERMANTOWN, PA.—Gladys Leslie is married, I think, but I haven't the name of her husband. Her contract with Vitagraph is up and I hear that she will not renew. Miss Leslie was born in New York City, March 5, 1899; educated at Washington Irving High School and Columbia University; began her screen career with Edison—she never was on the stage; won prominence as Thanhouser's "Girl with the Million Dollar Smile"; then went to Vitagraph—and the rest you know.

BROWN EYES, NEW YORK.—Don't hesitate about writing Dick Barthelmess for his photograph. Insist upon an autographed one—a personally autographed one. Do not accept a print, but protest unless he sends you an original. And if he doesn't answer within the fortnight, don't go to see him any more. (Now I have repaid Richard for the loss of some of my dearest correspondents.) Dorothy Phillips-Holubar has one little girl.

C. M. W., PITTSBURGH.—Of course it isn't quite true that a girl must come from Pittsburgh to succeed in the Follies but it is true that many pretty girls have hailed from the smoke city or environs. Let me mention Olive Thomas, Kay Laurell and Hedda Hopper—all Pennsylvania girls. That Lubin picture is too old; I can't find it. Besides your data is very indefinite.

THE LIGHTNING RAIDER.—I think you're in love. So I won't give you any advice at all. It's so unnecessary. Girls always do as they please anyway. I'm with you hoping that Pearl White will get some good pictures, or features as you call them. Address Miss White in care of Fox, now.

KATHLEEN McL., H. S.—So you want to send Dorothy Gish a birthday present in appreciation of her having been born. Send it to her care the D. W. Griffith studios in Mamaroneck, New York. The Gish girls and their mother Mae are living in Mamaroneck near the new studios erected on the Flagler estate. Ralph Graves may be reached at the same address. Bobby Harron and Dick Barthelmess, too. Having told me to say something clever and brilliant in your answer, I have succeeded in being as stupid as I know how.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

Miss A. H., N. Y. C.—Why are all of you so determined to marry off Dorothy Gish? She's a nice little girl and she very likely will get married sometime but she isn't even thinking about it now so why should you worry? I myself have appealed to Dorothy to do something about it so I wouldn't have to answer all these questions but she says she gets just as many letters that she has to answer so if she doesn't mind why should I? I like her pretty much myself.

MRS. E. B., AUSTIN, TEXAS.—Any of the companies will buy a scenario or a synopsis if it comes up to their requirements and suits their needs. You must study the needs of the various producing concerns, build your stories accordingly and send them to the proper people. I have never written scenarios so I can't sympathize with your state of perturbation over having had some returned.

BABE, SPOKANE.—Don't blame my stenographer for this department's levity. I have a new one now—a stenographer—and she is a very grave young woman who disapproves of colored stationery and of my puns. Theda Bara isn't dead; Harrison Ford isn't married now, and Montgomery and Rock are a comedy team who work for Vitagraph on the west coast.

E. S. EMERSON, NEBRASKA.—True art in dress may be acquired only by careful study. I like to see a woman dressed in the utmost simplicity—the simplicity which costs her husband his whole income and much mental anguish. Eva Tanguay once wore a dress made of bills; it would be more appropriate for most women if they wore dresses made of unpaid bills. But I'm not married; why should I complain? Madge Evans' World contract was taken over by Prizma, the natural color company and you may see Madge in their pictures. Ruth Roland has been married but she obtained a divorce.

TWO LITTLE PICTURE FANS.—You didn't sign your full names but you flattered me so successfully I'm answering you anyway. Of course I don't really believe that I am an old darling but it's nice to kid yourself once in a while. "The Midnight Patrol" was, I think, made by Thomas H. Ince; but it was not released by him. Walter McGrail was Pearl White's leading man in "Pearl of the Army."

RUBY J., HUNTSVILLE.—So you would like my job very much. I'm sure you wouldn't. You would answer enough questions for one month's issue and then decide you'd rather be almost anything else,—even a movie actress. Eddie Polo is married but his wife isn't Peggie O'Dare. Marie Walcamp is Mrs. Harland Tucker; he is her leading man.

M. E. W., AUGUSTA, GA.—Mary Miles Minter is about nineteen now, I think. I have a hard enough time keeping track of my own age without worrying about Mary Miles'. She has blue eyes and blonde hair. Her new picture is "Judy of Rogue's Harbor."

R. S., NEW ORLEANS.—Oh, I don't get discouraged very often. What's the use; start the day with a smile instead. That's easy when a little blonde waitress serves your breakfast. We do print something every month about the actress's home life. I do not care to make any statements on morals. An actress doesn't have much home life but I am sure what she does have is good. Olive Thomas, Selznick, New York; Mary Thurman, William S. Hart company, Los Angeles.

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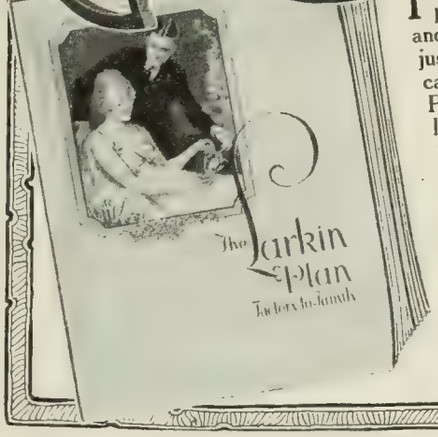

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

DEARIE, ONTARIO.—So, you admire me for not losing my temper over some of the silly letters I receive. There are so many larger things to lose my temper over; and my temper is not to be lost for everybody. No, Eugene O'Brien hasn't been married since the last time I answered your question in the negative. Neither has Dick Barthelmess. At the present writing Dick is in Florida with D. W. Griffith working in a new picture.

G. S., LEXINGTON.—It's a mystery to me why women must make themselves uncomfortable for the sake of style. I notice, sometimes, that the most modishly dressed ladies have the most uncertain dispositions. I could not be pleasant, either, if my feet hurt. Elsie Ferguson has an apartment in New York, the address of which I am not at liberty to divulge. The studio address will reach her all right.

K. K. R., BUENA VISTA, VA.—The young have anticipation; the old have only memory and, sometimes, regret. You are young; and I know that the prospect of getting a picture from Theda Bara is a part of your life. Alas, Theda is no longer with Fox; but she is somewhere in New York and if you write her there, Fox will probably forward it for you.

P. E. M., EAST LIVERPOOL.—You say, "Please don't try to fool us any longer. We all know you are one of these up-to-date young men with smart answers to everything." I have succeeded at last; that is what I've always wanted to be, ever since I was of age. I am, too, one of the young men who goes into Childs and upon leaving says, putting on an overcoat, "I hope I got a good one." You see I am wearing last year's overcoat so I'm not as smart as you think. Comedies are most popular with some people; drama, with others. I like a well-balanced program with both.

ANOTHER GIRL'S CLUB, JAMAICA.—A subscription will take care of you fine. Write to that department. Lillian Gish's latest picture to be released is "The Greatest Question"—another Griffith "rural" drama with Bobby Harron playing opposite. Lillian is really beautiful off the screen and entirely worthy of your admiration. Bobby Harron is a mighty nice chap. Mary Pickford has no home in New York; she lives in Hollywood.

E. A. L., PITTSBURGH.—So you don't want to be a movie actor; you'd rather be a detective. Can't say I blame you. But I wonder, too, if detecting is really all it's cracked up to be? Mildred Manning was *Mary Jane* in "Mary Jane's Pa." She was lately seen in "The Westerners." John Bower is with Mary Pickford in "Hulda from Holland."

L. B., MILWAUKEE.—You are not very complimentary but it does me good to be called down once in a while. Not often. You'll think I'm trying to bribe you if I answer all your questions, won't you? Anita Stewart, First National; she works in California. Bob Warwick's latest is "Jack Straws." Carroll McComas from the legitimate is his leading woman.

V. M. and F. K., CORSICANA, TEXAS.—I can't help you to get a picture of Pearl White except by giving you her address and telling you to write to her. If I knew the secret of winning Pearl's regard I'd use it myself.

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Questions and Answers

((ontinued))

BETTY JANE MCKAY, SAGINAW.—It's great to be lonesome sometimes. Great thoughts are never thunk in crowded cabarets—although I suspect some song-writers of composing their jazz there. Lillian Walker is the star of a new serial called "Ten Thousand Dollars Reward" or something like that. A few thousand dollars more or less doesn't matter. Viola Dana is the widow of director John Collins. She hasn't married again. Her sister Shirley Mason of Fox is married to Bernard Durning, a young actor who used to be an assistant director. You may have seen Durning in "When Bearcat Went Dry."

J. W. SELLY, ENGLAND.—So you admire Florence Billings. She's versatile enough to be a writer and actress, and her latest picture is "The Woman's Game". Write her at the Selnick Studio, Fort Lee, N. J., and I am sure she will be glad to know you are among her admirers. Admiration is the nectar of life. Nell Shipman has her own company now—Canadian Photoplays, Calgary, Canada.

ROARING HARRY HALE, WASHINGTON.—I trembled a little when you told me you were a fast guy but regained my poise when you added you were a taxi driver. Thanks for your phone number. I'll use it when we transfer our headquarters to a real town like yours. Harold Lloyd may be Irish from another generation but he hove into the world in Nebraska. You bet I read the *Dere Mable* letters. Did you know they are going to be screened?

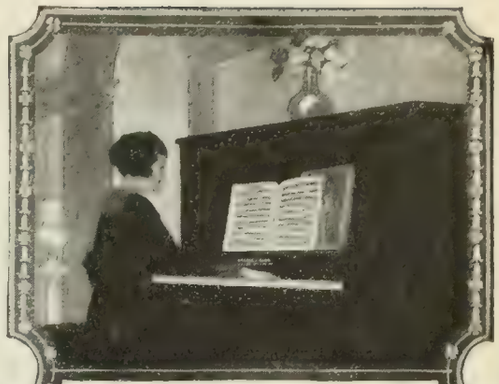
J. D., INDIANA.—I like your suggestion of being a cover, but durn it all I'll bet the editor couldn't see it. I'll wait until he's in a receptive frame of mine and then spring it on him. But if he springs something at my head, I'll hold you responsible. Casson Ferguson is the man you have in mind, Lasky Studio, Hollywood, California.

KATHLEEN B. MATTOS, BROOKLYN.—Thank you for the nice thinks you say about PHOTOPLAY, and in return let me say I am delighted to answer a query from Herbert Brenon's sister. Sorry I'm not familiar with the cast of the English production of "The Gay Lord Quex". Motion pictures keep me busy enough. Goldwyn screened this play with Naomi Childers playing the Duchess and Tom Moore in the lead.

E. G., EVANSTON, ILL.—That was a healthy-sized letter you sent me and just teeming with things scholastic and things unscholastic. You flit from French jib-jabs to nasty flu with the happy abandon of a flea. But then you ask so little in return that I beam as I dash off a reply. Alec B. Francis is the man you admire and he is with the Goldwyn Studio at Culver City, California.

M. S., PHILADELPHIA.—A woman is always young as far as romance is concerned. The older they grow the more romantic they feel. Marguerite Marsh has a little daughter, Leslie, who is eleven years old and sometimes works in pictures. You'll see her in a new Dorothy Gish picture.

RAYMOND WOOD, PORTLAND.—I don't see what good knowing the works of an airplane is going to do you in pictures. You might wait a few years, because fourteen is a rather awkward age to break in anywhere in the dramatic line. Keep up those outdor exercises, though; and maybe some day you'll have a chance.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

S. T., CHARLESTON.—Another subject of which I am wary is the real age of a child actress. One is so apt to run up against them when they're grown. Harrison Ford, Lasky, Hollywood. Theda Bara is not married. Baby Marie Osborne's pictures are still being shown. Fannie Ward is in England, with her husband Jack Dean; while over there she will act in some French and English photoplays.

K. M. M., BIRMINGHAM.—The themes of literature, art, music, economics and travel are not nearly so interesting to some people as Mush and Slush, those two dear old standbys of the modern drama. We all know the plot of "The Dame in Room 31" or "The Woman Nobody Knew," or the chief musical motive of revues such as "Everybody Loves Me" and "How Can I Help It?" Mark Twain's conception of the "Royal Nonesuch" absolutely describes some of these hokum horrors. Marguerite Clark in the Famous Players film, "Cinderella." Miss Clark is on a vacation as I write this, with her husband at their home in New Orleans.

R. H., ATCHISON.—Anita Stewart's pictures since her return have been "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" (made at Vitagraph and purchased by First National); "Virtuous Wives," "A Midnight Romance," "Mary Regan," "Her Kingdom of Dreams," "In Old Kentucky." For Vitagraph, she used to do such films as "A Million Bid," "The Wood Violet," "The Goddess," and "The Girl Philippa." She was educated at Erasmus Hall high school, in Brooklyn. Married to Rudie Cameron. Mahlon Hamilton is now playing with Blanche Sweet in "The Deadlier Sex."

UNSOPHISTICATED SUE, SCHENECTADY.—If you want an interview with Bert Lytell so much that you will make me a box of fudge if I can bring it about—you certainly deserve to have one. I will see the editor about it. It's a good thing I can see the editor, because he can't see me at all. Lytell is, as I have told some of your curious sisters, married to Evelyn Vaughn. They reside in Los Angeles. His latest is Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way."

EDITH H., BROOKLINE.—You say you have often wondered whether men prefer blondes or brunettes. It depends upon which one he married. I am impartial. I like blondes, when they look like Phyllis Haver; I like brunettes of the type of Alice Lake and others. And I daresay I should like a neutral-tinted girl if she had a few freckles and a good disposition. I won't attempt to send you the address of the most popular actress in pictures; there are too many of them.

BOBBED, CARLINVILLE, ILL. — Another irenecastle controversy. How should I know which way I like bobbed hair to be fixed? I thought it all looked alike. Now that I have succeeded in evoking the wrath of every woman who has emulated Mrs. Robt. Treman, I will say that, really, I prefer mine parted on the side and fluffed about the ears, giving one, I should presume, the general appearance of a newly washed pomeranian. Corinne Griffith's hair gives off a look of being bobbed but I think girls can fix it that way without really having it cut, can't they? Pardon me while I run out and get a haircut.

LILAMANI, MELBOURNE.—If you think PHOTOPLAY is a grand Magazine you have nothing on me. It has gorgeous pictures, excellent interviews, and quite the most fetching Answer Man in the business. (I never say these things about myself except when driven to it.) I am sure Mary Pickford will send you her picture, and perhaps write you a little letter, when she hears what a loyal friend she has in you. Maurice Costello is with Vitagraph, Brooklyn; Conway Tearle with Clara K. Young's company in California.

A. S., EASTON.—The Misses Gish are not married but I hardly think they have the time or inclination to correspond with a strange young man. Their mother might object. However, I daresay they would answer you if you wrote them a letter of appreciation of their work. They are not rivals in any sense, but very good pals. Dorothy thinks Lillian is the most beautiful big sister anyone ever had, while Lillian is convinced of Dorothy's ability as a great little comedienne, whether at home or in the studio. And neither of them is the least little bit conceited about herself. There is a page of pictures in this issue, showing Lillian directing Dorothy in the latter's latest picture.

S. B., NEW YORK—I think if you will look up and read again the answer I made to the movie aspirant in the September issue you will find that I did not pretend to insure success for anyone merely because they happen to be living in New York, the city of studios, or Los Angeles. I can only advise you to steer clear of the so-called "schools of acting" unless you have plenty of time and money to expend. The best way to do, as I have told countless others, is to apply at the studios.

FRANCES OLIVA, WASHINGTON. — Harold Lockwood's memory still lives. His leading woman, May Allison, is now a lone star for Metro. She has appeared lately in "Fair and Warmer" and "The Walkoffs". Lucille Lee Stewart is Anita's sister; Lucille is Mrs. Ralph Ince.

MICKY, CALIFORNIA.—I wish I were a free-verse poet; then I would do a mad poem called "Purple Paper and Green Ink." Micky; some day I may forgive you, but not now. Jack Kerrigan and Lois Wilson are not married. She is no longer his leading woman, but acts for Lasky now. Viola Dana's leading man in "Please Get Married" was that clever youngster, Antrim Short; in "The Willow Tree" Pell Trenton was her chief male support.

OEI TJONG YONG, JAVA.—Constance Talmage was the wild girl in Griffith's "Intolerance." It was her first big role. D. W. Griffith has been back from Europe a long time; "Hearts of the World" was the main fruit of his labors over there. Mitchell Lewis and Mabel Julienne Scott in "The Barrier." I'll be very glad to have you call again; I liked your letter.

B. M., MARYLAND.—So you have broken your engagement. You are, then, no longer a bride-to-be, but a tried-to-be. Life is like that. Douglas MacLean is married. One of his late pictures is "Mary's Ankle," in which he co-stars with little Doris May. No—he is *not* married to Doris.

I. KISSUM-GOODE, NEW YORK.—My dear, if all you girls didn't write me, business would be what a traveling salesman would call rotten. Tom Forman was a Lieutenant in the war. Dorothy Gish has worn a black bobbed wig in all of her pictures since "Hearts of the World," including of course the two you mentioned. Lillian wears her own hair; Dorothy's real hirsute adornment is the same shade as her sister's. May Giraci was the little girl in "For Better, For Worse."

Viola Dana

in "The Willow Tree"

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JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVII No. 5

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The Message in Your Palm

DO you realize that you can tell the crook from the philanthropist; the idealist from the materialist; the weakling from the strong man by the shape and thickness and the lines of his hands?

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Turn to page 76 for full details.

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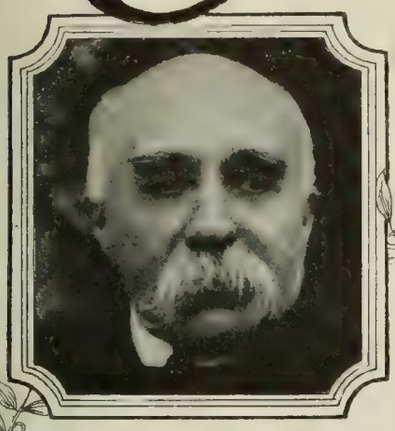

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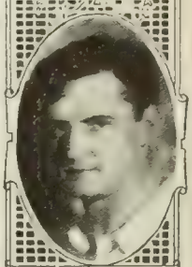
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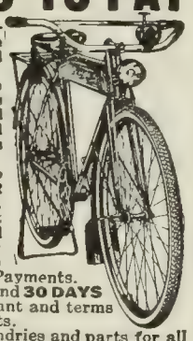

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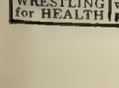

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DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO

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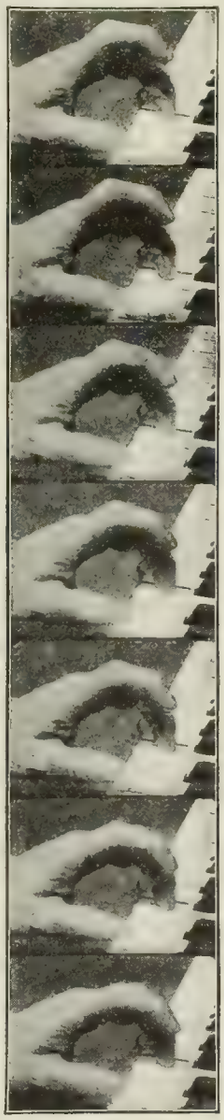

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Wanted *THIS* Year

A grave dearth of story plots now confronts the motion picture industry. Producers will pay you well for any suitable story-ideas. Literary ability not a prime factor. Learn how you can write for the screen

5,000 New Story-Ideas for Motion Pictures

The above figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial and educational films.

SOMEWHERE in America this year, scores of new motion picture writers will be developed. (For the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to survive.)

Most of these new photoplaywrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people with merely good ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their plots laid out. Producers will pay them $100 to $500 each for clever comedies, and $250 to $2,000 each for five-reel dramatic scripts. They will pay these prices because they must have stories. 95% of book material is unsuited to their need, and as yet not enough people are writing for the screen to supply the demand.

The above is a statement of fact concerning the motion picture industry. If you have a story-idea as good as some you have seen produced, this opportunity is wide open to you.

There is plenty of proof that producers really do pay the prices stated above. For they are paying these prices constantly to people we have taught to write for the screen—people who never saw a motion picture studio.

In Two Short Years

It was a little over two years ago when the famine in story plots first became acute. Public taste changed. Play-goers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable. For writers did not know how to adapt their stories for the screen. Few could come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised.

Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal) finally assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence.

The Palmer Course and service has now been indorsed in writing by practically every big star and producer. Back of the Palmer Plan, directing this work in developing new writers, is an advisory council composed of the biggest figures in the industry. It includes Cecil B. DeMille, Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director; Rob Wagner, well known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

In two short years we have developed dozens of new writers. We are proud of the records they have made, and we prefer to let them speak for us.

A Co-operative Plan—Not a Tedious Course

Our business is to take people who have ideas for stories and teach them to construct them in a way that meets a motion picture producer's requirements. We furnish you the Palmer Handbook with cross references to three stories already successfully produced. The scenarios come to you exactly as used by the directors. Also a glossary of studio terms and phrases, such as "Iris," "Lap Dissolve," etc. In short, we bring the studio to you.

Our Advisory Service Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for one year. Criticisms come only from men experienced in studio staff writing.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

Cecil B. DeMille
Director Gen., Famous Players-Lasky Corp.

Thomas H. Ince
of the Studio that bears his name.

Lois Weber
America's greatest woman producer and director.

Rob Wagner
motion picture writer Saturday Evening Post

Special Contributors

Twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry have contributed special articles to the Palmer Course. These printed lectures cover every phase of motion picture production. Among others, these special contributors include: Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Our Marketing Bureau is headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs, so that when our members so desire, we submit their stories in person for them. Thus we not only train you to write; we help you to sell your story-ideas.

$3,000 for One Story Plot

Our members come from all walks of life; mothers with children to support, school teachers, clerks, newspaper men, ministers, business men, successful fiction writers. In short, we have proven that anyone with an average imagination and story-ideas can write successful photoplays once he is trained.

One student, G. Leroi Clarke, formerly a minister, sold his first photoplay story for $3,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan lately starred, were both written by Palmer students. Many students now hold staff positions, four in one studio alone.

We have prepared a book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which will inform you of the Palmer Course and service in greater detail. If you desire to consider the unusual opportunity in this new field of art *seriously*—this book will be mailed to you free.

At Least Investigate

For there is one peculiar thing to consider in the Palmer Plan. One single successful effort immediately repays you for your work. Not all our members begin to sell photoplays at once—naturally. But most of them do begin to show returns within a few months. And the big majority are not literary folks. They are people who have simply made up their minds to make money out of story-ideas they have in the back of their heads—and incidentally, perhaps, to gain some reputation.

The way is open. Producers are making every effort to encourage new writers. The demand is growing greater every day, and the opportunity is rich in its rewards because it is young. If seriously interested, mail the coupon.

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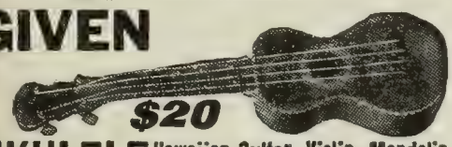

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"All of these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them *ten* times as much money as when they came with us.

"So out of this experience we have formed a policy. We are looking for men who care enough about their future not only to do their present work well, but to devote part of their spare time to preparation for advancement.

"And I'll give you this job on one condition—that you take up a course of special training along the line of your work. Let the I. C. S. help you for one hour after supper each night and your future in this business will take care of itself."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for advancement in the work of your choice, whatever it may be. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 100,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now. Surely the least you can do is to find out what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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THOUSANDS WILL WANT THIS PICTURE. WRITE TODAY FOR YOUR COPY

Hoover

MOTHERHOOD has not only lent her a more mature charm, but it has given Mildred Harris, the girl who married Charlie Chaplin, a dramatic depth she never had before. It wasn't long ago that Mildred was a child actress for Reliance.

Hartsook

WE know him as Major Robert Warwick, who gave his best services in the war, without telling everybody about it. A romantic actor of considerable renown on the stage, Warwick seems to have found his true metier in the silent drama.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

"SEE SAW, MARGERY DAW!" The old nursery rhyme supplied Margaret House, then an extra girl, with a screen name. Margery is a sincere youngster who, now that she has attained stardom, is determined to work harder than ever.

MARIE WALCAMP went to Japan to make a serial. And while she was there she fell in love with Harland Tucker, her leading man, and married him.

OUTSIDE of working at the studio all day, starring in a stage play in the evening, and doing a little shopping, Alice Brady has absolutely nothing to do.

Goldberg

Apeda

HERBERT RAWLINSON was the original Raffles. Having learned all the tricks, he took the part of Craig Kennedy, scientific detective. Now that he has fully reformed, Herb can answer his fan letters with a clear conscience.

Evans

DORIS MAY, better-half of the team of McLean-May, those heavenly twins of comedy. She is just the sort of girl everybody knows: a sub-deb with a sense of humor. Thomas Ince made her leading woman for Charles Ray, and then, a star.

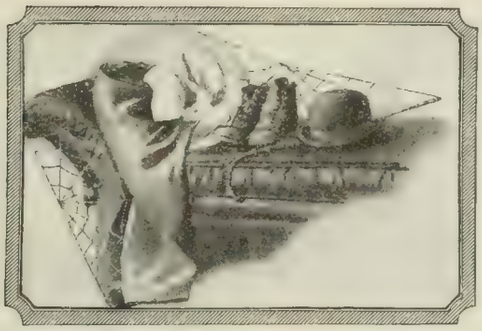
Alfred Cheney Johnston

SHE graduated in the same screen class as Gloria Swanson, this Chicagoenne who by sheer perseverance was given parts to play at Essanay. Agnes Ayres came to New York, and made good. She is a free-lancette, and is now in California.

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

Vol. XVII April, 1920 No. 5



A Letter to a Genius

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN:—

It is a daring thing to call any man a genius, for that word, like fame, is a tremendous description, almost always absurdly applied. But we will venture to call you a genius, for your performances are unique and your renown has girdled the world in an inflammable band embroidered with sprocket-holes.

Yet, we must call you a genius-on-vacation. And we must add that it is time your vacation were over. How many people are wishing that now!

We haven't really seen you since "Shoulder Arms." "Sunnyside" was anything but sunny. "A Day's Pleasure" certainly was not pleasure.

Perhaps your contract is irksome—you may think it unfair. Perhaps your remuneration seems very little as an emolument to your illustrious talents and a recompense for those diamonds, your working hours.

But you didn't think that agreement unfair when you made it, not so long ago. To most of us, who have to grub and grind for what is a pittance to you, it seemed a very wonderful thing. But that is not for us to decide—pardon!

What is plain to anyone is the manly alternative in such a case. Be quit of your self-made fetters by honest, sportsmanlike effort. If your present ties are shackles, break them with your best blows—these weak ones are not only unavailing, but these half-laughs you have created recently hurt no one half so much as they hurt your truest friend, The Public. And the half-laughs must hurt you also.

Charlie!—we have no part in your quarrels; we have no will to meddle in your business. But all of us, from North, East, West and South, from as many sides of the water as there may be, are imploring, because we are doleful and bewildered in a bewildered and doleful world. Give us again those magic hours of philosophic forgetfulness, that you once set out so charitably, like beacons of a kindly neighbor.

We are not commanding nor advising nor even criticizing; we speak because we need you—because you made this turbulent God's marble a better thing to live on—because since you have been out of sorts the world has gone lame and happiness has moved away. Come back, Charlie!

It's meal time and the photographer is tying things up considerably. Sister Cecilia in the rear; Sister Patricia at right.

Mary,

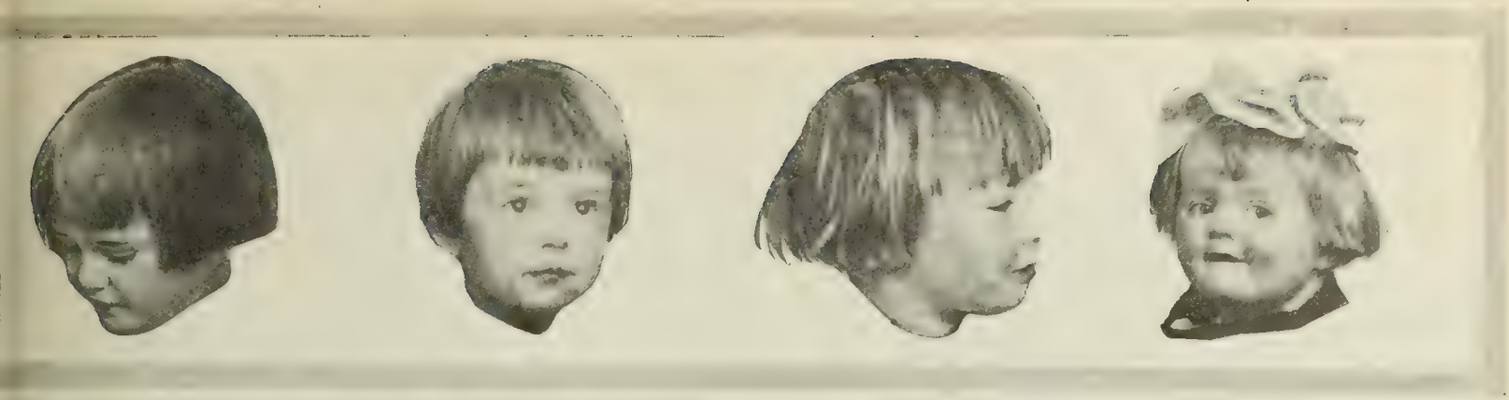
In which the wishes of Miss Pickford are ignored, and one of the most beautiful of her life interests related.

By
RANDOLPH BARTLETT

A quiet hour often comes when Sister Superior, Cecilia, gathers about her a group of the older girls and reads to them. The curly-haired child on the piano stool might have stepped from an artist's canvas of young-girlhood.

WE stood at a sun-flooded window on one of the upper floors of the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum, standing on a high knoll and overlooking a lovely California valley toward the snowcapped peak of San Antonio. Sister Cecilia did not at once answer the question I had just asked. It was the sort of question a reporter is always asking because it leads toward facts and comparisons, and gives him a solid nail upon which to hang his story. The Mother Superior looked out across the valley, but she could not have seen much of its beauty through the film of moisture I could see gathering in her eyes. At last she turned and spoke:

"How much money in a year? I have never counted it in that way. We do not think of Mary Pickford in terms of figures, but in terms of the love she brings. If some great misfortune should remove her from us, we would miss her splendid benefactions, of course, but we would miss still more—infinitely more—herself. We might find some man or woman of great wealth whose checks would accomplish what Miss Pickford's charity does for us, but where is there to be found another heart like hers? Do you remember Lowell's poem, 'The Vision of Sir Launfal,' in



the Well Beloved

which Christ appears to the impoverished knight who has shared his last crust with a leper, and says,

> Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three—
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

It is because Mary gives herself with her alms that she means so much to us. Do not think that I am minimizing the importance of her financial help. That has been magnificent. But even if she were to come to us empty handed, we could not love her less."

We turned from the window and entered a little room—a recreation room, where there were books, pictures, a piano, but most noticeable of all, two large frames of various portraits of Miss Pickford, and two smaller pictures of her in separate frames.

"The children simply cannot get enough pictures of her, from those who are so little that they just call her 'Mawy' to the older ones who are a little more backward about expressing their affection, because they know something of what a noted personage she is."

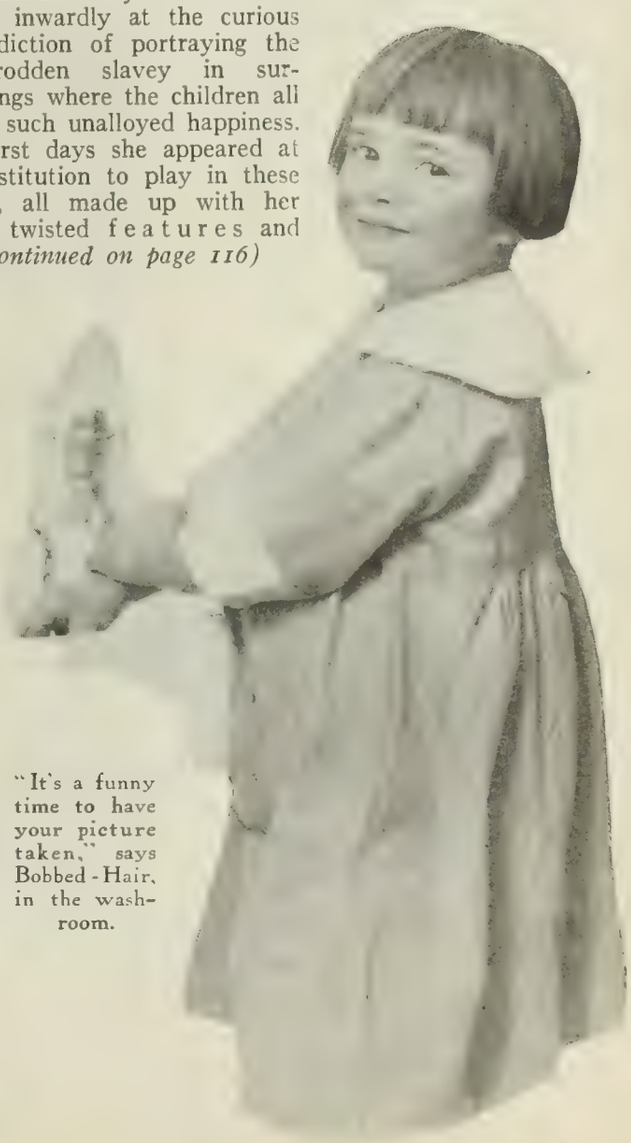
It is nearly five years since Mary Pickford discovered the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum and took it to her heart. It was here she conceived the story which was later put upon the screen as "The Foundling," and it was here that she made the orphanage scenes for "Stella Maris." And Mary must have smiled inwardly at the curious contradiction of portraying the downtrodden slavey in surroundings where the children all reflect such unalloyed happiness. The first days she appeared at the institution to play in these scenes, all made up with her funny twisted features and

(Continued on page 116)

MARY PICKFORD did not know this story of one of the biggest interests in her life was being written. If she had, she would have done everything in her power to keep it out of print. She has, over and over, told those who knew the circumstances, she was anxious the matter should have no publicity.

But PHOTOPLAY believes that justice to one of the most beautiful characters in public life today demands that her splendid efforts in behalf of several hundred little orphans be made known, not merely that the public may know Mary Pickford a little better, but also that others whose hearts are not so open to the cry of the little children may be inspired to go and do likewise.

Photograph by Stagg



"It's a funny time to have your picture taken," says Bobbed-Hair, in the washroom.

A corner of one of the hospital wards with two of the little invalids partaking of bean porridge hot, under Sister Cecilia's kindly supervision.

THE NEW
STAGE DOOR JOHNNY

"The show's been over—
hic—an hour and she—
hic—hasn't come out yet!"

EVEN if you have never read Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," or if you never saw Richard Mansfield interpret this famous dual character on the stage, you know the story is shivery. There probably has never been a story written which made so many people afraid to go up the dark stairs alone. Right now John Barrymore is jekylandhyde-ing all over the Paramount-Artcraft lot. Get out your shivers and dust them off.

WHO but those of us who know would ever guess that the stringy-haired, wicked eyed, talon-fingered beast above and the kindly gentleman in top hat across the way are one and the same John Barrymore. A few years ago people thought that John Barrymore could play only light roles — then came that amazing Galsworthy drama, "Justice," which proved him a master of woe. He has been adventuring in dramatic depths ever since.

Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde

They Both

Mildred Reardon came back with fame at 19.

By
ALLEN CORLISS

Mildred was a blonde embellishment of DeMille's "Male and Female." Here, with Raymond Hatton.

TODAY

MILDRED REARDON

ALSO

"FATTY" ARBUCKLE and MARGUERITE CLARK

"I'LL come back here famous some of these days," said sixteen-year-old Mildred Reardon when she said goodbye to the folks at the station at Ottawa, Ill., three years ago. At that time her name was Lou Riordan. The rechristening was due to the difficulty of some people in learning that Riordan was as much Reardon as is Reardon and to the additional fact that Lou is generally used as a male appellation.

At any rate Lou, or Mildred, shook the dust of Ottawa from her dainty pumps and went to the big city, viz.: Chicago. Through the good offices of a friend she got a job in a film comedy cannery at three-and-a-half a day. Being informed that she was to wear pajamas in the scene, Mildred invested the huge sum of twenty dollars in a suit of silk nighties. The first scene consisted of a comedian heaving a blueberry pie at the newest girl on the set and the silk pajamas were a total loss with no insurance.

Mildred's next move was to New York. Manhattan, the mecca of all brains and beauty; Manhattan, where there are more pretty girls to the square inch than to the square mile in any other city in the world, perhaps, and where they are most appreciated. And Manhattan, where Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld maintains his national institution —the Follies.

Now, a pretty girl like Mildred was destined for the Follies. At least, for a fling at them. Besides, she had had some experience posing for pictures—the still kind. She had acquired some prominence as a photographic model. Being, into the bargain, genuinely young and agile and graceful, she naturally gravitated into the Follies. She wore her gorgeous costumes with more than ordinary grace and put into her performances a little more pep and spontaneity than did some of the other girls.

Result, the fate of all Follies girls of real talent: there was the usual siege of big cinema guns. The call came from California; and as Mildred had always a soft spot in her heart for the flickering gelatines she didn't even attempt to resist the call. The comedies caught her again, too; she wanted to do something a little bigger and more serious, but an agility such as hers appeals greatly in pie-farce, and so she was, for a while, a beautiful target for custards. She did a number of funny films with indifferent success, earned her salary and just performed to suit her director, with no satisfaction to her own ambitions. Then—Fatty Arbuckle saw her, and engaged her for a couple of pictures, "The Sheriff" and "Camping Out."

And that's how she came back to Ottawa, famous—and the papers advertised her in bigger letters than they printed "Fatty's" name, or that of Marguerite Clark who was also on the bill.

And after that—success came her way, and stopped over. Back in California, Cecil DeMille cast her in an important role of "Male and Female." No sooner had she finished in this picture, than she went to the Garson studio to play opposite House Peters.

Already—in her home town paper at least — she has been featured over greater luminaries. Below—as "Fatty" Arbuckle's leading lady in "The Sheriff."

Came Back

Hobart Bosworth came back to health at 52.

By
RANDOLPH BARTLETT

IN the early days of the present century a young man in his prime was sentenced to death—not the swift clean death of knife or gun, nor the equally swift though more sordid death of rope or chair—but the horrible, lingering, painful death of what has come to be known as the Great White Plague. The young man was just a little past thirty, a brilliant success on the stage, apparently a young giant physically, but the doctors shook their heads and remarked, "The bigger they are the harder they fall." That was about twenty years ago.

Last week, in the projection room of the Thomas H. Ince plant at Culver City I saw a picture in which this same man, now middle-aged, fought a terrific fist battle for about half a reel, and performed thrilling feats on land and in the ocean. It was not trick stuff—it was the job of a 100 per cent man. I knew Hobart Bosworth had fooled the doctors but I had no idea that he had developed so that at fifty-two he looks capable of chasing Jack Dempsey into limp obscurity. Let any frightened individual, scared half to death by a hacking cough and a pessimistic doctor, consider well the magnificent comeback of Hobart Bosworth and know that tuberculosis can be roped, hogtied, flung into the limbo of things forgot, and remain nothing but a family jest.

Hobart Bosworth has always played fighting roles, from his "Sea Wolf" to his present film part in "Behind the Door." He puts up a better fight at fifty than he ever did before.

Below—a study of Bosworth twenty years ago, when he was a brilliant success on the stage—before he fooled the doctors.

Photograph by Morrison

Bosworth was born in Marietta, Ohio, in 1867, and without much preliminary sparring for position, made his way to the stage. Step by step he climbed the ladder, from stock company to leading parts with Julia Marlowe, Amelia Bingham, Blanche Walsh, Minnie Maddern Fiske. It was the chronicle of a young man of brains and ambition, rapidly reaching the top. And as the big prize seemed within his grasp, the medical trombone in B flat minor told him he had only a short time left to live.

"You will live longer in Arizona than anywhere else," they told him, so he went to Arizona.

Curiously enough, when Bosworth reached Arizona he did not feel like a dying man. He looked about, rather enjoyed the novel scenery, and decided he wanted a job. He found employment guarding irrigation ditches, riding about the semi-desert country, living in the open, and forgetting that he was sentenced to death. Then, because this did not keep his mind sufficiently occupied he tried painting, and turned out a

(Continued on page 118)

Here is one camera, for instance, discovered right in the act of registering the "sunset finale." It has been said that the thing that makes a dictatorial cameraman maddest is his inability to hold back old Sol for a retake Eugene O'Brien and Lucy Cotton are the couple. The dog is probably a sun-setter.

Chasing the Camera

Cameramen rush in where even flivvers fear to tread. On mountain-tops and bus-tops, under the water and over the clouds—they leisurely grind the silence.

As the Follies-fiend sitting in the gallery admitted, you can't always tell from where you sit. On the screen this shows Elsie Janis in a police bus, rattling down the street. You wouldn't have realized that this old oaken annex rattled along behind her, creaking under its load of director, cameraman and assistants.

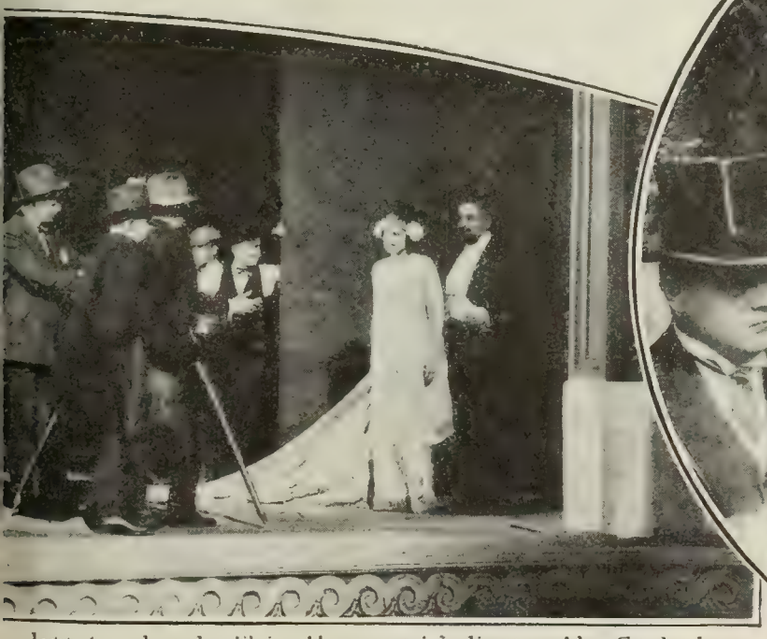
This scene is warranted to make any anti-movie critic and pro- sneaked a camera onto the stage! If this be treason, let's film the New York. Elaine is just about

Photographs by
A. T. Random

Although the cameraman cannot make the sun stand still, he can arrange to turn it around and make it shine the other way. The white reflectors achieve this, in the hands of the property men for Ruth Roland's company. Ruth is holding the megaphone.

A cameraman has to feel at home any place, in a millionare's garden, a tenement fire-escape, or, as in this case, atop a Fifth Avenue bus, where he carted his camera at George Baker's direction, to shoot villain Anders Randolf, at the left, and heroine Marion Davies.

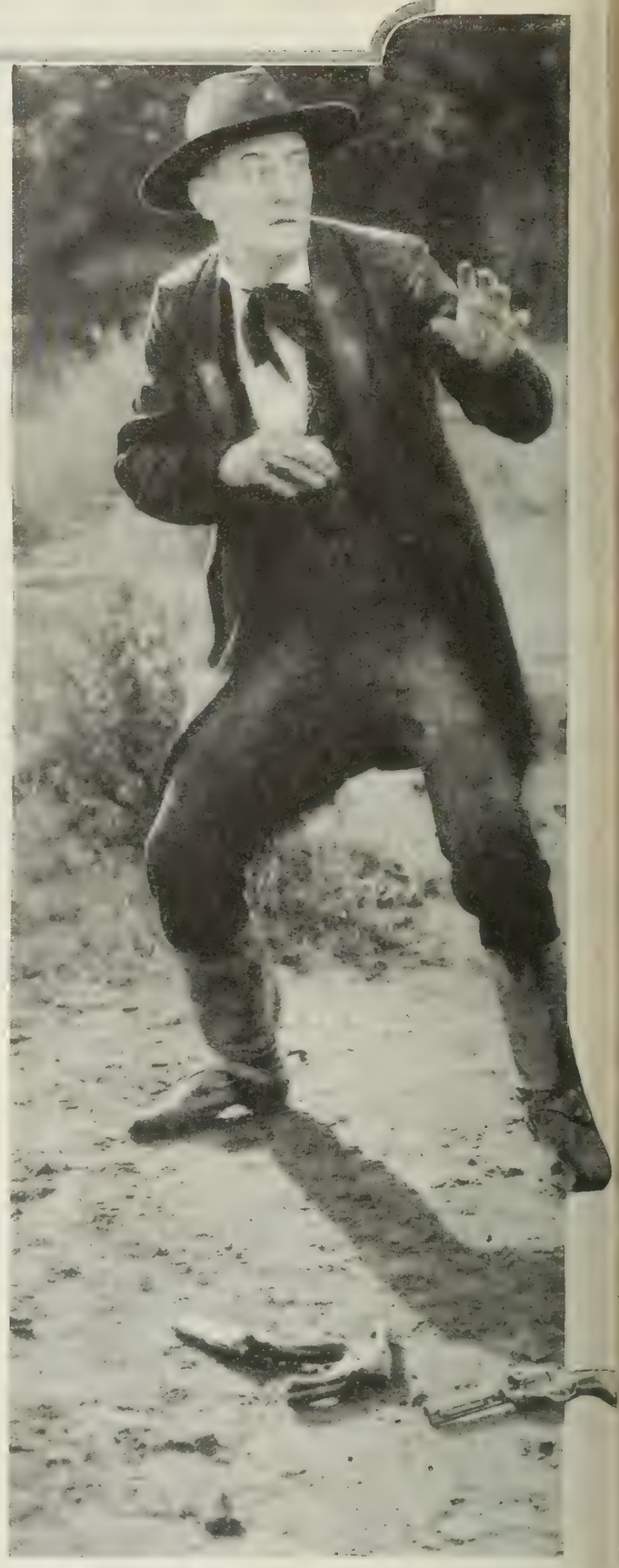
It must give a horse a wonderfully superior feeling to observe an automobile giving way before him. In the machine are Will Rogers' cameramen and director. Will is on—generally speaking—his horse.



legit. hound mad. Elaine Hammerstein's director, Alan Crosland, most of it. This is the interior of the Manhattan Opera House in to do some silent singing.

The TOLL GATE

By PAUL HUBERT CONLON



THERE were men in the West and they made it
A home for a man and his gun.
They called life a game, and they played it
Clear through with their face to the sun.

Some stole from their fellows, then sowed it
In drinking and sinning their share,
But the meanest damn outlaw that rode it,
Had a streak in his soul that was square.

IN the early 'eighties, an outlaw band, known as the raiders, ranged through the Southwest. Man's law sought them for three years—in vain. The best trackers failed, the best man-hunters failed; yet the raiders never failed. They did their unlawful work and escaped like some elusive mist of the mountain. The one great reason for their uninterrupted success was the man, Black Deering, their leader. He was hunted by thousands; yet no man outside his own followers knew his face. It was his power and personal fearlessness that held the band together and made their depredations possible.

Not only was Black Deering an outlaw; he was a thinker. There came a day when he realized that the whole Southwest was up in arms against him. Ranchers on all sides had loaned the sheriff their riders, the commander at the fort had given his scouts. In fact, three counties had quit work to rub out Black Deering and his gang. They were worth about five thousand dollars a head and nobody was particular how their heads were brought in.

When the supreme efforts of the law made the chase too hot for even the wily outlaws, Black Deering led his men to a rendezvous which had never failed to shield them in the more perilous times. A water trail was the reason all trackers failed. Swimming their horses through a river to the edge of a waterfall, the bandits disappeared as though the river had clutched and swallowed them in its icy maw. By the waterfall, Nature concealed the huge cave which served as the raiders' rendezvous. In these strange, weird surroundings the worst band of outlaws that ever terrorized the Southwest assembled to hear the latest plans of their chieftain, Black Deering,—the man who had carried them through a daring existence without the loss of even a single member.

"Boys, get settin' easy," announced Black Deering, after he had assembled his men safely in the subterranean abode; "I'm figurin' to make a talk." From their lounging places, rude bunks around a small campfire, the men joined the new arrivals in a tense group, the dim light from primitive pine torches playing softly on hardened faces.

"We've been workin' together for a long time," continued the outlaw leader. "We've been chased by sheriffs' posses, vigilantes and even United States soldiers. We've always made a clean get-away, but this here country is gettin' too populated." Throwing down a bundle of reward papers before the eyes of the puzzled men, he warned them: "Boys, there's three counties that has quit work to run us out. We're worth about five thousand dollars a head an' they ain't particular how they bring us in. I don't figure to lead into nothin' I can't lead you out of, and this here meetin' is for the purpose of a split-up. Boys, we've made our last haul."

Black Deering's words struck consternation among the outlaws. To all but one,—Jordan. This man was "lieutenant" of the gang; he worked on the "outside." It had only been his fear of Black Deering that had kept him from attempting to double-cross the chief before this moment. Possessed of a certain, rat-like courage and a crafty mind, Jordan,—white man gone "Mex"—seized this golden opportunity. The outlaws were confused. Black Deering had always led them right. They wanted to obey him, but—sure at last that his time had come, Jordan stepped across in front of the men to face Black Deering.

"An' I say different," he blustered, with a fair show of courage. At this defiance, into Deering's face came a cold, murderous expression which gradually faded into a half-whimsical smile as he faced his opponent, and demanded: "Well, say it all." Greatly relieved by Deering's attitude, Jordan had his say.

"I've planted a job for Monday on a mail train that carries forty thousand in gold," he stated, and then added significantly, "What I say is, one more haul an' then we can quit with a stake." Well did he know that the men had very little saved and that the plan must therefore appeal to them. He was quick to follow his obvious advantage. Despite Deering's warning that "if we don't quit now, we're all liable to be standin' on nuthin' an' lookin' up a rope," the gang sided with Jordan. They voted to make one more haul,—and quit. The chief, alone, voted against

this plan. But Jordan, imbued with the triumph of his scheme took the chance of taunting the defeated leader by assuring him nastily,—"Of course, if you want to quit now—" which was as far as he went. A smashing fist fairly drove the insult back into his mouth before he crashed to the floor of the cave unconscious.

"You boys have made your pick an' it goes—we can start making plans for Monday," calmly stated Black Deering, which was his way of telling the men that even if they did go against his wishes, he was with them to the end.

"I'm a-goin' to kill you, Jordan — for two reasons!"

The day of the hold-up came. A stretch of railroad track just in front of a tunnel had been selected. Dressed as section hands, Jordan and three Mexicans who worked with him, flagged the train from a hand-car. In the brush and rocks on the slopes above the tunnel the ambushed outlaws waited Jordan's signal. And, when the mail train came to a full stop,—they charged.

It was the raiders' last hold-up. The mail train was filled with United States soldiers—cavalrymen. When the outlaws came swarming down the slopes upon the train, volley after volley of withering fire poured from the windows and platforms upon them, literally cutting them to pieces. Jordan and his three Mexicans joined the soldiers in shooting down their former companions, whom they had betrayed for the big rewards.

But one outlaw escaped the slaughter. It was Black Deering, who had been stunned by a blow from the butt of a heavy musket. He was dragged into a baggage car where the triumphant Jordan revealed his identity. But, when a grizzled, old army sergeant tore the hat and mask from the fallen outlaw's face, the soldiers received a shock when they gazed for the "first" time on the features of Black Deering,—outlaw.

Some of them, particularly the Major, remembered a lonely army post in the Apache country. To their memories came a rider who one day flashed through the gates on a stumbling horse, himself exhausted, but in time to warn them that the dreaded Apaches had put on the war paint. They remembered the terrible onslaught of the bloodthirsty savages; the women huddled in the interior of the fort but who gave them the courage to make the fight they had made;—and they had not forgotten that unknown cowpuncher who had fought like a demon,—and who had disappeared when the fight was over without giving them a chance to express their gratitude.

The lone rider and the unmasked outlaw were the same man —Black Deering.

When Black Deering regained consciousness a Wells Fargo agent was paying Jordan his reward for betraying the gang. The fallen outlaw's eyes swept over the scene, and he then clearly understood those ripping volleys of fire that had cut down his men.

Like some wounded animal he sprang, his clutching fingers gripping the craven Jordan about the throat as they crashed to the floor of the baggage car. The soldiers hurled themselves upon the struggling men but as they tore Black Deering away from his betrayer his burning words shriveled the soul of the traitor—

"In my baby days my mammy told me about a man named Judas, an' I reckon you're him."

When Deering had been securely tied up, the coward Jordan poured abuse at him, and even attempted to strike down the defenceless man, but the soldiers, filled with loathing and disgust for this traitor, threatened to turn Deering loose.

It was hard for the Major to send Black Deering, the man to whom he and his kind owed a great debt, to the gallows, but duty was duty.

An outlaw believing in no man, and a woman who trusted him, together learn the great lesson of renunciation.

When he came out, the lad in his arms, the young mother was trembling happily on the bank.

"There ain't nobody," said Deering, grimly, "but there's a Pinto horse in that outfit, an' I'd thank you to keep him for yourself." The officer assured him that he would care for the Pinto always, and gripped the outlaw's hand in farewell,—a sign of one man to another. The officer gone, Jordan again tried his baiting, but the grizzled old sergeant thrust him aside with a carbine: "Get out, you traitor," he commanded, "an' let a game man alone. This car is for white men."

When the mail train again resumed its journey the soldiers held a whispered conversation in one corner of the baggage car. To a man they agreed that it was nasty work, shooting men down like sheep. They fell to reminiscing on the old Indian days at the post—and silently they decided. A crap game was started, the door of the car was opened because the sergeant claimed the air was so close it interfered with the game. Apparently they paid no attention at all to their prisoner, but when the train was going up-grade, the sergeant hinted that it was going "awful slow." And Black Deering did not need a second tip. He maneuvered to the door, rolled out onto the steep slope and went hurtling to the bottom. Strange to say, the soldiers were so absorbed in their crap game that they never noticed the escape of the prisoner.

Considerably nearer the border than the scene of the hold-up was the town of Rincon,—where a man could do a killing and get either a decent hanging or a vote of thanks, the punishment depending wholly upon the quality and local status of the deceased. There was a saloon called "The Ace" which had been Rincon for a long time—a sort of melting pot for ranchers, cowpunchers, gamblers and border ruffians. Here they drank and gambled and fought. But, in Rincon there was another drinking place, recently built and labeled— Jordan's Place—Cantina. The traitor, Jordan, had gone into business. He had bought his chance with the blood of his own fellows. A peculiarity of the town of Rincon was that it had never housed a white woman; there were Mexicans, squaws, but a white woman never entered.

On a high ridge overlooking the town of Rincon, waiting the coming of night was Black Deering—broke, half-starved and hunted in his attempt to escape across the border. He was riding a stolen horse and his gun held but two cartridges. He realized that it was necessary to enter the town, but as he expressed it to his four-footed friend: "Horse, you're borrowed an' it's best we ain't seen together 'till night."

Night was the only time in which Rincon really lived, and as the little town took up its activity of the darkness, Black Deering stole in, tied his horse in an available position, and entered "The Ace." His last two-bits went for a drink, and the opportunity to inquire if there were any ranchers present. The bartender directed him to a group of boisterous cowmen. Singling out a man Deering applied for work, although he was broke and afoot. The genial gentleman addressed inquired the location of his last job, and unfortunately Deering picked a ranch that had a representative present. "Ever meet up with Hank Simmons over that way?" asked the genial cowman, and when Deering admitted that he knew the gentleman the entire group of men burst into boisterous laughter. "Pardner, I'm Hank Simmons an' I never did see you before," said that worthy, but they had a desperate man to deal with. He called them: "My geo'gr'phy may be bad but I ain't aimin' to be laughed at." The mirth ceased at this dare to go for their guns, but finally the cowmen decided that although the stranger might be a liar, he certainly was not a coward.

Before the outlaw made his departure from "The Ace" he caught a flash of the well-filled money bowl which was used as a cash register in those days. Outside in the night, Deering came to the bitter realization that the road of the outlaw closed all others. Determined to take one last desperate chance, he spied through a side window to get the exact lay of the saloon —and his astonished gaze fell upon the man he called "Judas," —the traitor who had sold him for thirty pieces of silver. Then and there, Black Deering became killer. Capture meant nothing now, revenge everything. But Jordan had experienced an equally electric shock for as he had entered "The Ace" with his Mexicans he had glimpsed Black Deering departing. It was with a vast relief that he learned from the bartender that the dreaded Deering had not been seeking anyone special.

"Jordan, you're goin' to pay now."

Out of the darkness these words came as a bolt of lightning to Jordan who had made tracks with his followers to the sheriff's office where he intended to reveal the outlaw's identity. Jordan acted for his life. He hurled a Mexican in front of him just as a flash spit out in the gloom, and still another unfortunate Mexican got the lead intended for him with the second shot. Jordan made his cantina safely. The avenger had had but two cartridges. They were gone, but he had matches. While Jordan collected his Mexicans at the scene of the tragedy, the avenging outlaw crawled beneath the cantina. Carefully he set it afire in many places, fanning the flames until they insured the doom of the newly-built structure.

Jordan and his Mexicans could get no satisfaction out of the Sheriff, who was an icy-proposition of a man, square-jawed and not afraid of anything that walked. He loathed Jordan —a white man gone Mex. "Jordan," he stated coldly, "I'm figurin' the more killin' you have among yourselves the less trouble we'll have later on." With this he turned on his heel and went back to his office.

"Cantina's burnin'," sounded the cry throughout Rincon. And while jabbering, excited Mexicans were scurrying to safety with Jordan threatening and fuming, but powerless, Black Deering secured his horse, threw on his black coat, and masked, held up the first man he met and took his gun. The Sheriff's laconic comment as he took one brief glance at the doomed cantina was to the effect that the fire did everybody a good turn. The patrons of the bar in "The Ace" rushed to the fire but the gamblers stuck to their tables—much to their sorrow, however, because there came a grim command from a masked man who suddenly entered the side door.

"I aim to drop the first man who reaches for anything but the sky."

After the bandit had collected the money bowl, he made each man walk past an open trap door where they tossed their hardware away. In a second, the bar lamps followed—and "The Ace" was on fire. The masked outlaw left as suddenly as he had arrived, vaulted from the steps into his saddle, whirled his horse about and was gone in the night. The spell in "The

Ace" was broken. Men rushed for their guns but the gaining flames through the trap door drove them back. "Black Deering held up 'The Ace' and set it afire," shouted a breathless messenger to the Sheriff This news was different and the Sheriff acted pronto. He called for a posse of twenty men, and he got them quickly. But a few moments after the posse rode out of Rincon, Jordan and a larger number of Mexicans followed, bent on revenge.

Two days later, the horse-killing chase towards the border was still on. The outlaw had discovered that the Sheriff who followed him was the cleverest trailer he had ever matched wits with. Again and again the Sheriff had fathomed his tricks to elude pursuit. Close behind the Sheriff's posse came Jordan, working craftily. He was letting the Sheriff do all the work, while he saved his own men and horses.

Now that they were closing in on the quarry, Jordan was ready to beat the Sheriff to the catch. When the two outfits finally confronted each other, both sides fingering their guns, Jordan pretended friendliness. He very kindly offered to go ahead and get Black Deering, if the Sheriff and his men were all in. But the doughty Sheriff was not to be tricked.

"We're huntin' a white man," he stated, coldly, "an' we'll do all the huntin' that's done this side of the border." And, when Jordan incited his Mexicans to insist, the Sheriff threw down the gauntlet; "Jordan, keep your dirty bunch out of this, or I'll let the boys do the country a real favor." The shifting of a horse or the flicker of a hand towards a gun would have precipitated a general killing. But Jordan was in front of the Sheriff, and he knew the latter's gun-play. He backed down —and the Mexicans rode off to follow the hunt as best they could.

On the high cliffs overlooking the border Black Deering sought cover where he could make his last stand. But his roving eyes caught a sight that made him forget even the pursuit. At the border river's edge there sat a little, rough-board cabin. A woman worked in the yard, and a little boy played at the water's edge with bow and arrow. So interested was the little fellow in playing "Injun" that he did not feel the dirt bank crumbling beneath his feet, and as the outlaw watched from the high cliffs, the boy fell screaming into the river.

Black Deering did not hesitate a moment. He was risking capture by showing himself, but he took the long chance. Leaping from a sixty-foot crag into the water his powerful strokes carried him to the boy in time. When he came struggling out with the lad in his arms, the young mother was trembling happily on the bank.

"Little feller got too close to the edge and tumbled over," he explained after he had carried the boy into the cabin. He was receiving the mother's gratitude modestly, when the "little feller" opened his eyes and suddenly asked his mother: "Is this daddy?"

The woman was badly confused, and the situation revealed to the outlaw that they were alone in the cabin. It might be his one chance, —and somehow, he was becoming strangely interested in this woman, the "little feller"—and the missing husband.

Mary Brown was a woman who had known no good man.

Black Deering was a man who had known no good woman.

After he had explained that he had lost his horse and outfit in a quicksand, the woman offered him her husband's clothes until his had dried out. As he gained her confidence, the woman, unafraid, told her simply tragedy. Her husband had disappeared a year before; she reckoned he must have been killed. Her obvious purity brought the man shining out in Black Deering; he believed that no man could have deserted such a wife and baby. Even as they talked came unmistakable sounds of pursuit. The man disappeared, and his place stood the outlaw, hunted and desperate, cold and merciless.

"I'm an outlaw," he told her, gripping her cruelly, "an' them men comin' are after me. I figure to use your husband's clothes an' his name. When you talk to them, I'm your husband. Get that straight an' tell it straight."

Mary Brown realized that this man was fighting for his life. He had saved her son. He was a branded outlaw but she was in his debt. But when the outlaw was changing clothes she hugged the "little feller" to her breast as she cried: "Little son, are all the men in the world outlaws and murderers?"

When the Sheriff and his posse rode up to the door of the little cabin, a man and his "wife" stood in the doorway. To all the Sheriff's queries came the rebuffing answers of the usual sour, cantankerous squatter. The Sheriff doubted but he could do no more for the present. Once alone, Black Deering warned the woman: "Remember," he said, "I'm watchin' every move you make." "You can trust me," she promised, fearlessly. He studied her cynically. He had had his fill of trusting people. Right now he was bucking terrific odds. "I ain't trustin' nobody," he told her.

There weren't enough boot marks around the yard to convince the Sheriff that everything was all right. So, when the outlaw in keeping with his role as husband, came out to chop wood, the officer tried a new dodge. His horses and men were all in. They had even left so hurriedly that they had forgotten blankets so they would have to "bed down" on the floor of the cabin for the night—if their host had no objections. There was nothing else for Black Deering to do but accept the test because he knew the Sheriff surely suspected that something was wrong.

When the outlaw returned to the cabin he experienced a new emotion—the woman was instructing her little boy to call him "daddy." Again came the flash of manhood. He confessed to her that he was wrong when he said he trusted nobody. And Mary Brown, somehow, smiled and believed in this man.

The Sheriff and his men had bedded down in the cabin. As they slept, Black Deering sat before the log fire completing the making of a bow he had promised the "little feller," who slept so peacefully in the next room. The outlaw knew that the Sheriff was not asleep. He knew that they were waiting for him to enter the little room where slept the woman and her baby. His whole frame stiffened as at last he turned the door knob and entered the room. Softly he tiptoed to the "little feller's" bed and laid the bow quietly

The Toll Gate

NARRATED by permission, from the photoplay of the same name, written by William S. Hart and Lambert Hillyer, directed by Lambert Hillyer, and produced by the William S. Hart Company, for Artcraft, with the following cast:

Black Deering.....William S. Hart
Mary Brown.....Anna Q. Nilsson
Jordan.....Joseph Singleton
The Sheriff.....Jack Richardson
"The Little Feller".....
.....Master Richard Headrick

"The little fellow wants to go with you," she said, "and—so do—I!"

beside the sleeping boy. He passed on into the little cubby-hole where he had first transformed himself to the "husband."

When he emerged he turned to Mary. In appearance he was once again—Black Deering. He gazed down at the sleeping girl, knelt and kissed her golden tresses reverently, and then as he rose to his feet, his hand went to his pocket and he dropped a roll of bills under the cover. He went over to the window and peered out. He had decided to go that way, to take this desperate chance—but silhouetted against the moon he saw a motionless rider sitting guard upon his horse. There was to be no escape.

The test had come. In the outside room the Sheriff and his men had raised themselves to convenient positions. They were ready.

As Black Deering's hand dropped from the window it fell upon the pages of an open book. Unconsciously, at first, the outlaw looked down and saw—the Holy Bible. A line struck his eye; it burned its message into his brain:—

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

He made his decision. It was good. But even as he moved his eyes caught glimpse of a photograph laying on the opposite page. Idly, his eyes took in the faces. He could not believe his sight. Long did he gaze at this photograph,—and then came the transition from the man who was going through hell's fire for the woman he loved, to a bad man, worse than outlaw and killer—a man who believed that he had every right now to betray this woman—for the faces in the photograph were those of Mary Brown—and Jordan.

Here was the wife of "Judas"—the man who had sold him for thirty pieces of silver. He had vowed to kill this traitor. The respect and consideration he had felt for the woman and her child was gone. They were wife and offspring of the man he hated beyond anything else in the world. Black Deering had become a machine set in motion for vengeance; he was about to extract payment for his own suffering from another, because they were allied to the one who had caused his

(Continued on page 116)

The Buck's Progress

By CHARLES E. WHITTAKER
(With respects to Hogarth)

I

YE Buck, at an early age, goeth into a Motion Picture Studio, having an appointment with the Boss. He asketh, "Is Mr. Boss in?" The Janitor saith, "Noe." The Telephone Operator heareth and saith, "Is this Mr. Buck?" Buck saith, "Yes, it is indeed." The Operator saith, "You are to go right in and wait." The Janitor saith, "You told me to say Mr. Boss was not in." The Operator saith, "I never said anything of the sort."

II

MR. BOSS, hearing the noise of Buck waiting in the waiting room, telephoneth to the Operator and saith, "What the h—— do you mean by telling Buck I am in?" The Operator saith, "You told me you wanted to see him." Boss saith, "Nothing of the sort. I said if I wanted to see him I would telephone to him." Then he goeth into the waiting room and saith to Buck, "We are waiting to hear from New York about that matter. My representative there is arranging things. But go on the stage and look around."

III

ON the stage Buck findeth a Director quarreling with an Extra. The Director saith, "Ye came in with your hat on because ye are a detective." The Extra saith, "But, sir, I took it off in the hall scene and laid it on a table." The Director growleth, "Send for the print of the scene." The Cameraman saith, "It is not yet printed." The Director saith, "Why not? Today is Wednesday and we shot it on Saturday." The Cameraman saith, "I told Jimmy to take the cans to the factory but he didn't do it." The Director calleth Jimmy and saith, "Why did the cans not go to the factory on Saturday?" Jimmy saith, "There was no car to take me." The Director calleth the Chauffeur and saith, "Why didn't you take Jimmy to the factory on Saturday?" The Chauffeur replieth, "Mr. Bazingus wanted me to take his wife to the ball game." The Director saith, "Who is this Mr. Bazingus?"

Then saith Buck, "He is the efficiency expert."

"Who's Your Tailor?"

A sartorial time was had by all when Max Linder visited the Chaplin studio.

"WHO'S your tailor?"

That's what Charles Chaplin wanted to know the first time he laid eyes on Max Linder, his fellow comedian, when Max called at Charlie's Hollywood studio after an absence in his native France for about three years.

Max wanted to know what had become of Charlie's "moos-TACHE." You know how important clothes and appearances are to comedians!

Max dressed up in his latest French sartorial confection—patent leathers trimmed with kid tops, stick, tie with suit to match—and tried to sneak in on Charles and catch him in his old clothes. "The funniest man in the world," however, saw him coming and slipped one over on "the funniest man in Europe."

"Hold him a minute while I doll up," said Mr. Chaplin. He retired to his dressing room and removed his famous mustache. Then he allowed Linder to be ushered in.

Charles knocked off work for the rest of the day, and though they couldn't understand each other very much, since Max only parlez vouses and Charles confines his conversation to English, they had a swell time.

Linder, you will recall, was forced to break a comedy-making contract with Essanay about three years ago and return to France because of ill health. His widely advertised elegance and ease will be seen again on the American screen in the near future. It is said that he has a thing or two up his sleeve in the way of nifty clothes that he's going to spring.

Two popular models for 1920.

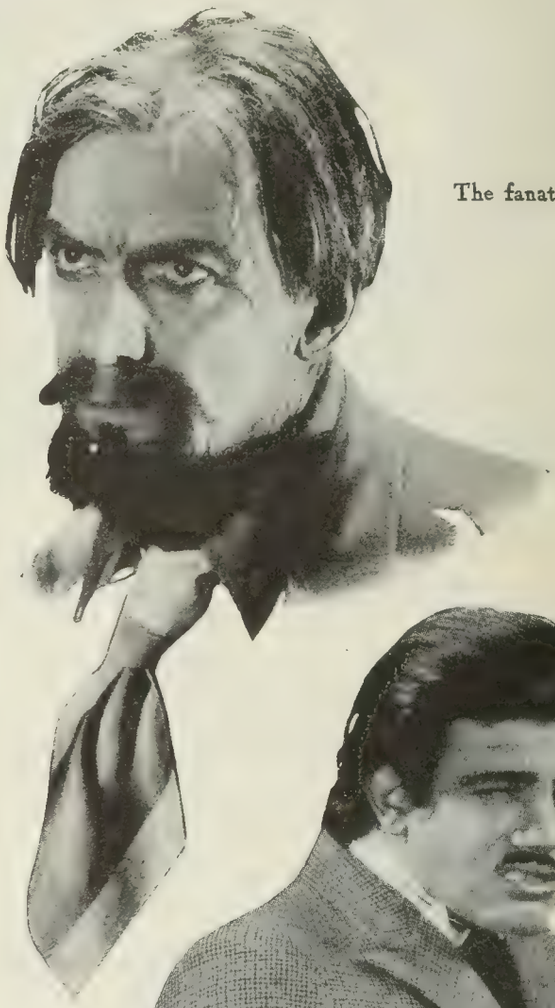
Enemies of Society

Bolsheviki as the screen interprets them.

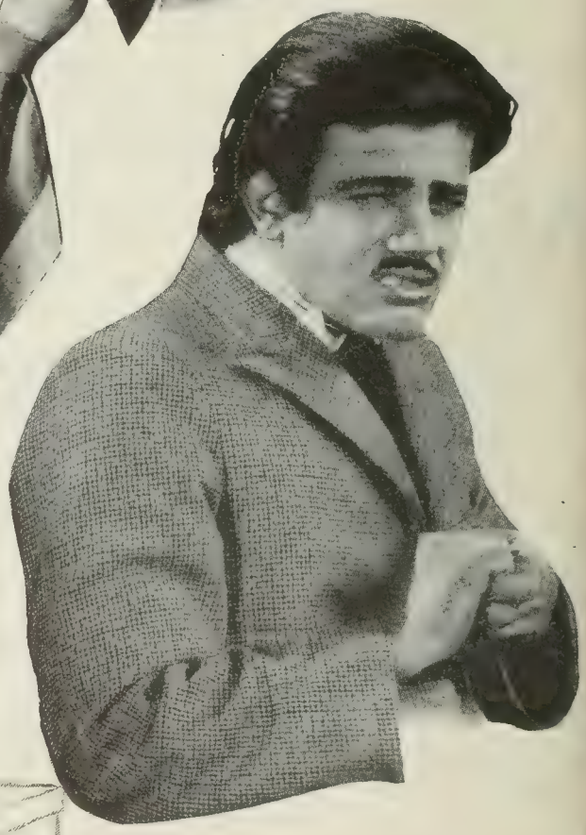
WHEN you say "Bolsheviki," most people think of a Russian party with long tangled whiskers and a bomb in his hip pocket. There are as many types of Bolsheviki as there are kinds of human beings, and a good assortment of them has been assembled for the Thomas H. Ince production, "Dangerous Hours." The film colony of Los Angeles was combed for players who could and would impersonate these enemies of society. The accompanying photographs show samples of the results that were obtained.

The dreamer.

The siren.



The fanatic.



The sneak.

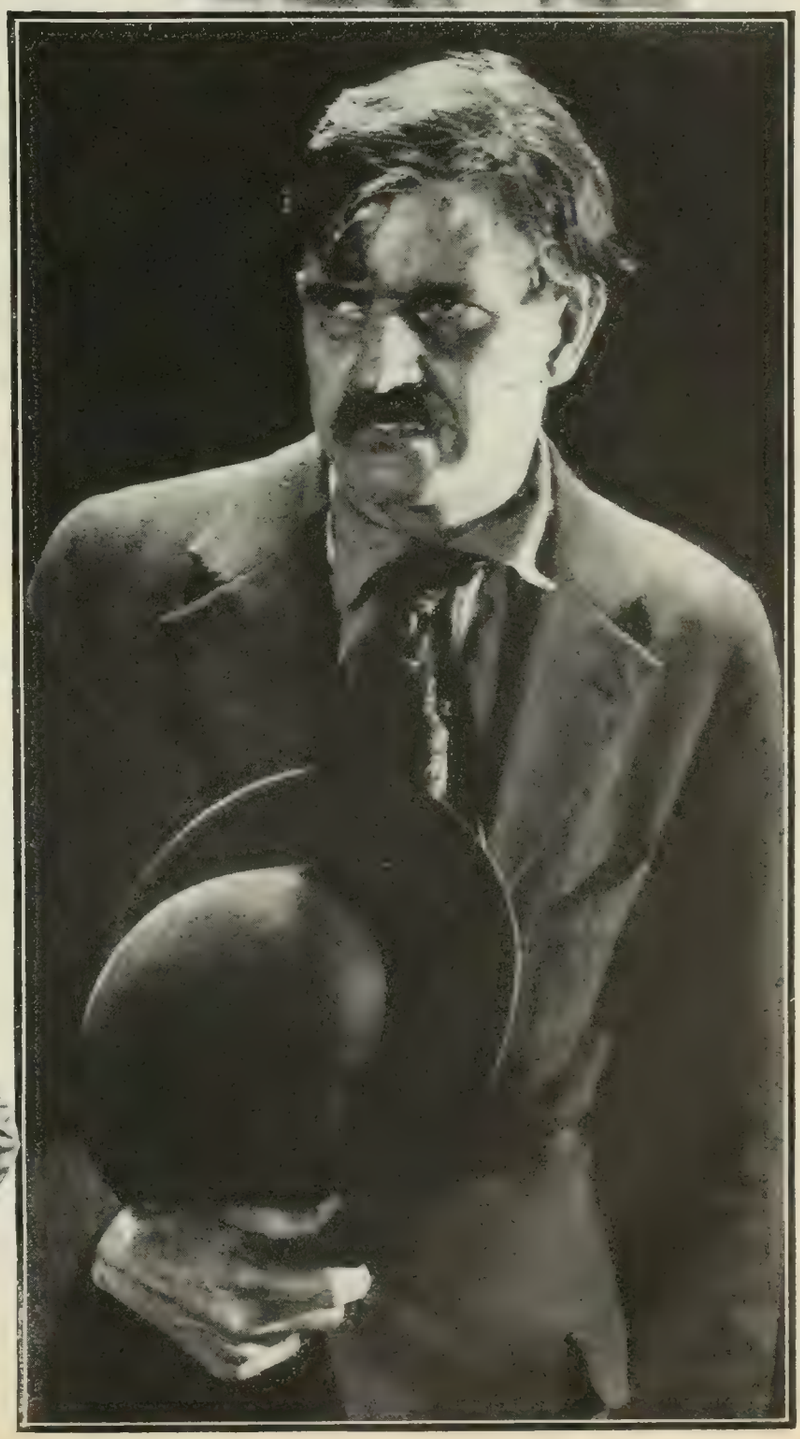
The coward.

The street woman.

A good-natured dupe. Easy going.

Misguided youth. The student type.

The most dangerous type of all because she excites pity.



The bully.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

One time when Agnes Ayres was on the train James Montgomery Flagg induced her to pose for the sketch below.

Rescued from the Bar!

The above is not the title of either a motion picture drama or of a gospel hymn.

PERISH all thoughts of beautiful damsel being rescued a la Thomas Meighan from watery grave, or of father being led home from his cups by gentle Nell. The bar mentioned is the one on which the classic beauty of Agnes Ayres would have been stranded if nature—or that which she took to be her nature when she was a Chicago schoolgirl—had been permitted to take its course.

Heaven knew what made her want to—her family didn't—but the fair Agnes got the notion along in her last year in high school that she wanted to become a lawyer.

It was an Essanay casting director who saved her for ingenue leads and O'Henry heroines. He was casting about one day from his place near the studio door—just a short while before that terrible law school that was going to turn Agnes Ayres into a stiff-collared, bespectacled modern Portia was to begin—to find a pretty blonde, also an intelligent one, to do maids and nurse girls and eventually ingenue leads. Came Agnes, who lived near by, to look over the plant. The director, after a brief inspection, mistook her for a motion picture actress out of work.

"Where have you been working?" he demanded.

"I haven't been," answered Agnes, almost adding, "and I don't want to, either," though something stopped her just in time.

"Come Monday and play an extra in a ballroom scene. I want to see how you screen," commanded the casting man.

And you know the rest. Blue eyes, fluffy hair, sweet smile photographed like a million dollars—as they still do—and that law business went to, well you know where it went to.

It wasn't long until Agnes was down in New York playing ingenue roles with Marjorie Rambeau in such pictures as "The Dazzling Miss Davison," "The Mirror," and "Mary Moreland," and with Nance O'Neil in Gertrude Atherton's "Mrs. Balfame." Then she became with Edward Earle a co-star in Vitagraph's first O'Henry series — probably the most distinctive work she has done.

"I'm a 'free lance leading woman' now," said Agnes when we were comfortable, "and I like it much better than being bound to just one company. I haven't quite found my level yet. I don't know exactly what my 'style of acting' is. But I want it to develop into something distinctly mine. In going from one company to another for single pictures I acquire more versatility than I could by staying in one place. Some day when I am through with my 'apprenticeship' I hope to have a nice big fat contract—the kind that Gloria Swanson and I used to hope for, and which, I'm so glad to say, she now has, when we played tiny bits together at Essanay."

"You're not sorry you quit the law cold then?" I asked after we had discovered that we both adored O'Henry stories, and that Vitagraph had changed her name from Agnes Eyre to Agnes Ayres because they thought the last name easier to pronounce, and that she has ideals about her work, wanting to always do characters that inspire rather than debase, and that one time when she was going to Washington to appear in person with a James Montgomery Flagg picture in which she played the lead, Mr. Flagg was on the train and asked her to pose for him. (The result was the small sketch reproduced on this page.)

"Indeed I'm not," answered Mother Ayres, just as if the question had been directed at her. "I don't think the bar is any place for a daughter of mine."

Then the mother added:

"Now I'm going out to the kitchen and get you some of that home-made fruit cake of mine, and some home-made grape wine. I didn't make that myself but a friend of a lady I know did, and I know it's all right."

Complacent Husbands!

King W. Vidor shows Charles Meredith just how he may make love to Florence Vidor, his wife and leading woman in the latest Brentwood production: "The Other Half."

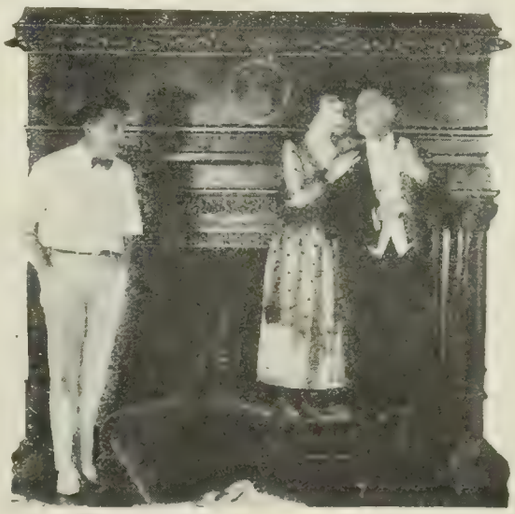
Men who let other men make love to their wives

By
EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

WHAT would you do if you caught your wife vamping a strange man—divorce her the same day? And if you came upon your wife being tenderly kissed by another male of the species, would you shoot him on the spot or would you give him time to say his prayers? Furthermore, if you saw the wife of your bosom being pounded over the head by a man with a club —would you rush to the rescue and wring the villain's neck?

No doubt you would, gentle gentleman readers, but there are those in our best masculine circles who would consider such primitive actions as the worst of taste, and who, instead of stopping such scenes by violent measures, actually encourage them, and egg their better halves on to amorous embraces with other men. They are considered model husbands, too, who love their wives and everything—they are movie directors, and their wives are movie stars.

There is Allen Holubar, for instance, who is married to Dorothy Phillips, one of the Universal's most scintillating stars. I am told that the two are devoted to each other and to their small daughter Gwendolyn, yet recently when Mr. Holubar came upon his wife being embraced by Robert Anderson and returning his embraces in kind, did he fly into a rage and denounce the treacherous pair? Yes he did—not; he said, "Come on, put a little more life into it. Go on and *hug* her, Anderson, don't act as if she were a poor relation!" He explained his conduct by saying that the love making was necessary to "Ambition," Miss Phillip's latest screen feature; and as for Dorothy, she merely shrugged her shoulders and said it was all in a day's work.



Fred Niblo isn't angry at William Conklin for vamping his wife, Enid Bennett — in fact, he is just a bit provoked because the lover isn't putting enough enthusiasm into his work.

Then examine the conduct of Howard Hickman, who is Bessie Barriscale's husband and director; he not only permits other men to press Bessie's blonde lovliness to their polished shirt fronts, but shows them exactly how it should be done to be most effective.

"Hold her like this;" he was saying to Jack Holt, as I came upon the trio at the Brunton studio where Miss Barriscale was making "Kitty Kelly, M. D."

Jack registered attention while Mr. Hickman enfolded Bessie in his arms

and told her how wonderful she was.

"Now *you* do it." Commanded the complacent husband, and Jack did it; —a triangle situation, you might call it, where all the angles are right angles.

And as for Raoul Walsh, who directs Miriam Cooper—yes, they are married, very much so; but that didn't prevent his allowing Albert Roscoe to whisper impassioned speeches into his wife's attentive ear, neither did Miriam's affection for Raoul prevent her from following Albert Roscoe about for the greater part of thirty years—in "Evangeline." I mean. You'd think that such conduct might furnish excuse for a trip to Reno, but all that Director Walsh said about his wife's conduct was, "Tell him you love him, dear—say it again—that's fine!"

Bruno Becker, on the right, doesn't appear to be a brute, but how else could he permit his wife Gale Henry, to be pounded on the head for comedy purposes?

Again think of Enid Bennett and her director- husband Fred Niblo—they've been married for so short a time that they still count it in months instead of years, and Enid told me herself that she had no interests outside of pictures except her husband and her home—*but,* you should have seen her vamping William Conklin in a scene from "The Woman in the Suit Case." She put her arms around him—with Friend Husband looking on all the time—and though Mr. Niblo's expression seemed to infer that he hoped she wouldn't carry things *too* far, yet he never said a word, beyond reminding Mr. Conklin that he should put his hand up to cover Enid's. If that isn't connubial amiability for you!

And of course everybody knows how devoted Florence and King Vidor are to each other. She has never taken any screen name other than the one she got at the altar, and King, who directs her, is said to be the most attentive of husbands. But, would you believe it, when he saw Charles Meredith holding the fair Florence's hand in a scene from the Brentwood production "The Other Half," the only thing he was peeved about was that Charles didn't have his arms around her. He said that you couldn't register impassioned love by merely grabbing a girl's wrist, and advised the lover, as man to man, to put a little "pep" into his wooing.

Then take the case of Harry Beaumont, directing for Tom Moore; he is married to Hazel Daly, one of Goldwyn's little brunette actresses, and he allowed her—even *ordered* her, to vamp Tom Moore in "The Gay Lord Quex."

"Put your arms around him, Hazel," he urged, "Put your face close to his—go on, dare him for a kiss—you can't resist her, Tom—" and of course Tom couldn't—and didn't. He responded in the most enthusiastic manner imaginable, and all that Director-Husband said to his vampish wife was—"Try it once more for luck."

If that isn't an expurgated triangle!

And worse than the husbands who deliberately allow their wives to be made love to, are those who allow their wives to be roughly handled by members of the stronger sex without so much as protesting against the outrage.

Such a one is Bruno Becker, the life partner of Gale Henry, the elongated comedienne of the Bull's Eye Film Corporation, who has her own studio and company. It didn't seem to bother Husband Becker at all when Milton Moranti took a whack at Gale with a club—in fact, he told him just how to go about it and when to do it.

"She comes down stairs, all unsuspecting," he confided to the comedian, who was "winding up" with the big stick, "And when I drop my cap—*hit* her! Come on, Gale," he commanded perfidiously, "come right down the stairs—ready, Milt—one, two, three—*NOW!*" And all that Gale said after she rubbed her head was, "You ought to be a ball player, Milt, you have such a wonderful swing!"

Even Annette Kellerman, called by some atrocious punning person the "diva" of the screen, has for a director—and a husband, a man who makes her do all sorts of near-impossible stunts, such as driving a golf ball off of Overhanging Rock, in the Yosemite—said rock being not more than ten feet wide or long, and with a sheer drop of four thousand feet, diving into Emerald Pool, filled with snow water, and walking a wire across Vernal Falls. Yes, James Sullivan told her to do it—and she obeyed him—because she's making pictures under her husband's direction.

Such husbands, you may say, ought to be locked up where they can't hurt anyone; but in *reel* life, they are considered quite au fait. I know, because I have the testimony of those who ought to know best about it—their wives.

At the left—Alan Holubar is telling Robert Anderson to put a little more life into his love-making—the girl being Mrs. Holubar, (Dorothy Phillips). At the right—the putteed gentleman so proudly watching his wife, Miriam Cooper *en rendezvous,* is Raoul Walsh.

Above, Jim with one of the principal performers in "Luck of the Irish." Below, in a scene with Anna Q. Nilsson, his leading lady.

The Return of "Jim" Kirkwood

JIM KIRKWOOD has set aside his director's puttees and megaphone to go in for the grease-paint again. He was an actor before he was a director, anyway, and dramatic training will tell. We—most of us—remember stalwart Kirkwood as Mary Pickford's leading man in "The Eagle's Nest" and "Behind the Scenes"; he directed these pictures too. His earlier directorial successes were the old Biographs, "Classmates" and others. He was Mary Miles Minter's dramatic conductor for a long time, with American; later he directed two of Jack Pickford's best pictures—"Bill Apperson's Boy" and "In Wrong." Then Allan Dwan began to look around for a man to play the lead in "Luck of the Irish"; and nobody would suit him but Jim. So, Kirkwood came back. And he thinks he will stay, as an actor.

WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

I JUST talked with the Man
Who has More Women on his Hands
Than any other Man
In the World.
That is, he's Paid
To Take a General Responsibility
That would Make Brigham Young's Personal Order
Look Like the Value of a Shrunken Dollar.
He's the Editor
Of the "Ladies Home Journal."
He has built Expositions, Credit Mail Order Establishments, Film Companies, and
Other Little Things Like That.
Managing a Film Company
Is a Joy to him.
Now
He is Editing
The Magazine
That Goes into the Homes
Of Nine out of Every Ten Women—
I think that's Right—
And Instructs them
In Everything
From House Building to Baby-tending.
You Might think
That from Films to
Fact and Fiction
Would be Quite a Change—
Until you've Met H. O. Davis.
"No," he says,
"It's Perfectly Simple.
Just Study Human Nature, that's all.
It's always Changing and Yet
It's always the Same.
Heart Interest Appeals
To the Middle-western Woman and
The Woman Living on Riverside Drive
In New York, in
Exactly the Same Way.
Study Your Human Values," he Thundered at Me.
"Fiction or Films—
Expositions or Big Business—
It's all Alike."
He has always Had for his Motto
This little Sub-title:
"Interesting People
Must Do Interesting Things.
Take," he'll Say,
"Any interesting character—
One of the Dozen you Pick From a Crowd,
Write about him,
Build a Play around him—
Do Something about him.
If you're writing a Story,
Don't worry about Plot;
Don't Scheme for Startling Situations.
Select your Interesting Character,
Make a Mental Character Synopsis of him,
Then Begin to Pin him down and he'll
Say and Do Interesting Things.
You Mark my Words."
He Looks
Like a College Professor,
Talks like a Business Man, and
Wears Gray suits and Glasses.
He hasn't Forgotten about Pictures.
When he ran Universal City,
He Made the Bluebird Pictures—
He didn't have a Star if he could Help It.
He Made Ibsen's
"The Doll House" and

He believes in "sub-title-less movies."

He didn't Let it Discourage him
When a Film Man
Suggested he Might Liven it up
With a Snappy Cabaret Scene.
He'd Take a Character, for Triangle,
Like "Little Red" and a Good-hearted
Chinaman; or a Character like
Bill Desmond's "Honest Man":
A happy-go-lucky knight of the Road—
And Let them Act Natural.
That's what they're doing today.
Davis Made one Picture

Jack looks more like Mary than ever.

Without a Single sub-title—
"Why have Sub-titles?" he Demands.
"The Time is Coming
When we Won't Have 'Em.
I sent out this Picture—
It Flowed Along as Smoothly as
A Good Poem—
Without a Caption.
I didn't need it.
There were Kicks, of course,
And I had to put some in."
The Picture was "I Love You."
With Alma Rubens.
He Made "The Servant in the House."
Try to see it.
He Said he'd have to be Going.
I looked after him
And hoped
He would come back
To Moving Pictures—

I SAW Theda Bara on Broadway.
She didn't See Me.

JACK PICKFORD
Looked More like Mary than Ever.
He Said,
"I'd Like
To Get Olive
And Take a Vacation;
Go To——"
Bang!
They were Pounding Something
In the Office Upstairs.
"Honolulu!" said young
Mr. Pickford, Flushing.
"I am Sure
I'd like Honolulu.
I always Thought
New York was the Place for Me,
And I Left California
In Order to Come Here and
Spend the Holidays with
My Wife and then I Decided
(We had a good Time and
All—even though Olive did lose
The Diamond-and-Sapphire Bracelet
She Got for Xmas)
That New York, as a Place to Live, was—"
Bang!
"You Should See," said Jack,
Raising his Voice,
"My New Picture. Great kid stuff.
I'd rather do that
Than Anything. It isn't work To me.
We went up
In the San Jacinto Mountains
To make this 'Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come'—
A Fire Broke Out,
Burned the camp, held up work,
And Wiped Out Some Squirrel Skins I had Bagged—"
Bang!
"I wanted them," roared Mr. Pickford,
"For My Wife."
Bang!
Then Mr. Pickford,
Rolled Up his Sleeves,
And Went Out the Door,
Muttering to Himself as he Went—
I Felt Sorry
For that Amateur Carpenter.

Drawn by Norman Anthony

Photoplays We Don't Care To See

William S. Hart as Beau Brummel.

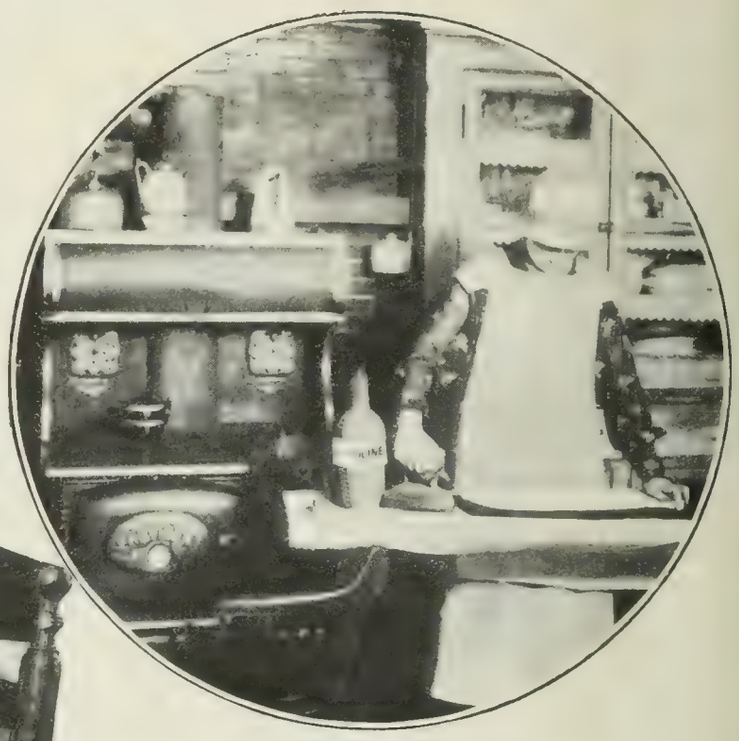
Theda Bara in "Cecilia of the Pink Roses."

Fire Prevention

Preventative propaganda, preached by the Fire Prevention societies, illustrates the dangers we can avert by employing precaution.

NINE out of every ten conflagrations are avoidable. By the simple method of a little caution, many lives could be saved every year. The National Fire Prevention society is working to acquaint people with the dangers which bring about fires, urging preventatives rather than the cure. We have efficient fire departments but no matter how efficient, untold damage is done. If you would only be a little more careful about that not-quite-extinguished cigar end; if you—busy housewife—would not use a lighted candle in a closet crammed with inflammable fabrics—it would save much horror and many lives. If you can't afford a fire extinguisher, be on the safe side and keep a bucket of water around. And go to some of the film theatres where fire prevention pictures are shown; the moving picture, as always, has come to the rescue with especially-made movies illustrating fire-prevention methods.

Photography by
E. A. Waterman

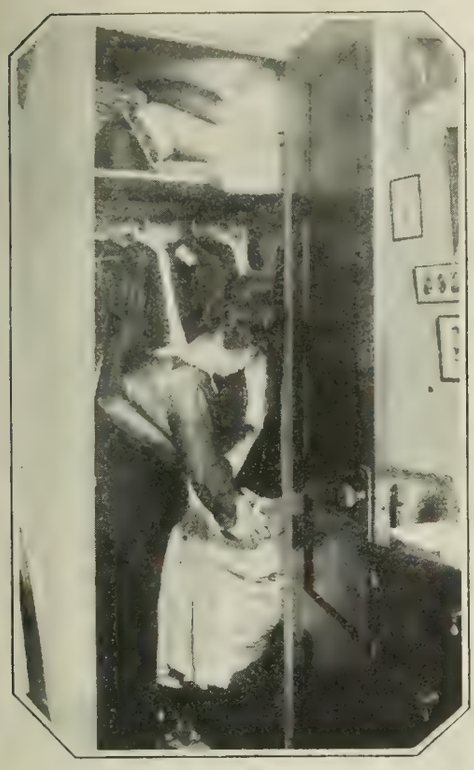


A dangerous domestic practice is to employ gasoline in cleaning and ironing at the stove at the same time. The fire departments have found this to be the cause of a surprising number of serious fires.

Don't flick the ashes from your cigar into a convenient waste-basket, or throw your cigarette butt away carelessly. Most of the fires in office buildings are caused in this way.

The folly of using kerosene oil to start a fire in a stove has been preached over and over again, but some housewives persist in such antiquated and foolhardy methods.

Children have much more fun with matches than with dolls. (At right) They seem harmless enough, but the youngsters often drop them and step on them, or unconsciously strike them. The results are usually disastrous.



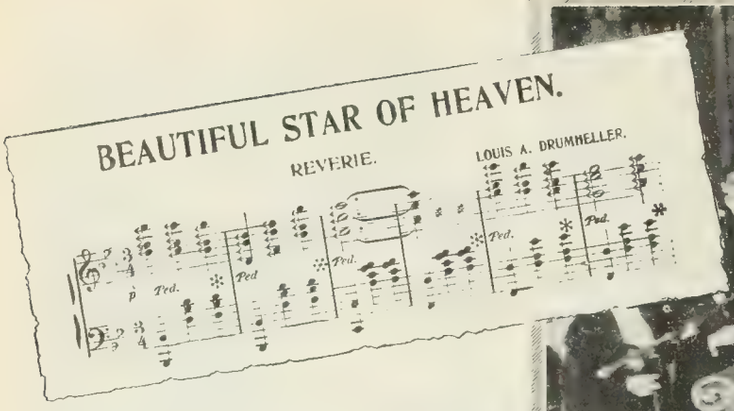
A lighted candle that "comes in so handy" while looking for some article of clothing in a dark closet, may seem innocent enough. But many lives are lost each year in just this way.

In the oval you see the result of a fire in a tenement on New York's lower East Side. Five lives were lost through careless use of a small stove.

In business and other public buildings, janitors are required to put ashes into a metal receptacle, but the picture below shows the result of a fire when ashes, supposedly cold, were dumped into a wooden barrel.

Firemen fighting an oil fire — one of those conflagrations that puts up a stiff scrap before it is knocked out. Despite efficient fire departments, most fires have their own way with victims.

Photograph courtesy [illegible]



You remember "Beautiful Star of Heaven," the favorite piece of Edna, the Chickering pounder at the movies ten years ago. Today if you don't know your "Arietta" by Grieg, your Chopin and your Brahms it is because you prefer musical comedy to the motion pictures.

Owed to

Four years ago Griffith started something that put the pinky-panky movie piano out of business.

UNTIL they hitched the photoplay to music the latter art was a luxury indulged in for the most part only by people who wore their hair long and owned dress suits.

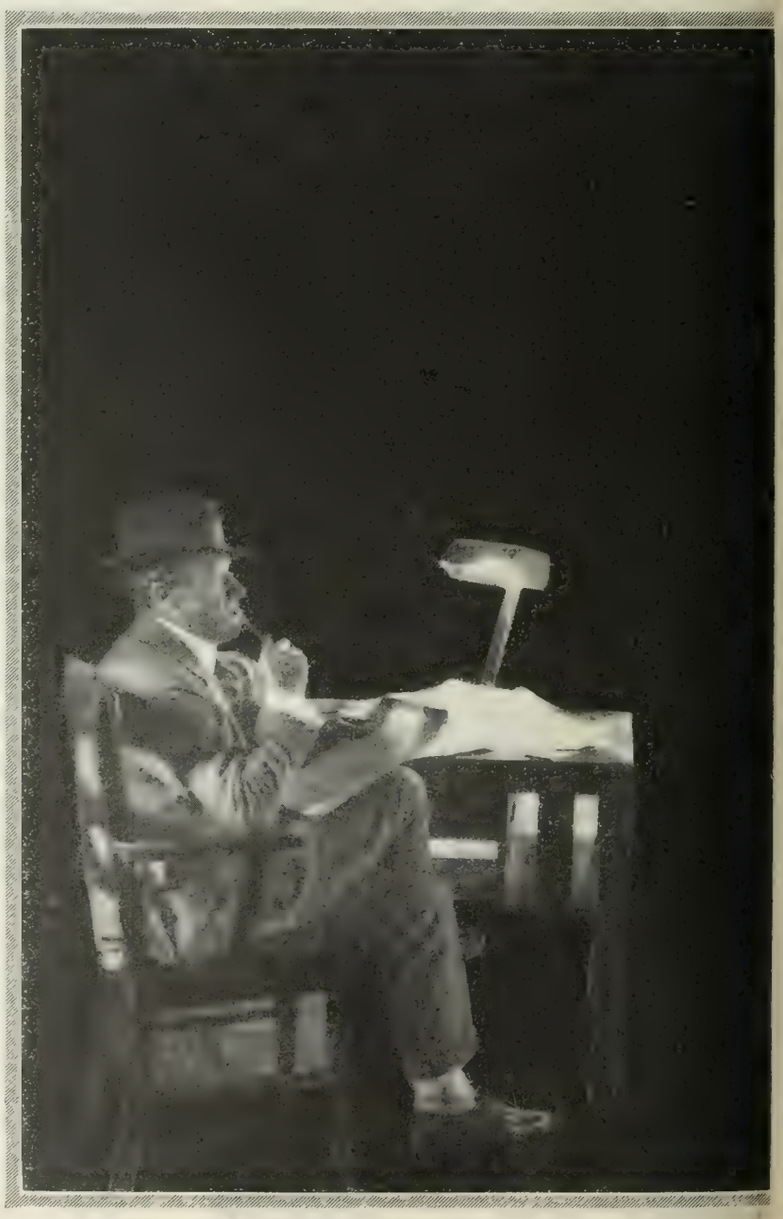
It took a play like "The Birth of a Nation" to put such gentlemen as Mr. Chopin, Mr. Beethoven and Mr. Mozart in the American limelight, and with subsequent screen productions not only the foregoing three worthies, but others of different schools have been dragged from their places in dusty corners, given a public renovating and put on the old family bookcase with the pictures of Charlie Chaplin and St. John the Baptist.

And now it isn't at all uncommon to hear our dear friends, the ladies who purvey lingerie, tell each other on their way home from work how *grand* that Grieg thing was at the Strand last night, and how Mr. Theophile Risenfall—made a tremendous hit two days ago with his new adaptation of Massenet's "Elegie" to "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

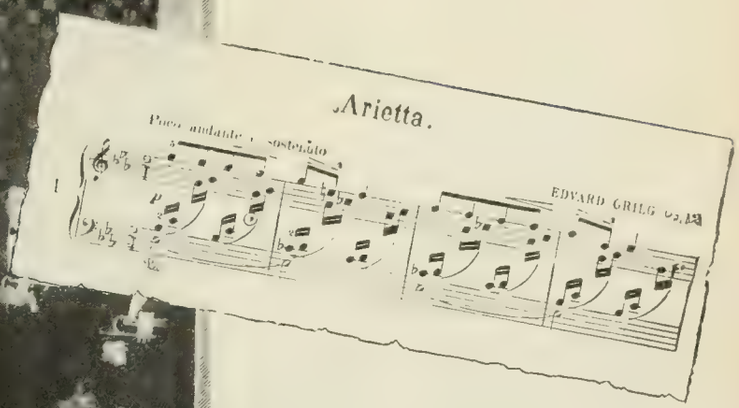
Girls, do you remember how you used to envy your fortune sister who played nights in the picture show? Do you remember how she used to peck out "Sheridan's Ride" and "The Angel's Serenade" on the ancestral chickering? Can't you picture her flurried excitement when the manager of the little-show-around-the corner told her that he had a sensational new two-reeler coming and that she'd have to 'get up' a particularly spectacular program? And then she'd look through the files in the old music cabinet and drag forth the overture "Poet and Peasant?"

And, if you rack your memory, perhaps you will recollect how sister-in-question used to get 'way down front in the theater, right under the nose of the heroine on the screen, and tickle the ivories. How she'd pound out such standbys as the "Maiden's Prayer" and "The Rosary" and the wedding march from "Lohengrin," and get all excited sometimes and forget to be highbrow and lurch into the "Oceana Roll."

And remember, don't you, how Edna sometimes got fussed and rambled on with "The End of a Perfect Day" while the villain cruelly proceeded to choke the defenseless heroine en scene, or how she effused and thrilled with "The Elixir of Love" or "You Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dawg Aroun'" when Mrs. McGinnis's remains were shown being hoisted to their last rest? It used to be quite a problem for Edna to select her



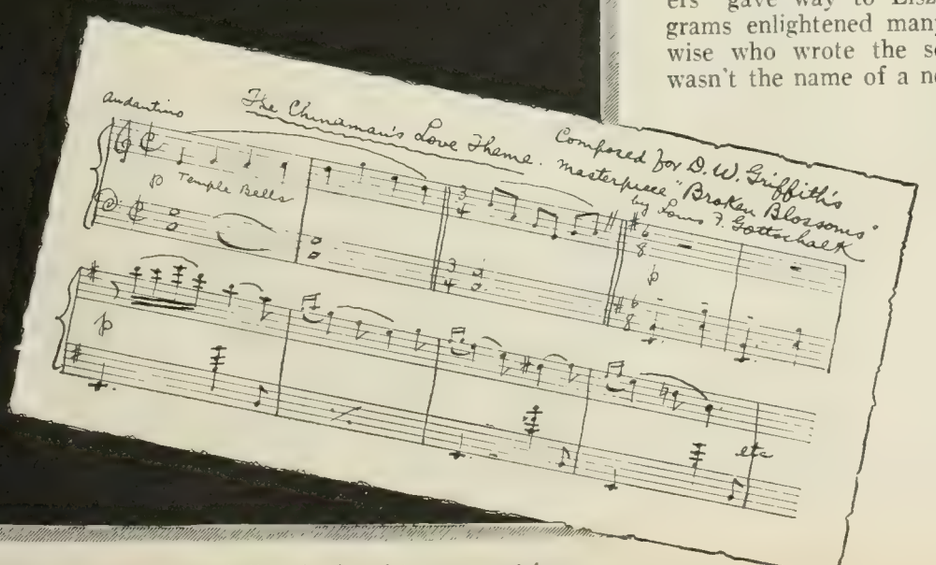
The exquisite musical setting for "Broken Blossoms" was largely the tory to compose "The Chinaman's Love Theme" than try to embody ten. He composed



The orchestra at Grauman's Theatre, Los Angeles, is typical of the larger picture theatres today. Arthur Kay (with baton) used to conduct symphony orchestras. He and his twenty-eight men prefer picture theatre orchestras because they offer all year work.

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

the Pictures



original work of Louis F. Gottschalk, who found it more satisfac- the atmosphere of Griffith's great picture in music already writ- as he watched.

"programmes," and still more of one for her to play them, and then she was always getting her comedy pieces mixed in at intervals when the fillum was a tragedy—the deep, dark kind that they always used to inject into the pictures of the vintage of '14 or so.

Pretty soon, however, the manager came to her and said that he'd hired Victor, who played the violin, and he was going to have an orchestra. They bought a folio of duets that went well with the popular screen successes of the day, and then they'd go to the flicker emporium and give a recital.

Along about four years ago, however, a man named Griffith startled the reading public by stating that "The Birth of a Nation" would have an especially-arranged musical score. It was a sensation, with its battle din and its "Call of the Clans." This was revolution. From New York to San Francisco, theater owners began to sell their automatic organs and reinforce their piano and violin pairs.

Then somebody who wielded a baton in one of the pits dug out a bit of Chopin—a nocturne or something like that—which he proceeded to fit to the picture of that week. He only gave his audience a very little bit of the good stuff at first, but curiously enough it went! And the manager hired a few more violins and perhaps a cornet and flute. Edna, who had been hammering the ivories for the last three years, lost her job because her fingers simply wouldn't take the runs that Mr. Liszt wrote in his pieces, and the man who gave music lessons to perspiring young America, and who knew the difference between a mazurka and a polonaise took her place.

He commenced an internal revolution. "Hearts and Flowers" gave way to Liszt, Donizetti and Bizet. And the programs enlightened many who might never have known otherwise who wrote the sextet from "Lucia," and that Brahms wasn't the name of a new kind of chicken.

TO-DAY, every progressive film distributor has a musical director who makes a complete score for each production. There are, moreover, on each score, at least eight names of classicists that are comparatively well known to the public. Grieg isn't any longer a bugbear; Weber is not by any means unknown, and some of the matinee girls even know how to spell Tschaikowsky—and to pronounce him.

Music is one of the big moments of a photodrama. It can bring out phases of the picture that pantomime cannot express. In other words it helps the action, and suffices, for a large part, for the dialogue of a stage play. A skillfully played composition by one of the symphony orches-

tras of to-day can "work up" an audience to an erstwhile unthought-of pitch of emotion, while the music-less picture leaves the spectators cold.

The synchronizations — music scores or cue sheets as they are called by various conductors—are complex affairs. A certain theme runs throughout the picture. In Universal's "Paid in Advance," with Dorothy Phillips, for instance, the musical backbone—the theme on which all the other music hangs—is Victor Herbert's "Land of Romance." In presenting this film, or any other, the orchestra reverts again and again to a familiar theme or setting that has been played at a crucial moment of the play and that corresponds to the play itself. In the "Paid in Advance" production, the cue-sheet states that Laurendeau's "Laurentian Echoes" is given by the orchestra—or organ—at the time the title is first flashed onto the screen. A Saint-Saens work, "Rouet d'Omphale" follows, which is in turn followed by the Canadian national march, "Maple Leaf." In the production, which is an average five-reeler, out of thirty-seven different musical compositions listed on the cue-sheet, eight are by standard composers, including Saint-Saens, Bizet, Schubert, Grieg, Grainger, and Mendelssohn. Of the total, twelve are popular numbers, including Friml's "Tumble In," "Mary" and "Sweet Rosy O'Grady." The rest are semi-classical pieces by either living composers who have not yet attained the classical standard, or deceased musical writers whose opuses have not as yet been accorded a place in the hall of fame.

THE synchronization of a musical score is no easy matter. Take a Griffith production, for instance, such as "Broken Blossoms." The score, when it is delivered to the orchestra conductor, looks like any grand-opera libretto, except that a cadence may suddenly be broken off in the middle and followed by a strain of entirely different setting.

The synchronized work is a series of musical cut-backs and flashes that correspond to the action of the screen drama. During the climax of Maurice Tourneur's "The White Heather," the orchestration of Rubinstein's "Etude on False Notes," a chromatic, weird work, was played during the time that the divers were shown in the death-struggle at the bottom of the sea. When the picture suddenly flashed to the hut in which Angus lay on his death bed, the music instantly changed to "Annie Laurie"—the last strains that accompany the words, "I'd lay me doon and dee." Flashing back to the submarine fight, the organ burst forth with a Czerny study in chromatics, or half tones, that gave the impression of a terrific windstorm. Which put the audience in a mood receptive to action of the picture, filled the hearts of the spectators with terror, and worked them up to a state of tense emotionalism. In fact, so high-strung were they that when one of the divers suddenly cut the air-tube of his adversary and the orchestra and organ came together in a terrific minor chord, the more nervous spectators gasped, and during the performance that I viewed, one woman screamed.

The average orchestra of the more progressive theaters,—the ones where the ushers are costumed and the seats upholstered,—has anywhere from fifteen to forty pieces in the orchestra,—violins, 'cellos, bass viols, flute, clarinet, but only such brass,—French horns, alto horns and trombones,—as are indispensable. The organ makes up for the rest. The cornet and trumpet are losing out.

THERE are some standbys the public never seems to tire hearing. The Massenet "Elegie," Grieg's "Album Leaf," Rubinstein's "Kammenoi-Ostrow" and Chopin's Nocturne in E are always on tap for situations where the action is slow and the picture theme melancholy, such as in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" where the unloved wife, (Katherine MacDonald) takes leave of her lover (Milton Sills), or in Goldwyn's "The City of Comrades" where Tom Moore is shown hovering between life and death in the hospital after the Halifax disaster. Such works as "To Spring" by Grieg, Chaminade's "Scarf Dance," and the Schubert "Serenade" can always be depended upon to put the audience into a

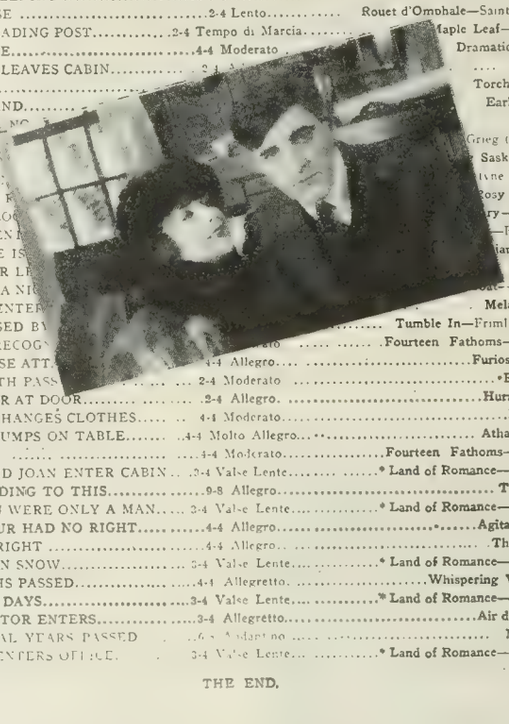
(Continued on page 119)

The orchestra leader at Amityville knows that when the above scene from "Paid in Advance" is flashed on the screen, he should have reached "No. 34" on the musical synopsis and that they shall play Herbert's "Land of Romance" for 1½ minutes. Universal supplies a "Musical Synopsis" with each picture.

MUSICAL SYNOPSIS
FOR
"Paid in Advance"

By JAMES C. BRADFORD

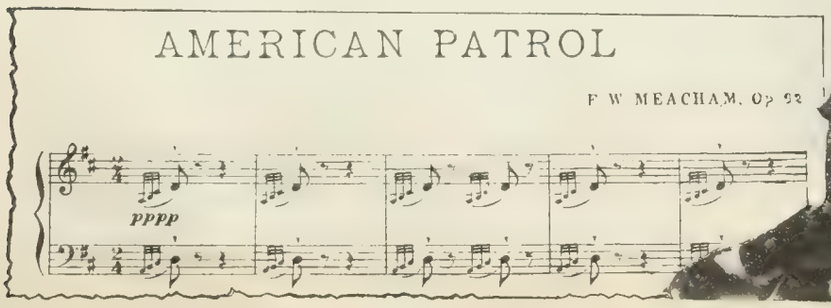
Musical Director, Stanley Theatre, New York



No.	Min.	(T)itle or (D)escription.	Tempo.	Selection
1	3½	AT SCREENING	4-4 Maestoso	Laurentin Echoes—Laurendeau (Medley)
2	1½	T. BATEESE	2-4 Lento	Rouet d'Omphale—Saint Saens (J to K.)
3	1½	T. THE TRADING POST	2-4 Tempo di Marcia	[illegible]aple Leaf—Canadian March
4	2	T. THE LIE	4-4 Moderato	Dramatic Tension—Borch
5	1½	D. SANDY LEAVES CABIN	[illegible]	.... Faendole—Bizet
6	2½	D FIGHT	[illegible]	Torch Dance—German
7	1¼	T I DEMAND	[illegible]	Earl King—Schubert
8	2½	T. IN THE [illegible]	[illegible]	Erotik—Grieg
9	2¼	T. AND T[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]Grieg (Sigurd Jorselfar)
10	1¼	T. THEIR [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] Saskatchewan—Caryll
11	1½	T. DAWSO[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]tune (Fast One-Step)
12	3	T. SWEET [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]osy O'Grady—Harris
13	2	T. JIM BLO[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]ry—Frey (One-Step)
14	1½	D. JOAN EN[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]—Friml (Fox-Trot)
15	1¼	T. WHERE IS [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]ian Pansy—Langey
16	1¼	D. BARKER LE[illegible]	[illegible]	. Bob—Kaplan
17	2½	T AFTER A NI[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]-Frey (Fox-Trot)
18	3	D JOAN ENTER[illegible]	[illegible]	. Melancolie—Grainger
19	2¼	T. INCENSED B[illegible]	[illegible]	Tumble In—Friml (Jazz Fox-Trot)
20	1½	D. JOAN RECOG[illegible]	[illegible]rato	.Fourteen Fathoms—Lake (Tension)
21	1½	D. BATEESE ATT[illegible]	4-4 Allegro	Furioso No. 1—Langey
22	1½	T. A MONTH PASS[illegible]	2-4 Moderato	*Evensong—Martin
23	1¼	D. BARKER AT DOOR	2-4 Allegro.	Hurry No. 2—Langey
24	3	D. JOAN CHANGES CLOTHES	4-4 Moderato	Baby Doll—Friml
25	2½	D. JOAN JUMPS ON TABLE	4-4 Molto Allegro	Athalia—Mendelssohn
26	1½	T. I. O. U.	4-4 Moderato	Fourteen Fathoms—Lake (Tension)
27	2¼	D. JIM AND JOAN ENTER CABIN	3-4 Valse Lente	* Land of Romance—Herbert (Theme)
28	2¼	T ACCORDING TO THIS	9-8 Allegro	Turbulence—Gorch
29	1½	T. IF YOU WERE ONLY A MAN	3-4 Valse Lente	* Land of Romance—Herbert (Theme)
30	2	T. THE CUR HAD NO RIGHT	4-4 Allegro	Agitato No. 1—Langey
31	1½	T. SHE'S RIGHT	4-4 Allegro	The Tempest—Lake
32	1½	D. JOAN IN SNOW	3-4 Valse Lente	* Land of Romance—Herbert (Theme)
33	2	T MONTHS PASSED	4-4 Allegretto	Whispering Willows—Herbert
34	1½	T AFTER DAYS	3-4 Valse Lente	* Land of Romance—Herbert (Theme)
35	1½	D SOLICITOR ENTERS	3-4 Allegretto	Air de Ballet—Herbert
36	2	T SEVERAL YEARS PASSED	6-8 Andantino	Memories—Kaiser
37	1½	D JOAN ENTERS OFFICE	3-4 Valse Lente	* Land of Romance—Herbert (Theme)

THE END.

*Theme



"American Patrol" was another of Edna's standbys—with all those grace notes, T-r-rum! T-r-rum! Don't you remember how she used to get excited sometimes and play it when Ham and Bud made love to Ethel Tearle in the Kalems?

Mrs. Bob McKim: "If you don't come across I'll tell the world you write plays!"

"Mean Bob"

Meaning Robert McKim, who has stopped singing in church choirs for quite some time.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, O ye gates,
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors."

THUS in rotund baritone did Robert McKim proclaim the art that was in him in the years 2 to 5 A. Q. (A. Q. and B. Q. being the notations of time on the San Francisco calendar, meaning respectively After and Before the Quake.) McKim was soloist in a church, but now—

"Cut out the weep stuff. That don't get you anything with me. I'll show you who's master here. Go on—pray as long as you like. I can wait. That fine lover of yours is a hundred miles away with a crippled flivver and before he gets here—"

You know the line of stuff. "Mean Bob"—that's his ticket in the casting director's card index. He's been at it ever since 1915 and has such a good reputation for badness that Goldwyn has taken a long lease on him. And then again—

"Now, dear, you go out on the lawn and take your knitting. Just because it's the maid's night out you're not going to make a slave out of yourself. I'll wash up the dishes and feed the cat and water the ukelele bush and everything. No, I'm not a bit tired—didn't do a thing all day but sit around and swap stories."

The lady on the receiving end of the conversation is Mrs. Dorcas Matthews McKim, herself not unfamiliar to them who sit in darkness and look upon the lighted screen.

"Bob" writes, too. Not scenarios—but plays. Short ones, pithy and dramatic. Some day he is going to take one of his one-act creations on a vaudeville tour.

McKim was an advertising salesman in those days when he sang in the San Francisco choir. On week days he labored strenuously to convince advertisers of the value of printer's ink. The voice which sold space in the dailies on weekdays pleased hundreds on Sundays and came to the notice of the theater managers.

Then McKim left the advertising business, and never returned to it. Behind the footlights, in stock, at the San Francisco Alcazar, he played many roles. He toured the Orpheum circuit three seasons with Lily Langtry, "The Jersey Lily."

In 1915 he heard the call of the clicking shutter, started pictures as *Doc Hardy* in "The Disciple" with Bill Hart, and has been playing villains ever since, with increasing success. Some of his best recent work has been seen in "Wagon Tracks," "The Westerners" and "Out of the Dust."

As the painter in "The Disciple" he treated Enid Markey cruelly and made Bill Hart mad.

One of his best bad roles—the Indian in "The Westerners" with Mildred Manning.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Wall Street. That the greatest money interests in the world shall eventually come into control of the business element of any activity so profitable as moving pictures has been predicted from the beginning. Rumors of a constant spreading of this interest arise from week to week. The word "trust" is bandied about, sometimes with hope, sometimes with resentment. Whatever influences are at work, there is nothing for the public to fear. No matter who makes the pictures, no matter who distributes them, no matter who owns the theatres, you, who provide the sole revenue upon which these activities operate, can always stay away when the results are not to your liking. And the moment you begin staying away, there will at once arise a new Moses to lead the pictures back out of the wilderness. You are at the mercy of a trust which can control a necessity, but the trust which controls a luxury is at the mercy of its customers.

The gentlemen who have the resources and the intelligence to bring together a number of warring interests and unify them for the improvement of business conditions, are not so blind as to be ignorant of this fact. So whatever manipulations may come and go, whatever combinations may be formed, the picture will remain as it is desired by its public. There is no other factor in modern life so directly and completely controlled by the public as motion pictures.

Two For One The scenario editor of a moving picture company bought a certain very famous novel and dealt it over to one of his continuity writers to be turned into a manuscript for the screen. When the continuity man brought in his version of the story, the editor read it with growing amazement. At last he said:

"This is a cracking good story, but it isn't much like the original. Tell you what we'll do, we'll give your story a new title, call it an original, and give the book to another member of the staff to make the real adaptation."

And so they got two stories for the price of one.

Exit the Fantastics. Throughout the comings and goings of the moving pictures of today, one characteristic is manifest, not only among the best but among the mediocre and largely also among even those films which are far below grade. This is a definite determination to cling as closely as possible to that which is humanly possible in plot and character. The straining after the fantastic has almost entirely ceased. There was a time when scenario writers and producers seemed to be asking themselves persistently, "How far can we get from actuality?" They strove for sensationalism — not so much the sensationalism based upon tremendous emotions, but that which is based upon a nightmare of imagination running riot.

It had to be. The whole foundation of the moving picture structure rests upon this solid fact — that the people whose millions of dimes make possible the advancement of pictures, are not readers of exotic European literature, not men and women who dream of worlds far different from this, but real folks who know only this world and its social laws, regardless of what they may hope for the life to come. With irresistible force they compel the producer of pictures to show them that which has counterparts in their experience or their knowledge of the experience of others, or coldly abandon him to an inglorious fate.

The fantastic is fast disappearing. In its place has come the humanly recognizable.

What Are Your Hands For? You don't check your hands at the door when you go to see pictures. There is no reason why you shouldn't use them.

You know what they are for when you go to a play, or musical comedy, or a vaudeville show. You slap them together just to let the entertainers know you like them.

Did it ever occur to you that applause is much more important at a picture theatre than it is at a play?

The manager of a theatre where the "speakies" are seen and heard has many ways of telling whether or not his players and his play please his audiences. The play runs a week or more in most instances, and the audiences increase or decrease accordingly as the piece is unpopular or not. Applause is nothing but noise — gratifying noise, of course, but unimportant in results.

The moving picture goes into the average theatre for a day or two. It gets its patronage from a combination of the reputation of the house and the popularity of the star. The only way the manager can tell whether or not his patrons are pleased, is by their applause. The only way the producer can tell whether or not he is on the right road to your approval is by the manager's reports.

Remember what your hands are for, and don't be afraid to use them.

Miss White found a warm friend and champion in Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish author, while a guest at her place at Bayside, Long Island, pictured below.

The Girl on the Cover

Pearl White — who, having achieved Fame and Wealth, is now a victim of Ambition.

By

JULIAN JOHNSON

THIS is no account of Pearl White's "career." She has told her own story, probably more simply and honestly than anyone else will ever tell it, in "Just Me," that frank self-revelation in which she idolizes her dead mother, heartily assails her father's weaknesses, expresses the step-child's usual opinion of her stepmother, and continually, in an easy flow of slang and colloquialism, holds her own character and her own acts, and their consequences, up to pitiless scrutiny.

Rather, these lines are a chronicle of unprecedented celebrity and success; a survey of a career crowded before thirty with adventures such as Dumas might have conceived for a female D'Artagnan, marked with world-wide celebrity, and secured by a self-won fortune.

There are two things responsible for the famous and rich Pearl White of today.

Moving pictures.

And Pearl White.

Success needs only two things: ability and opportunity. The early years of the twentieth century brought to American women the same vast, almost fabulous chances that came to their grandfathers in the middle of the century preceding. What the expansion of the West and the great organization of industry opened up to many a young man, the motion picture spread before such young girls as were alert enough, and husky enough, and apt enough to take advantage of it. With the exception of Mary Pickford, I can think of no girl who has reaped her field of chance so completely, opulently, securely, as Pearl White.

On a January evening we were sitting at Miss White's dining-table in the right wing of her great house near Bayside, a Long Island suburb of the metropolis, thirty-five minutes from Broadway by train, and less than that by motor. Yet for seclusion we might have been in the Canadian woods or the Florida Everglades. In the front of the house a great lawn ends in a garden edged with a grove of towering trees, and only beyond them runs the road. Back of the house are fields; at the side, a private beach and the quiet waters of Long Island Sound. It was very cold outside, and the light from the windows fell upon untrodden snow, gleaming like diamond-dust in the sharp, still air. The correct and noiseless butler had just served the last course of a very correct and simple dinner. At the end of the table the actress-proprietress sat. She had, but an hour before, returned from a strenuous day in the Fox studio in Manhattan, yet all traces of her working hours had been removed. She had gowned herself in the sim-

Here's sauce for the gander, if we are any judge of lip-reading. The fowl is part of her Long Island sovereignty.

p'est of blue frocks; her hair was brushed straight back; around her lips and eyes and on her cheeks not a trace of make-up or even of powder or rouge remained. In the *salon*, across a wide hall, a tall clock with a low voice chimed eight. A light from a shaded lamp fell across a grand piano, and bathed a library table, heavy with books and manuscripts, like an author's work-bench, in a soft reverie of light. It was a quiet place for luxurious dreams, and somehow, it was a little melancholy. The girl-woman at the table's end put her cup gently back into its saucer, and it seemed to me that even that made too much noise. As I looked at her I thought of a female Alexander, with no more worlds to conquer.

I had in mind several questions, any one of which I might have asked. I had ready several observations, more or less philosophic, and all of them, questions and answers, rather inapropos.

I was saved from asking or stupidly remarking by the butler, who came back to ask a question of his own.

"The letters, ma'am. There are four hampers of them now. Hadn't you better—"

"Why, yes! Thanks for reminding me." And to me: "Want to see my mail?"

It was with no particular thrill that I followed her into a white chamber adjoining the dark-paneled Department of Food. I had seen the correspondence of a movie actress on sundry occasions, and had always wondered, thereafter, if the world were worth making safe for democracy.

But I had never seen such an enormous, cosmopolitan, world-wide representation of attention. My first thought was that a stamp-collector would have paid her a hat-checker's privilege price merely for a secretaryship. There were letters bearing the stamps of countries I had never heard of—commonwealths given birth by the Peace Commission in Paris. All of the older governments were in Congress assembled by their postage. There were postal cards from Annam and Java and Czecho-Slovakia and Duquoin, Ill. Mostly from women. There were few mash notes. The letters from boys were merely the hopeful ebullitions of the stage-struck, or respectful solicitations for photographs.

"Since New Year's," said the recipient. January was at that moment two weeks and a half old.

And so they pile, until, every two or three weeks, a bevy of stenographers is carted out from town, and they are respectfully and appreciatively acknowledged. If *you* are a letter-writer, do not expect to get a genuinely personal note from Pearl White unless you have genuine business upon which to write her.

Pearl White has her splendid home at Bayside not solely because she is a movie queen, highly in demand and marvellously paid, but because she possesses that which is really the quality of few men: the true financial instinct. She began saving her pennies when she sold papers, at the age of eight, in Springfield, Mo., and though she spent these savings many times over, and was generally, in her independent early career, upon the verge of walking to save an eighty-cent railway fare, she saved money whenever she had a job strong enough to hold together for more than a few weeks, and on the second of July, 1913, had banked enough from tank shows and primitive movies to sum up, in several deposits, six thousand dollars—which she promptly

(Continued on page 115)

Who Put The Ocean So Far From the Shore?

THOSE clever film directors, of course. Now we know where they get that nautical phrase, "quarter deck." But so long as the finished picture provides all the thrills of a real ship in a real storm at sea, what are a few port bows and mizzenmasts among friends. This shows how many of those exciting sea pictures are arranged when there isn't an ocean handy. Here you see the ship built for "The Tower of Ivory." Note the rain machine at the left — the falsework — from whence tons of water were discharged while a wind machine blew it down the chutes, dashing it across the finished side of the deck.

Count de Strelecki

GERRY AND LOU--not to mention the pet of the Tellegen menage, the Pekingese. Miss Farrar is one of the most enthusiastic women in the theatre: when she is not singing at the Metropolitan, she is in California making pictures.

MARY MacLAREN. It is hard to picture her in the Winter Garden chorus, yet that is where she had her theatrical beginnings. She didn't like it at all: but curiously enough some of her best picture parts have been show-girls.

Paramount-Post Nature

The canvases of nature are more enthralling than any painting. So for a picture gallery we recommend any of the good scenics we have on the screen, for the camera has caught the best in landscapes. One can almost hear the rustle of the trees and the soothing swish of the water over the stones.

We might say that Pauline Frederick's collection of feather fans is almost as large as her human collection; but we'd rather tell you that Polly's pet hobby is collecting these, from the curiously carved fans from the Orient to the huge plumes which add the finishing touch to any woman's evening ensemble.

J. C. Milligan

COMEDY has another kick coming against the drama, since Mildred Reardon went in for the serious stuff. A foil for Arbuckle and a former Follies beauty, she was discovered by DeMille, and is now a full-fledged featurette.

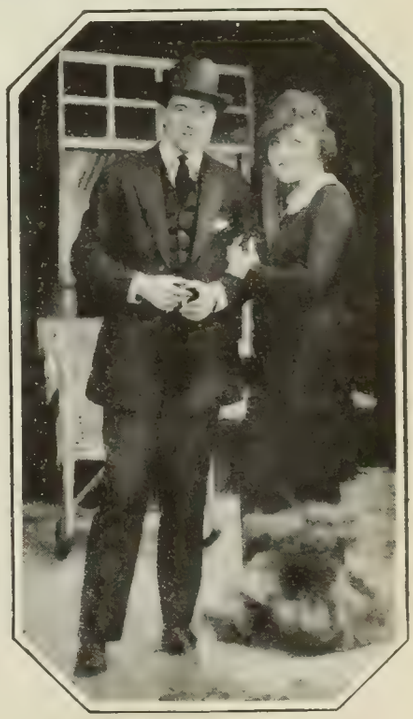
More Comfy Than Japan

After a vacation in Nippon, declares Ethel Clayton, one's very own American home is indeed restful.

A grand piano—plenty of books—flowers—these are the soothing friends of Joseph Kaufman's widow.

The bungalow rests in a secluded corner of Hollywood.

ETHEL CLAYTON, upon her return from a trip to Japan, on a long vacation following her period of mourning for her late husband, Joseph Kaufman, settled down in a duck of a bungalow in Hollywood. It is in a secluded spot, this Clayton home, nestling in a small hill with plentiful shrubs. Here Ethel and her mother spend their hours outside the studio. A woman of thoughtful turn of mind, the star finds her library more engrossing than almost any other recreation. She spends much time out-of-doors, in a lovely garden that is one of her "show-rooms" about the place. The haunts of Hollywood—the Broadway of the west, and its cafes—don't know Ethel Clayton; she is seen seldom. After her day at Lasky's she is ready and willing to go home and seek a sheltered spot to read, or dream. We wish her artistic future would bring back to us the old Ethel of the Lubin domestic dramas. She's a charming "wife" on the screen.



Miss Clayton with her brother, a frequent visitor.

"The Luck of Geraldine Laird" brings back Bessie Barriscale in the best thing since her Ince-Triangle days.

Such combinations as that which produced Miss Pickford's "Pollyanna" will prove the saviors of the screen.

THE popular pose, I know, is to make light of tears in the theater—to declare that anything that inspires weeping must necessarily be cheaply sentimental; that all the tears of all the actresses are crocodile tears, and all their suffering the most artificial sort of make believe.

Probably the heroine with the moist cheek is smeared with vaseline, and rises from her bed of pain to curse her cameraman for not having given her more footage in the close-up. (Incidentally, I loathe that death stab to illusion, the tearful close-up.) And if some one were to tell me that the crippled lad who is made straight and sound by a trusting faith, once he hears the shutter of the camera click, skips off the lot with a raucous cheer of joy to beg the loan of a cigarette from the venerable healer who has performed the miracle, I should believe it.

Still, under the spell of the illusion, I weep for him, and am unashamed. To me, for the moment, he stands for all other miserable souls who suddenly have been plunged into a great happiness. Twenty years of playgoing did not save me from an embarrassed exit when they turned up the lights on the acted performance of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and I was caught sheepishly dabbing a pair of red eyes with a moist handkerchief as I stumbled up the aisle.

By Burns Mantle

Keystone View Co., Inc.

Naturally, therefore, the acted play, or the incidental scene, or the individual performance of the trained emotionalist that wins what I am pleased to consider the tribute of tears from me appeals to me as representing a measure of perfection achieved in that particular phase of playmaking. So it was with "Pollyanna" and Mary Pickford's performance therein.

Analyze "Pollyanna" and you find it conventionally sure fire. The plight of the "glad" girl is the hokum of the theater at its hokumist. The "glad" game itself, robbed of the thing it stands for, which is the beautiful optimism of youth and the earned rewards of "playing the game" and "being a thoroughbred," is a deliberate bid for your kind applause. It reeks with the sentimentalism of the theater at its baldest. But during its performance in the theater it is a good game, and a cheering one. A week of it and you might strangle Pollyanna. For one afternoon or an evening she is an inspiration.

Miss Pickford, too has the supreme gift of the artist—which is the gift of compelling your belief in her. You hear much of the great actors who submerge completely their personalities in the characters they assume. But you may have noticed you never see them. You always hear about them. They are like the hoop snake of youthful memory. It was your uncle or your grandfather who saw one. The personality that is strong enough to focus and hold your attention upon it is too vital, too vivid, too real a thing to be submerged. And the great actors, of either screen or stage, are those possessed of such commanding personalities that in place of being able to submerge themselves in a character do exactly the opposite. They so envelop and emphasize the character that they substitute their own personalities and literally force your acceptance of them as the person they pretend to be. Their art, and the quality of their art, is in the completeness and the fineness of the substitution. If this were not true the Booth "Hamlet" would have been little, if any, different from other "Hamlets," and the Mary Pickford heroines no more than a professional model for her imitators. Not, that I am comparing Mary with Booth. That would be unfair to Booth.

Miss Pickford is, for example, probably old enough to be the mother of the lad who plays Jimmy Bean to her Pollyanna. This suggestion may vaguely obtrude itself when

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Review of the new pictures by Burns Mantle and Photoplay Magazine Editors

"Six Best Cellars" starring Bryant Washburn, relates the departure of John Barleycorn from an exclusive suburb.

they are placed next each other in the close-ups. But the spirit of her performance is as convincingly youthful as his, and though her waistline is more mature, her heart is as light, and the sparkle of her eyes as bright. So far as your impression of "Pollyanna" is concerned, she is the best little playmate he ever had.

Miss Pickford's division of the United Artists' Corporation has done well with "Pollyanna." It is sweet, but not drippy. It tells an interesting story without recourse to conventional drama. The cross aunt (Katherine Griffith) to whom Pollyanna, the orphan, is assigned, is neither a brutal shrew nor an animated New England conscience. The "glad" game with which the heroine sandwiches her adventures is emphasized, but not unduly stressed. And Howard Ralston's Jimmy Bean is a delight.

It requires a director with taste, a star with intelligence, to obtain these results. Working together harmoniously, such combinations will prove the saviors of the screen. More, and more, and still more power to them, say I. The trick is to find directors of taste and stars of intelligence. In this instance Paul Powell is the gentleman concerned.

THIS department is designed as a real service to Photoplay readers. Let it be your guide in picture entertainment. It will save your time and money by giving you the real worth of current pictures.

"OVERLAND RED"—Universal

THOSE who know him best tell me that Universal Harry Carey is himself responsible for most of the better features of his own pictures. His the human touch, his the sound horse sense, his the logic and the humor, his the determination to play men straight and to treat his audiences as at least fairly intelligent.

If this be true, I tip a new fuzzy hat to Harry Carey. "Overland Red" is the best "Western" I have seen since Hector was taught to beg. And it is the best because it is the most human, the most reasonable, and therefore the most appealing. The effort here has not been to stress the wild adventures of a story book people, but to trim with reasonable adventure certain arresting episodes of their intimate lives.

Thus "Overland Red," who was by way of being a bum, took up with Collie, a lad who was scrubbing out western barrooms when they met. Leaving town together these two happen reasonably enough upon a series of adventures that are far from a severe tax upon the credulities of the spectator. They find the body of a prospector, dead in the desert from starvation; on his person, a bag of gold dust and the map of his mining location. They are arrested and charged with murdering the old man by a sheriff who suspects their possession of the maps. They escape and, beating it 'cross country, are helped by the daughter of a ranchman. She stumbles upon their camp, rather likes the looks of Collie, and offers aid. "Overland" gets away on her horse. Collie stays and accepts a job on the ranch. After that the discovery of the mine; the attempts of the sheriff and his gang to jump it; the hesitant but reasonable development of the young people's love story, with which Carey refuses to interfere, even though he is the star; and finally a momentary employment of the elastic arm of coincidence to make the dead miner the live girl's father, followed by the picture's end.

A holding story for which neither excuse nor alibi is necessary. "Overland Red" is a man's picture in which the women will take a great interest, and it does the star, the director and the scenarioist much credit.

"STRONGER THAN DEATH"—Nazimova-Metro

I SUPPOSE Alla Nazimova has the most impressive masque of any of the screen sisterhood. She has, at least, the most

"Slaves of Pride" is a modern allegory featured by the fine acting of three players, Alice Joyce as *Truth*, Percy Marmont as *Pride*, and Gustav von Seyffertitz as *Deceit*.

"Double Speed" presents Wallace Reid in half an evening's blithe entertainment. Speed stuff, robberies, Wanda Hawley's gorgeous cinderella foot – these are noteworthy features.

I tip a new fuzzy hat to Harry Carey. "Overland Red" is the best "Western" I have seen since Hector was taught to beg. It is human and has a most reasonable story.

expressive masque of any I've seen. Also she commands a distinctly unique, a weirdly fascinating personality, and as facile a technique as any of her sisters of the spoken drama. But—

These are negative virtues when the pictured story is dull. No audience can force an interest in a heroine merely because it is expected to do so. She, or her author, must provide an excuse. No excuse, no interest. In "Stronger than Death," for which Husband Charles Bryant provided the scenario, Nazimova walks into the action "cold." With all the mystery of all the ages she looks out upon a scene in India. The imagination leaps to meet her as a goddess of the temple, or a worker of miracles in a strange land, or at least as an active disciple of the fascinating mystics. Yet when the titles speak for her she is no more than a Russian dancer whose dancing days are over because of a weak heart, and who has come to India from London in search of a rich husband. Discovering that they do not grow on bushes, she is reduced to choosing between a villainous, though rich, half-breed, who hopes to gain social recognition by marrying her, and the son of the commandant, who is wholesome and heroic, but poor. She loves this young man, however, and to save him when he finds himself in the power of his wicked rival, she marries the half-breed. Later, when the natives revolt, she holds them spellbound by dancing for hours at the temple of Vishnu, which gives the hero time to bring up the relief and the conclusion is mildly happy. Old George W. Alibi speaks of "Stronger than Death" as a good picture pictorially, and one that will satisfy though it may not thrill the Nazimova following. The star is rather placidly her familiar stage self.

The mass scenes of the rebellious natives and those of the populace flowing in an undulating mass toward the vision of the dancing heroine are well handled.

"DESERT GOLD"—Hodkinson

REMAINING in the west for another paragraph, there is Zane Grey's "Desert Gold" to consider. A handsome series of exteriors through which the fresh air sweeps, even on the screen. Also a series of thrilling incidents with strong men clinging leechlike to perpendicular rocks and courageous ladies riding bravely into a night filled with dangers. A fine rough and tumble barroom mess, too, in which E. K. Lincoln, a fearless lad and a nifty scrapper, makes short work of Rojas, the bandit, otherwise Walter Long.

But, past the beauty of its background and the spirit of its incidents, "Desert Gold" is found to be another western with the familiar assortment of contrasting characters enjoying an equally familiar series of adventures. The hero is old sure-shot Bill, an amiable youth with good teeth and a captivating smile; his faithful friend an untutored savage with the face of a Carlisle professor, at least. Gazing at W. Lawson Butt as this magnificent aborigine, and trying to read into his classic features something of the historic Yaqui character, I could think of nothing but the story of the eastern lady tourist who, spying an Indian squaw and her papoose on an Arizona station platform, sought to open a friendly conversation with the polite query—"Injun baby?" To which the squaw replied, frankly—"Ugh! Half-Injun; half-injuneer!"

Neither does "Desert Gold" sweep along as plausibly as the man in front is always convinced it might have been made to sweep. However, I am not at all sure a lack of plausibility means much to the real movie fan these days. He has been so long fed on improbabilities that his critical senses have been sadly dulled. And the Zane Grey pictures are never extreme offenders. In "Desert Gold" Mr. Lincoln, agreeing to help an old college chum out of a scrape in which a Mexican bandit seeks possession of his (the chum's) fiancée, lets himself in for several open and a few closed fights with the bandits, and a love romance with Eileen Percy, a ranchman's daughter. He, with a little help from the cast, and the director, whips the bandits, outwits and outfights a sneak who tries to jump the Belding ranch and finally achieves the heroine.

"SIX BEST CELLARS"—Artcraft

INDETERMINATE endings are seldom satisfactory. Every man expects, every woman hopes, the hero will "go through." And because Bryant Washburn balks at the big jump in his life in "The Six Best Cellars" (which is the one best title of

(Continued on page 68)

TOM MIX

—the greatest fighting man

him. He was Tom Mix, first of the great cowboy stars and a figure well remembered. He didn't always play a cowboy, though. Here, with Kathlyn Williams and Charles Clark, he's in "Back to the Primitive."

(Continued from page 66)

the month) some folks are going to be disappointed in this clever Famous Players-Lasky picture.

This is a timely, a human and a consistently told story. It relates the final departure of old John Barleycorn from an exclusive Californian suburb. The six best cellars are owned by the six best fellows and their six exclusive wives. At least that is the supposition. Young Mr. Washburn knows, however, that his particular "cellar" contains no more than the makings for six rounds of cocktails.

First, he tries to cover his alcoholic poverty by manufacturing a little yeast-and-raisin stuff, even as you and I, but this spoils on him and blows up a close-up. Then he tries to buy a little from the amiable Elk who lives across the way and has barrels of it, thinking the ambition of the Lady Elk to get into exclusive society will help him out. But the Lady Elk gets in—without parting with more than her husband serves to his now eager guests. Then, his gods being with him, Bryant falls heir to several cases of a rare old vintage (worth hundreds of dollars a case) only to find the bottles empty the night of the party.

So his alcoholic and social fortunes ebb and flow until, finally, he decides the best way out is to assume a virtue though he likes it not and pretend to indorse prohibition. At which crisis, and just as the prohibitionists have accepted him and given him all their law work, and offered to run him for mayor or something, his aunt really does find a cellar full of the rare old stuff, and asks him to take it over.

What's he to do? Refuse the liquor—and lose money and prestige and a future? Or, take it—and make friends?

He puts it up to the audience: "What would *you* do?"

Indeterminate conclusions, as I said, are seldom satisfying. But, in a similar situation, what *would* you do?

Washburn is quite as immaculate as usual as the worried hero. Wanda Hawley is his pretty wife, and the long cast includes people of better than average competence.

"On With the Dance" is a picture of New York City—crammed with color and vivid sets and real acting by a company that includes Mae Murray.

"SLAVES OF PRIDE"—VITAGRAPH

VITAGRAPH has had the courage to offer in Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Chester's "Slaves of Pride" a picture dependent largely upon the intelligence of its actors and their acceptance by the audience. In both plot and theme it is conventionally ancient. In fact, it is practically a modern allegory—with Alice Joyce playing "Truth," Percy Marmont "Pride," and Gustav von Seyffertitz "Deceit." They are talented players, these three, and each has the gift of projecting with a modicum of conscious effort, the points he or she wishes to make. You never catch one of them out of character, nor find yourself doubting his or her reality.

The story of these slaves is of a young Mr. Howard who was most particular about the honor of his name and his line. He married the heroine, first because her grasping mama threw her at him, and, second, because his secretary and social mentor approved of her. Once married, the new Mrs. Howard found conditions in the home of pride rather difficult, and after her husband had said to her, with some severity, "Mrs. Howard, your behavior displeases me," she determined to run away with the secretary—not with any intention of being a bad girl, but to humiliate her too proud husband. Young Mr. Howard followed after, and learning that the deceitful secretary had escaped continued in pursuit of him until he (the fleeing sec) backed into a railroad train and was squashed. Then the husband went home and contemplated shooting himself, seeing that his stubborn pride had made a hash of his life. But visions of his wife, who really loved him, followed him from room to room until she herself appeared, and all was forgiven.

The Howards were, you feel sure, considerably less proudful after that, and much more human. Save for an occasionally strained formality—as in the case of "Mrs. Howard, your behavior displeases me," etc., the titles are carefully edited, preserving both the character and flavor of the story. The pictured background, taking in sections of another of those million dollar estates, is fine. Von Seyffertitz is a suave and dignified deceiver, Miss Joyce her usual lovely and perfectly poised self, and Percy Marmont an excellent choice for the proud Howard. Fine actors all. It cannot be sure of wide popularity, this picture, but it is worth praising for the quality of its editing and its production.

(Continued on page 106)

Alice Brady has never been seen to greater disadvantage than in "The Fear Market." The plot, taken from a story by Amelie Rives, presents nothing new.

"Other Men's Shoes," directed by Edgar Lewis, drips with sentimentality, but will appeal to very many, especially to the sort of ladies who dote on ministers.

You can buy the loveliest the decorators have to offer

"*Do you like this soft gray chintz scattered with sweet old-fashioned nose-gays? Or this silk from China?—very 'different,' with its large vivid birds on queer boughs. And for your own boudoir, madame, these filmy lengths of mauve and rose chiffon—*"

Be sure that you choose just the fabric you like. No material is too exquisite, none too delicate to wash the gentle Lux way. The laundry, the cleaners' bills—these are but silly fears of the past. You can trust to Lux any material that water alone will not hurt.

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Never let a fine fabric really get soiled

Dirt that is allowed to stay in actually cuts the tiny fibres. If you even *suspect* that striped taffeta slip cover or those yellow silk hangings of looking less bright, slip them into a big bowlful of the pure Lux suds. Let Lux take care of all your beautiful draperies and find out how long they *can* last. Your grocer, druggist, or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to wash silks and colored fabrics

Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water, then add cold water till lukewarm. Colors should be washed quickly to prevent running. Dip the fabric up and down in the foamy suds. Squeeze the suds through the soiled spots —*do not rub.*

Rinse in three lukewarm waters. When possible, roll silks in a towel to dry. If colored fabrics are hung up to dry, they should be hung in the shade. Press with a warm iron.

There's nothing like Lux for fine hangings

LUX

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Make Your Own Hats?

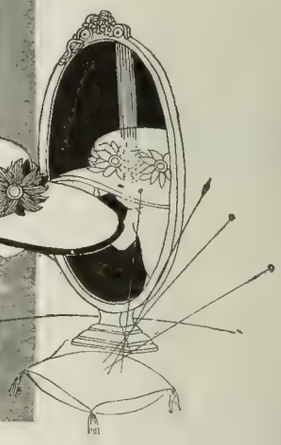
In these blustery March and April days a little turban of this type is just the thing. Velvet flowers encircle the short brim.

In the diamond above —a home-made hat whose crown consists entirely of fringed ribbon. The brim of this hat is blue silk; it is built on a light frame, and the ribbons are a soft brown.

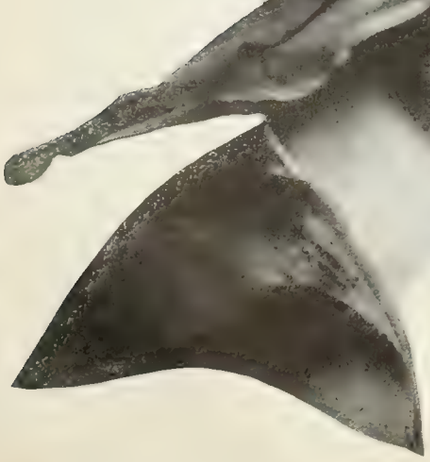
Directly above is a closeup view of the hat she is making below in the large picture. A mid-season model, of black velvet. An extremely youthful young person herself, Constance saw an even smaller girl, of high-school age, wearing a hat trimmed with a jet tassel.

Made up as "Little-Miss-By-the-Day", she spends her spare time between scenes in the studio, trimming her own hats.

Days making movies and evenings in "39 East" give Constance Binney plenty of time to cheat the milliner.



Photography by Apeda



Here is a flower hat. The brim is a huge petal; the crown is of violets; and a deep red rose of velvet with life-like petals peeps over the brim.

ALMOST any little girl likes to fuss with dolls. And one of the things that is most fun to a make-believe mother is "making doll clothes" —collecting scraps from some sewing-basket and, with many painstaking finger-pricks, wrinkling of brow and screwing up of nose, evolve a tiny garment, or a hat. Hats are much more fun than dresses. One's imagination may be let loose and allowed to soar. A hat is such a light, frothy adjunct to a wardrobe. It should have flower trimmings, and bows, and ribbons galore. And it is a decided asset to any doll-baby's sartorial *ensemble*.

Constance Binney used to love to sew. Doll-clothes

(Continued on page 72)

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APPERSON

Make Your Own Hats

(*Concluded from page 70*)

This is a luscious hat. There are cherries, and apples, grapes and other fruit. It isn't close-fitting, but perches on the top of the head.

were her hobby, next to dancing. And as she grew up she turned from clothes to hats; whenever her mother would buy her a new one she would take it all apart, and retrim it to suit herself. When she was completely grown up she hardly ever visited a hat shop. She collected bare skeletons of hats, and trimmed them herself; made them bloom from bits of silk and ribbon, and fancy flowers she had saved. Today, Constance Binney is not only earning enough money to send that overworked wolf away from her door never to return—but she could walk in a Fifth Avenue hat shop and purchase several dozen creations without injuring her pocketbook to any appreciable extent. But—does she spend money on hats? She does not. She still makes all her own, and the results are original, economical, and simply in keeping with Miss Binney's demure personality.

She doesn't believe in freakish headgear. She hates what she calls "musical comedy hats"—those, for instance, with the tall aigrettes shooting up smartly in front. Her tastes run to toques and turbans—because, she remarks, she doesn't have much time for fancy hats. And she never rushes the seasons by wearing a flowery hat in March or April. She has a hat for every day, mood, and expression, and a set for every season.

PHOTOPLAY found out about Miss Binney's hat trimming talents one day in her studio. She was, at the time, enacting the charming character of "Little Miss By-the-Day" at the film studio and playing in "Thirty-Nine East" in the theatre every evening. It was between scenes—and there was Constance tucked away in a corner, looking for all the world like the tiny girl she used to be, not very many years ago, either, finishing a smart little hat she had conceived and started the day before.

"All you need," said Constance, "is a frame, some idea of the kind of hat you want, a ribbon or two, and a needle and thread. Of course you have to like to do it, to be able to do it well.

Her favorite late winter hat. She made it herself, having collected all the materials, in about forty-five minutes, waiting for her scene to be called. (To be quite truthful, it was the director who waited for her to answer the call.)

School for Extras

By
Jane Bernoudy

(With apologies to Kipling)

I'VE taken my jobs where I found 'em;
I've mobbed and I've suped in my time;
I've had my pickin' of sweethearts,
An' four of the lot was prime.
One was a Merry-Widow,
An' one was an Ingenue,
An' one was the "mate" of some poor extra "skate,"
An' the other?—She "acted" too.

Now I ain't no hand for the pitchers;
For, takin' 'em all along,
You never can tell till you've tried 'em,
Which maybe'll land you wrong.
There'r times when you think you are lucky,
An' there's times when you know you are not;
But there's things you can learn from the wimmin an' girls,
That'll sure help you out on the "Lot."

I was a young guy at Scrunton's,
Dodgin' the girls to begin;
But Mamie de Vernon she seen me,
(An' Mamie was clever as sin)
Older than me, an' a wise one—
Sorta "promoter" she were—
But she showed me the way to get five bucks a day,
An' I learned about pitchers from her.

Then I went over to Scoldwyn's,
Mobbin' an' stickin' around,
An' I got me a *"regular"* chicken,
Who didn't weigh more than a pound.
Pretty, an' cute, an' deceitful,
Regular doll-face she were.
But she knew the Big Guys, an' she sure put me wise,
So I learned about pitchers from her.

Then somehow I drifted to Nasky's,
(Or she might have had all that I got);
Met up with some black-eyed "Salome,"
The wife of a guy on the Lot.
Knew all the Leads in the business,
Regular "mixer" she were,
But she gave me some "tips," an' it got me some bits,
An' I learned about pitchers from her.

Then one day I worked in a Dance Hall,
'Long of a girl of sixteen—
She was just new in the Movies,
An' didn't "get" half what she seen.
Stage-struck an' young, was her trouble,
She didn't know what it were,
So I biffed the Star's lid, who got fresh with the kid,
An' got canned outa pitchers for her!

I've taken my jobs where I've found 'em,
I've mobbed an' I've suped in my time,
An' for all of the good it has done me,
I wouldn't give half a thin dime.
An' the end of it's sittin' an' cussin',
Fer tryin' an actor to be—
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not)—
An' learn about pitchers from me.

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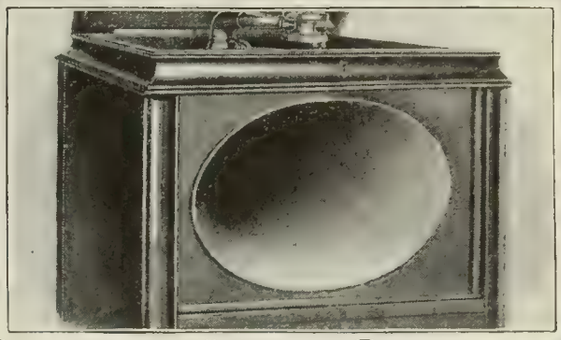

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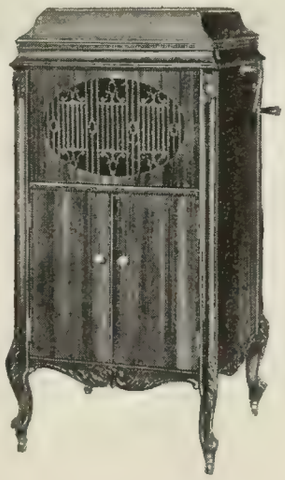

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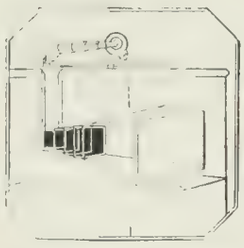

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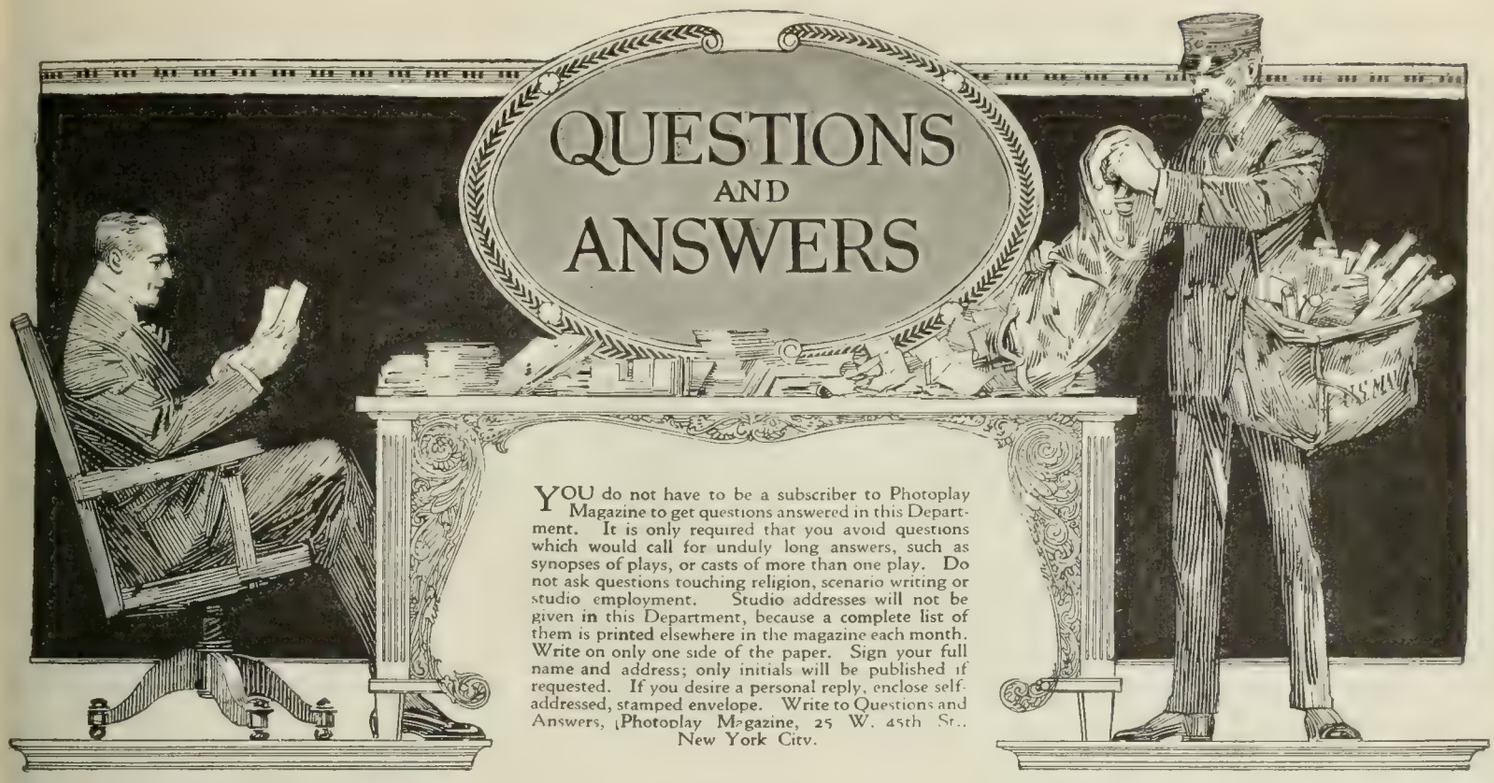

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

MISS J. P., CHICAGO.—If cooking is a woman's work, as you say, then it is often true that woman's work is never done. But I don't mean to discourage you; I'll be only too glad to sample your cookies. I can't send you Constance Talmadge's photograph, my child; but I would advise you to wait; you will surely receive one from her. The Talmadge mail, collectively and individually and every other way, is exceedingly abundant.

CLARENCE F. COOK, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.—Harold Lloyd, that brisk young comedian, is with Pathe-Rolin; address him care Rolin studios, Los Angeles, Cal. Mildred Davis is his new leading woman; she is a blonde, while the beautiful Bebe was a brunette baby.

L. W., BROOKLYN.—So you want to give your fiance a surprise for his birthday. Well, I should suggest that you tell him your age. I have no record of a Mildred Allen. Dick Barthelmess will probably get around to answering your letter in time—but maybe not in time to keep you from transferring your affections to Harrison Ford. Ford used to be married, which is my gentle way of saying that he is now divorced.

E. T. S., DAYTON.—So this is the third time you've tried writing. You do exceedingly well at it, I must say. And to think, say you, that Dorothy Gish was born in Dayton. Yes, just think of it. But the really interesting thing about it is that she was born in Dayton so few years ago. Dorothy is only twenty-one. You think Ralph Graves is a dream. Yes, but the questions you girls ask me about him makes it more like a nightmare. Lew Cody's first stellar effort is "The Beloved Cheater." I have heard that Lew has every leading lady in films working with him in this, but the report may be exaggerated. Cody isn't married—right now.

MARION S., BROOKLYN.—Many, many congratulations. Just think what I have missed: not having a brand-new baby boy named after me, because I am not at liberty to tell its mother, one of my favorite correspondents, my real name! Anyway, the best of luck to you and the boy; may he grow up and prosper. Nazimova may send you her picture if you write her care Metro studio, Hollywood, Cal. I haven't her age; but like many Russian women of the artistic type, she has no age, for art is eternal. Best wishes to you always; please write again.

DOLORES AND LESLIE LA DELLE, JACKSON, MICH.—Madge Evans hasn't left the screen; she is with Prizma, which company took over her World contract on the passing of World as a producing organization. She appears in the natural-color pictures. Madge is growing up fast. She was on the stage before she went on the screen. Come again, kidlets.

SUNSHINE OF THE PLAINS, FAIRMOUNT.—I don't want to discourage you, but I believe a little hard-hearted advice will do you good. Why don't you try writing about real things and human beings, rather than mighty joys and perfectly colossal sorrows of story-book people? Don't make all your heroines beautiful and virtuous; don't draw your male characters like Gibson men. Good heavens, woman, look around you! Robert Harron is with Griffith, Mamaroneck, New York. He isn't married.

M. M. ST., LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.—You say you thought you saw a wedding ring on Dorothy Gish's hand in a picture she sent you and want to know if she is married secretly? Not secretly or any other way. She's still enjoying the blessed state of singleness. Tom Moore played with Alice Joyce in the old Kalem days. Write to Goldwyn enclosing sufficient stamps for a picture of him. Naomi Childers, Hazel Daly, and Gloria Hope in "The Gay Lord Quex." Tom's sister, and Owen's and Matt's—Mary Moore—died while abroad.

B. B. TAFT, CALIFORNIA.—Yes'm, your letters are very absorbing—but then so is my blotting-paper. I always answer you, in full and in high, do I not? Please, please believe that Theda Bara did not succumb to the 'flu. See her in her latest picture and be convinced of it. She is now rehearsing for a stage play. Wallace Reid? No, I don't think he is conceited. Charles Ray's wife is a non-professional. Mrs. Wallace Reid, Dorothy Davenport, was a screen actress and is going to make a re-appearance in a new Lasky picture. I believe she is in "The Fighting Chance" with Conrad Nagle. There's a Wallace Reid, Jr. See Barthelmess answer elsewhere.

MRS. SHERMAN J. L., RADCLIFFE, IOWA.—Isn't it dreadful, the price we pay to have laundries remove the buttons from our shirts? There isn't any reason why I should not give you Dorothy Dalton's personal address; it's the Hotel Des Artistes, New York City, N. Y. Mabel Normand has returned to Culver City, and is again making pictures for Goldwyn. Mabel's a great girl; we are very good friends indeed. Mary MacLaren, Universal City, Cal. Others elsewhere, please.

FRANK MCG., TOLEDO.—I've heard from you before, not? Meseems that handwriting has a familiar ring. I never had whiskers, my boy. And I will never have them, so help me Gillette! Douglas Fairbanks has always been an athlete, since he was a small boy. He did not, of course, jump over the props on the stage as he does Nature's scenery in the movies, but he was a farce comedian of a high order. "He Comes Up Smiling," "Officer 666" and "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." were some of his legitimate entertainments. "The Lamb" and "His Picture in the Papers" were two of his first photoplays. I suppose he must exercise in one way or another every day to keep in trim. His work in itself is excellent training. I have been to Toledo; in fact, you can tell me little about that town I don't know.

H. J. T., GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS.—Your wish came true. Betty Compson had her cover and story in PHOTOPLAY. Usually we can justly take the credit for the first heralding of any new star. Among our eminent "discoveries" have been Mary Thurman and Florence Vidor. Miss Compson also plays the leads in George Loane Tucker's second production "Ladies Must Live." As Tucker and the Famous Players-Lasky and Mayflower companies are now involved in considerable litigation it is doubtful when you will see this picture,—and the fair Betty. I'm with you hoping the time will be soon. Write her care Tucker company, Los Angeles.

(Continued)

C. D. Rockford, Liverpool, N. Y.—Frances Marion usually does adaptations; but there is no doubt she can do original things, too. I have heard that she is at work on a book. Her latest work is "Pollyanna;" she made a corking scenario of the Porter book. She and Mary Pickford are together again; great friends in real life, their respective talents aid and abet one another on the screen. She is married to Lieut. Thompson. Most of the pictures shown in foreign countries are American-made productions. We lead the world in film output, both as to quantity and quality.

Mary Carr, Chicago.—I do not look like the free-verse Greenwich Village nut you drew in the upper-left-hand corner; neither do I look like the matinee idol with the deep-dimples in the upper right. The bald gentleman who looks like a newspaper reporter does not resemble me in the least.—Because, you see, I HAVE A CHIN. I don't care how you libel me; insult me if you will. But—*I have a chin,* and don't you forget it Otherwise, you're a mighty nice child, and I want to hear from you often. I don't think you're quakerish. Mahlon Hamilton, not Milton Sills, in "Daddy Long-Legs." Both gentlemen use their own names as far as I know.

Babe.—You are "just dying" to drop in and see me; and you are "simply wild" to know if Wallace Reid has one or two sons. I would absolutely pass away if you dropped in on me, and I am crazy to let you know that Wallace has one son, Bill. Realart Pictures' home office is at 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Wanda Hawley is married to J. Burton Hawley, L. A., automobile man; address her Lasky studios, Hollywood. Elliott Dexter will be back soon, if he isn't by the time you read this.

Margaret G., Chicago.—Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert K. Sanborn. He is president of Equity Pictures Corporation, which releases Clara Kimball Young's films. Gloria will continue to act as a DeMille heroine. I have never said that Dick Barthelmess was married. Unless your sense of humor had gone astray, you never would have misread that paragraph. Gloria Swanson was born in America.

Adelaine M. W.—Marie Walcamp is in Japan right now, which should provide good and sufficient reason why you have not heard from her. Besides, she is Mrs. Harland Tucker now. He's her leading man in her new serial. Ruth Roland and Pearl White will probably get around to your letter in time. Cultivate a little of my best quality: patience.

Hilda O. W., Canton.—Modern innovations have played the deuce with romantic novels. For instance, once when an author wrote pathetically that "she (the heroine) would never hear those dear footsteps coming down the hall any more" one would drag out the old kerchief and cry thereinto. Now, however, one laughs and deduces that "he" wears rubber heels. See the ad. in any magazine, subway, or street-car. Your mother was right when she said you were at the inquisitive age; but please ask your mother for me when a girl stops being at the inquisitive age? Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell, also a Vitagraph player. He was with his wife in "The Tower of Jewels."

M. M. M., Detroit.—Now, yours is the kind of a letter that brightens me considerably. Mary Miles Minter's new address is the Lasky studios in Hollywood, where she is making her new pictures for Realart. Her sister is Margaret Shelby, who sometimes lends her dusky beauty to Mary's films.

O. P., Indiana.—My dear girl, I am as moral as an upright piano. Ruth Roland is with her own company, making serials for Pathe. She works in the west. "The Adventures of Ruth" is her latest. William Duncan is still Vitagraphing; so, too, is Edith Johnson. Carol Halloway is not with them any more.

Rubia, Argentina.—What a very charming name, and more charming letter. Are there any more like you, down in Argentina? I am not at all sure that a blonde with gray eyes and freckles wouldn't make a good screen subject. Are there many film studios where you reside? If so, have your father take you to one of them and try to get a test made. That's the only way to tell. Your small brother should write to Bill Hart at his Hollywood studio.

B. M., Buffalo.—I appreciate your asking my advice in a matter that means much to you. Until I know all the circumstances, however, I should hesitate to advise you one way or the other. There would seem to be no reason why you should not try your wings, your vocal wings, if you really have talent in this direction: but, on the other hand, if it would cause your family a great deal of sorrow, it would not be the thing to leave them for an uncertain career in New York. Don't be afraid of New York; it is hard only on those who fear it. I really wish you would write to me again. Meanwhile, don't get rusty on your dictation. Stenography's a handy thing to know y' know.

Bill's Fans, Brooklyn.—Good old Bill Farnum is as reliable among actors as Bull Durham is among tobaccos—although Bill may not fancy the abrupt comparison. So you want his picture in the rotogravure-art section. You shall have it as *pronto* as possible. His first picture was made some years ago, for Famous Players: "The Sign of the Cross." He also made "The Nigger"—although for another company—and others. His latest for Fox, is "Heart Strings." See him soon in "If I Were King." He is married, and has an adopted daughter, Olive.

(Continued on page 122)

Photoplay Magazine's Second Letter Contest

During the years that you have been going to see motion pictures, you have been unconsciously weighing them, and sifting them, and gathering them together in a list of what you consider the best shadow plays you have ever seen.

"This picture was better than a sermon," you confess at the close of some inspiring drama.

"I never laughed so hard in my life as I did at that comedy. It made me feel like a youngster again"—or "it gave me a new lease on life"—or "it made me forget all about my troubles," is your verdict another time.

"I think this picture is the most beautiful one I have ever seen," you say again.

If you analyze the "becauses" back of your liking for these pictures, you will find that there was something in them that lifted you out of yourself, that took hold on you, that brought to the surface some sleeping impulse for good, that gave you the feeling that you had spent your time well.

These pictures have become a part of you. Your memory has written them down and has been keeping them for you. They are not forgotten for the reason that they are expressions of sincere work, they are real, they are worth while.

Those pictures which have been mediocre, dull, unworthy, have faded away into oblivion. They had nothing to give. They have not met the test. They are gone out.

It is so with everything in life.

How does this list of 12 pictures, printed below, compare with the list of 12 pictures which you consider the best?

Cabiria
The Birth of a Nation
Stella Maris
Manhattan Madness
We Are French
Les Miserables
The Miracle Man
The Cup of Life
Revelation
The Spoilers
Shoulder Arms
Blind Husbands

Perhaps you do not feel that these are the best motion pictures yet made. Perhaps you think that "Judith of Bethulia," or "The Vagabond," or "My Old Dutch"—or still others belong in the places of these pictures named.

Photoplay Magazine wants you to write and tell your list of twelve best motion pictures. Photoplay wants you to tell why you think they are the best, for what reasons they are worth while, why they deserve to live.

For the BEST LETTER OF NOT OVER 500 WORDS on this subject, Photoplay will pay $25. For the second best letter it will pay $15. For the three next best letters, it will pay $10 each.

All Letters must be in by April 1, 1920
The Prize Letters will be published.

Watch for ANOTHER Announcement Next Month

Winning letters in Photoplay's first letter contest will be published in the June issue.

HOW TO FIGHT THE LITTLE FOES WHICH WORK TO MAR YOUR SKIN

YOUR complexion is surrounded by enemies—There is that inward enemy that shines the face. There is the tricksy breeze that dries and dulls the unprotected skin. There is dust that clogs the pores.

Be always on your guard against their wiles.

EXPOSURE to wind, sunlight and dust coarsens your skin. Skin specialists say that you can protect your complexion from this injury by applying a protective cream before every outing.

Of course you cannot apply a *cold* cream before going out—cold cream leaves your face too oily.

Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It is made precisely for daytime and evening use. It has not a bit of oil in it, so it cannot make your face shine.

In this way you can keep your face appealingly soft and smooth no matter how much time you spend out of doors.

YOU never can tell when that treacherous enemy, an ugly glisten, will creep upon you unawares and make you look your worst.

This cannot happen if you powder in such a way that it will last. You cannot expect too much of powder. The right powder foundation is essential if you are to *stay* powdered. For this you cannot use a cold cream. The oil in it soon comes out in a worse glisten than ever.

To foil wind, sun and dust, use a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out

The same greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes the powder stay on

Before powdering rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face. Then notice how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on indefinitely. Until you wash your face it cannot shine again.

DUST is a subtle enemy. When your skin grows dull, loses its clearness, it is simply an announcement that the pores have become clogged deep down with tiny particles of dust.

To remove these, vanishing cream is not enough! Only a cream with a good oil base will suffice.

Before you go to bed and after a train or motor trip, rub Pond's *Cold* Cream into the pores and wipe it off. It contains just enough oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. You will be shocked at yourself when you see how much dirt you were harboring.

When you go downtown, stop at the drug store or any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. You need never again fear the little flaws that ruin one's appearance.

Before retiring remove the dust that is lodged deep in the pores with a cream with an oil base—Pond's Cold Cream

YOUR SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

Every skin needs two creams. For daytime and evening a cream specially made without oil, so that it cannot reappear in a shine. This is Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has no oil and cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient which is prescribed by world famous physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from the weather, for a powder foundation and for freshening the skin at a moment's notice.

On the other hand, for cleansing, for supplying a lack of oil, and for massage, Pond's Cold Cream should be used. Its formula was worked out to supply just the amount of oil required to give it the fullest cleansing power, and just the smoothness to work well into the skin.

Neither of these creams will foster the growth of hair on the face.

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Sample of Pond's Cold Cream
Instead of free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
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A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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POND'S
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One with an oil base and one without any oil

Granny had taught Polly to read from an old worn Bible.

Polly of the Storm Country

Granny Hope had said, "Love is stronger'n hate." And so it proved to be.

By
NANON BELOIS

SHE was "Pollyop" to the rough, weatherbeaten, always hungry squatters who had invited themselves to a bit of worthless, rocky land on the west shore of Lake Cayuga, along the Lehigh Valley Railroad tracks, at Ithaca, New York. Her real name was Polly. She was the daughter of Jerry Hopkins. Every one in Ithaca was familiar with Jerry's burly form, topped by a shaggy head, and with the figure of wee Jerry, the little motherless son, who sat perched upon his father's shoulders in all sorts of weather, legs twined about the corded neck. Jerry Hopkins was known as the mayor of "The Silent City," as Ithaca complainingly spoke of the drab assemblage of tin patched huts along the tracks. And Pollyop—Poilyop was everything good and generous that could be found in the hearts of all the inhabitants of the Silent City gathered in one slender, vibrant body. She was the cherished of all her ignorant, hard working people, who gathered their food by fishing or hunting—or as they could. And they thought of her, racing about with curls flying back over her shoulders in fair weather or rain or snow, blue eyes alight with eager love and helpfulness, as a sort of angel.

She was the friend of every unhappy creature. And that is how it came that Granny Hope was occupying the little niche in the corner of the Hopkins shack. Polly had found the old woman sick in her lone cabin, and had led her home—just as she had led the goat which she had found strayed and lost back in the Storm Country. Granny's appetite was not large, fortunately for Daddy Hopkins, who had a hard time finding fish and beans enough for his family of three. And she had brought sunshine with her and love—and she had taught Polly to read from her old worn Bible. Then she had helped Polly make a sign to put over the door: "If your heart is loving and kind, come right in; if it ain't, scoot."

And today it had come spring. And with spring had come a thaw and a rain which pelted the roof of the unpainted cabin under its huge budding willow with great drops, that found their way in steady streams inside where Pollyop tried to keep everything clean and warm and cozy for her loved ones.

Pollyop sang and patted Granny Hope as she went about setting out pans to catch the drip. Then she dashed out into the rain, and was soon at work stopping up the leaks in the roof with pieces of straightened out tin. But her tin-smithing was soon interrupted by the sound of horses' hoofs and men's voices. She flattened herself on the slippery shingles, and worked her way to where she could see the road, while she was yet protected by the tree. Pollyop's body stiffened as she recognized in one of the horsemen the thick set person of Marcus McKenzie. "Old McKenzie," as the squatters called him though he was not old, was the owner of the land on which they had built the Silent City. He had been gone away from Ithaca for some time and the inhabitants of the Silent City had been free to come and go as they wished, without persecutions. Pollyop's eyes flashed as she thought of Larry Bishop, whom McKenzie had "framed" and sent to Auburn prison just at the time his wife Mary needed him most—and how both she and the little one had died without his love and care. Her heart contracted in fear—the fear of the hunted—as she saw him again.

Then, as the men drew nearer, she heard distinctly the voice of McKenzie's companion. It was young and kindly in tone, and the girl craned her neck in surprise to see its owner. Polly's heart gave a queer little leap as she saw that the second horseman was young and good to look upon. He was slender and tall and tanned by outdoor life. There was gentleness and human kindness written on his clear cut features.

"But you wouldn't turn a lot of folks out of their homes, Marc. Where would they go if you did? Have you tried buying them out?" he was saying.

"No, and I don't intend to. I'll force them out, Bob," McKenzie answered. He wheeled his horse about and pointed to the Hopkins shanty. "One of the worst of them lives there," he said. "His name is Jeremiah Hopkins and he's a sort of mayor to the outfit. He has a worthless, filthy girl and a little boy, and they've taken in an old hag named Hope. They live like pigs"—disgustedly.

"Poor things," said the young man named Bob sympathetically. Then, "Look, Marc, at that sign over the door, 'If your heart is loving and kind, come right in; if it ain't, scoot.' That's beautiful. There must be some one worth while living there. I'd like to help them if I could."

The two men rode off. To little Polly it was as if the skies

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(Continued from page 78)

Larry Bishop had been sent to prison just when his wife Mary needed him the most—before she and the little one had died.

had opened to drop an angel down into the heart of the Silent City. Never in her life had she heard any one of Marc McKenzie's class say anything kind about her people. And this young man had wanted to help them! "He's an angel," Polly repeated to herself as she climbed down from the roof. Yet the fear of Marcus McKenzie sent her dashing off up to Hog Hollow to warn Daddy Hopkins and Larry Bishop that their enemy was home.

As Polly jumped from rock to rock along the ragged shore, she heard a familiar voice calling her. It was Evelyn Robertson, an elegant young woman of more than Pollyop's age, who lived in a large house near that of Mr. McKenzie back from the lake. Pollyop ran back to meet her.

"Oh, Polly," gasped Evelyn, "Mr. McKenzie has come home and my cousin Bob has come with him"—so the beautiful angel who was going to help the squatters was Evelyn's cousin —"and, oh dear, I'm in such trouble again.

Polly was used to this. For two years Evelyn had been in constant trouble, and because of her own folly. Two years before in a moment of weakness for Oscar Bennett, a rough yet rather handsome farmer who owned the rich land adjoining the Robertson estate, she had married him in secret. It was only by paying him money whenever he demanded that she had succeeded in keeping him from announcing to the world that she was his wife. Polly had been their go-between.

"Listen, Polly," said Evelyn nervously, "I want you to go to Oscar for me today. Tell him he mustn't write to me any more—and tell him I just can't get any more money. Oh dear, what shall I do?"

Evelyn was almost in tears. Polly looked sympathetically into her weak, selfish face, but she had no suggestion to offer. Love and marriage among the squatters lasted for life. She did not understand this way of doing things.

"No one must ever know about Oscar and me, Polly, because—because—" Even Evelyn blushed to say it to Pollyop, "—I'm in love with a rich man and he loves me. My cousin Bob owns the house we live in. Mother and I haven't a cent. I must marry a rich man."

"But you can't be takin' another man when you got one," said Polly in a shocked tone.

"That's what I want you to tell Oscar about," the rich girl said. "Here is some candy I've brought for wee Jerry. Now you'll do just as I say, won't you, Pollyop?" Evelyn always brought something nice for little Jerry when she wanted Polly to do somethin' for her.

"Sure," Pollyop assented willingly, "now scoot." With a toss of her head, she ran on her way to Hog Hollow and to Daddy Hopkins.

Oscar Bennett was in the milking shed when Pollyop arrived with Evelyn's message, late that afternoon. A flickering lantern lit the inky interior, though it was still not quite dark outside, and threw fantastic shadows everywhere. Polly, slipping quietly in, shivered, and wished that she were home within the protective arms of Daddy Hopkins. She carried a milk pail on her arm—knowing that Oscar would give her some if she asked for it in return for what she brought. This time she wheedled from him two warm white eggs as well. Then they came to the point.

"Your lady said you wasn't to write her any more," Polly said.

"What did she say about the money?" Oscar glowered.

"She said she just can't get another cent—and she's feeling awful bad."

Oscar swore. "Tell her it's either come home with me, or she pays up, see?" he spit out viciously. Polly knew he meant it. "An' tell her," he continued, "to meet me tonight at nine at Granny Hope's old shack. We'll settle this."

Polly rushed from the barn out into the clean spring night, glad to be gone.

Larry Bishop was there when Pollyop arrived at home. He and Daddy Hopkins sat with long, serious faces before the fire. Pollyop invited Larry to partake of supper with them. After the dishes were cleared away, her father turned toward her grimly.

"We're tryin' to figger out a way to git rid o' old Marc," he began.

"Oh, daddy," Pollyop breathed, slipping her hand into his, "you ain't planning to gun him. Don't, daddy."

There was something in the faces of the two men which told her that she would have to have supernatural aid to point them away from what they were determined to do. Marcus McKenzie had been unscrupulous with them. There was no way under the law that he could force them from their homes unless they went of their own free will. His cruelty had known no bounds. According to the laws of nature there was no reason why they should not strike back. But Granny Hope had said "love is stronger'n hate." And Polly believed that Granny Hope was right.

"Somethin' beautiful is going to happen to us squatters,"

Polly went on with a mysterious air. "I heard about it today. It's a angel. After a while you can hunt an' fish an' be happy just as if there weren't any old McKenzie—when *he* gets to workin'."

"What's eatin' ye, brat?" grunted Jerry, interested in spite of himself, though he took no stock in angels.

Pollyop told them of Evelyn Robertson's cousin and what he had said that morning as he rode through the Silent City with old Marc. Perhaps his words would not have meant much to an older and less optimistic person, but Polly believed them utterly and she wove them into a shining promise which she held before the eyes of her menfolks.

"He's richer'n old Marc, Polly," said Jerry visibly influenced, but still not entirely convinced by her oratory. "It's just that we don't happen to be a settin' on his ground that he ain't wantin' us off."

But Pollyop would none of his doubts. She picked up Granny Hope's tattered Bible. "I know he'll help us," she said, "an' you both got to promise me now, right on Granny Hope's good book, and kiss it, and swear to God that you won't hurt old Marc."

Pollyop was used to being obeyed—and the two grizzly men who adored her were used to obeying. So they did as she said —even though it was no mean thing to do. For when a squatter swore an oath, he kept it.

When Pollyop whispered to Evelyn, out in the Robertson arbor a little later, that Oscar demanded to see her that night at nine at Granny Hope's deserted shack, the rich girl shuddered, and grew pale, then whined that she was afraid to meet him all alone.

"Pollyop, you must meet me there too," she whimpered. "I'll do something for you some day."

"All right," answered Pollyop.

And as Polly Hopkins raced back through the dark to Daddy Hopkins, Evelyn Robertson listened apathetically to Marc McKenzie's threats to wipe out the Silent City, to send its men to jail, and its children to orphanages.

Pollyop, escaping from her father's cabin a few minutes before nine, was the first to reach Granny Hope's old cabin set by its lone in the rocks. She went in and lighted a candle in the kitchen and sat down to ponder on this strange affair. Pretty soon she heard crunchings on the gravel, and the evil Oscar leered inside.

"I come to see that she got home safe," said Polly swiftly in answer to Oscar's frown. "She'll be here soon.

"I'm thinkin', Oscar," went on Pollyop, as gently as she could, "that she isn't loving you any more."

Oscar looked at the floor sullenly for a moment, then at Polly. "I bin a fool, Poll. I'd a done better by marryin' you. Maybe some day when I get Evelyn's cash—"

Oscar left his sentence unfinished for Pollyop's eyes flashed scorn at him. "Don't you be talkin' about love to me," she said.

Oscar looked at her amazed. Then he rose suddenly and made a step towards her. Here was something to his liking, "By God, you're a pretty brat," he broke forth. "I'm going to kiss you." But he didn't, for just then Evelyn entered the door, and Polly went quickly to her side.

Oscar's rage, at finding out that Evelyn really had no money, was terrible to behold. Polly feared that the man's violence of passion would destroy them all.

"You want to be free?" repeated Oscar with scornful lips. "Some other guy, I suppose. Well, it's easy enough—all you got to do is make it worth while."

"But I haven't any money—I can't live with you—I loathe you—I must be free," Evelyn said distractedly. The brute lifted his powerful fist to strike her, and he would have done so if Polly had not adroitly crowded in between them. It did not occur to her that Oscar would strike her—he had no right, since she was not his wife.

But Oscar was seized with an overwhelming desire to crush, to beat the slender girl who defied him. Here was some one worth taming, some one worth loving and being loved by! He raised his hairy fist and brought it down. Polly reeled backward and lay still.

"Both of ye keep mum about this, see?" Oscar said sharply, thinking of the terrible vengeance the squatters would have if his blow should prove fatal to Pollyop. "I'm off." He ran from the door.

"Polly, what can I do for you to even up things?" murmured a conscience stricken Evelyn as she left Polly, limp and suffering, at her door.

"Scoot home," said Polly simply. "I am goin' in."

. . . . . .

Two days later spring smiled down from unclouded turquoise skies on peaceful lake and verdant shores. And in the Silent City the squatters' wives took advantage of the day to air their blankets on the lines.

Daddy Hopkins had to go to Ithaca. So Pollyop took wee Jerry and Billy the goat, and Nannyop, the lamb, tethered to her wrist, for a walk. As she walked with her loved ones on the road, she suddenly halted and slipped wee Jerry from her shoulder. There on the fence was the picture of a woman with great sad eyes which looked appealingly straight into Pollyop's. In her arms she held the form of a sick man, and Polly knew instinctively that she was protecting him from some enemy who had hurt him—perhaps as old Marc wished to hurt the squatters.

A sound roused her, and she turned to find the "beautiful angel" Evelyn Robertson's cousin Robert Perceval jumping from his horse and coming towards her. He looked at the picture, then on to Polly. Then he read the words beneath the picture, "The Greatest Mother in the World."

"Does that mean that she was a mother to the squatter boys who were hurt in the war?" she asked. The question was too serious to invite levity.

"She is the mother to every hurt person in the world," Bob Perceval replied.

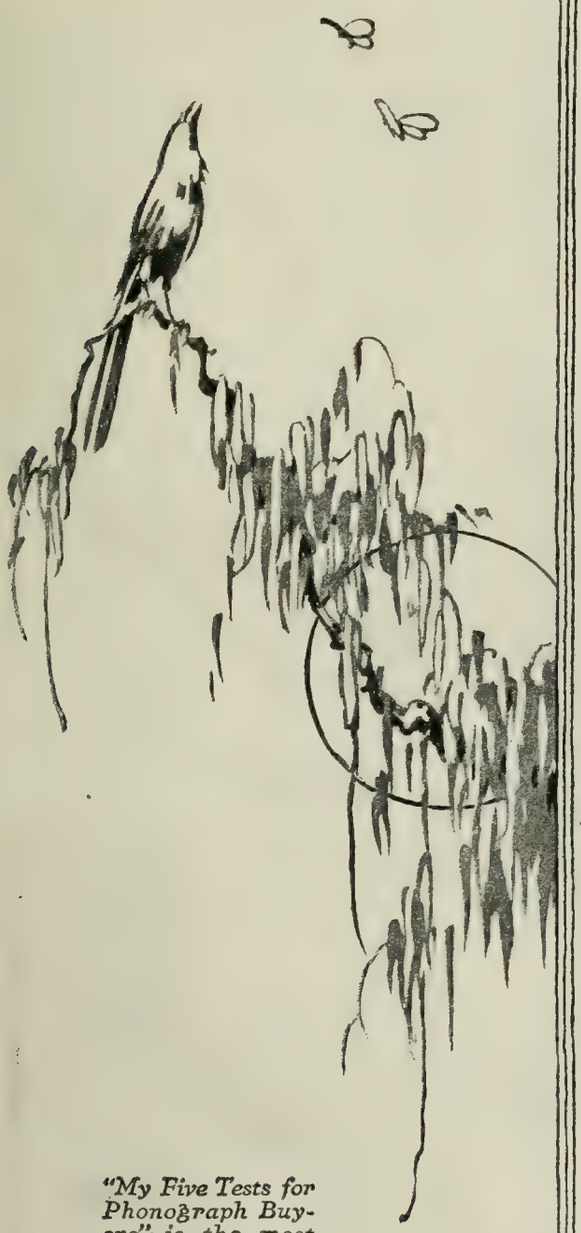
"She's some mother," said Pollyop soberly.

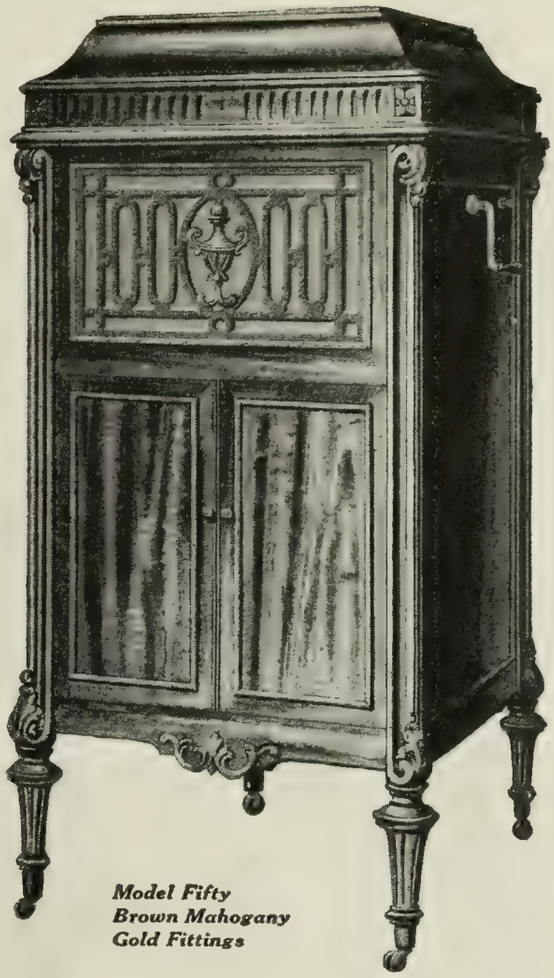
(Continued on page 85)

"You're bigger than old Marc—make him leave us alone!" she said suddenly.

Dalion

The Phonograph Instrumentized





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PICTURES

(Continued from page 82)

Robert looked closely at this strange girl with her tawny curls, her wide blue eyes, her strange assortment of companions, and sudden interest sprang up within him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Polly Hopkins—Pollyop they call me," she answered. "My dad's the mayor of this settlement."

The name brought memories to the young man of his ride with Marcus McKenzie through the Silent City, and of the invitation over the door of the Hopkins' hut. He had thought this girl with her straight young shoulders would be disgusting and worthless from Marc's description. But he found her freshness enchanting. He plied her with questions and was rewarded with the story of Pollyop's life, her hope, her loves and her fears.

"You're bigger'n old Marc—make him leave us alone," she said suddenly. Perceval caught a flash from the girl's eyes and a strange new emotion gripped him.

"No," he laughed, "Marc is my friend, but I will help you."

Perceval laughed again, then pointed to the poster on the fence. "She is the greatest mother in the world," then he turned to Polly, "and you are, I think, the littlest mother in the world."

Something in this scene touched his heart. Perhaps it was the fact that he had been on the battlefields of France and knew the fathomless love of the greatest mother in the world.

"Just help all the poor folks of the Silent City," she pleaded, "and I will love you forever."

A few days later old Marcus McKenzie called at the Hopkins' cottage, and offered, in a meeting at which all the Silent City men were present, to give each man twenty-five dollars to sign over his squatter's rights and get out. He offered them money, he explained, because Robert Perceval had insisted upon it. They could take it—or *go to hell!* And when Pollyop told him they refused, he whipped out his gun, leveled it at the cowed men, while he struck her twice with his riding whip.

Pollyop comforted her distressed people by telling them that Mr. Perceval would save their homes and restore their happiness. They put so much faith in her words, that they decided to draw lots that very night to choose some one to go to their new friend and lay their woes before him.

The lots were drawn—and that evening as Bob Perceval sat alone in the library, he was surprised by a tap on the window.

"Mr. McKenzie was over today, and he is going to turn us out," Pollyop said huskily pushing the window open and stepping in. "There isn't another place in the world for squatters but Ithaca. We can't go. I was telling them of you, an' I got the lot to come to see you."

"I've said everything I could to Marc," said Perceval unhappily. "I—"

Just at this moment there were steps outside the library door, and Polly felt herself pushed by a strong hand behind the heavy curtains covering the bookshelves.

"Evelyn sent me for a book," said Marc McKenzie apologetically.

Bob rose and preceded McKenzie to the bookshelves, and then shoved aside the curtains still concealing Polly Hopkins, and stood beside them.

McKenzie found the book. Bob dropped the curtains, leaving, as he did so, two gentle taps on Polly's shoulder.

"I'll bet you I'll have every squatter off that shore in three months," said Marc, dropping into a chair. "I've only to catch Hopkins and after I do that it won't be twenty-four hours till I've got him in Auburn. I've got twenty-five men on his trail now. Hopkins is a bad actor—and that girl of his is a saucy baggage."

"I think she is a very good girl," said Robert feelingly, "and a very pretty one."

"Pretty enough, I suppose—but bad clean through like the rest," Marc declared as he sauntered back to Evelyn.

"Come here," Bob called tenderly to the miserable little person behind the curtains. He held out his hands, and Polly, knowing that here was a friend, bent forward and covered them with kisses. She swayed towards him ever so slightly. Bob's arms went about her waist and he drew her tired head to his breast.

"Poor little Polly," he murmered. Then that overwhelming emotion which had ever taken him each time he had seen Pollyop welled up in his heart. He kissed her hair—and Pollyop looking up and seeing something in his face she did not understand, rushed through the window.

"I'll marry you," Evelyn Robertson was saying to Marc's pleadings in the other room, "when you buy the Bennett farm."

"And get rid of the squatters, so our land can be beautiful way down to the lake," added Marcus.

* * *

Though Oscar Bennett was willing to sell his farm to Marcus McKenzie—he refused unless Polly Hopkins would consent to marry him. Evelyn Robertson broke the news to Pollyop, prefaced with an appeal to the girl's great ambition to help her people. Think what she could do for her people with the money Oscar would make from the sale! Polly's marriage with Oscar would free Evelyn to marry Marc McKenzie. She herself, Evelyn, would then see to it that Marc let up on the squatter question after they were married.

"But I couldn't marry Oscar," Pollyop kept repeating. The face of Robert Perceval, for some unknown reason, swam before her eyes.

"But you'll think about it, won't you?" asked Evelyn determinedly as she went. "I'll bring him to see you."

Polly ran down to the creek, which was her favorite place, to think over her problem. As she flung herself on the rocks, she heard her name. Close behind her was Robert Perceval. He had followed her from the road. In his hand he had a copy of the poster on the fence which had brought them together for her to hang on the walls of her home.

"You ran away so hurriedly the other night that I did not have a chance to tell you that I would really do something to help your townspeople," said Robert, placing his strong hands on her glistening curls. The same look which Polly had run away from the other evening, now shone again in his eyes.

"I have come to love you, little Pollyop," he whispered softly. "Look at me." She flashed a look at him of believing beauty, and he caught her to him sharply. "You are my little dear one," he said tenderly. He kissed her again—this time on the rosy mouth.

As they walked back to the little shanty, Robert told his loved one of his plans for her and hers—how he hoped to take them all far away, Pollyop and Daddy Hopkins and wee Jerry and Granny Hope—how he would help Pollyop with her reading, while she helped to teach him what she had learned about love and kindness, how they would travel, what pretty things she should have to set off her lovely hair and eyes.

"I can't marry Oscar, even to help out Evelyn," Pollyop kept saying to herself as she watched Bob stride away. "I'm going to help the squatters some other way."

* * *

But there were dark days ahead for Pollyop Hopkins, the lover of sunshine. First of all, Daddy Hopkins was taken by the strong arm of Marc McKenzie's law. He had shot a bird. One of McKenzie's hirelings "planted" him with a rabbit, and in spite of the tears of Pollyop and the shrieks of wee Jerry he was whisked away to the Ithaca prison, and from there to Auburn. McKenzie was so strong politically that Robert Perceval could do nothing to save him.

Next Granny Hope found peace and rest, and left Polly and wee Jerry mourning for her love.

Then Robert Perceval's faith in her was stolen from her.

Evelyn Robertson took Oscar Bennett to see Pollyop in the storm which shook the world on the night after Daddy Hopkins had been sent to Auburn. Polly sat thinking of Daddy Hopkins and how she needed him, when there came a cry of terror in the night, and Evelyn burst in the door.

"I was bringing Oscar here to see you," she panted. "Something's hit him in the road—he's out there dead." She seized Polly's hand and pulled her to the spot where Oscar lay and together they dragged him into the house and put him in Polly's bed.

Polly started out for a doctor. When she got outside she heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and gave the shrill, piercing squatter's call. Robert Perceval answered her.

"I got some one sick in the house," Pollyop said simply. In her trusting nature was no knowledge of the deceit and subterfuge of the more experienced worldly woman.

"Eve dear, you're not sick," Bob said anxiously, on seeing his cousin.

"No," she answered nervously, "there's a little boy here and I came to bring him a box of candy, and this man,"—pointing to Oswald—"was sick, and I told this girl she ought to get a doctor."

"It's Bennett," said Bob approaching the bed. "What's he doing here?"

"He's in love with Polly Hopkins, and it's really none of our business," said Evelyn with great self possession. "Every squatter woman has a man."

Bob's face went white, and he swept his hands over his face as if to brush something terrible away. But he had no reason that he knew of to doubt his cousin's words. Pollyop said nothing to deny them. She was too stunned to speak. So he took Evelyn from the house with hard, unforgiving face, then went on for the doctor. But there was nothing that could be done for Oscar Bennett. In the tin patched house of Daddy Hopkins his evil life went out. And before summer had shone her heart to the world, Oscar Bennett's farm was in the possession of Marc McKenzie, and the wedding day had been set for Evelyn Robertson's marriage.

Evelyn, in the midst of her happiness, had only one fear. That was that Pollyop would some day tell the truth about her. So she went down to the shabby Hopkins shanty one day to see if there was not something she could do for Pollyop.

"I promised not to tell—and I won't," Pollyop said sadly.

(Continued on page 114)

Polly of the Storm Country

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay, produced by First National from the story by Grace Miller White, and presented with the following cast:

Polly Hopkins..Mildred Harris Chaplin
Robert Perceval.....Emory Johnson
Evelyn Robertson....Charlotte Burton
Marcus McKenzie.....Harry Northrup
Jeremiah Hopkins...Maurice Vanentin
Granny Hope.....Ruby Lafayette

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By Cal York

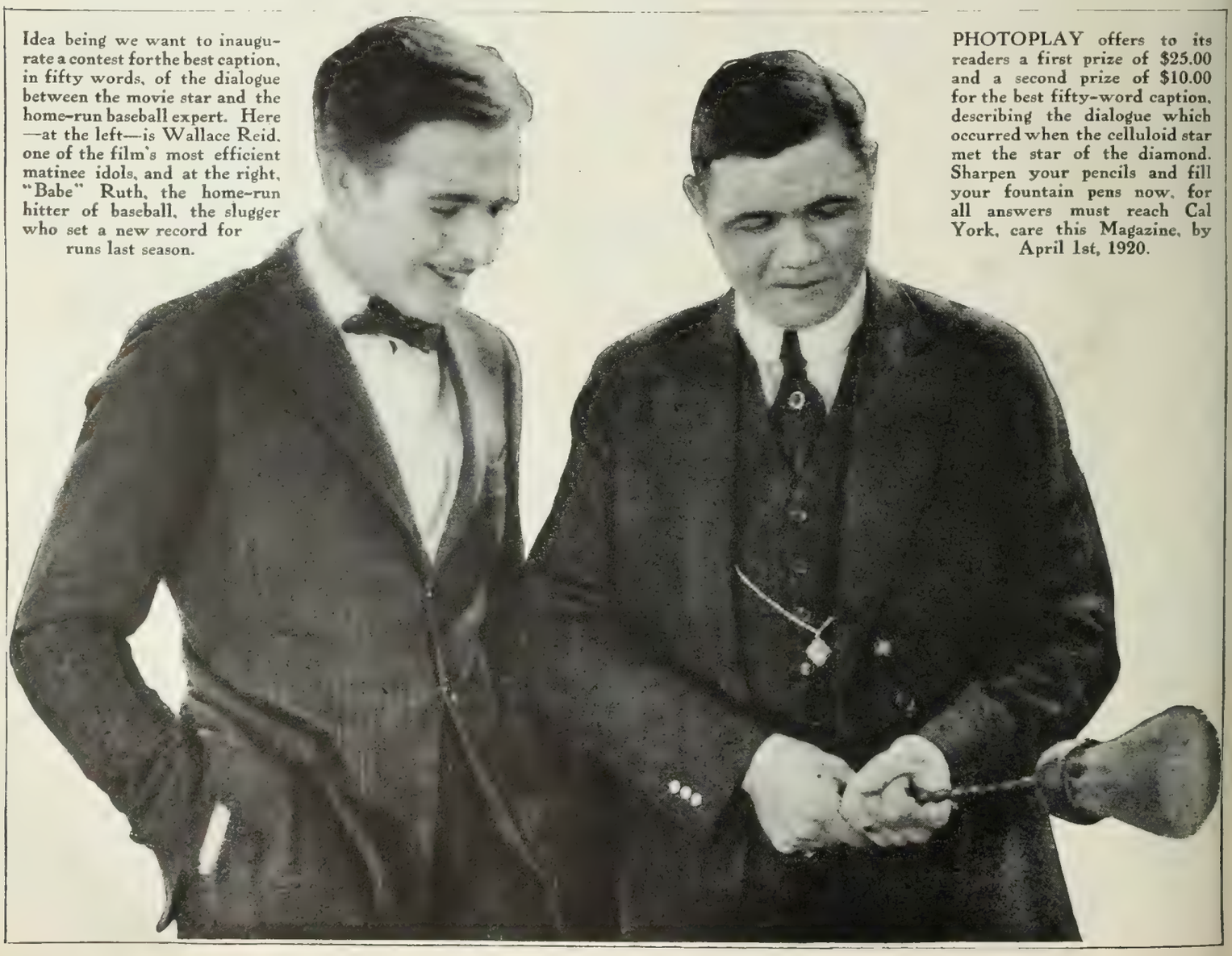
MISGUIDED producers thought that by starring the director instead of the actor they were letting themselves out of a lot of worry. Instead, some of them seem to have let themselves in for a lot of litigation. The Famous Players-Lasky and Mayflower companies are among the sadder-but-wiser: George Loane Tucker, maker of "The Miracle Man," in January filed a suit alleging violation of contract. Various were his complaints. That these companies have not used him justly is the tenor of the suit. His name, says Mr. Tucker, did not, as agreed, appear in the same size as the production type and three times as large as the name of Mayflower. He also states that the unfinished negative of the second Tucker production, "Ladies Must Live," was unlawfully seized by Mayflower. You see Tucker agreed in an unguarded moment to make a series of six pictures. He was given *carte blanche* to make the "Miracle Man" the great picture it is, and without that backing which the Zukor organizations afford it is doubtful if he ever would have attained his present vogue.

WHEN "Doug" was little, he was a short, stocky lad. His small stature worried him a great deal, because his one aim and ambition was to be an actor, a serious actor, if you please; and a fellow can't do a Booth or an Irving when he's undersized. So young Fairbanks, as he grew in years but not in stature, used to try every conceivable trick to add an inch to his height. He would practice his exercises by the hour; he even put weights on his feet. His athletic career really began at this time, for he went in for every sport and kept right at it. A neighbor tells how he used to spend the rest of his time on the back porch, imitating the delivery boys.

FLORENCE VIDOR is much more interested in being Mrs. King Vidor, her husband's wife and her daughter Suzanne's devoted mother, than in the film career she has ahead of her. Florence had no more started on the glory road, beginning when Photoplay Magazine helped discover her in "A Tale of Two Cities," to her fine part in "Old Wives for New," with DeMille—than she retired to become the mother of small Suzanne. Now that her husband is an independent producer and Suzanne older he wants her to come back. So in "The Family Honor" Florence Vidor will appear in the leading, but not the stellar part. There are no poster "stars" in Vidor's productions.

LET there be national rejoicing in all female boarding and day-schools. Jack Holt, who as a villain has made more friends for himself than most heroic actors, will play leads at last. He has just signed a long-term contract with Famous Players-Lasky. His first work will be in "Held by the Enemy." Holt has come up to the front from the ranks; he used to do bits.

(Continued on page 88)



Idea being we want to inaugurate a contest for the best caption, in fifty words, of the dialogue between the movie star and the home-run baseball expert. Here—at the left—is Wallace Reid, one of the film's most efficient matinee idols, and at the right, "Babe" Ruth, the home-run hitter of baseball, the slugger who set a new record for runs last season.

PHOTOPLAY offers to its readers a first prize of $25.00 and a second prize of $10.00 for the best fifty-word caption, describing the dialogue which occurred when the celluloid star met the star of the diamond. Sharpen your pencils and fill your fountain pens now, for all answers must reach Cal York, care this Magazine, by April 1st, 1920.

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)

PRESS-AGENTS have learned one serious lesson from the D. W. Griffith trip. The alarums in the press over the temporary disappearance of the Griffith party were justified, for it was a bona-fide experience, not a cooked-up publicity scheme. If there had been the slightest move on the part of any press purveyors to use a similar disappearance stunt on any of their stars or directors, they would have been kidded to death. So when Marshall Neilan and his company went up to Bear Valley in the San Bernardino mountains, and it snowed, and snowed, until it snowed Marshall's company in, in a one-room shack near Bluff Lake, and they built a fire and cut a hole in the roof to let the smoke out, and they didn't have a bite to eat and stayed up all night listening to Mickey and Lewis Stone telling stories; and it kept on snowing, and finally Matt Moore went back alone over the mountains and walked for fifteen hours through the snow, to get help; and brought back guides and food—when all this happened, they couldn't use the story!

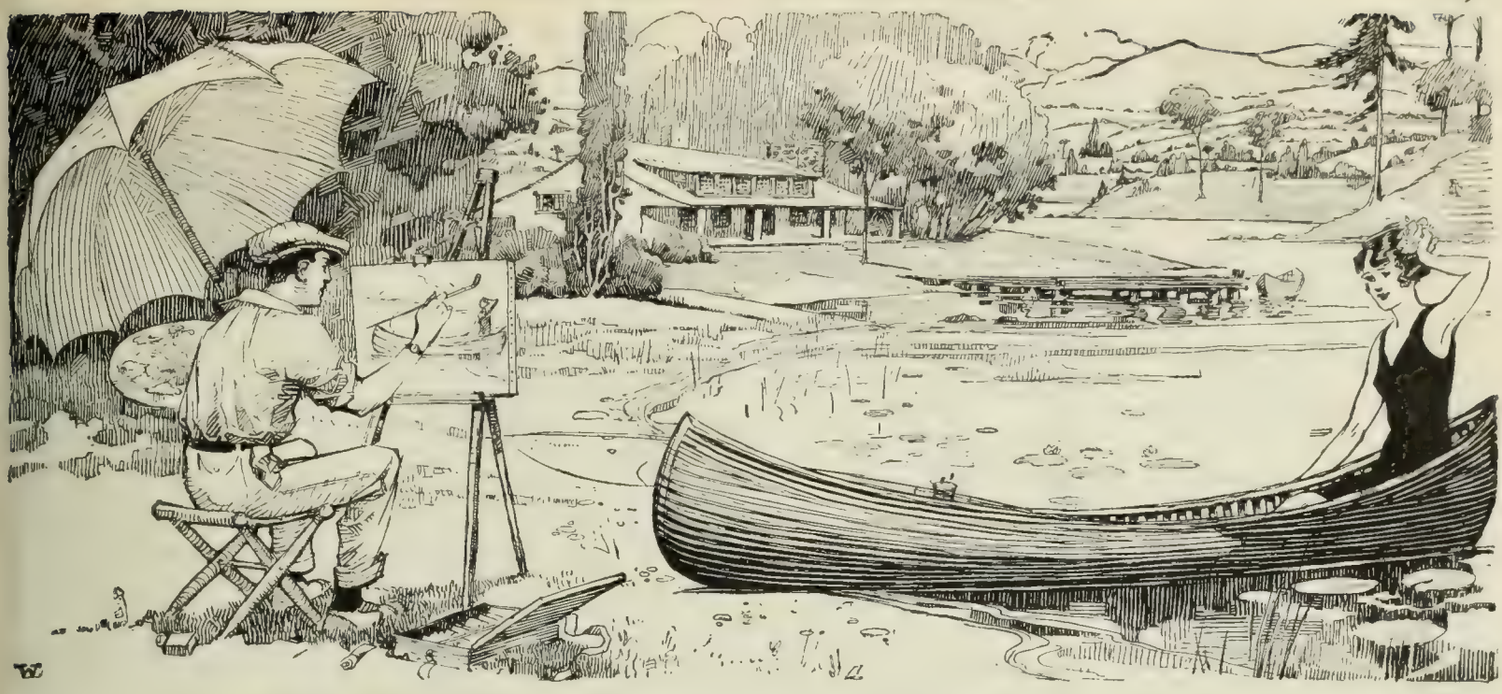
ABOUT two weeks after the story of David Wark's disappearance, cables came all the way to New York from Sicily telling about Herbert Brenon's disappearance on Mt. Aetna. It seems he was up there making pictures with an Italian company and wandered away from the party at lunch time. Set upon by brigands he was held for ransom until the beastly fellows discovered he was an American citizen with his Government backing the search for him. He turned up safe and sound. Oh dear!

WITH so many brand-new "Lincolns" appearing overnight on stage and screen, Ralph Ince decided to get out his Emancipator make-up and let them see how he played the part in one of the first impersonations photographed by the camera for Vitagraph, years ago. He will take the role of Abraham Lincoln in one of his own pictures.

IT was a great party that a group of motion picture and theatrical celebrities pulled at the Ritz-Carlton, one of the most exclusive of Manhattan hostelries, after a Sunday meeting of the Sixty Club. A famous little comedienne, coming east from California picture-making for a holiday, was there, with one of the officials of her company; a former Follies and present film queen, known for her charm, her beauty, and her ability for livening up any little gathering, was one of the party, escorted by a Britisher high up in military circles; one of the blondest of New York's blond beauties, with her reported fiance, a theatrical magnate—they all started at the club, and wound up in the middle of the dance-floor where the little comedienne had suggested they start a merry game of ring-around-the-rosy. The Britisher, when he managed to extricate himself, was heard to mumble something about "those bally Cinemese," but the game went right on until it included everyone in the hotel and all along the way to the respective homes and hotels of the merry-makers. Now the little comedienne is working hard in the west; the film queen is completing her umptieth picture for the Utopia Company, and—well, anyway, to quote the blonde, who'll say that they should not have their little fun occasionally?

ALICE BRADY has signed a three-year contract with the Zukor organization. This means she will continue to make pictures for Realart, which is merely an arm of the giant Paramount-Artcraft octopus.

Who would ever think that Marguerite Clark and her devoted husband, H. Palmerson Williams, would ever let anything come between them? But it's only the Williams family dog, and this picture of the three was snapped while Marguerite was vacationing in her husband's home in New Orleans.



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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

Here's Harold Lloyd minus his specs-without-glass, and plus his partner in fun, H. M. Walker, newspaper man who writes all those Lloyd sub-titles. Once Walker was up against it for a funny caption. Harold was being "fired", in a scene. He was thrown out; his coat, dog and dinner-pail were thrown out after him. Here Lloyd raises his hand and speaks. The title man tried for two days and nights to find suitable words to suit the action. None came. He began to think of the six best ways to commit suicide when a thought arrived. When Lloyd raised his hand to talk back to his irate ex-employer this title was flashed on the screen, "I quit." It made 'em laugh, Walker decided to live a little longer, and—he's still writing more titles like that.

DID you know that the South Americans have their Pathe Weeklies and their Kinograms? Sure; things happen down there, too. The moving picture concerns of those big little countries send their cameramen scouting over the continent to find news stuff, even as Tracy Matthewson and the Pathe people.

THE month's puzzle: Why did Universal change the title of "The Primrose Path" to "Burnt Wings?"

SPEAKING of engagements and rumored engagements, which we were not, is there anything in the report that the leading farceuse of the screen, blonde younger sister of one of our foremost emotional stars, has decided to shed her radiance, in private life, on a fortunate popular composer of typically American songs? She says not; and she has been the subject of so many false reports anent matrimony that one can almost believe her, particularly when she looks at you with those big brown eyes of hers. Once it was her leading man; again, and more recently, the leading man of her best friend, another screen comedienne. She remained single. But this time: there she is, with a handsome ring, on the appropriate finger; a perfectly willing mother, and a seeming willingness to go to every new play or opera or roof entertainment with the equally willing young man. He gave her a sapphire and diamond bracelet for Christmas.

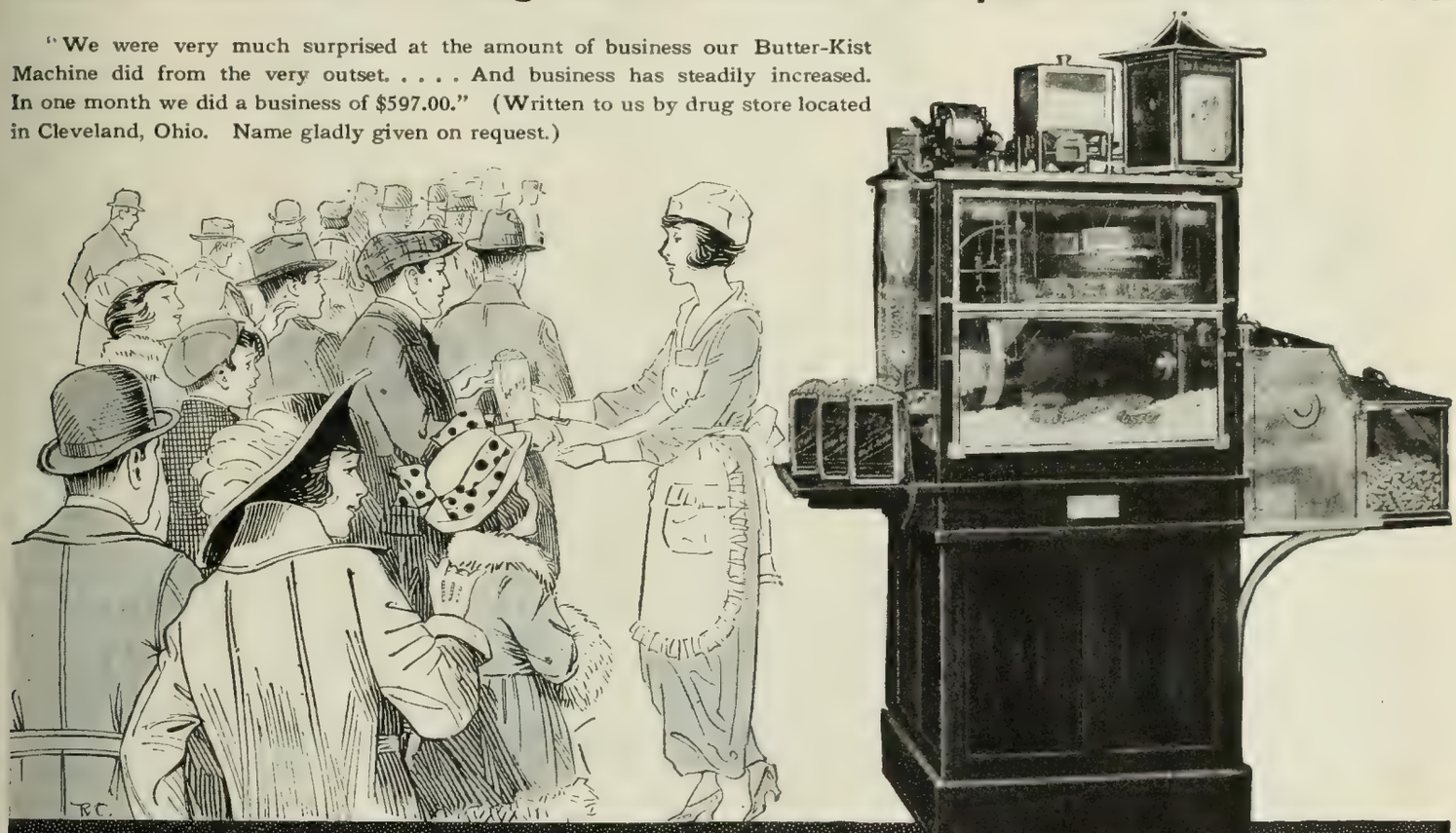
OF course you can get rid of your old clothes by selling them to the old clothes man, or handing them down to little sister. Geraldine Farrar has her own way. She holds sales twice a year and all those gorgeous gowns which you see in her pictures, or which she uses in concert or in private life are sold at a very moderate figure. It is said that Miss Farrar rarely wears her gowns more than two or three times, and that when she goes out on concert tour she takes a regular case, like they use in a store, to carry them in. On one trip she was accompanied by 75 gowns.

(Continued on page 92)

We Took in $597.00 In One Month

That's the statement of a drug store in Cleveland. We quote from their letter to us.

"We were very much surprised at the amount of business our Butter-Kist Machine did from the very outset. . . . . And business has steadily increased. In one month we did a business of $597.00." (Written to us by drug store located in Cleveland, Ohio. Name gladly given on request.)



$600 to $3,120 From a Little Waste Space

The Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine brings new profits and new trade to stores and theatres

We keep records on what storekeepers and theatre owners are making with the Butter-Kist Machine. And we have the actual figures to prove that the return in net profits is from $600 to $3,120 a year. This means an extra $600 to $3,120 in clear cash profits! And all from the use of a space 26 in. by 32 in., that has been going to waste.

But that is not all you can count on making with the Butter-Kist Machine. It draws trade. It multiplies all your other sales. It will amaze you to see the full possibilities. Let us tell you all that this wonderful machine means to you. We'll send you proof of profits, photos of stores with the machine, etc.—all free and postpaid.

Let Us Send You Letters Like These

MAIL THE COUPON

49,015 Sales

"Made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist Pop Corn the first year," writes W. O. Hopkins, a storekeeper in Evansville, Ind., "also my magazine sales increased 97 per cent through new patrons brought in."

Over $1200 Profits in One Year

"Profits in 12 months bought me a $1200 motor car and also paid for machine," writes owner in Electra, Texas. (Population 640.)

BUTTER-KIST POPCORN AND PEANUT MACHINE

Pays Four Ways

1—Motion makes people stop and look.
2—Coaxing fragrance makes them buy.
3—Toasty flavor brings trade for blocks.
4—Stimulates all store sales or theatre attendance.

You know how fond every one is of pop corn and peanuts. The Butter-Kist Machine makes these goodies doubly inviting. You only have to average 90 nickel bags of Butter-Kist a day to make about $1,000 a year profit. For on every sale you make 150 per cent profit. The Butter-Kist Machine runs itself. Requires no operator—no extra help or expense.

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
452 Van Buren Street
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Full particulars sent free to established merchants.

Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist Book—"America's New Industry"—with photos, sales records and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

Name .....

Business .....

Address .....

Mail This Coupon for Free Book ☞

We sell the Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine on easy payments. A small amount down puts the machine in your store. You can pay the balance a little at a time out of your profits. Write us today for all information and prices. No obligation. Mail the coupon—NOW!

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. COMPANY, 452 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Baird-North Book
of Advance Styles
Now Ready

Supreme quality is what you naturally expect in any garment offered by this old established firm of Baird-North Co. You will be more than agreeably surprised at the very latest and most beautiful styles displayed in our Style Book.

All Silk Taffeta Dress $29.75

12A311 Navy Blue.
12A315 Black.
12A313 Copenhagen Blue.

This beautiful, latest style **All Silk Taffeta Dress** is made in the artistic and fashionable basque effect. This lovely dress has the gracefully flaring short sleeves now so much in vogue. A special original feature of this handsome taffeta dress is the **cordings** which lend a peculiarly distinctive style touch to the skirt. Waist is lined with silky mull of fine quality. Double row of 12 buttons in front adds to the finish. Illustration discloses the delightfully graceful and dainty effect of this pleasing style, which has the distinct note of "individuality" that commends **Baird-North** dresses to discriminating women everywhere. Sizes: 14 to 20 for Misses with 36-in. skirt; 34 to 42 for Women with 39-in. skirt. **Price $29.75.**

Shipping weight 1¾ pounds

All Wool Men's Wear Serge Suit

11A205 Navy Blue.
11A207 Black.

$39.75

A typical **Baird-North** offering, combining high quality and low price in a way characteristic of this old-established house. One of the most stylish and attractive in this Spring's showing of ultra smart suits, developed in all wool men's wear serge, a popular and extremely serviceable fabric.

Coat has semi-fitted lines at front, and artistic clusters of fine plaits at back, disappearing under the button-trimmed panel, as illustrated. Lower part is richly braided all around. Stylish narrow string belt of self material. This handsome coat is lined throughout with fine quality peau de cygne.

Skirt is plain, as required by the latest prevailing style; has pockets, and is gathered at back under all-around belt. Sizes: 34 to 42. Coat length at back 32 inches. Skirt lengths 39 to 42 inches. **Price $39.75.**

Send for FREE Style Book—Today

You will be delighted with the beautiful things shown in the **Baird-North Style Book** at prices amazingly low for guaranteed high quality. Coats, suits, dresses, lingerie, millinery, hosiery, shoes, etc. Postal or letter request brings you a copy of Style Book without cost or obligation. **Send for it today!**

Shipping weight 4 pounds

BAIRD-NORTH CO.
344 Broad St. Providence, R. I.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 90)

"THE butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker"— And now the baker has come into his own, on the screen. When they wanted a realistic bakeshop scene in Madge Kennedy's new picture, director Beaumont went out and hired the neighborhood baker. In one scene he bakes twenty-five loaves of bread, and in other scenes puts over the idea merely by rolling up his sleeves and putting his hands into a bowl of flour. Beaumont got many good tips about the scenes, too; and says that in the future he will enlist the personal service of any craftsman the script calls for, to get the benefit of his practical advice.

GEORGE FAWCETT said, when he left the Griffith organization, that he "surely would miss Dorothy Gish." He went to Vitagraph to direct Corinne Griffith in one picture. Then Dorothy began work on her new comedy, "Her Majesty"—went through the script and started rehearsals—all without a director. For Chet Withey was assisting D. W. Griffith. So Mr. Griffith, to make up, called Fawcett back to the fold and assigned him to conduct Dorothy. They are working together again at the new Griffith studios, with a cast which includes young Ralph Graves and George Siegmann, our admirable villain.

Married? Well, maybe only engaged. Persistent reports on the west coast say that Priscilla Dean is soon to change her name to Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. Oakman—who first became known in pictures in "The Spoilers" for Selig, and who lately regained his position as a leading man upon his return from U. S. A. service—plays in Miss Dean's new pictures. Mrs. Dean, mother of Priscilla, has confirmed their engagement.

WATCH out for Roscoe Arbuckle! This portly comedian is going in for big things: deserting for a while his own series of slapstick comedies, he will adventure into the Lasky studios to do *The Sheriff* in the feature production of the stage play, "The Roundup," which George Melford is putting on. This will be Fatty's first attempt in the field of legitimate comedy.

SOMEONE in Hollywood started a story that Viola Dana is to marry Lieutenant Orme Locklear, formerly of the A. E. F. aviation service, but now giving exhibition flights in California. Miss Dana denied the report promptly, but her denial as quoted in a Los Angeles newspaper had a curious phrase. She is quoted as saying, "We are not even thinking very seriously about it." If this means that Miss Dana and Lieut. Locklear are thinking about it but not seriously, the question arises, how serious are thoughts about marriage which are not serious? Still, as Locklear is said to have a wife, the story hardly seems plausible. It is about a year since Miss Dana became a widow through the death of her husband-director, John Collins. Incidentally, she has been wearing a rather magnificent ring since Christmas.

HAVE you ever wondered why picture producers depend so much upon artificial lighting in the shooting of scenes when so many of them have the benefit of the sunshine of California? You know that, with your own kodak, natural light is much more effective than inside stuff. But the motion picture man has another angle to consider. The sun never stands still, whatever a certain Biblical gentleman may have done about it. Therefore, when a set is in work in the morning, and the company keeps right on working through the afternoon, the light necessarily changes. Night work is often essential and so the artificial light is resorted to anyway. If a company begins in the morning, inside the studio, under the arcs and with the spotlights, they can keep right on going until late at night with good and uniform lighting.

HERE is good news for any filmgoer who likes to see real things in celluloid. Raymond Hatton, the French king of "Joan" for Lasky, who recently joined Goldwyn, is to do William J. Locke's "Septimus." If you know "Septimus" you'll rejoice. If you don't know him, we advise you to see Hatton play him.

(Continued on page 94)

Makes Your Hair Look Its Best

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Be SURE it's
WATKINS
If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't "MULSIFIED"

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

Like Nut Bubbles

Yet It's Whole Wheat Puffed

There lies the fascination of Puffed Wheat.

The grains are light and airy — puffed to eight times normal size. They almost melt away.

An hour of fearful heat has given them a taste like toasted nuts.

Yet they are whole wheat. Every food cell is exploded so digestion is easy and complete.

They supply whole-wheat nutrition as no other food can do. In lesser ways of cooking, the outer wheat coats pass largely undigested.

Dozens of Delights

The three Puffed Grains with their different flavors offer dozens of delights. They are not for breakfast only. Every home finds countless uses for these nut-like, flimsy grains.

Remember These Three

Puffed Wheat in milk is the utmost in a food. With every food cell broken it is easy to digest.

For luncheons, suppers and at bedtime there is nothing to compare with this dish.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs mixed with fruit adds a delicious blend. It adds what a light and dainty crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs, crisped and lightly buttered, become a food confection.

Have a dish ready when the children come from school. They will eat them like peanuts or popcorn. And they take the place of foods less healthful, less easy to digest.

Millions of children are now enjoying Puffed Grains, but not half of them get enough.

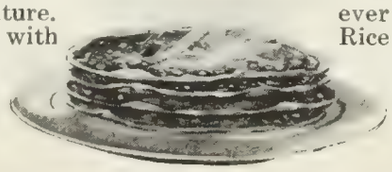
Every home should keep all three Puffed Grains on hand.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

To Make Royal Pancakes

Our food experts have worked for years to make an ideal pancake mixture. Now it is ready — with Puffed Rice Flour mixed in it. The ground Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. You can make the finest pancakes ever tasted with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Add just milk or water, for the flour is self-raising. Order a package now.



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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 92)

CHIC SALE, the young man who counterfeits old age so admirably in the Winter Garden entertainments, and in vaudeville, will give some of his impersonations on the screen. Irvin S. Cobb wrote a story, "A Smart Aleck," built around the old man character that Sale plays; and it will be seen soon.

THAT brilliant brunette, Florence Deshon, has come back to New York to take part in a new play. She made "The Cup of Fury," a Rupert Hughes photo-novel, on the coast. Miss Deshon will continue her film work in the East, living meanwhile in the Washington Square downtown district she much prefers to the shiny new apartment places uptown.

THERE are almost as many pugilists in pictures as there were prima-donnas. James J. Corbett was the first fighter to go in for films; he made a real success. But then Jim was an actor always before he was a "pug." Now Jack Dempsey has thrown the well-known hat in the better-known ring, and will make a serial called "Daredevil Jack" for Pathe. Dempsey, while not exactly handsome, is a husky chap and not bad-looking. Jess Willard made one picture. Bennie Leonard is going to make a serial. That's all.

A SOMEWHAT intriguing situation is found out at the Robert Brunton studios in Los Angeles. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore are working on the same lot. Miss Pickford has been making her present pictures there and will continue to do so, while Moore left Manhattan the first of the new year, to make his future Selznick films in the West, and space was engaged for his company at Brunton's big plant. Because of the reported domestic differences in the Moore alliance the gossip hounds are hanging around waiting to pick up any little morsel like "they walked right past each other and never spoke." Remember when Moore was *Prince Charming* to Little Mary's "Cinderella?"

DOROTHY PHILLIPS and Allen Holubar have left Universal City—but not, says Carl Laemmle, the Universal company. They have a legal contract with that producing organization, but for one reason or another desired to break it, and abruptly left the lot with bag and baggage one day. According to Mr. Laemmle, they are going to be subjected to a stiff legal fight if they refuse to make the remaining pictures in the agreement. Universal has always been more or less subjected to this sort of thing from stars; once made, they turn from the old company to fresher, smarter fields, only, in some cases, to come to grief—or back to Universal City. It is said the Holubars want to sign up with Famous Players.

WHILE on this topic, we might mention that Eric von Stroheim, whom Laemmle picked from obscurity, risking many scores of thousands of dollars, to direct his own conception, "The Pinnacle," ("Blind Husbands"), has become dissatisfied and contemplates taking some step or other to get himself out of the annoying contract obligations. Laemmle was right when he said it was a cruel and ungrateful world.

IN recognition of his services in producing a film showing means of fire prevention, Thomas H. Ince was elected honorary member of the Fire Chiefs Association of the Pacific Coast at a recent convention in Los Angeles. A gold badge set with diamonds went with the official action, but, as yet, no red shirt and no helmet.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

MARCUS LOEW, head of the Loew theatrical enterprises, and Metro Pictures Corporation have effected a business affiliation. Loew, Inc., has purchased Metro stock, in a transaction involving several million dollars, and the large circuit of the Loew theaters will provide for the exhibition of the pictures which Metro will produce. Metro has been buying stage successes and well-known novels, and this policy will be continued; while Richard A. Rowland will continue as president of Metro. The deal means, in brief, an expansion of the producing organization and a greater facility in distribution and exhibition.

ASIDE from being an eminent actress, a poetess, and a writer of short stories which sell (if you've ever tried to sell one you know it isn't any joke), Mme. Olga Petrova is a composer of music. She has written the words and music of "The Road to Romany," a song just published, and a song which she has just sung into phonograph records. "The Dawn of an Indian Sky" is another of Madame's musical compositions which has been made into a record. On her vaudeville tour during the winter Mme. Petrova appeared at twenty-three vaudeville houses in which Sarah Bernhardt played on her vaudeville tour of the United States a few years ago. In eighteen of these she played to larger audiences than did the Divine Sarah. She was recently called back to New York for a few days business conference, and it is said that she will soon again be seen in pictures.

SPEAKING of clothes reminds us that recently Norma Talmadge turned down $2,000 worth of new clothes just as coolly as if she were refusing another helping of butter at the table. It seems that a foreign manufacturer who wished to introduce a certain weave of goods into this country, offered to furnish the material and pay for the making of $2,000 worth of sports clothes if Miss Talmadge would wear them on her tirp to Cuba and Palm Beach. She would not.

THE STORY is being told on Broadway of how a prominent literary agent called at the office of a well known film company, the other day and asked to see a gentleman whom she had good reason to believe was in his private office. He had been avoiding her on the telephone for several days. The girl at the information desk came back with the announcement that the gentleman had not come in yet. "Very well," the caller returned, "knowing this company and Mr. ——— in particular as well as I do, I just brought my lunch along with me and I'll sit here until he comes in." She planked herself down in front of the door where every one coming in would have to pass her. The information girl disappeared for a moment, then came back saying, "The funniest thing has happened. Mr. ——— has just come in the back way, and he will see you at once." The literary agent now carries her lunch.

JOHN EMERSON and Anita Loos are going abroad in May. The little human sub-title and her directing husband have been turning out scripts for Constance Talmadge with a regularity that has somewhat sapped their energy and they are to do England and "the continent" to rest up. While it is an avowed vacation, the couple will take along David Kirkland and a camera, which may or may not mean some Emerson-Loos foreign-made productions. Don't be gone too long, 'Nita and John.

(Continued on page 100)

THE Squirrel Cage by A. GNUTT

NEVER before in the history of this squirrel cage have you readers had such an honor thrust upon you as you are about to have thrust upon you in the next few paragraphs.

Up till now you have only been invited to *read* the jokes and kernels of useless information that ye editor of this squirrel cage has gathered for you with great labor and many blisters to his scissors and paste pot fingers from the leading journals of the world. You have never been encouraged to write in saying that you first read our choicest chestnuts in "Fudge," twenty-five years ago. And you have never done so.

But now ye ed has hit upon a great scheme—a super-nut idea. Perhaps you have noticed all the contests they are having in the other pages of this movie mag.—caption writing contests and letter contests (though, thank Heavens no more beauty and brains contests!) and everything. Well now the Squirrel Cage is going to have a contest too.

You are going to be honored by being invited to contribute to this page, and to the one who writes the best last line to the following limerick, ye ed. will turn over his five years' subscription to this afore-mentioned movie mag. (i. e. Photoplay) which was given him last Christmas. (The 5-yrs' sub., he means.)

A. Gnutt.

P. S. This limerick idea also gives the man who runs this movie mag. a chance to see how much it would mean in your lives to get a five years' sub. to it (the mag.) for nothing but writing the finishing line to a foolish poem that doesn't have any sense to it anyhow. It also gives him a chance to see how many of you read this page.

A. G.

P. P. S. That five years' sub. to this magazine would cost you ten bones. a. g.

THIS is the limerick, the best last line to which will bring its author a *five years' subscription to Photoplay Magazine:*

I married sweet Alice Malone
And fed her on cheese and bologne,
Till she said, "I shall scream
For some chocolate ice cream
. . . . . .

(The dots mean that you can fill in the last line as you like, just so's you make it rhyme with "Malone" and "bologne," and as has already been remarked the one writing the line which is considered best by every body in the office, including the editor, will be given a five year's subscription free of charge.)

"WOMEN must abandon the traditions of generations and no longer dress to capture the fleeting fancy of the male or to be prettier than others of her sex," says a middle-aged single lady who edits a club woman's magazine. Her argument is that all women should dress alike. Imagine Madame Petrova in Mary Pickford's clothes, and on the other hand Mary Pickford in Madame Petrova's!

Keep the suggestion from Lucy Page Gaston, the deadly enemy of the cigarette. If she ever gets to be president that's just the sort of thing she'd rush through Congress.

HE: "So she has lost her husband. Has she recovered from her grief yet?"

She: "Not yet. You know how slow these insurance companies are in settling."

YOU are all familiar perhaps with the story about the motion picture producer who, after reading a motion picture script adapted from one of Charles Dickens' novels, said, "Dot is pretty goot. Vire Mr. Dickens und ask him to do us a serial."

He had nothing on one of the employees of the Fox Film Company (Not Adv.) who was heard to say in an elevator the other day, "We got Clemenceau working for us now." "The Tiger of France" would no doubt be interested in knowing that in putting forth arguments as to why the American public should want to see "his one and only work for the first time in motion pictures," the producer says that "no name is so greatly advertised today" as the author's. The novel, now picturized, is "The Strongest."

OUR idea in nothing to be is "the worm holer" recently advertised for by some manufacturer of antique furniture in a New England newspaper. "Worm holing" is quite a business—just as is the manufacture of raspberry and strawberry seeds to be used in dolling up apple jam to make it look like the real stuff.

The "worm holer" shoots a spray of shot into the wood that he is making look ancient. The seed manufacturer uses wood, too, as a usual thing, though some who have a more conscientious regard for the stomachs of future jam eaters than others, use grass seeds.

"WHERE in the world," cried the orator, "do we find wrongs righted, virtue rewarded, and happiness assured us?"

"At the pictures!" was the sharp answer of some Mary Miles Minter Fan.

—Fragments.

WOOD'S boom has started off spiffingly. A well known brand of alcohol has been named after him.—(From the Minneapolis Journal.)

THE shoe dealers advise people to shine their their own shoes. "Aside from the saving of expense," stated the same report that said the cost of shoes was going right up, "it is important to know that the heat or friction burning caused by the savage onslaught of the professional shoe shiner is responsible for most of the cracking of the uppers."

It shows a very helpful spirit on the part of the shoe dealers in convention assembled, that they should be willing to let the public in on any secrets that will make shoes last longer—especially as there are probably a great many more people who have never been inside a shoe shining parlor than those who have.

THE anniversaries we always remember are those we would rather forget.

TO all appearances this is a family of fat rascals on its way to the circus. Are we right? *Non*— the two fat rascalettes, distinguished by lollypop and balloon, are corn-fed natives from the tall peaks of the Sierras, who were found by Paul Powell, Mary Pickford's director, in time to make this scene for "Pollyanna." The plump gentleman is F. E. Benson, manager of Mary Pickford's studio, and he was called into the cast because they were shy on actors with sufficient avoirdupois to balance the children. "Now every time I feel myself weakening towards bananas or French pastry or potatoes au gratin," he says, "I shut myself up in the projection room and look at this picture. It strengthens my morale."

"AREN'T you ready dear?" called hubby from down stairs.

"As soon as I fix my hair, Henry," came the reply.

"Haven't you fixed your hair yet?" came from Henry an hour later.

"Fixed it?" shouted the female voice, "I haven't found it yet."

A WRITER on hygienic subjects declares, "A young man should kiss a girl either on the left or right cheek." "As the option of either cheek is given," remarks Punch, "many young men will no doubt hesitate between the two."

MISS PRIMROSE: "Don't you ever give your dog any exercise?"

Miss Hollyhock (fondling a fat pug dog): "Of course. I feed him with chocolates every few minutes just to make him wag his tail."—*N. Y. Telegraph.*

THE proprietor of the largest dance hall in Chicago has startled the World (*N. Y. Morning*) by saying that ugly girls are better dancers than pretty girls. "They are more graceful than pretty girls because they work harder to make up for their lack of facial beauty. Pretty girls are as a rule, beside being conceited, lazy and indifferent," says this gentleman who has a chance to watch thousands of girls every day.

NEW Authors For Old Fiction:

"To Have and to Hold," by Samuel Gompers.

"Paradise Lost," by William Jennings Bryan.

"The Trimmed Lamp," by John D. Rockefeller.

"In His Steps," by William G. McAdoo.

"Why the World Laughs," by Charlie Chaplin in collaboration with Secretary Burleson.—Life.

THIS is all for this time. In closing ye ed wishes to say that no last line ending in Salome will be considered for the limerick contest.

LA DORINE

The Imported Compact Powder from Paris.

The Tea Hour at Palm Beach

THE most picturesque time of day at this famous winter resort is late afternoon when society gathers at the hotels for tea and gossip. At such close range under the tropical sun every imperfection of the skin is magnified; but the wise sojourner in the South has invariably provided herself with Dorin's Compactes to soften the surface of her complexion and to reduce or enhance the natural coloring as she requires. Dorin's Compactes are to be found at all famous resorts, not only in the smarter shops but in the bags and vanity boxes of the great majority of the guests.

WHAT IS YOUR COLORING?

Send description of your hair, eyes and complexion with **25c in stamps,** and we will send two miniature *compactes,* La Dorine, and one of Dorin's Rouges. Also booklet reproducing, in full color, seven exquisite types of beauty with directions for choosing the correct *compactes* for each type.

Or for **10c in stamps** we will send the booklet with generous samples of La Dorine and Dorin's Rouge *en poudre* instead of the *compactes.*

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

DORIN'S preparations are sold only in containers marked, "DORIN, PARIS"

LA DORINE comes in four shades to harmonize with every complexion—Blanche, Naturelle, Rosee and Rachel. Dorin's Compact Rouges are in a variety of natural tones of which Rouge Brunette and Rouge Framboise are the favorites. Large dressing table size, $1.00.

For arms and shoulders, use the Companion Powder, La Dorine *en poudre.* Box $1.00.

F. R. ARNOLD & COMPANY *Importers* Dept. P, 5 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK

INSURE THEIR HAPPINESS

Make Their Tomorrows as Free From Care as Their Todays.

A Prudential Monthly Income Policy

is the Rainbow After the Storm.

On the First Day of Every Month a Prudential Check Can be Put into the Hands of Those You Love.

Hundreds of American Homes Know This Day as

PRUDENTIAL DAY

THE NATIONAL PAY DAY

Your Life and Memory Can be Made a Constant Benediction to Those You Leave Behind.

Insure in

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN

Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Maybe She Met the R. F. D. on the Way

IN Charles Ray's "Crooked Straight," his leading lady is given a letter by her father presumably to be mailed. She places it in her hat and wears the hat to the next scene, where Ray is. There she removes the hat and we were all expectantly waiting to see the envelope flutter to the ground. It didn't. J. H. P., New York City.

"The Papers" Again

THAT must have been a long letter that Lord Grimwood was supposed to have written to his wife *Marion* (Dorothy Dalton) in "His Wife's Friend." Dorothy is shown with the letter in her hand, and it is seen clearly to be closely covered with writing on four sides. Then it is shown on the screen as a very short one-page letter. Later when the friend (Henry Mortimer) reads it, it is seen to cover only two pages.
C. G., Jersey City.

A Rising Young Actress

IN "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," the "dream garden" of the little princess is surrounded by a wall so high that it takes the help of a tree on one side and much scrambling on the other, for the lengthy and agile Wallace Reid to surmount it —and yet no sooner has the American roadster started off, than Lila Lee appears head and shoulders above the wall, in a delightfully reposeful and unruffled attitude. No ladder or other means of support was in view on the garden side at any time. S. G. F., Washington, D. C.

The Sennett Invasion

"THE WESTERNERS"—I always thought it was a period picture—is certainly up-to-date. It was supposed to carry us back to the days of the small mining towns where the men carried revolvers in their belts and whisky and other drinks were sold in saloons and dance-halls. On the wall, however, in one of the scenes, were two pictures that drew my attention. They were both copies of the *Police Gazette*. One was a picture of George Burns of the New York Giants and the other a striking likeness of a Mack Sennett bathing-girl.
PHILIP C. HALPER,
New Haven, Conn.

Keep off the Grass

"THE UNBELIEVER" is probably an old picture to you Americans but I can't resist registering a kick against it. The scenes are supposed to be of "battle-torn France;" most of them "No Man's Land." Did the director ever see France? There were no lawns in No Man's Land; nor were soldiers allowed there without their gas-masks. Not a gas-mask was seen throughout the film, not even on the German soldiers—and who ever saw a German at the front without his mask? Who would take the trouble to saw down trees at the front? No need of sawing them, they came down anyway. Who ever saw civilians living in No Man's Land, who—like the rabbi in the picture—would stand in the middle of the street and not blink an eyelash while shells were bursting all around? There were *houses* that—after the bombardment—still had glass in the windows! I've seen a good many incongruous war pictures, but this is the limit and therefore worth recalling. H. E.
U. S. S. Gazelle.

Anything May Happen in a Fog

IN "The Better Wife" Kathlyn Williams was in an automobile with wire wheels and electric lights. She rode through the fog and later on, she and her car turned over. We see a close-up of the car with wooden wheels and gas lights.
K. M. L., Crawfordsville, Ind.

Maybe He Developed a Tooth-ache

IN "Sage-brush Tom" the hero hit the villain in the chest. This is plainly seen. But in the next scene the villain had his jaw bandaged. A. K., Canton, Ohio.

That Carey Is a Smooth Feller

IN a late Harry Carey picture, "The Gun Fighting Gentleman," Harry wanted to get even with a certain retired rancher, by holding up an automobile containing the monthly payroll. As soon as the auto left, Harry jumped from the fence where he was sitting by the gate. The gate was closed. He ran for his horse nearby, and the next minute he was going through the open gate full-speed ahead. C. R., Sioux City, Iowa.

It Had to Be a Good Wreck

IN "The Wreck," the president's train starts out three coaches in length. Later, in another view, at least six larger coaches are on the train.
H. JONES,
Fort Madison, Ia.

Scared Out of His Boots, You Might Say

MR. HART—beg his pardon — Bill, in "John Petticoats," threw off only his hat before jumping from the wharf to rescue Rosalie, but when he emerged from the water with the young lady it was noticed that he was in his stocking feet.
F. W. H.,
Rochester, N. Y.

The Caption Writer Had a Cold

IN "The Thirteenth Chair," the name Grossby is often changed to Crossby and back again.
F. Duenas, Jr.,
Pasadena, California.

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 95)

OLIVE TELL, the exquisite blonde who used to be with Metro, will appear in Jans Pictures Inc., the first of which will be "Love Without Question," an adaptation of C. Wadsworth Camp's novel, "The Abandoned Room," James Morrison will be her leading man. Miss Tell appeared in "Civilian Clothes" on Broadway this winter.

Remember that page we had, "Hey Little Boy, What's Your Name?" About the little boy comedian who strayed away from Sennett, and Mack went out to look for him? He must have seen his picture in the papers, for he came back and has been working hard ever since. His name, he says, is Don Marion.

NORMA TALMADGE SCHENCK and her managerial husband spent the first two months of 1920 in Florida and Cuba. This is the first real vacation Norma has had since she became a first magnitude star. Last summer she tried to rest a month but before two weeks had passed it was the old story: she couldn't stay away from the studio. But this time, being one release ahead on her contract, she spent her months in the southland in the most carefree manner she liked. She and her husband went first to Havana, Cuba, and from there to Palm Beach, where the rest of the family, personal and artistic: Mrs. Talmadge and Constance and Natalie, and John and Anita Loos Emerson, joined them. Constance had to work.

THE monthly announcement that Elliott Dexter has recovered from his recent severe illness and will soon begin his Lasky starring engagement, which has been delayed since last summer, is now accompanied by the information that Mr. Dexter will be well enough to make a trip to New York and back, and anyone who can stand that is believed to be in condition for picture acting.

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You will find Armand at all the better shops in several delightful fragrances. The Bouquet is a fairly dense powder which comes in the square box, at 50c and Armand Cold Cream Powder is wonderfully dense and clinging and comes in a miniature hat box, at $1. If you'd rather, send us 15c and your dealer's name, for three samples. Address

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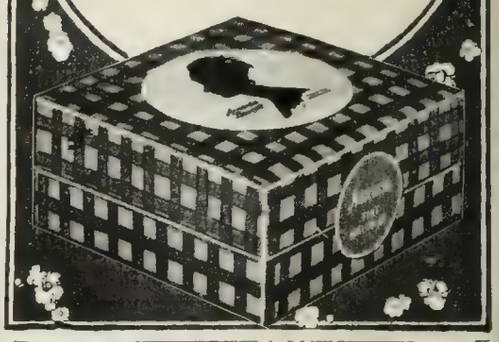

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

WHOEVER believed for a second that Irene Castle, the adored of all who dedicate their hearts to those who trip the light fantastic would settle down in a small town and really like it? It is hard to believe that one who had danced before the King and Queen of England, who had been entertained in the most brilliant society, who has had more attention from the smart magazines than perhaps any other young woman of this generation would find a great deal to amuse her in Ithaca, New York. But it is reported that when she gets home with her husband, Robert W. Treman, she forgets totally the white lights and the Famous Players-Lasky studio and it is all they can do to get her back. According to every indication, the former Mrs. Castle is very much in love.

ANOTHER little girl has been made the star of her own company, without any previous stage or screen experience. She is Hope Hampton, whose productions, made by the Hope Hampton company, are sponsored by Jules Brulatour. The first release will be "A Modern Salome." It does seem that Miss Hampton might have chosen a more modest vehicle for the debutante display of her talents; but then we suppose if she played a country girl or something simple like that she couldn't wear her pearls and silk stockings.

ALMA TELL is the sister of Olive. Like most sisters of well-known beauties, she is a sort of understudy, never considered quite so pretty as the first Miss Tell. But of a certainty her brunette good-looks showed up to advantage the other day in a scene directed by George FitzMaurice at the Famous Players 56th St. studio, New York. She seems very willing, nay, eager to work; and she wants to get on. Alma is a good foil for the blonde Mae Murray Leonard, featured in this production of "The Right to Kill." It is, by the way, originally a French story, from a novel by Pierre Louys, author of "Aphrodite," but the locale has been switched to Turkey and with the exception of one big situation, the yarn bears no resemblance to the original of the adaptation. Anyway, it gives the men of the cast a fine chance to wear those military capes which moving picture custom decrees should be worn by Turkish officers.

LOTTIE PICKFORD has come back, making the third Pickford to be manufacturing stellar pictures. While Jack has thoroughly established himself in the film field, Lottie, perhaps because of her infrequent appearances, has dropped out of recent years as far as filmgoers are concerned. Any Pickford packs 'em in, I suppose; but the mere fact that the brunette sister returns with her own company, producing independently, doesn't mean so much as her consistent future accomplishment and its harvest of possible popularity. Meanwhile Mary Pickford Rupp, Lottie's little girl, remains in strictest seclusion as far as the studios are concerned; she has not appeared before the camera, and her mother and her devoted aunt Mary do not intend that she shall, at least not for some years to come.

A SCENARIO romance to culminate in a spring wedding, is that of Frank A. Dazey and Miss Agnes Christine Johnston. Miss Johnston is doing continuity for Thomas H. Ince, "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave" being one of her big successes. Mr. Dazey is the son of Charles T. Dazey, author of "In Old Kentucky," and is handling the Underwood for the Louis B. Mayer company.

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This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now active pepsin can be daily used to combat this viscous film.

Able authorities have made convincing clinical and laboratory tests. Now everyone is asked to make a home test and see what Pepsodent does.

Compare the results with the methods you are using. See the change in ten days. Then decide for yourself if this new method is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

SYLVIA BREAMER, that dusky jewel of many Ince pictures, and later a decided adornment to J. Stuart Blackton's films, has gone to Mayflower, where she will be starred under the direction of Sid Franklin.

GRACE CUNARD would seem to have given up serialing. Another one of her "come-backs" will be staged as the lady-director of a new series of two-reel comedy-dramas, for National.

SEENA OWEN, the lovely blonde discovered at Fine Arts, and more recently leading woman for Tom Moore, is in the east now. She is playing opposite another Moore—Owen—in "The Woman Hater."

COLES—I'm afraid I snored terribly in the theatre tonight.

Mrs. C.—Nobody noticed it, my dear. It came right in the middle of the third act, in the storm scene, and everyone clapped because they thought the thunder so realistic.

—*California Pelican.*

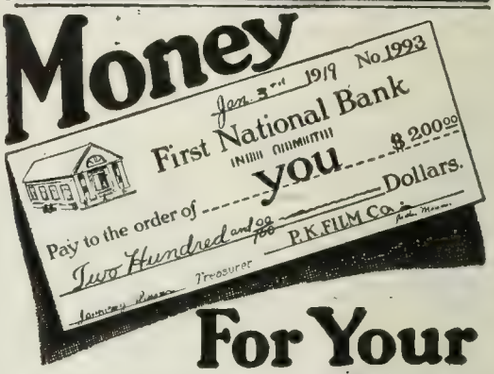
"GOT to have a colored quartette for our cabaret scene," the director said to the studio manager. "All right, but don't have too many in it," was the reply.

HELEN HOLMES made a rapid recovery after an operation for appendicitis in December and in January began making a serial, "The Danger Trail," under the direction of Gilbert P. Hamilton, for Warner Brothers. It will not be a railroad story, though it will have some engines in it to make Miss Holmes feel comfortable.

SOME New York filmgoers have been heard to remark that in preference to attending the Capitol, said to be the world's l rgest theater, and assuredly Manhattan's biggest picture-house, they would go to a neighborhood theater where they would see a good picture and a comedy or scenic, without having to while away an evening watching a tiresome and seemingly endless "revue," such as The Capitol presents to its patrons. Since its inception, the policy of this theater has been to stage elaborate "song and dance" tabloid entertainments, featuring show-girls, fancy electricity, and popular songs. The entertainment usually lasted three-quarters of an hour. By the time the picture you came to see was thrown on the screen, you were too dazed to enjoy it. Ned Wayburn, a well-known stage director of revues, put on the non-cinematic show at the theater until recently, when he resigned. Now they are planning another revue. How long will it last—the new revue, we mean?

LON CHANEY, who played "The Frog" in "The Miracle Man" has been engaged to instruct Jack Dempsey in the gentle art of making up. It is said Jack's nose had to be considerably altered before it looked good to the camera man.

HUGE advertising campaigns, prominent jewels, a good modiste and a faithful financier don't make screen success, so some little Broadway belles are busy discovering right now. One pretty girl in particular has had a chance that other girls of talent have waited aeons for: her name in letters of three feet on the White Way, her own press-agent, the best stories and directors—everything money could buy; and still she isn't a star. And the funny part of it is, she doesn't know it. Her press-agent has kidded her so that she actually believes she could make good on her own. Not being particularly hard-hearted, we wouldn't like to see her try it.



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Plays and Players

(Concluded)

THEDA BARA has gone in for drama. She will do "The Lost Soul" in the legitimate, having agreed to lend her expert vampire services to A. H. Woods, producer. But her new part, we are assured, will not be vampish all the way through; rather, Theda will have a chance to differentiate her dramatic talents. When will she come back to pictures? Oh! When this stage play is off her mind, she will make a picture version of it.

MAURICE TOURNEUR has moved his base of operations from the Goldwyn Studio at Culver City to Universal City, in order to get more room. He has extensive plans in view, but has three or four more pictures still to make for Paramount before he will begin independent production as a member of the Big Six, the new organization of moving picture directors.

CREIGHTON HALE, as soon as he finished the D. W. Griffith picture for which he was specially engaged, went into vaudeville in a dramatic sketch.

SOME scenario writer should use the story of the gay lady from Paris who swindled some film men out of many thousand dollars' worth of film. She came over here, purporting to be the representative of a most reliable Paris firm, and ran up accounts with New York exporters amounting to more than $200,000. She ordered prints of various pictures and at the last moment sent out a hurry call that she must catch a certain steamer and that if the prints were sent post-haste to the dock payment would be immediately forthcoming. She got away with it. The prints were delivered and stowed away on board but the exporters never saw the money. Any number of clever actresses we know of could play that part.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and his malamute dog Rex went for a walk in the Santa Monica mountains back of the new Fairbanks home one day in January, and were attacked by a pack of half-starved coyotes, according to a report from Los Angeles. Fairbanks was carrying a heavy stick and between him and Rex they routed the pack. If you don't believe this story, there is a picture of Doug and Rex to prove it. The coyotes are not in the photograph, but that is a small matter anyhow.

CONSIDERABLE time may elapse between "Pollyanna" and Mary Pickford's next picture. Shortly after "Pollyanna" was completed, Miss Pickford suffered from a nervous collapse, and a long rest was ordered. She had planned to begin work at once on Barrie's "Hop o' My Thumb," Jack Dillon directing, but this was delayed. Another plan of Miss Pickford's is to go to Europe in the spring to make "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "True Tilda," both English stories. Furthermore, it is said she is considering an invitation to play in the annual British pantomime of "Cinderella" next Christmas. All these matters are undecided pending the star's recovery to perfect health.

CONWAY TEARLE, who has been in great demand as a leading man for several years, will be starred for the first time in a production now being made by the Equity Pictures Corporation, "Michael and His Lost Angel," from Henry Arthur Jones' play. The same company will make a screen version of the comedy, famous half a generation ago, "Old Jed Prouty," starring Edward Kimball, father of Clara Kimball Young.

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The Girl on the Cover

(Continued from page 58)

took to give herself a comic trip to Europe. Her house is splendidly furnished, but it is not, as many of her ardent devotees probably believe, the upholstered answer to a dizzy outpour of gold. She has a marvelous sideboard which would grace any home—yet she drove a bargain for it at an auction—an old estate. A dealer hunted many months for her wonderful set of old China. Her glass service, some of which is of rock-crystal comparable only to the displays in the Metropolitan Museum, was the chance treasure of a dusty auction-room. Her books, many of them rare volumes and first editions, she has picked up in the same way in this country and abroad. I wonder how far most women, or even most men, would have gotten in acquiring the fine things of mere living had they been given Pearl White's money *carte blanche?*

But it was not in a recounting of bargains, a resume of property or a look through a pile of world-gathered mail that I was particularly interested.

It was in the psychology of a woman who has garnered, before thirty, more fame than a queen, and more actual adventure with life than the wildest of her serial heroines.

What next?

What, of interest, *can* be next?

The answer I found in Miss White's healhty, red-blooded interest in life just as —life. How much she has done that other successful young women have not done, or have neglected to do! In the first place she is, I suppose, in about as good physical condition as Mr. Dempsey when he entered the Toledo ring. She eats sparingly. She lives quietly. She has many acquaintances, but her circle of real friends is limited to very few. The jazz of metropolitan existence does not appeal to her at all. About once a week she stays in town to see a new play, merely to keep up with the times. Two or three evenings a week friends in the neighborhood come in to play bridge. She sleeps seven hours every night. She is always on hand, at her studio, early in the morning. Sometimes it is the chauffeur and her Rolls-Royce, at the Bayside door at eight a. m. Other times she drives her Stutz into town, herself—for the girl who saved her pennies under an old jug in a Missouri cellar until she had fifty of them against the possible arrival of a circus can now, without any cheap ostentation or vulgar extravagance, select her car of a morning as many an envious and infinitely less worthy woman selects her dress.

For one thing, her literary career did not end, as it began, with "Just Me." I think I am telling, for the first time, that she is half through a novel! What it's about she doesn't want to say. In fact, she doesn't want to say anything about it at all, for the literary works of non-professional writers are wisely not counted in the incubator.

But she has made a great friend—a pal, almost—of a man who has written several worthy things, and who, if properly encouraged, should be a credit to his community and his home paper. This man is Vicente Blasco Ibanez, and, during several visits paid her at her place, they talked, as Miss White says: "In gestures, his Spanish, my bum French, and my eight words of Italian." But this is not doing justice to her French, which would carry her anywhere that the international language of courtliness is used.

One of Ibanez' most amusing stories, which he told on numerous occasions during his New York visit, was of seeing people, during an air-raid in Paris, running wildly to a theatre. Thinking it an unusually safe place, probably, the portly author ran the

(Concluded on page 105)

The Girl on the Cover

(Concluded)

same way—and found that the attraction was not dynamite sanctuary, but a Pearl White serial. He laughed so heartily, he says, that he almost forgot to look at the screen, but he resolved that he ought to know any foreign woman who could so occupy the minds of people in jeopardy. And now that they do know each other, Ibanez, with his customary energy, is plotting a novel of his own that shall have as its base that marvellous mushroom of the arts, the *cinema*, and I believe that a transcription of Pearl White will be the heroine.

She welcomed her Fox affiliation because it should, thoretically, give her a real chance to play real parts. She deplored it because it removed her from the kindly and pleasant associations of many years at Pathe. But in the Pathe organization she was bound to the wheel of the serial, and as long as she remained a Pathette there seemed to be no escape.

She went into the movies, first, because her voice failed on the melodramatic stage, but her voice returned to her, long ago. So I asked her if she had any ambition to return to the footlights.

"You bet I have. It is a question of the play—and the money. But I do want to play a human part—a real part—a real American woman—on the stage. And I shall."

As the stage and the screen are affiliating, now and rapidly, this should not be difficult of accomplishment.

Pearl White's motion picture career is entirely encompassed between the year 1912 and now. In that year, playing with a stock company in South Norwalk, Conn., she abandoned a none too lucrative profession which had been unkind to her throat, and came to New York. Two studios had no work for her, but she finally found a small part at the Powers' filmery, at 241st street and Broadway, and was carefully instructed in her first scene by Joseph A. Golden. She was an indifferent success, and afterward, for more money, she went to Lubin's, in Philadelphia, where she played briefly with Florence Lawrence and the late Arthur Johnson—and was let out, finally, because Lubin could not see her as an actress. Then, a brief visit to the Pathe studios, where she was leading woman for Henry Walthall, and a longer session as a pie-slinger in the old Crystal comedies, after which came her self-made trip to Europe, and on her return, the first of her serials: "The Perils of Pauline." This was the first of her "always-in-danger" pictures which have become known in every town and hamlet in the world.

Believe It Or Not—

CHARLES M. HUGO, a representative of the Outing-Chester Company, writes of a new kind of alarm clock he has discovered in the wilds of China.

It seems that Mr. Hugo stayed over night in some little inn in the interior of China. He wanted to be on his way about 5:30 the next morning, so he left a call for 5 o'clock. Imagine his distress when the proprietor, bell boy, chambermaid, cook, waiter—all in one—came up to his room as he was retiring and set a rooster inside the door. He rebelled. "This ees five o'clock rooster," they said. And sure enough, at four minutes before five the next morning, the big bird flapped his wings and crowed until Mr. Hugo got up.

It seems that at this hotel they kept three, four and five o'clock roosters. A six o'clock one isn't necessary for every one is up by that time.

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One dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys about as much nutrition as $10 buys in meat and fish and eggs.

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And in oats you get the supreme food.

You get an ideal food—almost a complete food.

You get a food which, measured by calories, is twice as nutritious as round steak.

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Then compare by calories—the energy measure of food value. That's the way foods should be figured. You buy them for nutrition.

Here is what $1 buys in calories at this writing in some necessary foods:

What $1 Buys

At This Writing in Calories

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In Average Meats . .	2,200 "
In Average Fish . . .	2,000 "
In Hen's Eggs	1,400 "
In Broilers	600 "

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That is the food which everybody needs. And its trifling cost will average up your food bills.

Quaker Oats

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 68)

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE —Artcraft

THE impression might easily be gained from the printed announcements that Theodore Kosloff and Yvonne Gardelle appear in person at each showing of "The Tree of Knowledge," to dance an Edensque prologue between the overture and the first reel. But they don't. They are merely a part of the picture. Mlle. Gardelle appears as Lillith, the legendary predecessor of Eve, and the lady, who, some aunties believe, put all the bad thoughts into Adam's mind. She is clothed in an atmosphere of apprehension and a long, thick, Lady Godiva wig. M. Kosloff, as Adam, a gent of shreds and patches of excelsior, seeks the interesting Lillith's acquaintance and is thereafter damned because of all the things she could tell about him if she wanted to.

Thin as this little prologue is it is the one original sprig growing out of "The Tree of Knowledge." Even workers as capable as Margaret Turnbull, who made the adaptation from R. C. Carton's play, and Wm. C. De Mille, who directed it, could not, or at least did not, save if from a soggy conventionalism. Nigel Stanyon (Robert Warwick), a modern Adam who had devoted his youth to a profiteering Lillith (Kathryn Williams), discovers her finally to be interested only in his money and not at all in his soul. He returns then to his old home town and to a sweet faced girl (Wanda Hawley) who insists on loving him in spite of all. The wicked Lillith turns up again as the wife of Nigel's best friend and does her best to provoke a scandal, an enterprise which happily for most of the company is unsuccessful.

"The Tree of Knowledge" is to me of negative. A good, husky "heavy" is wasted whenever they cast Robert Warwick as a hero. Miss Hawley is again decorative as the innocent heroine. Irving Cummings adds another to his list of passionate pilgrims and Tom Forman capably assists.

THE GARAGE—Arbuckle

THE gentleman who exhibited "The Tree of Knowledge" at the theater I attended had the excellent judgment to show on the same bill the first of a new series of Paramount-Arbuckle comedies called "The Garage." I, who detest most of the slapstick farce of the screen, mention it here because, to me, it is so far ahead of the Sennett and Sunshine brands that any comparison greatly favors the Arbuckle creation. And yet the fun is as broad as "Fatty" himself, and the pace as swift as any of them. Even the oft-quoted pie of custard has a smashing exit in one scene, though it lands against the side of a limousine, and not against the face of an actor.

"The Garage" is superior slapstick stuff because someone connected with the creation of it has had the courage to use his wits as well as his Rabelasian instincts. Good farce has as rightful a place on the screen as it has on the stage. Even good rough farce. But when it is permitted to degenerate into the pictured ravings of vulgar half-wits is becomes a menace. This first Arbuckle sample is at least a heartening promise. I hope sincerely that all the would-be farce directors see it.

MARY'S ANKLE—Ince-Paramount

IT isn't easy to preserve the spirit of an extravagant farce on the screen. So much depends upon the personalities of the players—their voices, their facial contortions, their studied fear of the consequences hinging

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

upon their actions. "Mary's Ankle," however, seems a more convincing adventure in pictures than it did in the theater. This is partly true because the screen comedians and their director accept the story as being frankly preposterous and play it only for the fun that's in it, while the talking actors and their director were always trying to convince audiences that both story and characters bear some relation to reality. Which they do not.

Three improvident young men conceive the scheme of announcing the wedding of one of their number, a physician, hoping thereby to extract a few solid silver wedding gifts from distant friends and a check from a tightwad uncle. Their scheme is a complete success, excepting insofar as the gifts and the uncle's donation are concerned. The distant friends send lingerie in place of silver and uncle comes in person to meet the bride.

Mary is providentially picked up outside the door of the hero's office. She has twisted her ankle and needs help. It then transpires that both her name and address tally perfectly with those sent out on the bogus marriage announcement. Complications follow until a real marriage is substituted for that which was phony. The financial embarrassment of the young men is made amusingly real by Douglas McLean, Victor Potel and Neal Burns. Doris May and ankle are a success as Mary, and a lot of fun is had with the animated titles that dance to express the elation of the conspirators. This title feature, which is growing in popularity, can easily be overdone—so the boys had best beware.

THE LONE WOLF'S DAUGHTER—Hodkinson

NOT the least of the war's influences was to make an honest man of Louis Joseph Vance's friend, Michael Ledyard, otherwise and usually known as "The Lone Wolf." Some time after the trouble started in France it appears Michael became a respected member of Scotland Yard and took a hand in running down the plots of that naturally wicked person, Prince Victor.

In "The Lone Wolf's Daughter," which is Mr. Vance's sequel to "False Faces," the author has been to considerable pains to develop an exciting story at the expense of such plausibility as barred the way. Delving into the Lone Wolf's past, he presents him with a daughter whose mother was the Princess Sonia, wife of Prince Victor. The girl is reared in ignorance of her parentage, and eighteen years later, when she is threatened by Prince Victor, is rescued by her father.

As a story of adventure "The Lone Wolf's Daughter" holds together as well as need be. The attempt, however, to take the interest away from the Lone Wolf himself and center it on the daughter is nullified by the fact that he is much the more interesting figure of the two. Louise Glaum has difficulty in sustaining interest in the girl. This weakness, added to those forced situations in which underground passages, Chinese criminals and boats that seem to plow through the streets of London figure, minimizes the picture's chances for anything resembling a lasting popularity. Miss Glaum is an attractive heroine.

THE BEAUTY MARKET—First National

KATHERINE MACDONALD'S beauty is of a kind that makes a good picture great and saves a poor picture from being dull. Although "The Beauty Market" is the conventional story of the society girl who feels she must sell herself to the highest

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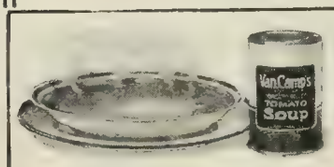

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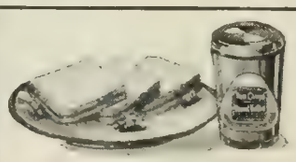

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

bidder in order to live comfortably, it is lifted a little away from the commonplace by the gorgeousness of the star. In trying to remain honest with herself, the heroine confesses her need of funds to the usual poor young man who loves her for herself alone. He, reflecting the attitude of his cave men ancestors, decide that she also needs a lesson, as a result of which decision he first loans her money on the engagement gift her rich suitor has provided and then marries her himself. He delays the lesson until some time in the suggested future, however, and thus the pleasant ending is guaranteed.

Miss MacDonald suggests the Maxine Elliott of twenty years ago and she is also blessed with an intelligence and a poise that give character to her performances. Her supporting company in this instance includes Winter Hall as the rich but lonely millionaire, and Roy Stewart as the handsome youth with cave-man instincts.

GEORGE LOANE TUCKER AT THE BAR

I AM glad to read that Mr. George Loane Tucker is making so valiant a fight for his rights as a director. As the producer of "The Miracle Man" he certainly is entitled to his part of the fame resulting from the success of that picture, and the advertising campaign conducted in its behalf. So far as the screen version is concerned, he is practically the creator of the best picture of the year.

And if it happen that Mr. Tucker wins the suit and is thereafter properly mentioned in the publicity, I trust it will at least suggest to him the rights of another gentleman—one, Mr. Frank L. Packard—who first wrote the story of "The Miracle Man," and whose name I fail to find printed, even in the smallest type used, in most of the advertising of this particular feature.

If it had not been for Mr. Packard, neither "The Miracle Man" nor Mr. George Loane Tucker as its gifted director, would ever have been heard of, and I'm sure any man who will go to the Supreme Court in search of redress for his own wrongs is certain to be inspired with generosity toward the wrong he may have done others, even unwittingly.

By Photoplay Editors

A MODERN SALOME—Hope-Hampton Productions, Inc.

IT never would have happened if she hadn't had her portrait painted—as "Salome." Leaving the projection room after viewing this picture my mind was in a daze—but I was sure of one thing: she shouldn't have had her portrait painted. Then Hope Hampton, who played the part of Salome, wouldn't have had to go through all she did—just what it is I don't quite collect; and she wouldn't have had to heave so painfully in the close-ups or perform that hula-hula before Herod. The title is justified in a very brief biblical allegory. A trade-paper, reviewing this production, the first of the Hope Hampton, Inc., releases, said: "The star . . . who is as well known for her acting ability in handling the light and shade of difficult situations, as she is for her appearance . . ." As Miss Hampton has never made an appearance before, on stage or screen, this is interesting. She is a pretty woman with an extraordinary coiffure and poor taste in clothes. Manifestly an amateur, her willingness to work herself up to the climaxes—in which this picture abounds—is apparent. The story is one of the wildest you ever saw; if you like a lot of at-

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

tacks and quarrels and degenerations and regenerations and semi-bohemianism and so-called "society" stuff, you may sit through this. Leonce Perret, who according to the caption is the "adapteur et directeur" (Oh, Lord!) of this, simply piled on the lavish settings and took so many close-ups of the star that she occupies most of the footage; which was evidently the desired objective. Miss Hampton strives valiantly; someone should tell her not to pant. She is always dressed as for a party. Wyndham Standing is here, there, and on a park bench. He is a wizard at make-up; you'd never recognize him. Agnes Ayres plays his downtrodden wife in the usual crestfallen fashion. Another Standing, Percy, is the impossibly good husband who believes in his wife all the time and who finally kicks the villain into the fountain before he takes Salome in his arms for the final fadeout.

HIS ROYAL SLYNESS—Rolin

THIS is the most pretentious of all the Harold Lloyd comedies, but I don't think you are going to like it as well as his first ones: "Bumping into Broadway" or "From Hand to Mouth." It only goes to prove that Lloyd himself is the whole show and as long as he is provided with a reasonable situation or two, an involved story isn't necessary. This is another mythical kingdom story—my word, where will it ever end? The film producers seem to be as keen about mythical kingdoms as the legit. is for China. Lloyd makes the most of everything that comes his way, from a beautiful princess to a lot of bolshevik bombs. His new little leading woman, Mildred Davis, is an appealing child—but not, alas, a Bebe Daniels. Snub Pollard is one of the genuinely funny grotesque comedians in films. We have Mr. Lloyd's brother here, too; he is a ringer for resemblance but he is fortunately not called upon to be funny.

RESPECTABLE BY PROXY—Blackton

WHEN we named "The Fear Market" the worst picture of the month we hadn't seen J. Stuart Blackton's latest. Beyond a doubt it is one of the dullest things ever perpetrated upon an unsuspecting screen. If it weren't for Sylvia Breamer—but there *is* Sylvia—dusky, fragile, and always interesting. There is dramatic depth in Miss Breamer that has never been sounded; she should have her chance; she should do much better things. The story of this is laid in the Old South—and if you have always cherished a sneaking fondness for the Old South you will change your mind. The captions are plentifully sprinkled with so-called Southern dialect; all the men kiss the women's hands upon coming into the set; and a black "mammy" is eternally muttering voodoo incantations over an open fireplace. Robert Gordon is continually miscast in these Blackton affairs. The story is far-fetched and impossible.

THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13—Goldwyn

Unfaithful husband; upright wife; divorce. Re-marriage of wife to worthy, upright young man. Entrance of scheming employer who wants wife. Re-entrance of first husband, who schemes against wife. Murder of employer in Room 13 by upright second husband. Certain conviction until wife tells on husband No. 1. Verdict Not Guilty; wife and husband No. 2 go home happy. This melodrama-with-a-murder was a play by Samuel Shipman and Max Mar-

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

cin, and we rather suspect there was more suspense in the legitimate version than in the screening. Frank Lloyd's is the credit for a swift and fairly creditable production. Pauline Frederick's is the credit for a fine and sincere performance, as is always the case when Polly does a picture. John Bowers has never done anything nearly so good as Husband No. 2; Charles Clary was simply horrid as Husband No. 1; and the cast welcomes back such old favorites as Marguerite Snow, the real "Woman in Room 13"; Robert McKim, and Sydney Ainsworth. There is also a youngster named Emily Chichester who looks as if she might do something in an acting line, some day.

THE FEAR MARKET—Realart

This, the prize celluloid lemon of the month, might be re-named "Don't Waste Your Evening." It might just as well never have been done or have remained in nice seclusion on Realart's shelves. Alice Brady has never been seen to greater disadvantage; good settings are lost in an inadequate sequence of scenes; and while Kenneth Webb's direction is doubtless fair, it presents nothing new. From a story by Amelie Rives, a mechanical scenario has been constructed, with the "plot" apparent from the first reel—and the "plot" not worthy of anyone's time or trouble in the first place. Frank Losee is the owner and publisher of a scandal sheet, and he doesn't want his daughter, played by Alice Brady-Crane, to know about it. So he makes her live abroad. She is involved in a near-intrigue over there by an unscrupulous opera-singer, Henry Mortimer—and helped out by a kindly woman who is at the moment being black-mailed by the father's agent, so that an affair in her past—in which she was entirely blameless—will not be printed in the sheet. The woman refuses to be coerced; and, reading the nasty item sometime later, dies by her own hand to escape the shame and notoriety. Alice comes home to America, to avenge her friend. The climax, of course, arrives with Alice when her search leads her to her own father's home. Like the brave girl she is, she denounces him, father promises to mend his ways, and at the end we see Alice in the arms of a young man who at decent intervals in the course of the picture has made decorous love to her. Is there anything in this to induce a first-time picture-goer to pin his flag of faith to the silent drama? A thousand nevers! Alice Brady acts in a dispirited way which doesn't help the piece along. She might have brightened it considerably.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—Holmes-Metro

Taylor Holmes' genial personality, rather obscured in past months by poor vehicles, is again up to the "Ruggles of Red Gap" standard in "Nothing but the Truth." Not that this first picture from his own studios is nearly as good as "Ruggles," but it gives Holmes a chance to demonstrate his skill as a neat farceur. He paid a very fair price for this Willie Collier stage success—you know the story of young Robert Bennett, who makes a large wager to tell nothing but the truth. There are many chuckles in this, and a few stomach-laughs. Holmes is funny—and the thought occurs that he would make a good romantic actor; he is more polished, more sincere and better-looking than many of our leading men. Ned Sparks, who played in the stage version, is the best thing in the cast. Marcelle, little French wife of composer Earl Carroll, should screen well—but doesn't. Elsie Mackaye, Holmes' leading woman, must be an acquired taste, like olives. Having heard her on the stage, we rise to thank this drama for its silence. Edna Phillips Holmes is a good actress and deserves a better part than that of the partner's wife. No expense was spared on the sets, but the scenario wasn't good. It would seem, too, that everyone worked but the title-writer. David Kirkland has not bolstered up his artistic reputation by his part in this; the direction is irregular. Holmes will do "Nothing but Lies" later on.

DOUBLE-SPEED—LASKY

Here is half an evening's blithe entertainment. J. Stewart Woodhouse wrote it for Wallace Reid, and it tells the story of young "Speed" Carr and the adventures that befell him when, set upon by tramps, he is robbed of everything but his watch—and he has to pawn that. The best part comes after he has got a job as a chauffeur, fallen in love with the pretty daughter of the house, and is suddenly prevailed upon to masquerade as Speed Carr, when he himself is that worthy. It's all cleared up and Wally gets his watch back after some good speed stuff, some gorgeous glimpses of Wanda Hawley's cinderella foot in a small-size slipper, some ingratiating shots of Wally, who is one man who can look ingenuous without taking on the general aspect of an ingenue; and fine characterization by our old friend Theodore Roberts and his partner in intrigue Tully Marshall. A new director—to us—Sam Wood, handles this well. The puns in some of the titles are terrible.

THE STAR BOARDER—Sennett-Paramount

All of Sennett's late comedies follow the same formula. This two-reeler is pulled out of the usual rut by the tiny star boarder himself—the new Sennett baby, Don Marion. He's funnier than Little Davy; his queer little bobbed head is good for a laugh from any one of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Editors, any time. He is aided by Teddy, the greatest canine performer of all time; Louise Fazenda, who contributes another one of her justly-celebrated lady-boob acts; and Ben Turpin, who does a loaded-cigar stunt in the first part of the picture that leads you to expect the rest of it will be up to the same sandard. It isn't. But Harriett Hammond is awfully pretty, isn't she?

ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY—Lasky

Shure an' this Marguerite Clark has a way with her. She's not only blessed with perennial beauty, but perennial charm as well. Her present material has been nowhere near the high-water mark of her first screen efforts, such as "Still Waters," but she has managed to bear up very well. In this, a little better than the average comedy-drama, she essays the role of impish Peggy O'Mara, daughter of a mother whose chief interest in life is the "Life of the Spider." They are the guests of a titled British house whose foolish young bug-hunting Lord loves Mother O'Mara, whose crotchety lady-mother doesn't approve of the O'Maras, and whose nice younger son, played by Jack Mulhall, falls in love with Peggy. Mulhall, by the way, looks like Eugene O'Brien and Wallace Reid without acting like either of them. All through five frothy reels Peggy loves Jimmy without knowing it, finally discovering she wants very much to marry Jimmie—all-of-a-sudden! Mother O'Mara

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

is delightfully described by Lillian Leighton. Walter Edwards directed in his dependable stately style. Edith Kennedy made a good scenario from the play by Ernest Denny.

THE WALK-OFFS—Metro

Frederic and Fanny Hatton saw their comedy on the screen the same time I did, and if they didn't complain that the real satiric spirit of it was lost, I suppose I shouldn't. It is very mild entertainment, and it seems to be played a little too seriously by its star, May Allison. A word of praise for May however: she is one of the most sincere of our celluloid actresses; one of the prettiest, and one of the least self-conscious. If you know the story at all, it is a light satire on the shams and foibles of the "smart set"—and a very motion-picturish smart set, here. It gets its name from an old darky story that the Creator made people without brains, went away, and forgot to come back; the people walked off—and the darkies always call high-falutin' people "Walk-Offs." May, as Kit Rutherford, is one, but she finally agrees to stay put and love a young Lochinvar with lots of money. Emory Johnson plays that part, and we wish he might be seen more often. Darrell Foss is good as Schuyler Rutherford; Joseph Kilgour impressive as usual as Murry Van Allan—such an exquisite name for a society heavy! The Hattons are great satirists and the screen has somehow never been able to reflect their philosophy.

THE RIGHT OF WAY—Metro

It is extremely doubtful if this most excellent transcription of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel will ever be popular. It is heavy, slow, and it has an unhappy ending—Parker's own ending. But it is one of the most thoughtful things that has ever emanated from a studio, and certainly it is one of Metro's most faithful film adaptations. It brings Bert Lytell as an actor of surprising force. I knew Lytell could act—but I never suspected him of such dramatic discrimination and reserve. As Charley Steele, the brilliant but inebriate young English-Canadian lawyer, with his supercilious, blasphemous viewpoint, his monocled indifference, he is a new Lytell. Rather, he is not Lytell at all; he loses himself absolutely in his character. Long scenes with him alone on the screen, are neither tiresome nor unconvincing. There are no fireworks. Jack Dillon's direction was never sensational but always logical. Antrim Short is Billy. Leatrice Joy, a comparative newcomer, is sweet and sane as Rosalie. And the guide of "The Blind Husbands," H. Gibson-Gowland, contributes a real characterization as Joe Portugais.

THE LUCK OF GERALDINE LAIRD —Robertson-Cole

We may have called "The Pinnacle" "Blind Husbands"; we lent weary assent to the changing of "The Admirable Crichton" to "Male and Female." But Kathleen Norris' "The Luck of Geraldine Laird" remains "The Luck of Geraldine Laird" in these pages. What do you suppose they re-christened it? "Woman and Wife!" Seemingly forgetting that a Select version of "Jane Eyre" done by Alice Brady masqueraded under that very title. This brings back the old Bessie Barriscale of "The Cup of Life," in a big-time story of small-town life. Not since her Ince-Triangle days has she had a better vehicle. Not even the stilted posing of Niles Welch could spoil it. Its psychology is that of the people who read the papers but never believe that "such things can really happen"—to them. The director could

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

hardly have done better if his name had been Tucker or Dwan or Powell or Franklin. Kathleen Norris and Bessie Barriscale together provide a one-hundred per-cent *woman* appeal.

THE BLOOMING ANGEL—Goldwyn

A nice little picture. Particularly if you happen to be one of those who consider no Thursday evening complete without the Sat. Eve. Post. If so, you will enjoy seeing one of your favorite romances brought to life by Madge Kennedy, who is a delicious farceuse if there ever was one. The story by Wallace Irwin has been pretty faithfully followed and while it isn't nearly so funny in pictures, it is bright, and then there is always Miss Kennedy. We like her new coiffure. Pat O'Malley, remembered from old Edison days, plays Chester Framm. Margery Wilson is Carlotta, the scholarly, behind hugh tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses. The elephant wasn't a bit funny. Why aren't elephants ever funny in pictures?

ON WITH THE DANCE—Fitzmaurice-Artcraft

Here is a picture we have been waiting for. It is a picture of New York. The story—and there is a story—is a melodrama, curiously lifelike. It's too long to tell. Ouida Bergere made the scenario from Michael Morton's book, providing the background upon which Fitzmaurice built his glittering panorama. This is a Fitzmaurice-*Star* production, and makes one wonder why no producer has ever thought to recognize Fitzmaurice's talents before. This Irish-French maestro has made it at once a pageant of our greatest city, and an intimate drama of personalities. He has a satirical, yet kindly philosophy; and he really does understand men and women. There isn't an inch of excess footage in this; it is crammed with color and vivid sets,—you can fairly see colors in Fitzmaurice's black-and-whites—logical and yet melodramatic action, and *acting*. David Powell's fine sensitive delineation of Mr. Peter is as good as anything that has ever been done on the silversheet. Alma Tell, sister of Olive, is a womanly Lady Joane. Mae Murray does her best work as Sonia, the sensuous little Russian dancer; she is Sonia. Don't be fooled by the advertisements; it isn't Mae's dancing you'll stake to see; it's her acting. And—just watch Fitzmaurice!

STARVATION—Fred Warren

"Starvation" has many, many reels and titles calculated to infer that the picture will show how Mr. Herbert Hoover, with the co-operation of the United States, has been feeding a starving, wartorn Europe.

The picture, decidedly a compilation and not in any sense a production, is made up of scenes dealing with the unloading of food ships, soup kitchens, emaciated hungry people, executions of Bolshevist persons by German authorities and views of some prominent public buildings in European capitals. The "punch" at the end shows two prisoners compelled evidently by the Russian Bolshevists to climb the gallows and hang themselves. The picture is calculated to make you want to help feed the starving nations. It very likely will.

OTHER MEN'S SHOES—Pathe

Many directorial roads for some time no doubt will lead from "The Miracle Man." Whether Edgar Lewis in making his first Pathe production was conscious of it or not, one feels that he took his cue for a great many of the incidents of "Other Men's

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

Shoes" from that established success. One of the great differences in the pictures is, though, that "The Miracle Man" never sank into mere sentimentality,—unless perhaps for a moment at the end. Mr. Lewis' picture drips with it. He hangs a bit of it on every possible peg. Nevertheless, "Other Men's Shoes" will appeal to very many, especially to the sort of ladies who dote on ministers—for the hero is a handsome clergyman. And since the minister develops from a coward into a person of punch and virility, commanding the respect of his congregation, men will like it. The catch in the picture is that the strong, aggressive parson and the weak-willed one are two distinct persons. Craufurd Kent plays the dual role of the clergyman and his weak brother. If you don't mind slush, go to see him.

TREASURE ISLAND—Fox

This is not *your* "Treasure Island"—the one you have read and re-read these many times. There could be only one "Treasure Island," of course. This Artcraft picture is Maurice Tourneur's "Treasure Island." He has maintained much of the charm of Robert Louis Stevenson's magic words in the atmosphere of the picture. But the plot—aside from a general semblance to that of the classic pirate story—is Mr. Tourneur's own. It might be said that he has been very free in his translation of "Treasure Island" from literature to the screen. It is Mr. Tourneur's version which suffers. He has juggled the plot and has introduced a great deal of action of his own—some of which is very ingenuous. But in attempting to paint the lily, he has cheapened it by more than one tawdry stroke. Nevertheless he has made a very entertaining story of a hunt for buried treasure.

Tourneur's reputation is largely based on a genius for artistic detail. Except for occasional slips, his genius works wonders in this picture of old England, pirates, sailing vessels and powdered wigs. Such scenes, such settings, such a Jim Hawkins! Where is there a player of boy's parts who could have endowed the role of Jim with such a delightful, fiercely boyishness as Shirley Mason? The director's choice of Miss Mason for the boy here, might be called another inaccuracy in the translation, but it is one we do not mind. Heaven forbid a motion picture production without a woman. Charles Ogle, as "Long John Silver"—a considerable tamed and much less changeable and oily villain than the original due to the change in plot and limitations of the screen,—is another candidate for honorable mention—as was the entire admirable cast.

THE BEGGAR PRINCE—Haworth

Some producers just can't be happy unless they have a mythical kingdom or two in a current production. You would think they had run out of real-life stories, whereas they have scarcely sampled them. It seemed, to me to be really too bad to waste Sessue Hayakawa, lavish settings and good scenery on such comic-operatical material as this. It's called a fantasy, and if a fantasy means a jumble of far-eastern islands with cruel princes and poor but noble fishermen and lovesick grand viziers' daughters and beautiful net-menders' daughters—then this is it. Hayakawa plays two parts: that of the cruel prince and the fisherman, Niki. They exchange roles so that the prince may learn true contentment in poverty and Niki may reform the kingdom and go back to his nets. Chubby little Sosad, who loves the prince, is Thelma Percy, Eileen's pretty younger sister. Beatrice LaPlante plays Olala, Niki's sweetheart.

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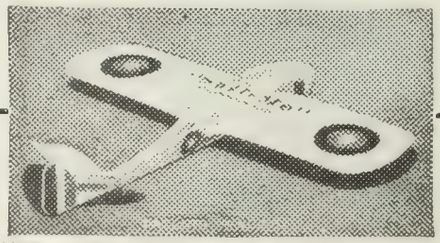

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Polly of the Storm Country

(Continued from page 85)

Feeling under the circumstances that she must promise something else, Evelyn said that she would try to persuade Marc to let Polly and little Jerry go to see Daddy Hopkins—that Polly might have any one of her dresses that she wanted. She could come and select one that night.

Polly got her dress—but she also received a note after she got home from selecting the gown saying that Evelyn could not arrange the trip. So Polly decided to take things in her own hands.

When Evelyn Robertson and her mother, with Robert Perceval and Marc McKenzie, seated themselves in the drawing room on the Auburn coach the following day, they did not guess that snugly tucked away under the seats in which they sat were a curly headed girl in one of Evelyn's gowns covered with a man's rough coat, and a little boy wrapped in one of Granny Hope's old shawls.

They would not have found it out at all, in every probability, if a heavy boot had not come in contact with an acquiline nose. There was a short exclamation from above, and Polly Hopkins, in agonized embarrassment and quantities of dust was dragged into view. She proclaimed her right to go see Daddy Hopkins. McKenzie said she was a thief—stealing a ride. Mrs. Robertson brought forth evidence that the girl wore one of Evelyn's dresses, stolen without a doubt. Evelyn, though Polly looked at her beseechingly, did not deny the charge. And there Polly stood, in utter, abject misery until Robert Perceval said that he would stop the train and take her home. They were still in the outskirts of Ithaca. The conductor complied willingly to Bob's request to signal the engineer on sight of a greenback. The women gladly stepped aside while Pollyop fished out wee Jerry from under their seat, and the weird little couple dashed after Robert and out of the train.

"Try and be good," Bob said to Polly almost savagely as he rowed her across the lake. It was a long time before he finished his sentence, "because—I—I—love you."

Shortly after the marriage of Evelyn Robertson and Marc McKenzie took place.

* * *

Then came the moment that crucified the loving heart of little Pollyop Hopkins and left in its place only hate and loathing for any but her own people.

Marcus McKenzie did what he had long threatened to do—though Polly knew nothing of his threats. He took away wee Jerry to a children's home.

And with that all her sweetness died within her. Her face grew sullen.

The night before Thanksgiving Larry Bishop and several squatters dropped a heavy bundle on Polly's bed.

"We had a hell o' a time gittin' her, Poll," Larry said. "But there she air."

"Scoot out and keep watch," the girl commanded. Polly leaned over and untied the wrappings of the bundle on her bed and exposed the pale, terrified face of Evelyn McKenzie. She was bound and gagged, so she could neither move nor make a sound.

"I'm goin' to kill you," Polly gloated savagely. "You lily-livered—" apparently she could find no name to express her contempt for the woman before her, so she did not try.

"Marc McKenzie's in the town lookin' for his gal," came Larry's voice from the door.

"Come in," Polly invited, "come in, an' we'll laugh at him when he comes here till our sides split."

"I guess the squatter people know how to pay their debts," hissed Polly as she

Polly of the Storm Country

(Concluded)

covered Evelyn's body with pillows and laid down beside her in bed.

McKenzie came into the house. Grief had left his face white and drawn.

"My God," he said, "my wife's gone. She's gone. I want you to help me. I'll pay you for it"—what a different McKenzie!

But Polly and Larry only laughed cruelly. "Maybe your woman's freezing in the snow," suggested Polly heartlessly. McKenzie left the house frenzied, followed by harsh laughter.

"You're going to die," Polly kept repeating over when Larry had again gone out, and she lifted the covers that hid Evelyn from sight. "But I'm going to tell you somethin' before you do. D'ye hear?"

Then Polly told the story of Larry Bishop and his wife and babe, of Daddy Hopkins and wee Jerry and herself. "Now you see," she said, "you're the one thing that can hurt old McKenzie like he has hurt us—an' you're goin' to get it. Maybe old Marc won't be so mean to us for a while."

For many weeks now, Polly had kept a coat hung over the picture of the greatest mother in the world which Robert Perceval had given her. Tonight old McKenzie had brushed against it, and the coat lay in a heap. As Polly glanced about the room her eyes became riveted on one spot. There from the wall the great sad eyes with their message of love looked straight into hers. Against her will, the picture of the slim straight boy who had called her "the littlest mother in all the world" swept into her heart for the first time in days and days. Then old memories, old emotions, old sensations came flooding back. She went closer to the pleading mother and stood looking at her for several moments. Then she turned back to Evelyn McKenzie and took off the ropes which bound her.

"I'm going to take you back to your man," she said simply. And she did—on Daddy Hopkins' old sled, up to the great house where light poured forth from every window.

At the door Pollyop turned to go, but Evelyn McKenzie pulled her into the library where Mrs. Robertson and Marc McKenzie sat in agonized silence.

"I was going to kill her," said Pollyop—the old Pollyop always ready to take the blame.

From her place in her husband's arms, Evelyn told her story, and for the first time in her life, she told the entire truth.

Finally Polly thought she must be going, but Evelyn would not hear to her staying alone in her shanty overnight.

"Marc, you go with her and bring her back," she asked, "and mother, bring down my fur coat and hat—Polly must be warm."

When Marc McKenzie and Pollyop arrived at the Hopkins shanty, a bright light streamed across the snow to welcome them. Polly's heart stopped beating at what she saw inside the window. There, against the wall, stood Robert Perceval, and opposite him was Daddy Hopkins with wee Jerry on his shoulder.

It was not easy for Marc McKenzie to enter the little place and admit that he had been wrong—but he did so. And when Daddy Hopkins and wee Jerry and Pollyop had hugged enough, and kissed enough and wept enough, and when Marc had repeated the story from beginning to end that Evelyn had told, Bob Perceval reached out his arms and drew a shining Pollyop to his heart.

Then she thought, did Pollyop, that this was Thanksgiving time, and they had much to be thankful for.

"Granny Hope said 'Love is stronger'n hate,'" said Pollyop, "and she was right."

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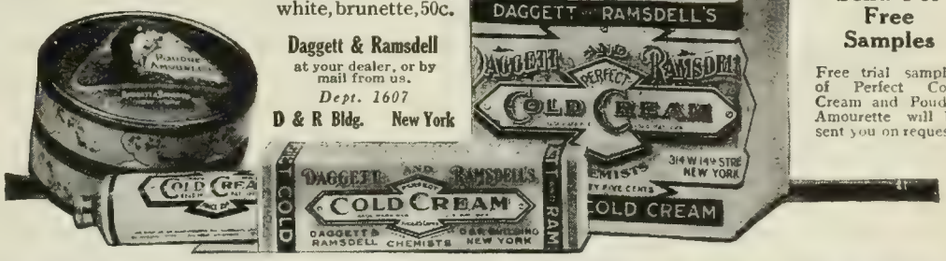

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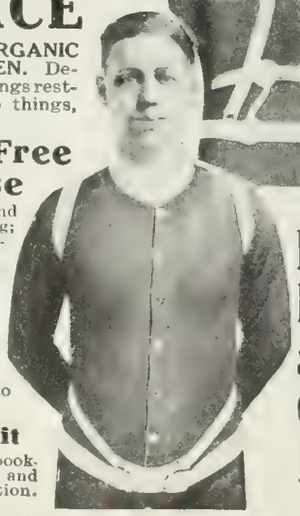

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Mary, the Well Beloved

(Continued from page 29)

straight hair pulled back grotesquely, the children stood around and gazed from one to another of the players. They had been expecting their Mary, but did not recognize her. Finally Miss Pickford singled out a diminutive cherub intimately known as Mousie, an especial favorite of hers, and picked the baby up in her arms.

"Dat id *too* Mawy Pitford," Mousie declared emphatically. You couldn't fool her with any kind of makeup.

For more than half a century this institution has been caring for orphans, for thirty years the present building has towered above the city upon one of its highest hills, for six years the present Mother Superior, Sister Cecilia, has been watching with deepest love the welfare of the flock, and the five last years, since Mary Pickford has taken a personal interest in the children, have been the golden ones in the history of the home. What has she done? Ask rather what she has not done. She has had a hand in all matters that have contributed to the happiness of nearly three hundred children, ranging from toddlers to girls who have been taught some trade or profession and ready to go out into the world and be selfsupporting. Not only has Miss Pickford herself contributed to these things but she has interested other members of the California moving picture colony.

It is a little thing, perhaps, that the childern in this institution are not garbed uniformly. Little, but how big to the tiniest girl, the bow in whose hair is a little different in shape or size or color from that of her playmate. Nor are gay colors barred nor laughter nor any of the merry din of childhood.

It is a little thing, perhaps, that the children are not all herded into one huge dining room for their meals, big, little and medium at long tables like rabbits in a hutch, which is the customary way one imagines the eating arrangements at such places. The littlest ones have a little room of their own, with little tables, from one right close to the floor for the babies, graduated upwards. And in other rooms are served the larger girls and the girls who are neither little nor big but just in between. Moreover, illustrating the thought which is expended to make the children feel that they are not just peas in a pod, these small tables are not arranged in long rows in mathematical regularity, but there is a carefully studied disarrangement, breaking the long monotonous lines.

And there are books from which the good Sisters read to little rapt audiences, and hours of play in the sunlight, and wash basins set close to the floor where the tiny ones can paddle to their heart's content and make toilet time a merry occasion, and the little hospital room, happily seldom occupied by anything more serious than a "tummy ache" or case of mild sniffles.

Into all these corners of this hospitable home for homeless babes the presence of Mary Pickford has crept, and the love that she has given has been poured back upon her a thousand fold.

"She never forgets anything," said Sister Cecilia. "One day when she came to call on us she noticed that I was looking a little glum, and asked me what was the matter. I told her I had just received notice of an assessment for street improvement, $3,700 we were required to pay. I did not know where the money was to come from. 'I'll take care of it,' she said. A few days passed and I thought perhaps she had forgotten, because she is so very busy. But soon I heard from her about it. She was organizing a benefit perfor-

Mary, the Well Beloved

(Concluded)

mance at once of the Los Angeles theatres, and sure enough, we received our badly needed money."

And there was, among innumerable other incidents of Mary Pickford's interest in these children, the most wonderful picnic that ever was—all arranged by Mary herself. It was away out in a beautiful spot in the foothills of the Sierra Madres—first a ride on the interurban cars, and then automobiles to their destination. And there was a band and a regular outdoors festival of every imaginable delight. But guess what was best of all. Mary was there too. And it cost her something to be there. She was in the middle of a picture and the people who insist that pictures must be made by a certain date were hurrying and hurrying, so it was impossible for Mary to be with the children all day. So she had things arranged in such a way that she could be absent from the studio for three hours in the middle of the day, and by defying all the speed laws managed to motor to the picnic, spend an hour with the children, and get back on time. How easy to give checks, when you think of this little woman, every energy needed for her work, finding time and strength to give a few poor orphans a little hour of joy!

When Mary was making "Daddy Longlegs" she used the Orphan Asylum for the childhood scenes. One of the children was quite ill at the time, but seemed to improve considerably while Mary was with her, for the hospital ward, when it has any occupants, is one of her first interests. When she had left, the child, half delirious, cried for her to come back, and she did so. While she held the baby's hand it slept and rested comfortably, but the instant she tried to release herself the baby woke. And so she sat there, ate her dinner with one hand, and finally, aided by the sisters, made herself as comfortable as possible and slipped beside the little patient remaining there all night. In the morning the baby was almost recovered.

Stop a moment, you who think of the movie stars as devoting their nights to hilarious gaiety, their only thoughts in the hours when they are not working being of vast extravagances! Picture this scene—the highest salaried woman in the entire world enduring a night of discomfort—merely because a baby cried when she took her hand away. You who have wanted to know why Mary Pickford is a great favorite and why her popularity never wanes—can you not see in this little story some clue to the mystery?

It would be unjust to many other generous persons to leave the impression that Mary Pickford is the sole support of this great institution. There are several other screen notables interested likewise, but as one of them said, "What all the rest of us do isn't a patch to what Mary does—not a patch." But just the same—we were compelled to swear not to divulge these names—a certain genial Irishman who recently has been elevated to stardom by Lasky, and a certain other genial Irishman who used to be a director but who is scoring a greater success as leading man in Allan Dwan productions, and still another genial Irishman who has long been one of the chief funmakers in Mack Sennett comedies—these three for example provided one of the most glorious Christmas trees that ever was for the delectation of the orphans. There was a stocking for every one, with her own name on it, and the tree was lighted with hundreds of little incandescent lights and flying birds and silver streamers, 'neverything. And the same lads sent over more turkey than the whole lot of them could eat, 'neverything. And one of them—the Mack Sennett one—played Santa Claus. And Fatty Arbuckle has promised to go over and play with them one day soon. 'Neverything.

But that sacred little shrine which every girl cherishes in her heart as the place where she keeps the thoughts of the best beloved of all, is Mary's own, or perhaps Mary shares it, as she would wish to share it, with Sister Cecilia with her kind smile and her "God bless them, who could live with them and not love them?" And in their dreams—I am not of the Church and I hope this is not irreverent—I believe that the Madonna with the Blessed Babe, and Sister Cecilia, and Mary, all look very much alike.

The children also sing to the melody of "The End of a Perfect Day" these words:

M is for Mary, the children's friend
and the friend of the soldiers too
A for the ardor with which she has served
our glorious "Red, White and Blue"
R for the Rosary we whisper for her
in the tranquil hour of prayer,
Y for the years that we hope she will
live scattering love everywhere.

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"The Hand of Fate Gives Life Another Twist",
"Her Truant Spirit Slips into the Dark."

"Their Little Child", "A Gleam of Saving Sense",
"The Touch of Goodness" and the other stuff;
"Give Me a Thousand Kisses" "And—Ten Cents"—
"His Grasp was Brutal," "She Recoils" "You're Rough!"

"And So It Goes"; "Life Dances Down the Street";
"What Does it Matter if the Child is Spared?"
"The Morning Glories Smile and Roses Greet" . . .
"And So, as Hours Sped By, Angela Dared."

"I Do Not Know Exactly What You Mean . . ."
"I Cannot be Your Lover, But Your Friend!!"
"Oh, Miss Carruthers, What—What—Might Have Been!"
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medium brown..... light brown.....

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Street.....

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"You are." "You are."

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They Both Came Back

(Concluded from page 33)

number of beautiful studies of the country round about Phoenix and Tempe.

Back on Broadway they spoke of Hobart Bosworth with hushed voices and dolorously wagging heads. What matter if he wrote that he was feeling great, and would soon be back among them.

One day Bosworth went to see one of the specialists in that sort of thing in Phoenix. "Wish you'd see if you can find anything wrong with me," he said.

The specialist looked him over, inside and out, several times, and subjected him to all the tests there are. In the end he had to admit that, somehow or other, Bosworth had cheated the germs, ejected them from his physiology, and was, in the parlance of a later day, "top-hole." But the wary man of medicine warned him against the east, the cruel east with its wet cold winters, popularly supposed to be fraught with pneumonia germs and other bacilli of destruction. Bosworth wasn't scared, but he thought Southern California might be worth looking over a bit, and a new stock company was being opened there by Fred Belasco, brother of David, and so to Los Angeles went the recovered and rejuvenated Bosworth.

At first the theatrical colony wouldn't believe it, but the fact soon was established and so was Bosworth, as director of a company that made a national reputation for the excellence of its productions. From this company came such notables as Lewis Stone, Fay Bainter, Lillian Albertson, Charles Ruggles, and the scenic artist was Robert Brunton, founder some years later of the Brunton studios. Florence Reed played there, and Mrs. Fiske gave a special performance of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," with Bosworth as Rosmer. Then came the pictures to the southland.

The thing that Bosworth expresses most intensely is power with geniality—a sort of rollicking mastodon. Although he is six feet tall and weighs more than two hundred pounds, there is nothing heavy or bulky about his appearance, and the mildness of his blue eyes, whose assertion of kindliness is corroborated by his light wavy hair—touched a bit now with distinguished grey—tells of a joviality of spirit concerning which his friends do not need to be told. And as I watched his powerful arms thrashing out in every direction in the big fight scene in "Behind the Door" I could not help wondering what he would be like if he started fighting in real earnest. Probably he would hate like the very dickens to get into it in the first place, but once in—oh boy! —I for one would want to be outside looking in.

He had just finished "Behind the Door" when the Ince organization handed him another rough bit of work, "Below the Surface," in which he is called upon to play the part of a master diver. Then came a moment of hesitation, and finally the death wallop for the last shadow of fear that his battle with tuberculosis had left implanted in his mind. This fear was something of a nightmare that he would some day die of strangulation. His apprehension was with him right to the last minute, and as the glass plate was being fastened over his face on the diving helmet he involuntarily gave a gasp, fearing that the supply of air coming in through the air line would be inadequate and that he would be unable to breathe under the conditions. However, once the adjustment was made and the air pump started, he experienced no difficulty in breathing at all, and he had won the final victory.

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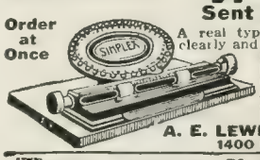

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Owed to the Pictures

(Concluded from page 54)

joyous mood in anticipation of a coming love scene or a family reunion, while the playing of the Rachmaninoff "Prelude," or "The Storm" or "One Fine Day" from Puccini's "Madam Butterfly" senses impending tragedy, and the orchestrration of the cigarette girls' ballet or "Habanera" from the opera "Carmen" or the joyous music of the second act of Puccini's "La Boheme" denotes that a scene of reckless merrymaking is in progress.

"We shall use more and more of the works of such men as Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, Schuman, Schubert, Cesar Franck, Bizet and Godard as time goes on," says Arthur Kay, the conductor of the orchestra of Grauman's Theater, Los Angeles, "because it is more consistent. One can take a whole movement of a piece of this sort,—a quartet for instance,—and keep up the same mood. Set exclusively for strings it maintains a sustained value that is foreign to an operatic work. It is more like specially-composed music,—the kind that every picture needs."

Louis F. Gottschalk, who wrote the music for "The Tik Tok Man of Oz" and other stage successes, daily works upon the scores that accompany the Griffith pictures. His work for "Broken Blossoms" is largely original.

It will be this specically composed music that will accompany the big pictures of the future, one may predict. Too often has an audience had to sit through a splendid photodrama ruined by its musical score.

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"1 suit	$50
2 hats	20
Storm coat	50
Gloves	10
Shoes	30
Stockings	6
2 corsets	6
6 union-suits	6
Petticoats	10
Lawn blouses	12
Total	$200

"You see, that leaves $50 for incidentals!" said Miss Brady triumphantly. "Such as veils and hairpins and umbrellas and rubbers and things like that. Or maybe a light summer dress. The point is, spend carefully; buy good things, not cheap shoddy things, such as flimsy silk stockings, cheap underwear, and elaborate hats. Anyone finds that no matter how much money she has to spend, it is the simple things that are most appealing."

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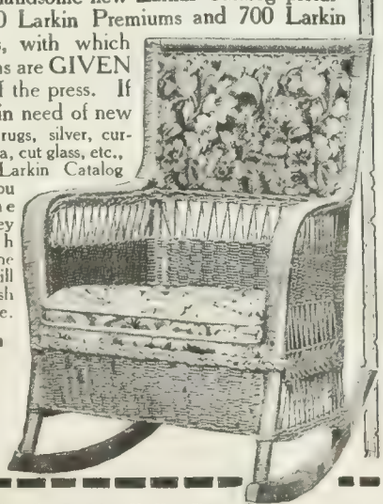

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The Toll Gate

(*Continued from page 40*)

suffering. But Mary Brown was not asleep. She hadn't been. She had faith and trusted this man, but when he moved toward her bed she sprang up in a crouching position, badly frightened, but still brave. The man's hands went to the lapels of his coat; his face was set in merciless, blackened cast of revengeful thought; he was a black shadow of vengeance.

"I'm still trusting you," she said, with unmistakable faith shining in her upturned eyes. Man-killer and outlaw was held by that which he could not dominate,—the square streak in himself. Slowly, the danger passed. Black Deering's soul became white. He turned from the girl and passed slowly to the door, bestowing one last glance at the "little feller" sleeping beside his bow. The Biblical quotation still burned in the mind of the outlaw; he opened the door, quickly:

"Roll out, boys," he called, "I ain't Jim Brown. I'm a liar. I'm Black Deering."

Suiting the action of his word the outlaw presented his guns butts first to the astounded Sheriff, then he handed over the money he had taken from "The Ace." Facing this paradox of bad men, the Sheriff looked upon a man who had fought a terrific fight with himself—and won,—and admiration showed in the officer's face, as he told Deering:

"They may call you Black Deering, but, by God, you're a white man."

At this juncture, the cabin door was flung open and one of the posse staggered in, badly wounded. He was a messenger. "Jordan's gang's got the boys cornered," he explained, "an' if we don't get there before them Mex's" can see to shoot, they'll be wiped out in half an hour." Before the deputy succumbed to exhaustion, he warned the men that if they didn't reach the rest of the posse by dawn the trapped men wouldn't have a chance. Leaving two men behind to care for the wounded deputy, and to guard the prisoner, the Sheriff prepared for fight.

One wish burned in Black Deering's heart. He knew his life was forfeit but he wanted to get Jordan before he died. "Sheriff, I'm goin' to the rope; give me a chance to die like a white man," he pleaded. "It's white men that are in danger. Give me a chance to help pull them out." The Sheriff was hard up for fighting men and he knew how Black Deering could fight. "I've never been any good and I don't know nuthin' but how to handle a pair of guns, but Sheriff, I can sure do that," continued Deering. The Sheriff looked into the outlaw's face and was convinced. He would play square. His manner of saying was to hand back Deering's guns, turned his back and led his men out the door. With great relief the outlaw slid the guns back into his holsters, and as he followed, Mary Brown stood in her bedroom door. He hesitated.

"I'm hopin' you'll try to think I ain't all bad," he ventured, and the girl, her lips a-tremble, with tears welling in her eyes, revealed the pride and trust she had in him. Silently he kissed her hand and was gone.

Dawn found a few desperate men waiting beside a smoldering campfire among their rock refuge for the rush that meant the end. With the word from Jordan the Mexicans came on them fast. The posse and Black Deering arrived on the cliffs above at the same time. The Sheriff took his men around the trail behind the cliffs to cut the attackers off, but the outlaw took a short cut. He leaped and rolled down among the rocks, alighting in the little group. Under the outlaw's leadership they rallied desperately and attacked the Mexicans with a fury that demoralized them. Superior numbers were telling, however, when the Sheriff and

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The Toll Gate

(Concluded)

his men fell upon the Mexicans from the rear. The fight was soon over.

Like the rat he was, Jordan deserted his men and made his getaway on a fast horse. But one man saw him go—and that man was Black Deering. He left the fight in pursuit. A member of the posse attempted to stop him with rifle, but the Sheriff struck it aside. "He'll come back," he promised.

In the running gun fight which ensued between Black Deering and Jordan, the latter was brought to bay when his horse fell under him. The rat was cornered. This was the reckoning and the craven Jordan cowered in the face of death. Before the "Judas" stood a grim avenger of justice, who tossed his gun away in contempt, and spoke in the cold measured voice of an executioner:

"I'm goin' to kill you, Jordan, for two reasons. One of 'em you know, and the other I reckon you'll never know."

Jordan begged for his life, then treacherously drew a knife, but like a great panther Black Deering leaped upon his prey, his great hands clutching eagerly. A little later, the buzzards circled over some carrion laying in the bottom of the canyon.

Back with the posse, Black Deering again handed in his guns. There was no word spoken. These men were alike—except that one was the law and the other the outside.

The North Trail began at the little cabin. Black Deering approached Mary Brown and the "little feller" who had prepared to go with the posse. They both knew and understood what was in each other's hearts. They also knew that the man was going North to his death.

"We're all goin' the same way," he said, "Let me carry the little feller." But the Sheriff and his men had reached an understanding. "Deering, we ain't all goin' the same way," said the Sheriff as they faced each other. "We're below the Mexican border line and I can't take you." The outlaw stared at the Sheriff, scarcely understanding. The girl realized the other's meaning first and a glad light came into her eyes.

Apparently without the slightest friendship the Sheriff stated: "As long as you stay South of that line, you're safe, but don't cross it, Deering, for my sake." The outlaw's eyes traveled off toward the hills. The Sheriff's words meant life and freedom, and the girl was looking up at him with her heart in her eyes.

Black Deering felt a tug at his boots; he looked down upon the "little feller"—and Mary Brown faced him, confusedly. "The little fellow wants to go with you," she struggled, and suddenly the words came in a great sob—"and—and—so do I."

Mary's words hit Black Deering like an electric shock. The greatest thing that had come into his life had been offered him, and yet he was held back by many barriers. He had killed her husband, he was an outlaw without a home, he was going to a country that was no place for a woman. He knew he must go alone. There was love in his eyes and love in her eyes as he told her very gently: "The Sheriff's goin' to see that you get to your own people—that's best. An' down there is no place for a woman an' a kid."

He realized he was hurting the girl deeply, but he could not help it. Suddenly leaning forward, with the greatest reverence, he kissed her. Then he caught up the "little feller" and hugged him tight in his arms for a second. Black Deering, outlaw, mounted his horse quickly, his hand went up in a good-bye salute to the Sheriff and the posse, he whirled his horse toward the border and was gone.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 76)

W. O. G., WORCESTER.—They say—although I have never met the lady, therefore cannot give the report credence—that Phyllis Haver's audible giggle is even more diverting than her optical glances. I hope Phyllis never deserts Mack Sennett and me, to go in for that horrid dressed (up) drama. She is awfully young, apparently and really; and you may write to her at the Sennett studios on the west coast. She and Louise Fazenda are the best of friends. I'm stronger than onions for Louise, myself.

E. F., WASHINGTON.—I never received the one very small piece of almond cake and one rather small piece of fruit cake. But it makes my mouth water to read of them and I wish, if possible, that you would send me a detailed description of each crumb, so I can mourn over what I've missed. Thanks for wishing me new patience for the new year. I need it.

INQUISITIVE PEGGY, VANDERGRIFTS, PA.—It should be Piggy. I never saw anyone so greedy for information—and I have been an Answer Man lo, these many years. Shirley Mason and Viola Dana share the family name of Flugrath. But they selected their present nom-de-plumes as being more euphonious. Viola is a Metro luminary; small Shirley a Fox featurette. The latter's first new picture is "Her Elephant Man," with Shirley *not* in the title role. Julian Eltinge is very much alive; he is still impersonating beautiful women on the stage. Your other questions are rather silly, don't you think?

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—Some one once said a play is like a cigar: if it's good, you want a box; if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw. Could I tell you how to get a book published? Yes—write a good one. House Peters in the Harry Garson picture, "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives." We have had a story about him lately. Others already answered.

H. B., TAYLOR, TEXAS.—You say I am so ugly to you. I don't see how a good looking man can be ugly to anybody. You say, too, that you might as well have addressed your last letters to "Santa Claus" as to the Answer Man, as I never answered them. I'm sorry; so I'll answer everything you ask from now on, including this time. Theda is not dead. Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck in real life, the wife of the theatrical and moving picture manager. Constance is never in one place long enough for a mere man to propose to her, much less slip the ring on her finger. As to your last question: "Why don't you ever come to Texas?" I never saw any reason why I should come to Texas—*before.*

CECIL ILER, VANCOUVER, B. C.—So you knew Wallace MacDonald while in training at Halifax. He is a nice chap, lives in Los Angeles at that city's Athletic Club, and has played opposite Anita Stewart, and other feminine stars. Not married. Wallace Reid, Lasky, Hollywood. His latest is "Double Speed." Cullen Landis in "The Girl from Outside." Landis is coming along rapidly.

PEROXIDE BLONDE, MO.—Norma Talmadge is twenty-three. She was married in November, 1916, to Joseph Schenck. Constance is rumored to be engaged but not to the man you mention. Theda Bara is not in pictures just now. Look elsewhere for mention of her. I'm not certain about how many letters I receive a day, but I do know that the mail men on my route have become stoop-shouldered. Am I married? Oh, I'd rather not tell!

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

JINNY, AUSTIN, TEXAS.—You ask if I am in love with my stenographer, implying that it would be interesting if an Answer Man might love an up-to-date amanuensis. I am not, but I might. And I don't think you are rude, as you happen to be a stenographer yourself. Ormi Hawley hasn't been doing much picture work in the last year. Florence Lawrence has been retired for some time; she lives over in Jersey. I "got" "For Husbands Only" as a satire essentially; I wasn't able to make any character definitions. It was all delicious to me. Fred Goodwins, now in England producing comedies, was the husband; Mildred Harris Chaplin the little wife, with Lew Cody holding all male vamp honors.

CLARE, ALGIERS.—I have never been properly impressed by the motion-picture Manhattan. To me, Sixth Avenue is always more interesting than Fifth, while the Bowery is ten times as fascinating as Broadway. Bebe Daniels' real name is—Bebe Daniels.

C. M., CHICAGO.—If I were you, I should weigh my opinions before committing them to paper. Nothing looks quite so sick as a half-baked opinion, done in black-and-white. Mary McLane's half-baked potatoes had nothing on it. By the way, what's become of Mary? Or, to be picture-correct, what's happened to her? Dick Barthelmess, Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Mary Pickford is and always has been The First Lady of the Films, in my humble estimation.

GUNNER'S WIFE, N. Y.—My wit, what there is of it, comes quite naturally. If I carried a pad and pencil around with me, as you imagine, jotting down all the clever things that occur to me while riding to the office—or walking occasionally to save carfare—I'd bring home a blank paper. Clever things never occur to me. Always, I am afraid, to the other fellow. You would be very much disappointed in me; I am as wild as one of the poets of Saffron Park and as exciting as an evening at home with the Sat. Eve. Post. Tom Mix, our rough westerner, may be reached care Fox.

GENEVIEVE M., ERIE, PA.—No, no—the true test of devotion comes with the Christmas bills. If instead of showing the future son-in-law the family album some mother would show him the daughter's bills, there wouldn't be so many coos. I have heard it rumored that Dorothy Gish has a sister, Lillian. Mary Pickford is said to have a brother Jack, and report has it that Norma Talmadge has a sister Constance. Charles Ray is married, to a non-professional.

KATHLEEN, BROOKLYN.—You can't bore me with a short note. Short notes, however, usually lead to long ones. Then is the time for apologies you don't really mean. I don't read Victoria Cross—at least, not often; the only Cross I know is Charing. So I must have missed her masterpiece, "Five Nights." Will you always catch me up on little things like this?

MARGARET O. C., WASHINGTON.—You and your brother, above, have entirely too much curiosity for one family. At that, you go him one better, exercising your feminine prerogative for wanting to know nothing but the truth. Conway Tearle is with Garson. Tom Moore, Goldwyn, Culver City; Elaine Hammerstein, Selznick, West Fort Lee, N. J.; Eugene O'Brien, ditto Hammerstein. Hope you get so many pictures your mother makes you throw most of 'em out. (Of course I don't really mean that.)

(Continued on page 125)

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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 W. 45th St., New York City (s); 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

THE FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., 310 Times Building, New York City.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Cal.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

EXHIBITORS-MUTUAL DISTRIBUTING CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., Glendale, Cal. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles Cal. (s).

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); Edendale, Cal.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORPORATION, West Ft. Lee, N. J.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 123)

HARRIETT S., VALLEY CITY.—Don't be so sure that I'll forgive you. A woman's forgiveness is usually forthcoming immediately if she means to forgive one at all; but a man—particularly an Answer Man—can cherish a long, long grudge. Oh, you'd be surprised. Did you know how Irving Berlin got his inspiration for that clever song of his? Constance Talmadge and her chum Dorothy Gish used the expression so often that Irving wrote his own musical version of it. Phyllis Haver, Sennett, Los Angeles; Margery Daw, Marshall Neilan Productions, Hollywood. Miss Daw isn't married; she lives with her young brother in a pretty bungalow; has a car of her own and everything.

ESTHER, IOWA.—Is Ben Turpin really cross-eyed? It's a good thing you didn't write Ben himself and ask him that question. He is the only artistic cross-eyed actor in captivity, and proud of it. He is very funny in "The Star Boarder." Someone said that Ben is to appear in "The Cross-Eyed Bachelor" but I have heard, since, that it isn't true at all. Enid Bennett will send you her picture, I presume, if you write her pretty, care the Thomas H. Ince studios, Culver City, California. Have I found a friend, or made an enemy?

TOOTS BECKER, ONT.—Douglas MacLean has never announced his age, but I do know that he was born in Philadelphia and had a university training. He is married and may be reached care Ince, Culver City, California. His intentions are good about answering his mail, so with this as your inspiration try some of your sky-blue ink on him. Address Dorothy Gish, Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y., and Lila Lee, Lasky, Hollywood.

VIOLET KEMP, CHICAGO.—Constance Talmadge is not married, though her engagement is buzzed about. Address her Talmadge Corp., 318 East 48th Street, New York City. Neither is Dick Barthelmess married. Bachelorhood still has him in chains. He is with Griffith at Mamaroneck, N. Y. Lastly, Jack Holt is with Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

G. E. S., PA.—Well, on the third try you won out. Here's your answer. Valeska Suratt was born in Terre Haute, Ind. She is an out and out American and darn proud of it. PHOTOPLAY had an interview with her in March, 1916. Fox is the only film company she was with. There she starred in "Jealousy," "The Victim," "She," "The Slave," "The Siren," "Wife No. 2," "The New York Peacock." At present she is in vaudeville. Not married.

SIGTHORA JOSEPHSON, MINN.—Well, for a mite of twelve, and considering you have only been to four movies, your acquaintance with stars is remarkable. Now I shall set about to answer your questions. Write Alice Joyce at the Vitagraph, Brooklyn, N. Y., mention your tender years and I am sure a picture will be forthcoming. Norma Talmadge is married but has no kiddies. Look elsewhere in column for her address. Pearl White is unmarried. Vernon Castle died from an aeroplane accident and Irene is now Mrs. Robert W. Treman, living happily at Ithaca, N. Y. Jack Pickford served in the navy, not in the army. He is now back in pictures.

H. J. S., PASADENA.—The nice blond man whom you are stalking is Robert Gordon. And be it known to Robert's credit he donned the khaki when his country called him. This should enhance his man-value with you, and if I'm any judge of girls it does. In our wartime days a girl fell for a uniform like a cookbook cake.

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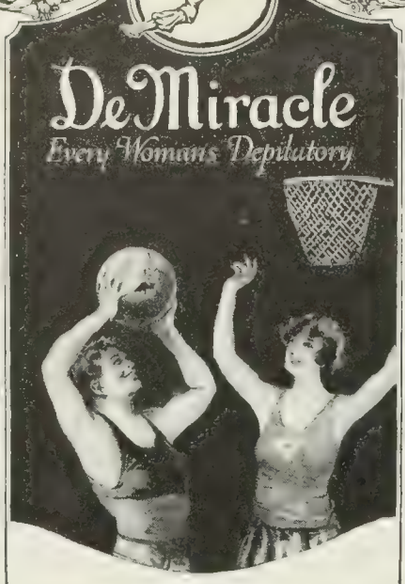

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

CARL STAFFORD, MICH.—That story you heard in England about Mary Pickford was made out of whole cloth. "Our Mary," so lovingly dedicated by the country, is very much alive, dispensing sunshine and cheer in lavish measure, particularly in "Pollyanna."

VIOLET, L. I.—You ask for an answer in an early issue, but darn it all, in your raving about Eugene O'Brien you didn't ask me anything, except perhaps about your typewriting (written by hand). Ask me some real questions, or I'll lose my job.

JEFF OF BALTIMORE.—Your outburst about bobbed hair was amusing and diverting. Yes, it is being done this year, and I suppose that even our staid old senators have come to recognize it. Try it some time on your cold-hearted boss—the worst he can do will be to fire you. You asked for enlightenment from my great and boundless wisdom and here it is.

MIRACLE MAN, JR., ILL.—What a bear you are on ages. Norma Talmadge is the oldest of the Talmadge girls. Natalie is the youngest and Constance slips in between with nineteen years to her credit. Kenneth Harlan is twenty-five and Robert Harron is twenty-six. I'm glad you are getting acquainted with PHOTOPLAY. Here's to a long and lasting friendship.

FLORA TEMPLE, MICH.—Yes, Johnny Hines was on the stage eleven years ago. Befor his screen career began, he had eight successful years on the stage. Frank Campeau played *Bull Madden* in "The Man from Painted Post." Richard Travers never left the screen, except to go to war—he was a captain. His latest picture is "The House Without Children," released by Argus Enterprises, Cleveland, Ohio. Too, he played with Pearl White in a late Fox production, "The White Moll." All companies will pay for ideas that have the germs of stories. You will find a list of companies in any issue of PHOTOPLAY.

W. D. M., MONTREAL.—May Allison's golden hair is not bobbed, though of late she has cut it to a fashionable shortness which curls delightfully. I think her pretty and know you will agree with me when you get her picture. Write her at Metro studio, Hollywood, Cal. To be on the safe side you would better send the customary twenty-five cents.

GERTRUDE SUHR, CAL.—I was feeling particularly sprightly this morning until I read your salutation to "dear old man," and then the sunshine went out of the day and I wearily switched on the electric light. Priscilla Dean is with Universal, Universal City, Cal.

B. H. C., MINN.—Awfully glad to hear from you after two years' silence. Has the world been well with you? I have something to be grateful for to Eugene O'Brien in that he is the confessed cause of your comeback. While with Norma Talmadge he played in "Safety Curtain," "The Right of Purchase," "De Luxe Annie." Arnold Daly is at present in London. Yes, that's his real name.

HARRY GILBERT, CAN.—Your Query about Miss Arline caused a furrowed brow for a moment, and then I knew you meant Arline Pretty. And Pretty, by the way, is not a screen name; it's her real name, and appropriate. Yes? Age twenty-six, single father English, mother American. Address Wistaria Productions, Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MISS EDDIE, WASH.—Your French-English effusion left me in doubt as to whether I got from it all you intended I should Anyway, I did grasp that you make fudge, which left me hopeful, as I carry insurance. Our artist is very much rushed making beautiful covers, so I can't burden him with a plea for a new pose. Alice Brady has recently completed "The Fear Market" and "Sinners." Yes, light comedy is Constance Talmadge's forte. So you would like a new cover of her. Well, keep watching.

N. S., SYRACUSE.—Theda Bara is scheduled to appear in a stage production of A. H. Woods' "The Lost Soul"; so just at present she is out of pictures. Alice Brady and Mary Miles Minter are with Realart, N. Y. C.; Mary Pickford, Brunton Studio, Los Angeles; and Norma Talmadge has her own company at 318 East 48th Street N. Y. C. Watch out for Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna"; it will be coming to your town very soon. Our subscription rate is $2.00 a year. Come on in!

V. C., ALA.—Pearl White is not married, and when asked about her age on one occasion replied laconically she was neutral. We'll have to let it go at that. Anent your question as to whether any of the movie stars originated from poor parentage, Pearl White is an outstanding figure. Helen Holmes has her own company—the S. L. K. Serial Corp., 112 West 42d Street, N. Y. C. "Please Get Married" and "The Willow Tree" are two of Viola Dana's recent releases. The man you ask about must be suping. He's not known.

R. R., ST. PAUL.—Of course I have felt like *Billy Baxter* in Tarkington's "Seventeen." Love is a fire that burns and sparkles in men as naturally as in charcoal. Henry Walthall was born in Alabama in 1878 and played in stock for a time. His screen career started in 1910. He has been with Essanay, Paralta, Biograph, Pathe, Reliance, Fine Arts. At present he is with the National Film Corp., Hollywood, Cal.

ARLEEN N., CAL.—The man you ask about is known to me neither by his real or reel name. I'm sorry, but if he is in pictures then he can't have brought himself out of the extra class. Is there anything else I can help you on, little Arleen? That's a pretty name.

ALTA LOCKWOOD, CHICAGO.—Yes, Elinor Field and Cullen Landis have gone stepping off alone. Elinor is now with National Film Corp. at Hollywood, Cal., and Cullen Landis is with Goldwyn. I'm all with you when you say they were a good couple. Such a modest question as yours should have been answered before now, but the old Answer Man is not as young as he used to be.

JACK HOLT ADMIRER, ORE.—So you want another interview with Jack Holt. I say "another" because we had an interview with him in our August, 1918, issue. Great boy, isn't he?

W. D. W., PA.—Zoe Ray was born in Chicago, 1910. While this little lady has been a featured performer in many productions, she has yet to ascend to leads. But the future, we hope, is long and bright for her. Mary Jane Irving is not a star. Francis Carpenter has been out of pictures for about a year, due primarily to the fact that he is neither hay nor grass; in other words, at nine years he is slipping beyond the young child age and yet is scarcely mature! Shirley Mason is with Fox, 126 West 46th Street, N. Y. C.

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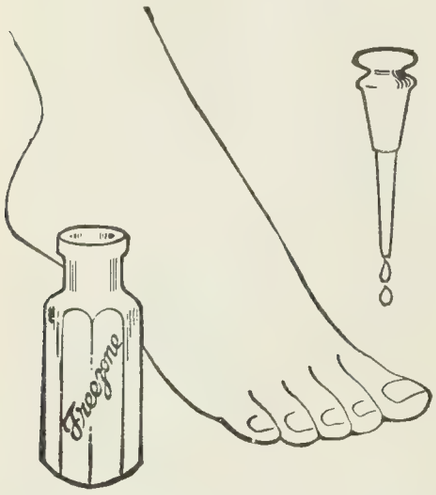

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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

VINCENT L. MULVIHILL.—You ask for my friendship and it's yours—always. Which reminds me that out of Russia comes the proverb that an untried friend is like an uncracked nut. You sure cracked me with your address bombardment, but crack me again, any time, please. Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber, Universal City, Cal.; Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y.; Edith Johnson, Earl Montgomery and Joe Ryan, Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal.; Mildred Harris, Mayer Productions, Hollywood, Cal.; John Barrymore, Famous Players, 130 West 56th Street, N. Y. C.; Irene Castle, ditto on Barrymore; Charles Ray, Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal.; Anita Stewart, Louis B. Mayer, Hollywood. William Russell, Fox Studio, Hollywood; Pearl White, Fox, 130 West 46th Street, N. Y. C. Johnny Hines has left the screen for the legitimate stage. He played this season in "Just a Minute." Violet Palmer played *Ginger* in the picture of that name. Address World Studio, Fort Lee, N. J.

C. S. M., TULSA.—I've taken a new lease on life since you sketched my stooped, worn back, and now I can walk without a brace, and admire with the first flush of youth your lovely violet ink. I hasten to tell you that Fay Wallace played opposite Robert Edison in "The Cave Man," though for a whole jelly roll I can't imagine what you previously asked me about Lois Weber and Philips Smalley. It might have been anything from plays to preference in puppies or cigarettes. I confess I'm curious.

Washington newspaper dispatches state that the movies are regarded as a cure for bolshevism.

GERTRUDE AND MARTHA, MICH.—What a joy it is to answer a shy, winsome note from two little bashful friends. Bashful flappers are rather a rarity, and I hope you'll write me again. Mary Pickford's hair is golden and her eyes hazel. Her adopted regiment was in California. Tom Forman is divorced. When he was released from the U. S. service, where he reached the rank of lieutenant, he was given a two year contract with Famous Players. Address him Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

MAE JOHNSON.—March PHOTOPLAY answered your queries anent salaries, and the size of some will probably take your breath away and sweep away your skepticism. Film stars do come high! Margarita Fisher's hair is brown and her eyes are gray. Why not write her at 1888 State Street, Santa Barbara, and tell her you think she and Elliott Dexter would make a *tres jolie* combination?

JOHN AVENUE, MANILA.—Here is the cast of "The Black Secret": *Evelyn Ereth,* Pearl White; *Kay McKay,* Walter McGrail; *Frederick Vaux,* Wallace McCutcheon. Nellie Burt played *Sunbeam* in the "Lightning Raider" and Ruby Hoffman played *Lottie.* Notwithstanding her hair-raising escapades Pearl White is still very much alive and so is Marie Osborne. Bessie Barriscale, Brunton Studio, Los Angeles; Kathleen Clifford, Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood; Bebe Daniels, Lasky, Hollywood; Casson Ferguson and Cullen Landis, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. *Richard* in "The Society Sensation" was played by Rudolpho de Valentina. Neither Bebe Daniels nor Kathleen Clifford have vowed to love, honor and obey any man, proving they have wisdom as well as charm, I suppose. Address Gladys Hullette, care Hallmark, 130 West 46th Street, N. Y. C. Perhaps some of the stars who have not sent you their photos on request require twenty-five cents. Many have found it necessary to ask this small amount, so overwhelmed have they been with requests.

LOUISE RUTHERFORD.—Linda A. Griffith is the wife of D. W. They were married a good many years ago. Mrs. Sidney Drew claims birth in Sedalia, Mo., 1890. Whether this is bona fide or part of a woman's prerogative you may judge for yourself. Here is the cast of "Let's Get a Divorce": *Mme. Cyprienne Marcey,* Billie Burke; *Henri de Prunelles,* John Miltern; *Yvonne de Prunelles,* Pinna Nesbit; *Chauffeur,* R. La Roque; *Adhemer,* Armant Kalise; *Mother Superior,* Helen Tracey; *Calvignac,* Wilmuth Merkyl. Louise Huff, charming young person that she is, is not with Jack Pickford in his late pictures. To sum up your questions, Edna Purviance is still with Chaplin. The inimitable Charlie still has four pictures to make under his contract with the First National Exhibitors Circuit. Then he starts with the "Big Four," where his schedule is to produce four pictures a year. All right, Louise?

MARIE PROVOST FAN, PORTLAND.—Brother! I, too, missed Marie and Phyllis Haver when the so-called "original Sennett bathing beauties" came to town. You see Mack Sennett can't spare his stellar squabs to go on such a long journey; they appear in every other picture put out by the comedy plant. Harriett Hammond and Mildred June are the newcomers. Or we might just say comers. Write to all of them at the Mack Sennett studios, Hollywood, California.

A. J. B., CHICAGO.—I can't be much of a prophet; the letters are coming in thick and fast from my home country. Chicago and environs are waking up; staid Evanston, up there, cast convention to the winds and wrote to a strange man; Hubbard Woods took its aristocratic pen in hand to write to me; while you should see the epistles postmarked Winnetka! Larry Semon, Joe Rock, Western Vitagraph; William Russell, Fox (West); Jane Novak, Neilan Company.

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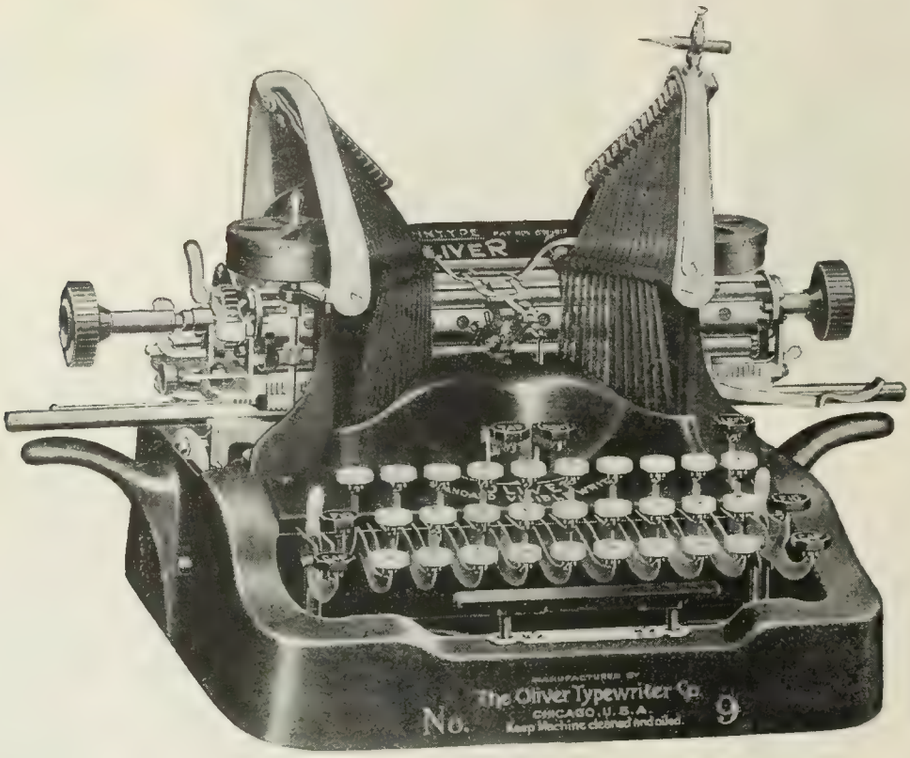

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VOL. XVII No. 6

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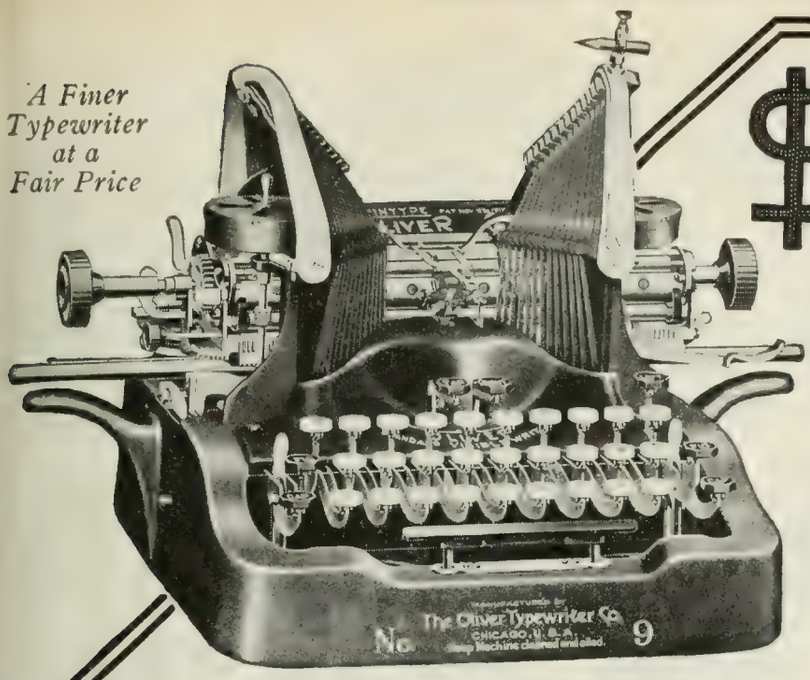

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Pathé Motion Picture Serials are always exciting; they are written, produced and acted for the great public that wishes to be lifted for a little while from the hum-drum facts of everyday life. They are thrilling, entertaining and always clean. There is a motion picture theatre in your vicinity that shows Pathe serials; it will be easy to find it!

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Pathé Exchange, Inc.,
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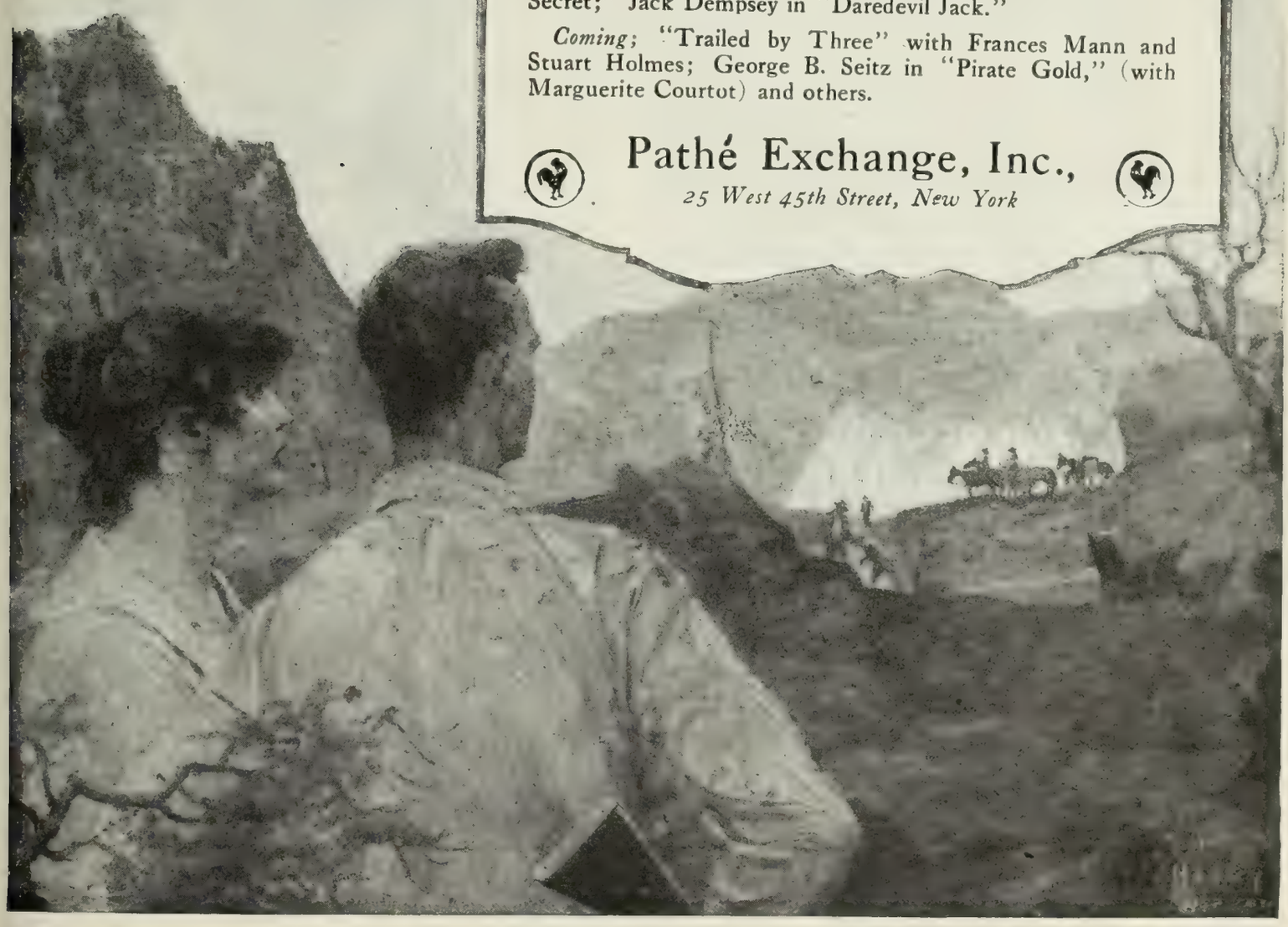

Why do women weep? Why do men chuckle?

Why does the whole audience clutch their hands and strain their eyes?

REMEMBER how the fat man ha ha'd right out and got the audience giggling and the old lady laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. What a wonderful picture that was!

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And the scenes—real rooms in real houses. The outdoor pictures were like a vacation for you—out in the open—daisy fields, sunshine, mountains, deserts.

Perhaps you didn't notice the photography, you were so interested in the story, but you will remember how clear it was—how beautiful the lighting.

These are the things you will always find in a Goldwyn picture. Interesting stories — your favorite star—beautiful settings—perfect photography. Goldwyn combines them all. When you see a Goldwyn picture you forget your troubles—you forget the baby's croup and the cook's leaving.

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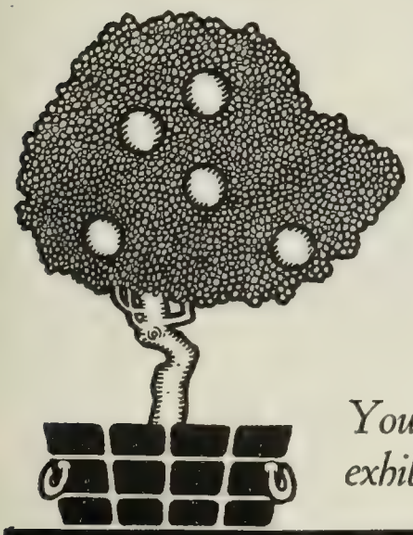
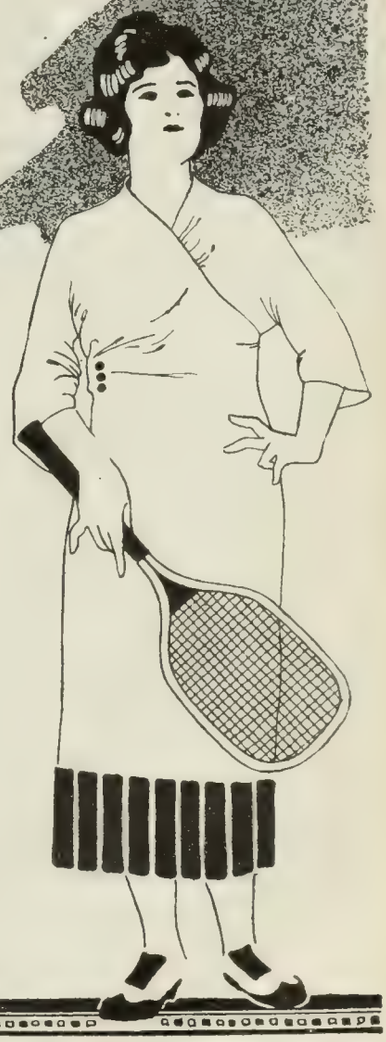
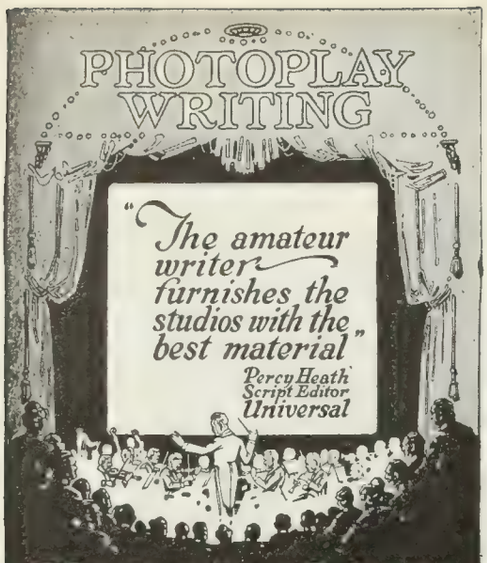
Mr. Burns Mantle, dramatic critic of the New York Evening Mail and contributor to Photoplay Magazine.

Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, one of the foremost artists of America.





You can be among the 37 prize winners. Your exhibitor will help you—Give him your essay.



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MAKE MONEY FAST—START "MOVIE" WITH small capital. Buy complete outfit on easy payments. Opening everywhere. No experience required. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. 16, Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago.

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"I can't understand why I had never realized before that this was the thing to do. Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! The general manager was about the first to note the change. An opening came and he gave me my first real chance—with an increase. A little later another promotion came with enough money so that we could save $25 a month. Then another increase—I could put aside $50 each pay day. And so it went.

"Today I am manager of my department—with two increases this year. We have a thousand dollars saved! And this is only the beginning. We are planning now for a home of our own. There will be new comforts for Rose, little enjoyments we have had to deny ourselves up to now. And there is a real future ahead with more money than I used to dare to dream that I could make. What wonderful hours they are—those hours after supper!"

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You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, you can have the kind of a salary that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like your family to have. No matter what your age, your occupation or your means—you can do it!

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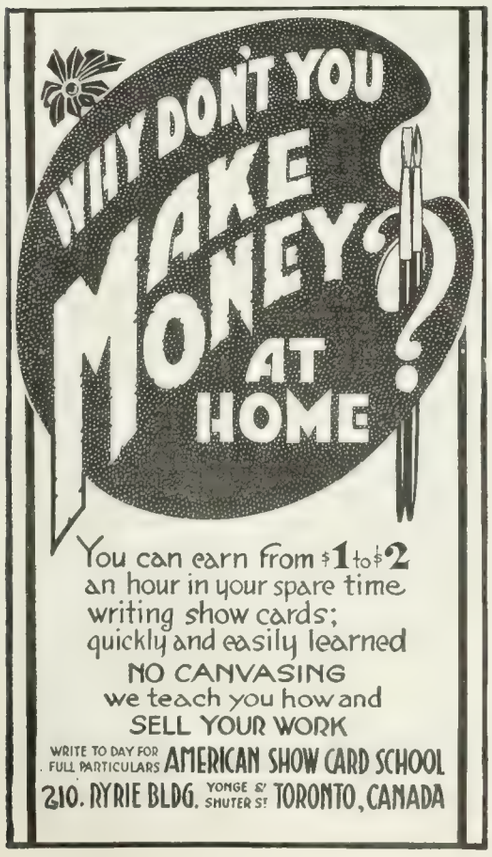

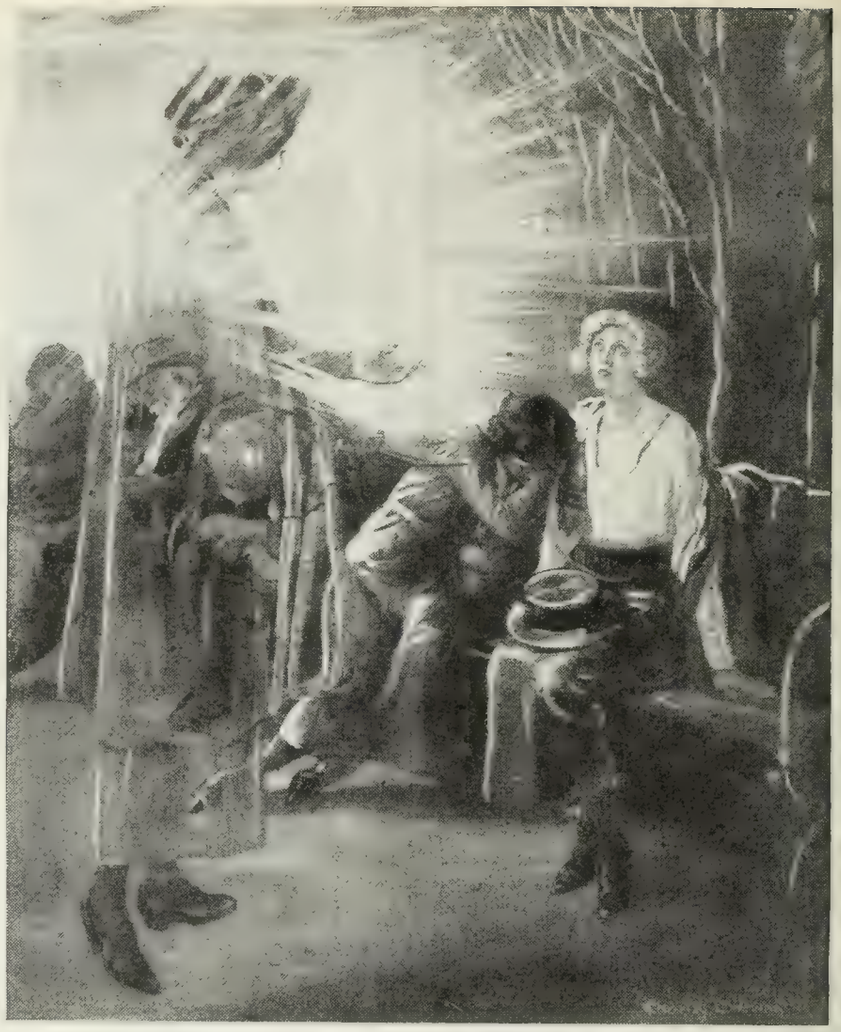

"Care for Us!"

There is no armistice for the Salvation Army. The soldier or sailor or marine is back in civies, but the Salvation Army workers are still in the thick of battle.

WITH the "down-and-outer" disappearing as a result of high wages and general prosperity, with the drunkard vanishing, what is there left for the Salvation Army to do?

A great deal.

The organization that won such high place in the affections of the American public by virtue of its sterling war service is now gaining that recognition for its customary and usual peacetime work which these activities deserve by reason of their extensiveness, effective management and great public value. The lassies who won decorations and the doughboys' everlasting gratitude by their heroic service in France are now helping to wage another kind of warfare in New York and Boston, San Francisco and Seattle, New Orleans and Chicago and several hundred other cities in the U. S.

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Is there a girl gone wrong, to whom even the door of her own home is shut? There is a Salvation Army rescue home and maternity hospital nearby to take her in and give her the finest care.

Is there some one in any country in the world who seeks to find missing father, mother, brother, sister, son, daughter, or friend? The Salvation Army through its worldwide organization will undertake to find the lost person.

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The needy man of sixty or more—There is the Salvation Army industrial home where he may go, find easy, congenial work and a home and not feel that his is a charity case.

Such is the Salvation Army in peacetime

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INFINITE CARE in the production of Selznick Pictures gives you the assurance that *any* Selznick Picture is good.

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Every production that carries the Selznick trademark must meet a *proved* quality standard. That's why

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And the whole beauty of your skin depends on how it works.

Is it soft, supple, fine in texture, brilliant in color — a delight to everyone whose eyes rest upon it? If so, it is simply in its *healthy, normal* condition—the condition in which everyone's skin *should* be. Its delicate pores are working actively, freely — bringing it the oil and moisture that keep it soft and flexible—carrying away the waste products and allowing it to breathe.

But if for some reason your skin looks tired, dull—if it lacks the color and freshness you would like it to have—then you can be sure that it is not functioning properly. The pores are not doing their work—the little muscular fibres have become relaxed.

This condition can be relieved—your complexion *can* be made as fresh, clear, and colorful as you would like to have it. For every day your skin changes—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By the proper treatment you can stimulate *this new skin which is constantly forming*, into healthy, normal activity — you can give it freshness and color.

How to rouse a dull, sluggish skin

To correct a skin that has become dull and sluggish, try using every night this special treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Before retiring wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice* and dry carefully.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores gently and thoroughly and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of your skin, giving it *tone* and life.

Special treatments to meet the needs of each individual type of skin are given in the little booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Find the treatment that is adapted to *your* skin—then begin to use it every night, regularly and persistently.

You will find that the very first treatment leaves your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This only means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few nights the drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly treatment with such a soft, clean, healthful feeling that you will never again want to use any other method of cleansing your face.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

We shall be glad to send you a trial size cake

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 505 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Evans

A CANDIDATE for the throne of the lost princess of thrillers, Pearl White. Juanita Hansen was once a beach beauty, but, finding that sort of thing too irksome, joined the harassed heroine group, and has since been serialing.

Hoover

A "PEG O' MY HEART" yet to be seen on the screen: Wanda Hawley. How is it that a blonde can be ingenuous and still remain out of the ingenue class? Ask Wanda, in private life Mrs. J. Burton Hawley of Hollywood, California.

Evans

ONE of the subtlest of screen-taught actresses: Rosemary Theby. Her celluloid past, at times shady, was performed for Lubin and Vitagraph. But Miss Theby does strictly leading business now. Perhaps you saw her in "Rio Grande."

Evans

YOU don't need to be told the name of this Irishman. Tom Moore, long a leading man, was made a star, by popular demand. Since then, by a dramatic paradox, he has been playing Pinero's Englishmen—and playing them well.

Evans

A NEW portrait. Douglas Fairbanks, having been emperor of picture motion since "The Lamb," stole a reel out of the news-weekly by utilizing the slow-motion camera for comedy, in one of his new films. Same old smile!

Evans

A ROMAN holiday was declared in all boarding-schools recently. It became known that Jack Holt, accomplished as a heavy, was to be advanced to stellar prominence. His career has been one of continuous achievement; he used to do bits.

Bull

NO matter what part Madge Kennedy may perform, her audiences are always convinced that she's a perfect lady. She used to be quite naughty, on the stage. Of all transcontinental film commuters Madge K. Bolster is the championette.

THEY were thinking about Renee Adoree when they wrote all those French songs. A native of Lille, that tragic war country, she was a member of the Folies Bergere in Paris; then came to America. The silent drama claims her, now.

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

Vol. xvii May, 1920 No. 6

The Strangest Thing in History

TIME, which cannot pause or even hesitate, is standing still.

The Joshua halting the ceaseless order of the heavens is the Moving Picture. Through it the transient splendors of yesterday become the enduring decoration of infinite tomorrows, the casual is transmuted to the eternal, and youth and beauty linger forever in the fields of June.

The camera crank seems to be measuring Einstein's unthinkable fourth dimension.

It is the strangest thing in history.

Of course we do not realize all this, because we are those privileged to stand in the new day's dawn. The recognition of the moving picture is almost an event of last week; its children are still children; its first heroines are still romantic.

The miracle will be the miracle when an old, old man whispers to another old, old man — as the summer sunshine of long ago leaps lightly across a library wall on a wintry night — "That pretty girl in the queer, old-fashioned frock was my great-great-grandmother, Alice Joyce!" Or when the hundredth comic film king digs a dusty reel from his vault and murmurs "This odd little chap was the laughing daddy of us all, I guess. Let me see.... what was his name.... Chaplin? That's it!"

Our ancestors left idealized portraits and elocutionary memories of their best moments. We have no news-reel of George Washington — we have only the majestic idealization by Gilbert Stuart. Napoleon, before a Bell & Howell, might have seemed less an emperor and more a funny little fat man.

What are we doing, in front of these magic windows of immortality? No longer can any generation live for itself, or even play for itself. We belong to all the tomorrows, and our little crowded hour only seems so — it is really the leisurely afternoon of a thousand years.

To be sure, only fragments of our miles of film will endure—but who knows just what those fragments may chance to be? Half of all history is made up of inconsequentialities. So photoplay-making is a tremendously serious thing. The judgment of decades and even centuries to come may be suspended over a thoughtless effort of today.

You pioneer authors, actors, directors — some of you are destined to be immortal! Shall you be remembered as Evangels or Judases of your art? It is within your power to choose.

The Story Your Hands Tell

By
ALON BEMENT

No. 1 — "The hand of the thinker."

BEYOND doubt the hand is an index to character. By this statement I hope I shall not be confused with the palmist but I believe that certain types of hands belong to certain definite types of people. Further than that I have a feeling that hands are even more trustworthy than the face in the reflection of character. I have come to the conclusion, after a considerable period of observation, that certain definite types of hands belong to certain definite types of people. With no desire to be confused with the palmist and fortune teller, I would even go so far as to say that hands are more trustworthy than faces in the reflection of character.

There are several reasons why this is true, the first of them being that the face is trained to concealment while the hand is not. The hands may be aroused into quite an extraordinary self-consciousness by having the limelight of conversation directed toward them, but under ordinary circumstances they are not self-conscious and react only to emotions that are genuine.

No. 2 — "The hand of artistic power."

They will even foretell by their posture certain physical conditions that may not be reflected in the face. I have in mind one small hand that curls in on itself in a most pitiful manner some hours before the habitual headache prostrates the owner; another that opens and closes at regular intervals during an attack of indigestion. In both these cases the nervous agitation of the hands precedes by quite an interval of time any change of color or expression in the face.

People who, like Theodore Roosevelt, are possessed of great nervous energy are rather apt to carry at least partially closed hands. In fact, in some cases I have observed them to fold the thumb inside, which seems in direct contradiction to the palmist tale that such a position signifies weakness of will and lack of intelligence. I have seen President Wilson also hold his thumb in that manner on several occasions. He has never yet been accused of having a weak will.

Following out this line of thought, it is interesting to find that the Egyptians, who were very exact in their formal symbolism, represented rulers and officials as having closed hands and the common people with open ones.

Beside being an index to emotions and physical conditions the hand much more clearly than the face indicates the natural bent and talents one may possess. At an artists' dinner not long ago a stranger remarked "These men do not look like artists, they look more like successful business men," and what was more they did, but in that company of twelve or fourteen men there was only one hand that could have been mistaken as a business man's by a person interested in hands. Thus showing that the face and head are often misleading and that a little knowledge of hands would put the observer straight.

It is always best to observe the hand when its owner is unconscious of your doing so, for the hand, once scrutinized out of its habitual repose, can be embarrassed into almost any kind of a false position. In drawing hands I find it often necessary to trick one hand into repose—into its characteristic position—by pretending to work from the other. But sometimes the embarrassment spreads to both, and when panic of this kind does come, all work is out of question for the time being. That is why it is not always fair to judge hands from photographs, for even the most sturdy and self-possessed characters are apt to get self-conscious in photography and the hand take a special pose for the picture. And while this does not take anything away from the actual structure and propor-

MR. BEMENT is a portrait painter, who found out early in his career that he cared more to paint the *hands* of the people who sat for him than he did to paint their *faces*. That was because he discovered that hands reveal character even more than do faces. Unconsciously he took great pains with the hands in his portraits and since hands are very hard to draw, they attracted attention. One day Maxine Elliot gave him a commission to do her hands. Others followed. Mr. Bement began to study and read and think about hands more and more. Then he began to write about his observations himself. Today he is America's authority on character as revealed by the hands.

In this article you will find that Mr. Bement refers by number to each hand he discusses. That is because he did not know the identity of the owners of the hands until after his article was finished. The photographs were given him numbered with no identifying marks. It is an interesting fact that he detected the hand of Douglas Fairbanks. "That hand could belong to no one else," the author says.—THE EDITOR.

No. 3 — "The hand of sympathy and proportion."

No. 4 — "A nice, sensible looking hand."

No. 5 — "An optimistic hand."

tion, it is apt to give a false idea of the position the separate members take in relation to each other, and, in this way, give a wrong impression of character. This is particularly true of the thumb. A thumb that hangs too close to the forefinger lacks power, while one that stands at right angles to the hand signifies pig-headedness. It is the one that takes an intermediate position that signifies real will and determination. In being held up for show the thumb often overdoes its independence by standing out too far. This, I take it, is true of No. 8, though of course I cannot be certain.

A good way to judge of the character of the hands in general is to analyze those of the people we know, working from the character back to the hands. Take for instance, the average business man's hand, it has a compact, strong, well filled out palm, and short, sturdy fingers of rather *equal* length. Nos. 11 and 7 have the characteristic palm, but their fingers end in too uneven a line, signifying that their bent is towards constructive work. No. 10 is more typical, but the hand seems in the photograph to be too hard in texture, indicating, perhaps that No. 10 is engaged in some pursuit that keeps him on his feet and continually active. (This man has a fine sense of discipline and would make a cracking good official where he could come in direct contact with the people under him.) The typical business man's hand is more soft and well padded like the palm of No. 11. In spite of these differences, however, all three of these hands are of the aggressive, driving, executive type.

Another class into which you could divide hands is one that we may call the constructive type. This sort has a practical palm not unlike that of the executive, but it is thinner and has a deeper hollow in the centre, and the fingers are always longer and more uneven in their length, ending in a particularly uneven line at the tips. To this type of hand belong all the arts and most of the sciences. It includes professional men, and even politicians, but, of course, each has his own individual difference marked by variations from the central type. No. 2 and No. 3 are almost perfect examples of the artistic constructive type, while No. 8 is right in form, but having its extremely artistic fingers somewhat overbalanced by a palm too long and heavy.

The third type, the philosophic, is not at all common, for those introspective people who dream and theorize are not so easy to find. This type of person will have a more delicate palm than either of the other two; the fingers will be longer again and heavier, particularly through the joints. Sometimes there are decidedly thin spaces between the joints. The hand is ungainly to look at, for the whole space occupied by the fingers seems too great. The hand in photograph No. 1 seems to have many of these characteristics, but the palm appears too thick indicating, I take it, that this philosopher has a talent for business. It is not an ordinary hand by any means, even without seeing the inside it is possible to tell that it is able and kindly, belonging to a man who directs and controls not only the actions but the minds of a large number of people. It is also the hand of a man who ranks as high in the social as he does in the intellectual and business world.

Speaking in a general way, the palm may be said to represent the forces of energy and stamina, both spiritual, intellectual and physical. The natural aversion that we all have to an over-fat, flabby or mishappen palm, has a good basis in fact, for it is the first danger signal of physical or moral decay.

Key to Identity of Hands

IN selecting hands for Mr. Bement to diagnose, Photoplay went out into different fields for types. Among this assortment you will find hands of a prominent banker and educator, those of an editor, and those of a mechanic.

No. 1..Frank Vanderlip, former head of the National City Bank of New York
No. 2.....William S. Hart
No. 3.....Anita Stewart
No. 4.....Norma Talmadge
No. 5.....Douglas Fairbanks
No. 6.....An Extra girl
No. 7.....Thomas H. Ince
No. 8.....Clara Kimball Young
No. 9.....A steamfitter
No. 10.....Cecil De Mille
No. 11.....H. O. Davis, Editor Ladies Home Journal

No. 6 — "The hand of indolence."

No. 7 — "Versatile hand."

No. 8 — "An erratic hand."

No. 9 — "These hands almost smile at you."

No. 10 — "A direct, forceful looking hand."

The thumb seems to contain the powers represented by the will. Both its length and its thickness count, but its length the most. Its thickness, especially between the joints, means lack of regard for the opinions of others and the characteristics that go with that sort of mind. Real fighting capacity is often indicated by a very pronounced second joint and a fairly small tip. Compare No. 11 and No. 6. They show extreme difference in length and character.

The fingers seem to represent the spiritual and intellectual development. The longer they are the more pronounced is our development along these lines. If they are equal length with big ends, they indicate executive power or manipulative skill; while if they taper toward the tips and are of unequal length, they are indicative of invention, imagination and adaptability. Look for a moment at hand No. 11.

No. 2 is a wonderful example of the artist-actors hand of the old school. One of those men so hard to find nowadays, whose real ambition is to do good work first, and get their advancement later. It is the intelligent, broad-minded, kindly hand of a square man. It is gentle and peace-loving and sympathetic, but there is no nonsense about it. It would not be wise to cross this person too often or too much, for it has moral courage marked all over it, and that second joint on the thumb should warn the unwary to shear off. Being a shrewd but kindly judge of human nature, this man would make an understanding, loyal friend, and a just but very bitter and implacable enemy. Its owner would have a spare figure, more wiry than muscular. He would be a keen observer, and a fine judge of distance. It is one of the finest hands I have ever seen, and I take it to be that of some splendid and successful man engaged in theatrical work.

No. 3 is a feminine duplicate of Number 10. It is genuinely constructive and artistic. It has a Spartan quality about it —an art for art's sake, ambitious sort of person, whose spirit now and again would drive her beyond her physical strength. But it would always be along the lines of artistic endeavor, and here as in Number 10, the reward sought would be one of genuine recognition. It is a serious-minded hand, a little hard by experience, but exquisitely beautiful in proportion and clean lined symmetry. Della Robia would have loved to draw its slim fingers and fine palm, for he revelled particularly in the reproduction of delicate strength. The thumb swinging out at just the right angle, is in exact and perfect proportion to the rest of the hand. It is beautiful in itself, and beside being long and strong, and delicate, it has the second joint of a real fighter. It is hard to believe that the owner of this hand would not have many of its exquisite attributes duplicated in her person.

No. 11 — "Hands of great ability."

A very lovely and gentle hand is no. 4—full of femininity and sensitiveness. A certain indication of firmness would lead one to suppose she had the ability to approach her goal steadily and surely and safely. Observe the long well-shaped thumb indicating the power to carry things through. Her career will never be meteoric—a flash of light and then forgotten—but with her genuine good temper combined with her fine artistic ability she should be sure of an advancement that will land her safe at the top. Her good judgment keeps her ship steered straight and rarely out of its course through the disagreeable eccentricities of her profession.

No. 5 is again a hand of mixed characteristics. This gentleman could succeed along any one of several lines. Its structure is mainly that of the business man, yet while the determination and optimism that it shows indicates success, along business lines, it has few developed qualities of the executive hand. Neither has it the structure of the artistic hand, though holding many of its characteristics, with the dramatic and imitative senses so highly developed that it would almost pass for the artistic hand. Superficially, it bears every ear-mark of the professional athlete. It shows astonishing physical condition, that fitness that comes to a few well-trained, outdoor men after years of conditioning. But it shows also a keen sense of order and a well trained brain unusual in the usual type of athlete.

The fingers show tremendously quick mental reactions, and the length and shape of palm denotes the great physical and nervous force to answer these reactions. This hand can move like lightning, and has the power to hold on like grim death. It resembles the hand of Jack Dempsey somewhat. The long palms are the same, thick at the heel, worn so calloused and thin below the finger attachments that they seem meagre, and the same short, rather fine fingers (though Dempsey's are very much straighter), and about the same sort of thumb—though Dempsey's is a bit heavier at the base and a bit thinner between the first and second joint. All things being equal, I should judge this man to be somewhat shorter and heavier in build than Dempsey, lacking only a very fine edge of his speed, but making it up in bodily agility and nervous stamina.

A very unusual looking hand is No. 6, and one that contains many extreme contradictions. The fingers are of the genuinely artistic type, but they occupy too little space in relation to the whole of the hand to be really dominant. The palm is unusually long and deep, and rounded at its corners. It would denote a good constitution, but it is not the right shape to be of executive ability. It seems to suggest a very good physical make-up, with no nerves, and an easy-going disposition. The thumb is extraordinary, for it is not only short, but it is placed so low down on the palm that it seems shorter than it really is, and it is

(Continued on page 127)

AS a rule our editor does not think much of the seasonal stuff that the ladies' fire-place periodicals set such store by — June number knee-deep in brides, December issue camouflaged to look like a holly wreath. But there were a couple of reasons or so why he consented to dedicate this page to Easter. Reading from left to right: Universal's fair-haired Josephine Hill. Rather chic. What?

Kind to Dumb

By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

Polly Frederick's anti-vamp—them all speechless — from senger boys down to

She stepped from a Boston home into the chorus. But she didn't remain in the chorus long. Below, Perhaps she is autographing *your* picture.

IT is about as easy for an outsider to break into Newport, as for one to find a place in the chorus girl's dressing room sorority—easier, perhaps, because the chorus girl is just as clannish in her way as the society deb, and better equipped as to vocabulary. Therefore when Pauline Frederick stepped from the bosom of her family in the Back Bay, Boston, into the merry-merry, the girls agreed with grandmama who thought she ought to stay at home and carry out the family tradition. And believe me, it takes more actual, 18-carat charm, more honesty of lovableness and manner to win a bunch of jealous women like that than to put a piece of ice down a king's back.

A woman who was in the chorus with her during her first season on the stage—one of the Rogers Brothers shows I believe it was—and who is now in pictures—told me that at the end of the tour Pauline was the most popular girl in the company with the other girls, though they started out to make things generally unpleasant for her because of her Boston accent and boarding school education.

When I invited Polly Frederick, out at her beautiful home at Beverly Hills, California, the other day, to aid me in analyzing her own charm for her friends, she shook her head. Her superb mental honesty led her to forego any mock denials or exaggerated protests.

"Good Heavens, I don't know—and neither do they, bless 'em. You know—perhaps it's because I care so much to be liked. I adore having people like me. I'm truly heart broken when they don't. That is, most people. Some I just naturally can't stand from the instant I see them."

If you have read Balzac, you have encountered women like her. I know of no one else who has drawn, or attempted to draw, her type with its extraordinary range of possibilities. Without being faultlessly beautiful or prettily pretty, she produces exquisite impressions. She is distinctly the aristocrat, so much so in fact that she can afford at all times to ignore it. She is not grand, never "upstage," but she lets you feel the barriers of her reserve.

Viewing her at close range, one determines that her beauty is largely a matter of little things—of the ineffable joy of finding a woman whose elbows, hands, wrists, ears and nostrils do not jar on the esthetic sense. The firm, cold poise of her head is probably responsible for the undeniable impression of hauteur, but it is largely counteracted by the warm natural expressions of her face, the constant gesture of her hands, the sweetness of her smile. She unites grace and an impression of strength, but which nevertheless is usually the line of demarkation between the woman who from the beginning is destined for a career, and the general run of women. She is completely natural and therefore never repellent.

It was this superb naturalness that laid the foundation for the greatness of her most famous stage portrayal—Potiphar's wife, in the spectacular "Joseph and His Brethren." The lack of garb necessary to indicate this Biblical siren's lack of character might so easily have coarsened the performance, but Miss Frederick gave it a freedom from self-consciousness that rendered it probably the most seductive and alluring impersonation of the generation. It isn't every lady that can reveal herself to the world to that extent and still remain a lady—no matter how gratifying her revelations may be.

Oscar Wilde said that it didn't really matter what a woman said if she looked pretty while she was saying it. Polly Frederick is an endless, almost irresistible source of delight to the student of character. However, what she *is* and *does* always overshadows what she says. She is such an unusual type of woman that it is difficult to focus upon her conversation, which is brilliant, but spontaneously disjointed. In the days when conversation was an art to be cultivated for the ornamentation of salons, she might have been a Recamier. As it is, one finds one's attention riveted upon her personality.

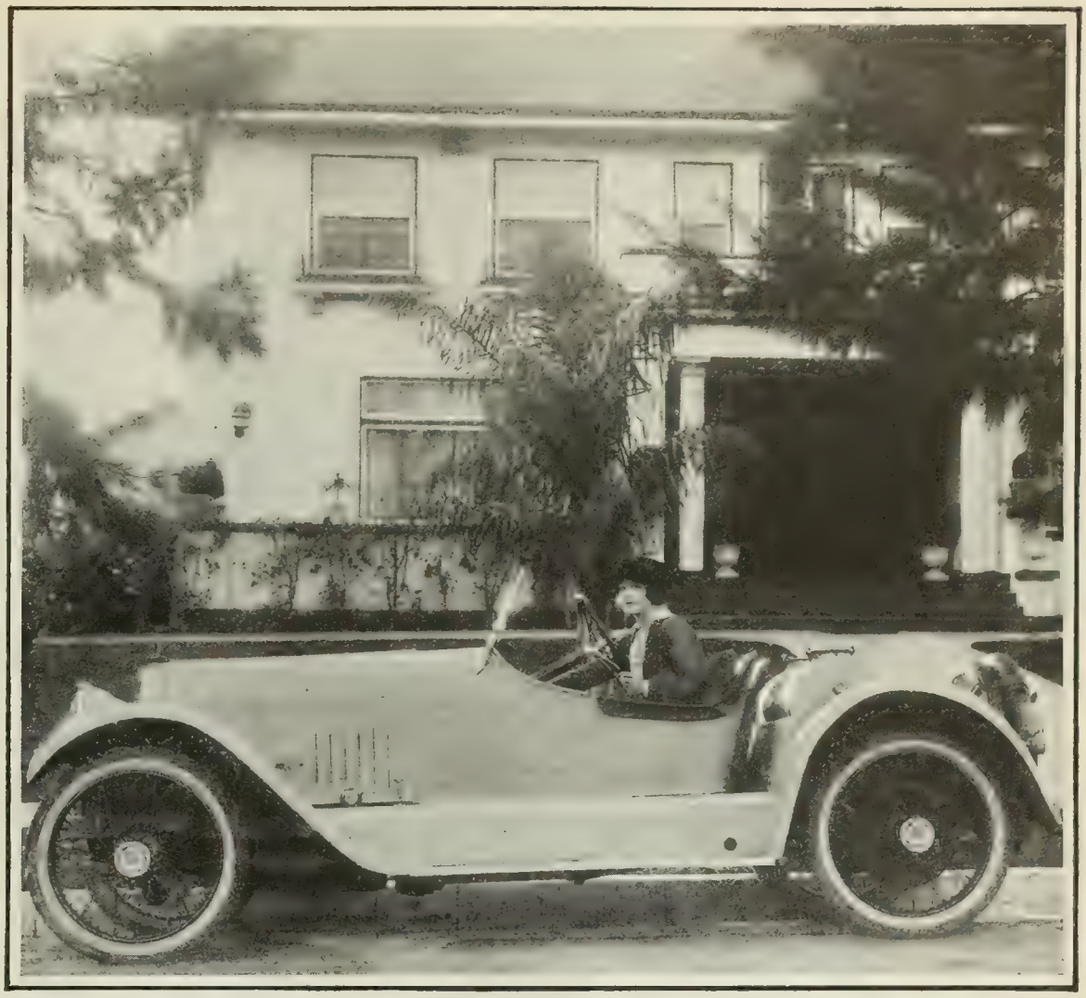
It is more or less rare to find women whose appeal extends from justly celebrated admirals to express messenger boys.

Waiters

pireism strikes haughty mesmere admirals.

Now, whether you're admitting it or not, you probably know something about C. O. D. packages. You have possibly encountered the suspicious and unyielding gaze of the person who delivers them. As soon ask Clemenceau to sing "The Watch on the Rhine" as to expect this skeptic to allow you so much as to display interest in the parcel before paying.

When he arrived, Miss Frederick didn't have that much cash on hand. Her secretary was out and she didn't know where her check book was. Sweetly said she: "Leave it and come back tomorrow for your money." I expected to see her instantly annihilated. I didn't think Cleopatra herself could get away with that. But in a minute the boy was cheerfully whistling down the path while Miss Frederick began to unwrap her latest frock. It wasn't because he'd heard of the fabulous sum Mr. Goldwyn is reported to pay her, either. The things were addressed to her mother. It was just Polly Frederick.



She doesn't like women who like small dogs. But the black ball in the lower picture just naturally attached itself to her. Above, outside her Hollywood home.

As for the Admiral, he turned out the fleet—that's all—guard of honor, military escort, flags waving, guns firing. One great conqueror paying just tribute to another, I suppose. It is whispered that in his time the Admiral has made his bows to not a few famous beauties.

There is about Frederick no possible suggestion of the domestic, the maternal, the soft, feminine abandonment to life and compromise with circumstance.

This quality was the rock upon which her first marriage shattered. Wealth, social position and romance must always prove insufficient for that type of woman if they rob her of her self-expression. Therefore to those who knew her, the beautiful actress' return to the stage, after abandoning it for a brilliant social marriage, must have been inevitable.

As a biographer, it is only just to say that her last marriage to Willard Mack, the playwright, seems to have added the final touch to both her art and her development.

"One must have suffered to produce the effect of suffering—loved to reflect love," she said to me. "A great critic once said that there could never be a perfect Juliet because by the time a woman had lived long enough to feel her she had lived too long to look her. It is beaten gold that is malleable. The artist who avoids life, avoids the birth pangs of art. Sappho, Mrs. Browning, Patti, Bonheur, Bernhardt—artists of life as well as art."

Women who occupy as prominent a place in the world's

(Continued on page 130)

WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

"Dick" Barthelmess.

ONE night
I happened to
go into
A Little Restaurant
In Sixth Avenue, for
dinner—
Where they have
The Best Chicken
In New York, or any
other Town.
I Went In, and
Sat Down, and
Ordered Chicken—
One Time
Somebody
Ordered Beefsteak in There, but
That was Long Ago—
And
Two People
Came In and
Sat Down at the Next Table.
I Noticed Them, because
At Another Table there was
A Family Party, with
A Mother and Father and
A Boy and Girl; and
The Girl Dropped her Fork, and
The Mother Stared, and
The Boy Stopped Eating.
The Father Grunted,
"Whassamatter?"—and Looked, Too.
"Ssh!" Said the Girl;
"Look—it's
Bobby Harron and
Dick Barthelmess!"
And
Everybody Around
Heard Her, and Looked, Too.
And I Looked; and
The Two Inoffensive Young Men
Took Off their Things and
Sat Down and
Ordered Chicken; and
The Waiter Smiled at them
And Told another Waiter; and
He Nodded; and
Everybody Kept Right On Staring.
Then
Dick Barthelmess—
He's Better Looking than Ever—
Drew Pictures on the Table-cloth,
And Bobby Harron
Kept on Drinking Water, and
They Both Looked Around and
The Girl Said in a Loud Whisper:
"I'd Know
Dick
Anywhere,
Wouldn't You?"
And The Boy Said,
Scornfully,
"I should Think you would:
You Keep Enough Pictures of him" and
Mother Said to Father,
"Look, Pa—that's
Bobby Harron; he was
The Soldier in that Picture.
My, isn't he
A Sweet Boy!"
And Bobby Took
Another Drink of Water,
And Choked; and Dick
Tried to Eat; and
Laid down his Fork; and Said,
"I Feel like a Murderer"
And Father Said,
"They don't Look Like
Actors";
And Dick and Bobby
Looked at Each Other
Across the Table, and
Shook their Heads Sadly, and
Paid their Check, and
Put on their Things, and
Stumbled Out.
I Wonder if
They'll Ever go There Again?
And By the Way—
Did you Hear
That Both Bobby
And Dick
Are to be
Stars on their Own?

EVERY Time I Try
To See Madge Kennedy
She's Always Busy:
Catching a Train, or
Hurrying to Meet her
Husband.
You See, she holds
The Moving Picture
Commutation
Record; she
Simply Can't Stand
To Stay in One Place
More than a Month.
She Makes a Picture in
Manhattan, and then
Hurries to Culver City,
Cal.,
To Make Another; and
then
She Gets a Reproachful
Wire
From her Husband in New York,
Asking her
Why it is he Never Gets to See her,
Any More.
So Madge
Will Pack her Trunks
And Catch the Next Train,
Back East.
I Caught her
In the Studio.
There's always Plenty of Time
Between Scenes to Tell
The Story of Your Life:
While the Director is Holding
A Conference with the Head Electrician; or
While they are Waiting
For the Leading Man
To Powder his Nose; so
We Sat Down.
Miss Kennedy
Was Reading
A Book I Couldn't Pronounce;
She Says
She's always Reading, hoping
That Someday
She'll Stumble Across
A Story she'd Like to Do.
And
She was Wishing
It was Summer Again
So she and her Husband
Could have their Home
In the Country with
A Cow and
Dogs and—
"Pardon, Miss Kennedy,"
Said The Assistant Director,
"But
What Kind of a Costume
Are you Wearing
In the Ballroom Scene?"
"Why"—and she tried to Explain
To a Mere Man
What a Lucille Dress Looks Like.
"As we were Saying," she Came Back to Me,
"The Best Kind of Story
For Me to Do—"
"Say, Miss Kennedy,"
Said Pete Props,
"You know that
Stuffed Dog
You Gave My Kid?"
"Yes"—
"Well, if
The Little Rascal
Didn't Go and
Chew it until
All the Stuffing
Came Out of it."
"We'll
Get her Another,"
Smiled Miss Kennedy Promptly.
"His Baby
Played in a Picture,"
She Explained to Me.
"Now this Story—"
"All Ready!" Shouted the Director.
"This is My Scene," she Said, and
She Looked Patient, and
Pretty, under her Make-up; and
You always Think
That Not Even
Motion Picture Paint
Can Spoil Madge Kennedy,
—and what a Shame it is
That she Seldom has a Chance
To be Madge Kennedy, she's
So Busy Being
Somebody Else.

Robert Harron.

Madge Kennedy.

FRANK KEENAN
Came Up to the
Office
To See Us.
And
Two Little Girls
Followed him.
They Hung Around
Outside the Door
Until he Came Out.
Then One of them
Nudged the Other,
And Whispered,
And they Both Ran
Away
As Fast as they Could
Go.
If they hadn't Gone so Fast
Mr. Keenan
Would have Taken us All
And Bought us Some Ice-Cream.
He was Thinking
Of Going to France but
I Mustn't Say
Anything about it
Because it isn't Settled Yet,
And he Might Not Go
After All.

Photograph by White

The spectacle that shocked New York's reformers so terribly that they all went to see it. To avoid censure, we have censored the gown.

The Voice in the Dark

It rumbled from the auditorium of the Century Theatre, and although the producer of "Aphrodite," was speaking, Dorothy Dalton calls it the Voice of Opportunity.

By BURNS MANTLE

IF you had spent the major portion of your working life keeping one eye on the theater and the other on the men who run the theater;

If you knew that one of these men, Morris Gest by name and an artistic plunger (plunger, not plumber) by occupation, was about to make a production of a dramatic spectacle called "Aphrodite," relating a few of the adventures of a gorgeous wanton of Alexandria in the good old days before the Christian martyrs began holding good thoughts over our pagan ancestors;

And if, hearing this, and knowing what you knew, you began casting around in your mind for the actress person most likely to be selected for the character of the gorgeous one aforementioned, and had successively settled upon

(1) Florence Reed,

(2) Elsie Ferguson, and

Miss Dalton really was showing signs of avoirdupois in her "ante-Aphrodite" days.

Dorothy Dalton Explains—

How she was chosen as the heroine of "Aphrodite."
How she made her first hit on the screen by sacrificing her beauty.
How she nearly lost her job by getting fat.
Why she had rather act in the spoken drama than in the movies.
Why vampires are the most interesting of screen characters.
Why she doesn't want the movies to improve *too* much.

(3) Pauline Frederick;

If then you were suddenly informed that a moving picture star, yclept Dorothy Dalton, was to play the part,

Wouldn't it give you pause?

Which is to say, wouldn't it cause you to wonder how such a thing could be? A movie star of whom no one in our Broadway set had ever heard (as an actress) being selected for one of the most important roles of the season! It wasn't reasonable!

But so it happened. Dorothy Dalton was chosen, Dorothy Dalton came, stayed, played and conquered. The day after the production of "Aphrodite" at the Century Theater, the town, if not ringing, was at least tinkling with her praises.

She could act! Her voice was mellifluous and clear! Her diction better than that of most stars. She was beautiful. She had grace. She was a real find! And though her part was pretty awful, she had been able to conquer it.

From that day I was eager to hear Dorothy Dalton's own story of how she came to be selected for the role of the beauteous Alexandrian. The other day she told it me—across a table which Anna, the maid, had spread with sandwiches and tea, in a studio dressing room in 56th Street.

(Parenthetically I have discovered why all interviews with moving picture divinities are linked some way with food. It's the only time the poor things have. All they do is work, eat and sleep. You can't interrupt them while they are working, and it wouldn't be polite to disturb them when they are sleeping, so there are only the food interludes left.)

"What!" I asked, "is the true story back of Mr. Gest's choice of you as the ideal Chrysis?"

"I suspect," said she, "Mr. Gest is the only man who can tell the true story. So far as it concerns my personal experience, however, it started with my meeting Mr. Gest socially a year ago. He asked me then if I had ever considered going back on the stage. I told him very frankly that I had, and that I was keen to do it. At that time I do not believe he was looking for anyone for this particular part. Later, in California, we met again, and again reference was made to the possibility of my returning to the stage.

"A month or so later in New York a theatrical agent called me on the phone and asked me if I had time to go to the Century Theater with him and have a talk with Mr. Gest. I was terribly busy and getting ready to start for California. I did not have much time, but I agreed to go with the understanding that the interview would be brief. When we got to the Century, there was no Mr. Gest in sight. I was pretty mad. In another minute I would have left, but at the psychological moment the girl in the office suggested that we might find the absent manager on the stage.

"We made our way to the stage of the Century. Everything was in an uproar. Scenery and costumes were being unpacked. Several assistant directors were assembling various sections of the 'Aphrodite' company, and rehearsing them in corners. But there was no Mr. Gest. Again I decided to waste no more time and started to leave the stage, when I heard someone calling to me from the back of the darkened auditorium.

"'Miss Dalton,' said the voice, 'I cannot get up there just now. Do you mind telling me when I can see you again?'

"I answered rather snippily that I was a very busy woman and that I was leaving shortly for California.

"'But,' said the voice from the cavern, 'I am very anxious to talk with you. I do not just get what you say. Will it be possible for me to see you tomorrow?'

"I raised my voice, tried to control my temper, and replied that I did not think it would be possible. By this time Mr. Gest had come down the aisle until he was just beyond the orchestra pit. From there we carried on a more or less excited conversation and suddenly he threw both hands into the air, and, shouting 'God has been good to me!—God has been good to me!' began scrambling onto the stage. I did not know just what to make of this performance, but the next thing I knew

(Continued on page 128)

By Norman Anthony

Intimate Snapshots

The heroine of "The Daring Deeds of Delia" in her home.

Treasure Island

Re-told in a manner that the shade of R. L. Stevenson would surely forgive, could it appreciate the present white paper shortage.

By JIM HAWKINS

Illustrations from the photoplay version produced by Maurice Tourneur, for Paramount-Artcraft

Jim Hawkins. Squire Trelawney.

PHOTOPLAY has asked me to write down the whole particulars about "Treasure Island," from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island and that only because there is still treasure not lifted. As you will doubtless agree, it would be difficult for even the most talented of story-tellers to duplicate Robert Louis Stevenson's thrilling pirate story. And yet the Editor assures me that I must confine my narration to two pages, because of the dire shortage of white paper stock which has come upon all magazines. Crowded with romance and excitement as were the pages of the original book, it would seem a difficult problem to give you entirely the running story as it actually happened and as I myself witnessed it from start to finish with my own eyes. But the ways of picture producers are marvelous and, with the aid of frequent illustrations culled from the photoplay version, I have no doubt but that you can tremble over some of the thrills that befell me.

I take up my pen and go back to the time when my mother kept the "Admiral Benbow" inn and Billy Jones, that brown old seaman with the sabre cut, first took up his lodgings under our roof. Those days, comparatively, were quiet and uneventful; and little did I guess—youth that I was—that I was destined to take part in the liveliest pirate story that ever found cradle along the Spanish Main.

2—We searched Billy Bones' sea chest, and took from it just enough to cover the money he owed us. And I came across an oilskin packet of Billy's papers, which I also took, to show to Dr. Livesey, who was not only a physician but our local magistrate. The doctor opened the seal with great care, and there fell out the map of Treasure Island, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills, and bays and inlets. It was the island on which the infamous pirate, Captain Flint, had concealed his ill-gained money.

1—One evening came a horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature to the inn, tapping before him with a stick. In pity I held out my hand and he—it was Pew the Pirate, I afterward learned—gripped my hand like a vise and bade me lead him to Billy Bones. "Sir," said I, "I dare not." "Oh," he sneered, "that's it! Take me in straight, or I'll break your arm." I led him in and he tipped poor Billy the black spot, which was a certain sign of death. Then, with incredible accuracy and nimbleness, Pew skipped out of the parlor and into the road. And that night Billy Bones was killed.

3—So Squire Trelawney fitted out a vessel to go after the treasure, with himself as admiral, Dr. Livesey as ship's doctor, Captain Smollet, myself as cabin-boy, three faithful friends of the squire, and Long John Silver, who had lost a leg in his country's service, as cook. Long John also helped get together a crew, not pretty to look at, but fellows, by their faces, of the most indomitable spirit. The Hispaniola had been out for some time when I overheard Long John plotting with the crew to take control of the ship and the island once we were landed. And I realized that we were in the hands of a band of ruffians.

Merry the Pirate. Dr. Livesey. Pew the Pirate. Captain Smollet. Long John Silver.

Lon Chaney

4—I immediately told to Squire Trelawney, the whole details of the conversation I had overheard Captain Smollett, and Dr. Livesey, who held a council of war. Believing that forewarned was forearmed, they decided to go on as though nothing had happened: there were seven of us against nineteen of the pirates, and a battle then would have sealed our death-warrants. The next day the captain gave the crew shore-leave, and they accepted eagerly, one of them bringing me along although I went greatly against my will.

6—Long John and his crew started the treasure hunt early the next day, taking me along for a hostage. They vowed to kill me, Long John or no Long John, if the gold did not prove to be where the map indicated. Before us was a great excavation, not very recent, for the sides had fallen in and grass had sprouted on the bottom. All was clear to probation. The cache had been found and rifled: the seven hundred thousand pounds were gone! I fled, and Merry the Pirate was after me like a flash, but Long John pulled a pistol and killed him.

5—Our party went ashore after me, though it had been their intention to maroon the pirates, and sail back with an honest crew. On landing, they made for the stockade that the map had told them of. Meanwhile, I, as soon as we touched land, plunged into the nearest thicket, and escaped. I met Ben Gunn, who had been left on the island three years ago, and he led me to the stockade, where we defended ourselves successfully against the pirates, but not without some of our men being severely wounded. The pirates offered and we accepted truce for the map. Later, Long John saved me from the band.

7—At the moment Long John fired, three musket-shots flashed out of the thicket and our men had the pirates by surprise. Those who weren't wounded or killed fled at once. Ben Gunn led us to where he had re-buried the gold, and we fell to work gathering it. Long John was afraid that he would be hanged after we got back to England, but I promised him that I should save him from the gallows, as indeed I did. "And let this be a lesson to you, Long John," I told him, "to lead an honest life henceforth." And from the expression in his hard old eyes I daresay he did.

Mayo: Chapter Three

HE may have longed to study law, although he has never confided this ambition to anyone. Or—who knows—a literary career might have appealed to him. He may even have yearned to become a druggist. But he had a theatrical tradition to uphold, had Frank Mayo, and so he followed the lead of his father, and his father's father before him, and went on the stage.

The first Frank Mayo trod the boards and made his great success as "Davy Crockett." He was also seen as "Pudd'n'-head Wilson."

The next Mayo—Frank's father—was Edwin Frank Mayo II. A romantic actor of the old-school, a portrayer of swash-buckling heroes, one of his best parts was in "The Streets of New York."

Then Frank Mayo III came along. Not only has he kept up the family tradition, but he has kept up with the times. He does his acting in a great bare building with glass walls; accompanied by the click of many cameras and the sputtering of myriad lights; and all of California is his theater. He upholds the Mayo tradition just as surely as did the first Mayo, in "Davy Crockett."

Frank began his own career in his grandfather's company, playing "Davy Crockett." His best-known film work was for World, where he played with Kitty Gordon, Ethel Clayton, Alice Brady, Louise Huff, and June Elvidge. For Universal he has done "The Brute Breaker," "The Little Brother of the Rich," "The Peddler of Lies," and "Lasca."

Upper picture, Frank Mayo I, creator of "Pudd'n'-head Wilson" in America, grandfather of Frank. Center, the second Mayo, Frank's father, in "The Streets of New York." Bottom, Frank Mayo III.

That lovable old scalawag, "Jiggs" played by Johnny Ray, and Mrs. Jiggs, his eternal nemesis, by Margaret Fitzroy. Doesn't he look like the cartoon?

Filming Up Father

IN every city, town, and hamlet in this country, the cartoons of that lovable old scalawag, "Jiggs," are devoured by mother, father, boys and girls. How "Jiggs," induced to dress up when his wife entered society, would creep back to his old haunt, "Dinty Moore's"—(there is a real Dinty Moore, and he runs a cafe in Manhattan, off Broadway, where they have the best corn-beef-and-cabbage in the world)—has been pictured many times, and always applauded. In short, George McManus, the cartoonist of the Jiggs family, won international renown for his characters, and he is just as popular in New York as he is in the mid-west and just as popular in California as he is in Carolina—which is going some.

It was a long time before McManus consented to have his Jiggs family put into pictures. But finally he came across Johnny Ray, who is a real-life twin of the newspaper Jiggs. So the Jiggs cartoons came to be flesh-and-blood; a suitable Mrs. Jiggs being found in the person of Margaret Fitzroy, and a pretty Nora in Laura La Plante, and Al Christie signed up the whole family to make comedies for him.

They were met at the Los Angeles station by the Mayor of the Town—who, alas, gave Jiggs the key to the city, but not to his cellarette—and there's only one kind of key that Jiggs appreciates. The Chief of Police was at the train, too, to caution Jiggs against possible escapades in the city of the Lost Angels. Now the company is hard at work in the studios, and the first fruit of their efforts will be celluloided soon.

From property boy to comedy parts—that's the record of young Charles J. Maguire.

King of the Grocery Boys

ON the morning when the great truck scene in "Two Weeks" was to be filmed, about a quarter of a year ago, Constance Talmadge, star, decided that the existing chauffeur would not do.

"How about Charlie?" asked her director.

So Charlie—property boy, office assistant extraordinaire, and extra man-at-large about the Talmadge plant—was summoned from the property room and told to act like he could drive a truck. Also he was told to lift his cap and whistle at a certain juncture—said juncture having something to do with a young lady's ankle.

That might have been all if two gentlemen had not arrived at the Talmadge film factory one day shortly after "Two Weeks" appeared at New York theaters. They asked to see Mr. Charles G. Maguire.

The telephone girl chewed her pencil a minute in a puzzled manner, then tee-heed. "Oh, I guess you must mean Charlie."

Charlie came downstairs in his shirt sleeves.

"We want to talk about signing you up for a year," they said. "We saw your truck stuff in 'Two Weeks.' We've been looking for some one to feature in a series of grocery boy comedies, and you're elected."

Charlie blinked, gulped, put his hand to his head, and told them, "All right, if you'll draw up a clause in my contract agreeing to pay for some clothes and a dentist bill."

Mr. Walter J. Johnson and Mr. L. H. Hopkins, of the Johnson and Hopkins Corporation, said "Yes," and now Charles Maguire, of Florida and New York, has his own dressing room, four recent suits of clothes, seven shiny new gold fillings, and more salary than he had ever dreamed of.

Mrs. Maguire says she knew something foine was going to overtake the lad because she looked on a load of hay, found a horseshoe, and hadn't seen a black cat for a week.

A Rising Young Actor

FRANK KEENAN saw some pictures on an editorial desk in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S offices.

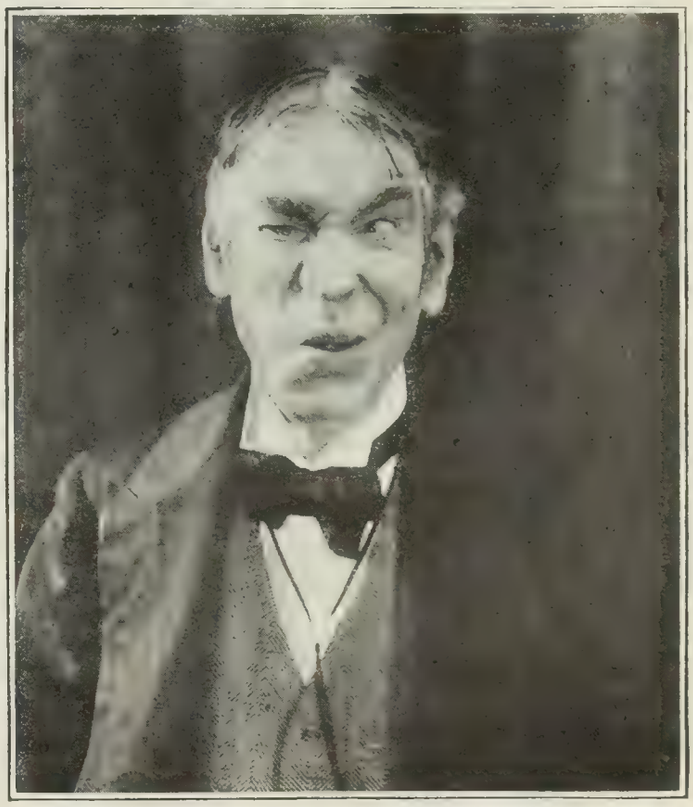
"By Jove—there's Billy Ferguson!" he ejaculated. "Do you know, I've often thought that if he had come from abroad, he would have been hailed as one of the greatest living comedians. Well, well—so he's in the movies too!"

Sone one once said that three score and ten were man's allotted years of living. Here's a man who is just beginning to live at three score and ten. William J. Ferguson is breaking into the moving pictures at seventy!

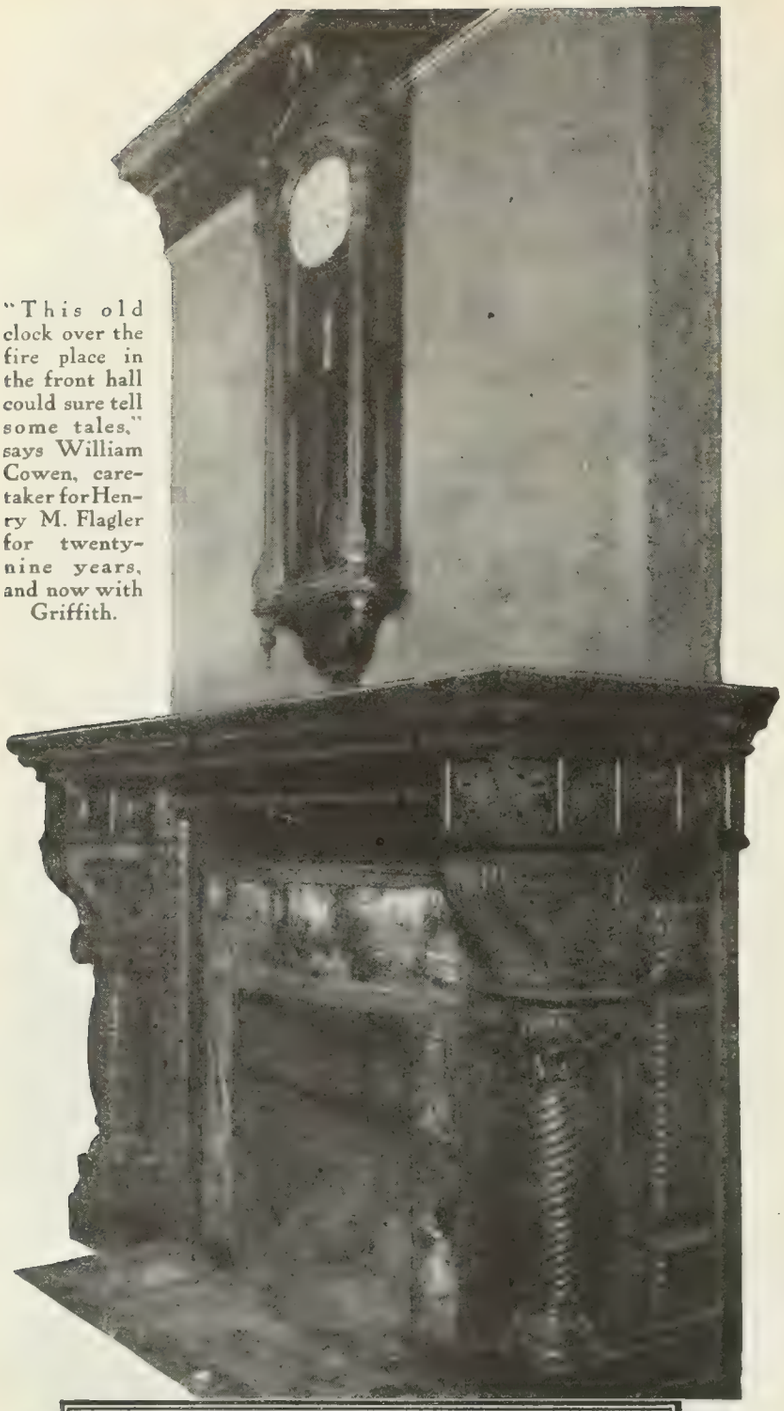
He was a call-boy in Washington at Ford's Theater. He was on the stage the memorable and tragic night that President Lincoln was shot. He has played on Broadway for fifty years—and he's still playing. But—he has never been in the movies; and because he liked them, and believed seriously in them as a new medium of dramatic expression, he enlisted in them. Ferguson is playing *Pine,* the valet, in the Blackton production of the well-known stage play, "Passers By."

He works all day in the studio on this part, and at night leads several numbers and performs eccentric dances as the butler in "The Little Whopper," a musical comedy on Broadway. Members of the audience of this girl-and-rag success often speculate as to the age of the agile comedian and dancer. "He looks middle-aged and dances like a youngster," is the puzzled and unsatisfactory conclusion of the spectators.

Ferguson went into pictures because he has the vision of youth. He is essentially a man with a progressive mind. "Think I was going to let all those young scamps who have only been acting for a dozen years step into a new field and leave me behind?" he says. "Not much! I hopped right in after 'em. Besides, the screen needs old-school actors—not that I essentially rate myself in that class. But I firmly believe that Joseph Jefferson would have made one of the greatest of silent actors. Jefferson learned early in his career that essential of all acting—facial expression. He knew, too, the theory of lighting effects and in the days of gas footlights carried on tour extra lengths of gas pipe which he installed in theaters that he might have better lighting. He could give modern studio electricians pointers. And if Lester Wallack, who made the old Wallack Theater in New York famous in dramatic history, were alive today, I am sure that he would rival the best directors as a producer of film stories."



He plays a butler on the stage and a valet in his film debut. Bill Ferguson is young—at seventy.



"This old clock over the fire place in the front hall could sure tell some tales," says William Cowen, caretaker for Henry M. Flagler for twenty-nine years, and now with Griffith.

The deadline for strangers, in Flagler's day, was the lodge gate. Today the "deadline" is the telephone girl in the front hall of the house.

Romantic Estate Now Griffith's Studio

THE most romantic thing we can think to tell you about the old house and rambling grounds revealed here, is that one day last fall—when the house was boarded up as it had been for years, and everything seemed unusually deserted—a very thin, very drawn-looking old man in a shining limousine drove through the gates, got out, walked slowly about, almost wistfully, as though searching for some vestige of his younger, more vigorous days, and then drove away.

The visitor was John D. Rockefeller. He had come to see the estate where he used oftentimes to be a guest.

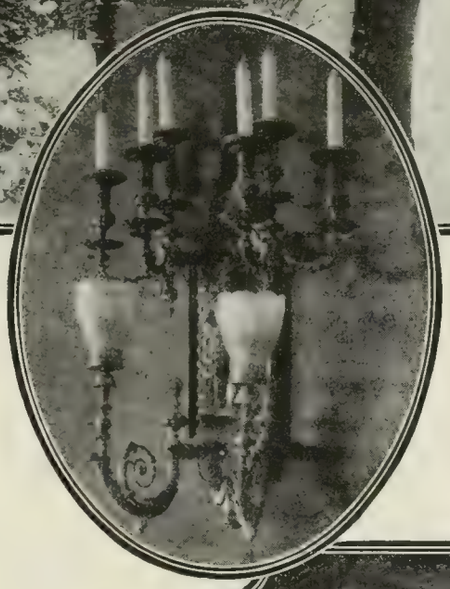
The halls and grounds of the estate at Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, Long Island, which is rapidly being made into David Wark Griffith's new eastern workshop, was one time the summer home of Henry M. Flagler, Rockefeller's lifelong friend and business associate. Part of the house was built in 1882, at a cost of $230,000—tremendous for those days—for his first wife who died before it was completed. He married again but the second Mrs. Flagler was adjudged mentally incompetent. For his third wife, Mr. Flagler had an $80,000 wing added to the original house.

Under the Griffith regime, the rooms which once were gay with fashionable house parties, will be stripped of their grandeur and used as administrative offices, wardrobe and dressing rooms, and lounges for players.

The studio itself is built behind, and attached to the house.

What would be a $310,000 summer home without its old oaken bucket?

The rest of the house is on the other side of the tower. This is only a wing, built for the third Mrs. Flagler and her maids. It increased the total room capacity of the house to 47.



This house was built too long ago for electricity. Mr. Flagler spent thousands of dollars on glittering gas candelabras and quaint wall lamps.

Can you imagine anything less than a duchess feeling at home coming down this grand staircase? The house was built around it, and the great hall extends clear to the roof.

This table, valued at $2,000, used to figure in Standard Oil Company directors' meetings — as it does now in a coming picture of Dorothy Gish.

Miss Parks telling Mr. Cody how to make love.

Male *(Vamp)* and Female *(Director)*

Lew Cody learns all about vamping from Ida May Parks, his director.

THERE'S a lot in this law of opposites after all.

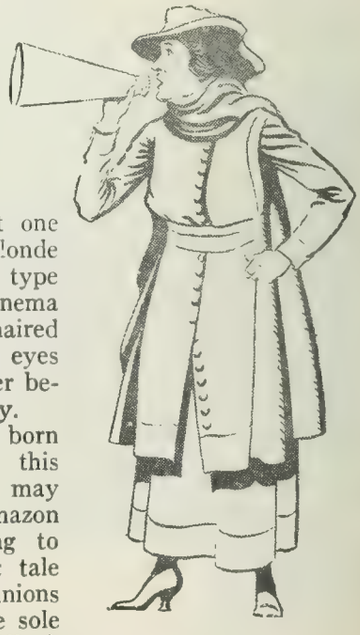
Emerson in "Compensation" elucidated it indisputably, but we're not going to drag Emerson into this expository ventilation upon the "he-vamp" and his director-ess.

Ever since geometry days *erat demonstrandum* that it takes two complementary angles to make a straight line. And in every phase of life this idea of balance has become an apodictic fact—from the evolution and involution of nature down to such simple things as blondes attracting brunettes.

In the business of making motion pictures for several years there has been what is known as the woman vampire. These women have been directed in this art of "vamping" on the screen by men. And because it was quite the natural course of events no especial attention was attracted to the situation.

But now there comes into our midst a bizarre creature with the appellation of "male vampire" and he startles us by stating that he believes women are the "coming" directors because they have more imagination than the average man and then proceeds to act upon this uncanonical opinion by adding to his exotic fold of studio assistants a woman director, the wife of a Frenchman.

And though it must be a trick of fate, the coincidence is remarkable that out of the only two women directors in the business Mr. Cody, a brunette, picked the blonde, Ida May Parks. *Erat demonstrandum.*



But Miss Parks is not what one might say an overwhelming blonde—a blondined or peroxided type happily indigenous to the cinema world but rather a light brown haired person with very snappy violet eyes and a thoroughly sensible manner becoming her calm, mature dignity.

After being told that she was born in California you wonder if this woman of prepossessing figure may not be a descendant of the Amazon Queen, Califria who, according to De Montalvo's rosily romantic tale of 1510, with her warlike companions carrying golden spears, were the sole inhabitants (guarded by the griffins)

on the then-an-island California. And along with the figure en grand seigneur she has inherited something of Amazon will for she says that to want to do a thing is to do it—in her life.

But that doesn't mean that she has never done things that she thought she didn't want to do.

"I had some unfavorable illusions about directing a male star before I accepted this engagement with Mr. Cody," she stated emphatically. "I had never directed a man before though Mr. Cody had been directed by Miss Lois Weber. I have been most pleasantly surprised and now I think that I shall always prefer to direct men.

"I have found that a man tries very hard to please in many cases where a girl might not respond at all to suggestion. And I do believe that the difference in sex makes a difference in attitude."

Upon being asked if he was giving a sympathetic interpretation to the characterization of the "male vampire" Mr. Cody said "no, a human one." Which was, of course, the broadest and yet aptest definition "sympathetic" ever had inasmuch as we will see sentiments portrayed to "which every heart returns an echo" and situations arise "that find a mirror in every mind."

And while co-operation is the watchword between Mr. Cody and Miss Parks in the making of this story, "The Butterfly Man," a woman will have the last word. For Miss Parks not only directs her pictures without an assistant but writes her own continuity and cuts the picture as well. She believes that the big motivating idea or prevailing theme in a story is apt to be lost through the association of her own with various other ideas upon methods of development and denouement. And it would seem that her opinion is well worth listening to if we are striving for a composite artistic achievement in the film drama. For an artist after conceiving an idea for a picture does not get another to mix his paints for him.

Furthermore Miss Parks sees no reason why there should not be many more women directors. She believes of course that women should have an aim outside a husband, though she herself is a wife and mother of a twelve-year old son.

She herself was an actress for twelve years upon the legitimate stage, having left school at the age of fifteen to embark upon her career. She left the foots to write film stories for Pathe in New York. Her husband was directing at the time and she assisted him in cutting his pictures. Several years here equipped her so that when her husband came west she came with him and wrote and cut all his pictures.

Then one day in the middle of a picture under production he was called to New York and she, upon insisting that she was quite capable of finishing the direction of the picture was allowed to step into her husband's shoes. That picture was one in which Louise Lovely was playing and along with the circular trend of things it happens that Louise is playing the leading woman for Lew Cody in this picture which means that Miss Parks' first woman star is now playing with her first male star. And if Mr. Cody has any superstitions about first ventures and blondes he ought to have no fears for the completed picture.

Which he evidently does not have because a new contract signed but a few days ago not only states that the "male-vampire" pictures will be made for three more years but stipulates also that Mr. Cody cannot during that period commit the *faux pas* of marrying and thereby forfeit the distinctive cognomen that is rightfully his of "male-vampire."

A Fan's Prayer

FROM fledgling stars of forty; from fledgling stars of eighteen; from fledgling stars. From bathing suit comedies; from Mae Murray's classic dances; from new names for old novels; from new stories of old masterpieces; from new versions of Robert Louis Stevenson. From Theda Bara on the stage; from Alice Brady's weight-reduction methods; from missing "Pollyanna," "Treasure Island," or "The Garage;" from sitting again through "The Fear Market," "Respectable by Proxy," or "The Screaming Shadow" serial; from self-advertising directors; from 2.75 press-agents; from imitators of Mary Pickford; from pseudo-morality pictures; from allegories; from names of pictures with "Sin" or "Sinners;" from George Loane Tucker's enthusiastic recognition of Frank L. Packard, author of "The Miracle Man." From producers with brilliant advertising and dull pictures; from Italian dialect titles in "Lombardi Ltd;" from French directors who cannot speak English; from Southern dialect written by Swedish scenarioists; from dialect; from Robert Gordon's miscast roles; from Charlie Chaplin's indifference; from Bessie Barriscale's recent plays; from missing her latest "The Luck of Geraldine Laird;" from missing Jim Kirkwood in "The Luck of the Irish;" from ex-cabinet-member film executives; from eyestrain due to Selznick's electric signs; from husbands of screen celebrities; from policeman-mothers of celebrities. From uninspired scenarioists and mechanical directors; from male ingenues; from male vampires; from female vampires; from vampires; from Niles Welch's striped suits; from Universal's drawing-room props; from all acting animals except Sennett's Teddy and Arbuckle's bullpup; from photographs of stars with distinguished visitors; from books by actors and actresses; from hair-mattress-beards. From Griffith's harassed heroines; from "educational" pictures of coffee-raising in Brazil; from advertisements which theatres get paid to run and you pay to see; from "educationals" with trademarks slyly sneaked in; from use of screen to advertise butcher, baker, and candlestick maker; from screen reviews by Baron Munchaussen and other editors of newspaper motion picture departments. From "Don't Change Your—" titles; from Herbert Rawlinson's absence; from 5,000-seat motion picture theatres with song-and-dance revues: from sitting in rear-rows of The Capitol Theatre, "biggest in the world;" from fat second-rate grand opera singers; from stars who wear fussy clothes; from fresh ushers; from the Henry Ford Weekly that you pay real money to sit through:—

From these things, and many more, Good Lord, Deliver Us.

A Deep Little Lake

Another girl proves that comedy is a great school for serious drama.

By
GENE NORTH

IN the days of ancient kings, before governing countries became a serious business, and when about the only decisions required of a monarch were whether or not a certain subject's head should be removed, and whether or not war should be declared upon a wealthy neighbor—in those bad old days the royal courts were the sole means of support of artists of every description. If a man could sing, or play the harp, or paint pictures, or carve statues, or design buildings better than his fellows, he was hired to work for the prince by the year or until some greater favorite displaced him.

Of these artists the one favored above all the others was the king's jester. He was allowed privileges second only to those of the ruler himself. No dignitary was immune from his pranks and even when his jests concealed a vicious sting he was not punished. He made his master laugh, and all was forgiven. So, oftener than not, the clown became a potent influence and through his merriment often contrived to come closer to being the power behind the throne than did the actual ministers of state.

Have the times changed? Let us see. Democracy is now the ruler, and who are the favorites of democracy? The world has spoken most clearly concerning its favorites through its nomination of stars upon the screen. And who are the most fortunate but those who most frequently fill the theaters with laughter? It is because laughter is closer to the heart than any other emotion, because it is the most welcome guest.

And this is one reason why there are gradually emerging into stardom a group of attractive personages who have been numbered among the jesters. Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Mary Thurman, have abandoned the pie and the one-piece bathing suit to satisfy a demand for more lifelike representations. Roscoe Arbuckle, temporarily at least, is drafted into serious drama. And Metro is starring Alice Lake, and finding her one of their favorite daughters. A year ago she was Keystoning with the best of them.

"Bert Lytell kidnaped me," is the way Miss Lake explains her Metro advent. "I had taken an engagement with another company, but they delayed putting me to work, and I was growing restless. I met Mr. Lytell one day and he said explosively:

" 'Alice, you're the girl I want in "Boston Blackie." '

" 'Can't be done,' I said. 'I'm tied up.'

" 'Get untied,' he said, and literally tossed me into his car and drove me over to the Metro studio. Without consulting me they decided that I was to play the part. Mr. Lytell took me over to the other studio where I was supposed to be working while I resigned, got my make-up box and stuff from

(Continued on page 126)

A year ago she was keystoning. Now Metro is starring her, Bert Lytell having been kidnaper.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Tragedy and Youth. The trouble with children—as it is with husbands — is that you can never count on how they will take a thing. Ask any mother, teacher or wife.

Five thousand school children were assembled together one Saturday morning recently in a New York theatre to be instructed in the art of keeping out of the way of automobiles. This meeting was to start off a campaign aimed at decreasing the terrible toll of human life taken by automobile accidents each year.

The picture was all right in itself — an assembly of tragic moments, such as you read of under the heading "Motor Accident" in every day's papers. Imagine the horror of the attending school teachers, when the young visitors, who should have gasped and been impressed, went into roars of laughter over the picture of a collision between a motor and a woman which sent the woman dazed to the curb: Skidding, upsetting and catapulting cars which landed their occupants in a heap on a wet pavement or at the bottom of a ravine—because the driver had devoted his eyes and perhaps one arm more to some one who sat beside him than to keeping on the road, or because he wished to take some fool-hardy risk, or just because he didn't think—brought forth a great response of mirth. The erratic course of that greatest foe to safety, the tipsy driver, about whom we shall know less and less as time goes on, no doubt, amused them hugely. A pedestrian darting across the street in front of traffic they received with loud and evident entertainment—though if it taught them a lesson is not clear.

There was only one moment when they seemed really touched. That was when a boy of their own age found death under an automobile wheel.

Griffith on Censorship. "Can you imagine," asks David W. Griffith, "a young Edgar Allan Poe, of the present day, sitting down and writing with the knowledge that a censor in every state in the Union was to delete his article before it was published? What sort of literature would be written?

"Can you imagine it? All inspiration, enthusiasm and great idealism would be oozed away from any creative writer by the knowledge that three or four political delegates from each of the states, to say nothing of the villages and hamlets, were each and every one to take the scissors and cut the inspiration to suit their tastes."

This was one of the arguments used by Mr. Griffith when he appeared before the commission of the Virginia legislature in opposition to the State censorship bill. Arrayed against the gentlemen of the motion picture industry was a group of ministers representing almost every ministerial body in the State.

The whole argument of the proponent of censorship in Virginia was summed up by one churchman who declared that while he could not recall having seen any objectionable films, he believed that moving pictures would be much better off with censorship.

But the bill being unfavorably reported and censorship being defeated, it is evident that the spirit of Patrick Henry has not departed from the Old Dominion.

Death-Bed Operations. It is not ordinarily as easy to place the blame for the defects of a poor picture as it is to place the credit for the virtues of a masterpiece. The hand of genius is usually so characteristic that the identity of its owner is immediately guessed. But bunglers are usually adepts at the old American game of "passing the buck." And so clever are they that not infrequently they succeed in fastening the blame where it does not belong. A rather famous pair of scenario artists were advertised as creators of a certain extremely bad story. When asked how it happened one of them explained it thus:

"We were called in at the last minute to try to make something out of nothing. We tinkered with the thing a bit, but it was hopeless, and the producer promised not to use our names. He broke his promise however. It is as if a great specialist were called in to operate upon a dying man who was beyond mortal help, and then the family told everyone that he had been in attendance upon the case from the beginning of the illness."

The Death of Another Tradition. It was always a more or less accepted tradition of the American theatre — and screen — that a play must have a happy ending. Unless the hero takes the heroine in his arms before the final curtain falls, it's not good drama. "*Was!*" Consider, now, that at least six of the prosperous plays running in New York City have unhappy endings. And consider that a picture company, in its recent preservation of the favorite work of a great author, followed his story so faithfully that the hero dutifully passed away in the last reel. But — here's the kick in this one: said company having also the welfare of its treasurer at heart, made another ending, a gloriously happy one in which the hero is nursed back to health by the little-girl-who-loved-him, and they live happily ever after. Both endings will be offered to the exhibitors so that they may exercise their prerogative as showmen and choose for their patrons which of the two finales they had rather see.

Drawn by Norman Anthony

ACROSS the silver sheet of life
Fair leading ladies pass—
The child, the school girl, and the wife,
Like shadows in a glass.

But she who plays the greatest part
Kneels, with a down-bent head,
And watches, with a singing heart,
Above her baby's bed!

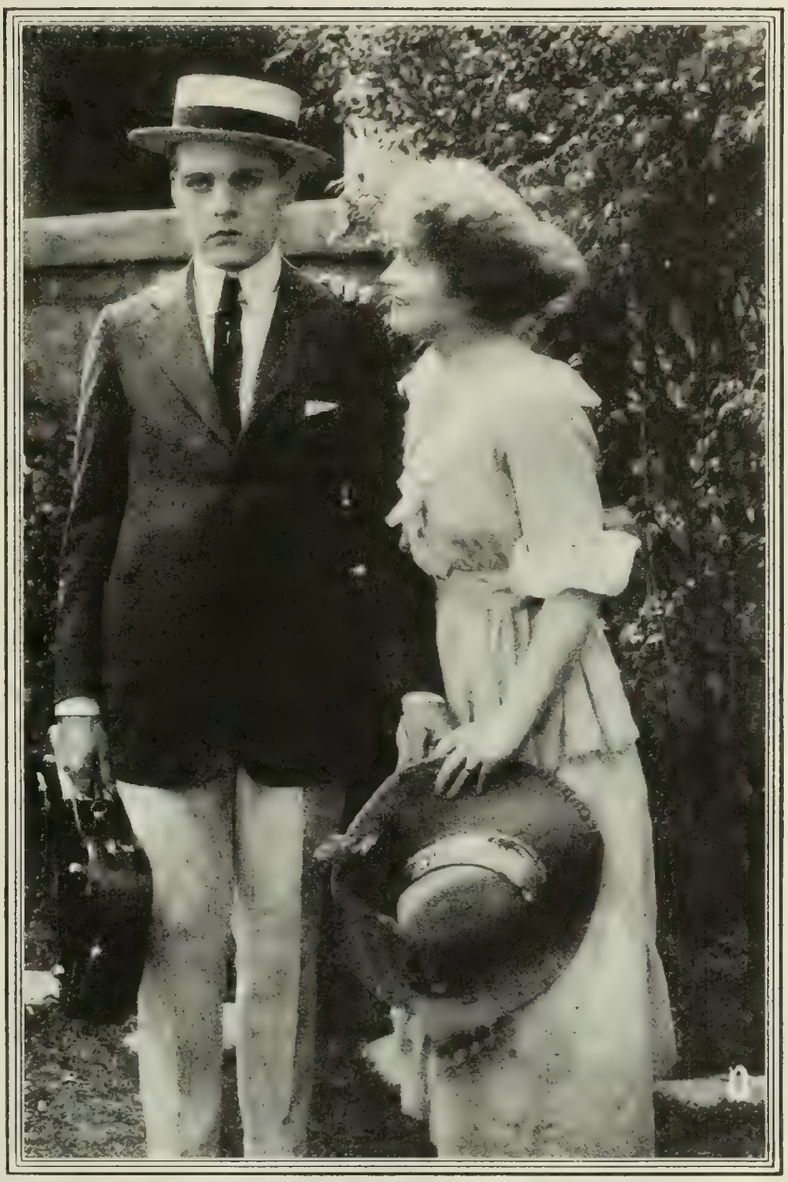
—Margaret Sangster.

The Woman Who Understood

Demonstrating that the most accurate synonym of Love is often Sacrifice.

By

ELIZABETH CHISHOLM



Madge took her husband's absence at Alida's house with utter goodnature, and often would skip through the hedge to invite him to come home.

IT divides aristocratic Fifth Avenue from the ever insistent slums—does quaint old Washington Square. It stands like a green, tree-guarded oasis in the heart of the city; still surrounded by the stately red brick houses of another period, still fragrant, when it is spring, with the hint of lilac and magnolia. One, seeing it at night, feels only the calm and sheltered quiet of it—one does not see, through the brooding dark, the new apartment houses, and the studio buildings, and the crudely colored tea shops that have come to the Square with the artist folk who are converting it from a well-bred residential section into a flamboyant near-Latin Quarter. For in New York, if you are an artist or poet, or think you are, you live down in the classic old Washington Square. Only you call it—Greenwich Village.

It was in one of these tea shops—a tea shop called, not unappropriately, the Squirrel Hole (folk had a way of saying that there were always sure to be a lot of nuts there) that Madge Graham lived. The tea shop was her means of livelihood, but it was only that—for she had come from the Middle West to study art. And the tea shop, which was also her studio, showed bits of sculpture in the corners of it that proclaimed her to be, unlike many of the others who inhabit Washington Square, a real worker.

Folk loved Madge Graham. It was not for her great eyes, not for her fluffy blonde hair, that they loved her. It was because of her all embracing desire to mother people—from the most discouraged drunkard to the most aggressive newsboy—it was the sweetness of her smile and the comfort of her handclasp that made people flock into her little tea shop. She had come to the city to specialize in art, but her real specialty was heart. It seemed only appropriate that she should be completing a statuette of Cupid, which she intended to enter in a great prize competition.

It was because of her love of people and her desire to help them that Madge Graham first met Robert Knight, a young musician who lived in a little room across the court from her tea shop. For Robert Knight came home one evening in the depths of discouragement, broken-hearted not only because he had lost his position in an orchestra, but because Alida, the girl he thought that he was in love with, had announced her engagement to Richard Alden, a middle-aged millionaire. Alida was really a selfish butterfly, quite incapable of any great emotion, but to Robert, made despondent by his double loss, she seemed the patron saint of a lost paradise. He did not dream that she was only wiling away her idlest hours by flirting with him.

Madge was standing at her window as Robert came home to his barren room, his silent violin under his arm. She did not see him for she was dreaming the golden dreams of youth—dreams of success and fame. It was only when the dumbwaiter bell rang that she came back from the land of make-believe to the present.

There was a steak on the dumbwaiter — her supper. She put it carefully on a plate and went back to the window so that she could stand it on the sill. As she set the plate down she glanced casually across the court and in through the window of the house opposite. And then she started back in horror—breathless horror. For there was a young man in that room, and he was standing, grim and pale, with a revolver pressed to his temple.

At first Madge did not know quite what to do. She was turning frantically from the window, wondering how she might save him, when her glance fell upon the unfinished statuette of Cupid. With a sudden inspiration she picked it up and hurled it in the direction of the man. It went crashing through the window and lay at his feet, a pathetic little love god with a broken wing. But it had served its purpose for Robert, brought to his right senses, thrust the revolver into his pocket and came to the window. And, looking across the court, his eyes met the wide, frightened ones of a beautiful girl.

Madge was excited and embarrassed at the success of her plan. She met the gaze of the man squarely, but her nervous hands brushed the steak from the window sill. And then, speaking hurriedly to cover a strained situation, she called to him across the court.

"Oh, please," she called, "won't you rescue my dinner for me?"

And Robert, thanking her silently for her rare tact and understanding, hurried down to rescue the steak.

Of course, they had dinner together that night. And it was over the cheery little table that Madge learned of Robert's trouble and gave him comfort. And because she was primarily a mother-woman, she went the next morning to intercede with

the leader of the orchestra and her rare charm won back, for him, his means of livelihood.

They were much together, after that. The statuette of Cupid was finished—the most aggressive little newsboy acting as model—and sent to the competition. And Alida was quite forgotten, while the music grew in beauty. And then, one day, the little newsboy burst into the studio with a paper that bore, in great headlines, the announcement that a certain statuette, the work of an unknown sculptress named Madge Graham, had won in the prize competition. He dashed in without knocking, to find the prize winner in the arms of Robert Knight!

They started apart, in confusion, did the sculptress and the musician. But the newsboy was too excited to give them more than a passing glance. He thrust the newspaper into the girl's hands and, with joy, she read the announcement before she looked up to smile into her lover's face. But there was a shadow in his eyes, for he realized that her success might draw her away from him. As the little newsboy, too excited to stand still, dashed out to tell the other newsboys of his lady's good fortune, Robert spoke soberly.

"I suppose," he said wistfully, "that it's too much to ask you to give up a promising career—for just *love?*"

Madge looked up at him with a smile—a wise little woman-smile. Slowly she went over to a statue that she was working on—the little nude figure of a baby. All at once her arms were around it and as she stood there the ambition in her face was replaced by a supreme tenderness. One knew, from her eyes, that she was seeing visions, dreaming dreams. When she spoke her voice was all a-throb with a wonderful emotion.

"I think," she said very softly, "that a Home and—Real Children—are much nicer than a studio—and clay babies!"

With a half cry Robert took her into his arms. And they stood together very silently, and for a long time, while the world stopped whirling and the stars sang.

* * * * * *

And so they were married. And Madge was so angel-like in her white dress and veil that even the blasé artists of Greenwich Village were impressed and, strangely, a little touched by her youth and her beauty. . . . And the beginning of a dream of home was made true in the realest way.

LITTLE Bobby came first. And, with his coming, the plaster babies were relegated to the dim corners and the dusty shelves.

And then, two years later, Peggy came to add to the joy of the home. And Madge, her mother instincts quite satisfied, was happier than she had believed any one could be.

Often, as they sat with their empire around them, Madge had a way of saying:

"They can talk all they please about careers and art, but the business of being a mother is the biggest business in the world!"

And, to add to that happiness, her husband, inspired by her devotion, was fast gaining success in his music.

But no happiness, it seems, can ever remain unblemished and perfect. For Robert Knight was becoming too well known, as a fashionable musician, to be without feminine admirers. It was like a ghost from the past that Alida Alden crept into his well-ordered life—the same Alida who had nearly driven him, years before, to suicide—the same Alida and yet not quite the same. For she was harder, now, more designing, more cynical than the girl he had known. Her little daughter, Marian, was denied even the most casual sort of affection.

It was unfortunate that she should have telephoned to him, first, on an evening when Madge was too busy, with her children, to give the matter any but the most passing attention. Her answer to his question, as to whether he should call at the Alden home, was bright and unsuspicious.

"Why, yes, dear," she advised him, "go—by all means! You may have a chance to get some rich pupils."

And so Robert went to call at Mrs. Alden's home. And he played for her—played, as she herself expressed it, "to her very soul." And she, looking at him with eyes that saw the desirability of a flirtation with an attractive celebrity, suggested that he rent a cottage at the summer resort that she frequented.

"Take a cottage near my summer place," she urged. "I know that you would get a whole colony of pupils!"

Madge, of course, agreed to go because she felt that the children needed the country. And so they made hurried preparations to leave town before the hot season. Robert went first to the summer resort, ostensibly to get the cottage in

It was over the table that Madge learned of Robert's trouble and gave him comfort.

"They can talk all they please." Madge would say, "about careers and art, but the business of being a mother is the biggest business in the world!"

order, and Madge followed on a later train with the children and various bags, suit cases, and toys. When they alighted at the station they were almost bewildered at the beauty of the countryside and it was only when little Peggy asked plaintively, "Wonder why daddy didn't come to meet us?" that they realized that they had been forgotten. Madge, thinking of course that something was the matter—she did not dream that Robert was seated on the Alden veranda, drinking tea and chatting with Mrs. Alden's guests—felt no anger, only a great desire to reach him. And so she looked about, anxiously, for a conveyance to take them to the cottage. There were no taxis near the station, and, in desperation, she asked a passing farmer, with a hay wagon, to give them a lift. The farmer, responding to Madge's charm, helped them up to the wagon top and gave the reins into little Bobby's hands. And they started up the road, gayly.

It would have been all right if a passing automobile had not swung suddenly around a curve in the road. But it did. It came charging down upon the hay wagon before the farmer could snatch the reins from Bobby's tiny fingers. The horses shied, suddenly, jerking the reins from the child's hands and throwing the farmer into the road.

In the meanwhile Robert had suddenly remembered his family. A train whistle had been the reminder. Remorsefully he made his farewells to his hostess and started hurriedly toward the station.

As he reached the road he saw a hay wagon bowling along in a veritable cloud of dust and, with suddenly distended eyes, he saw that a child was clinging to the driver's seat—his child! And that another child was lying helpless on the top of the wagon. And while he watched, unable to help, he saw his wife stand up on the hay and start cautiously to work her way along to the front of the wagon. With her mother love giving her a new courage, he watched her step onto the shaft of the wagon and start walking along it, balancing herself as cleverly as any tight-rope walker, until she could reach the swinging reins. With wonderful self-control she quieted the horses and brought the runaways to a stop at the very entrance to the Alden estate. Robert, waking from his daze, dashed forward to help quiet the horses and, after they were quieted, lifted his children and wife down to solid ground.

"What were you thinking of," he demanded, half in fright and half in annoyance, "to ride in this crazy hay wagon?"

Madge looked at him timidly for a moment before she answered. And then—

"I didn't know what to do," she tried to explain. "You weren't there—"

And then the farmer came dashing up, full of praise and relief at their safety and Robert, just a trifle ashamed, took up the suit cases abruptly and started to pilot his family toward their new home.

Because Madge was a born home-maker the new cottage became, in a few days, a marvel of comfort and beauty. But, beautiful though it was, it seemed to hold small appeal for Robert. He was engrossed in a new interest—an interest that centered about his neighbor, Alida Alden. They had concerts to talk of, lessons,—for he was giving her violin instruction,—vivid plans. As the days went on Madge found herself, even more than ever, depending upon her children for love. It was with them that she went walking in the woods, picnicking, playing pretend.

Because the Knight cottage was next door to the more pretentious Alden estate, it was not strange that Marian, the neglected little daughter of Alida, should oftentimes watch, through the hedge, while Madge played with Bobby and Peggy. And one day, while she was gazing at them, wistfully, Madge discovered her and asked her to join them in their games.

That was the beginning of a new and glorious playtime for Marian. And it was also Mr. Alden's introduction to Madge for one day, when he was searching for his small neglected daughter, he found her happily listening to a story that Madge was telling the children.

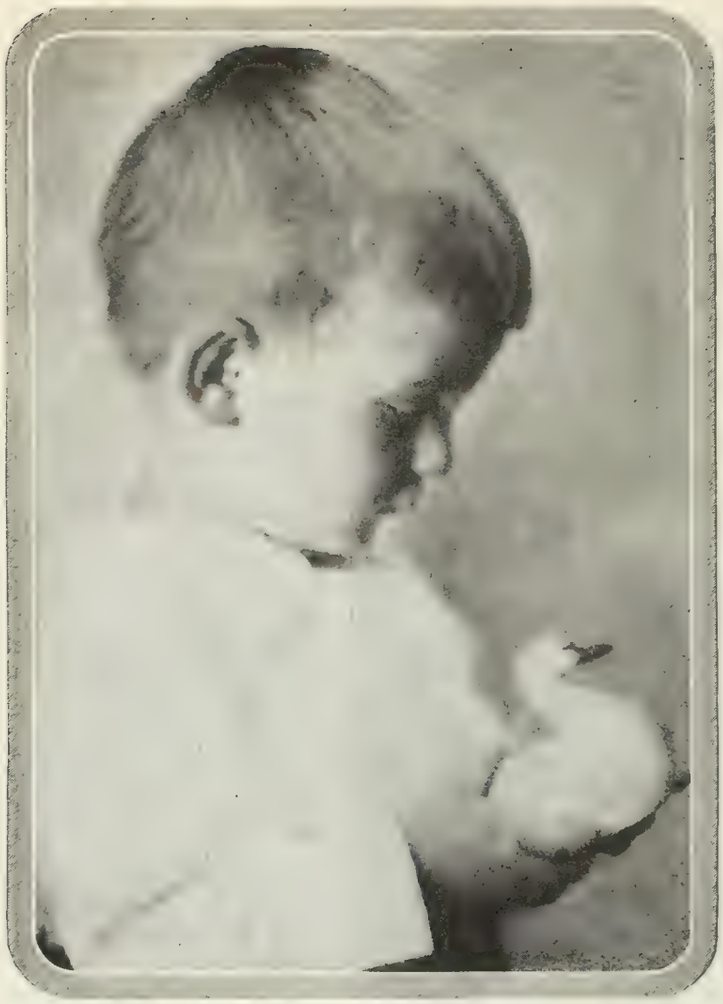
"Oh, daddy," she cried when she saw him, "come and meet the beautiful Princess!" For, to her, Madge *was* a princess.

Richard Alden was a tired man—tired with life and the bitter fruits of success. His marriage had been a great disappointment to him and, of late, he had heard rumors of a flirtation between his wife and the brilliant young violinist who was their neighbor. And the sight of Madge and the children filled him with a longing for the home life that he had missed and

(Continued on page 122)

Their

The Junior Sunshine League of the sturdy sons and



This is Bill, who is known outside his family circle as William Wallace Reid, Junior. A little over two years ago his arrival was an event in fandom. Now he is a cotillion leader of the weekly tea-parties on certain Hollywood lawns. He should, by all rights, have inherited the histrionic fire of Fanny, the aunt of Dorothy Davenport, his mother.

You may have heard that a comedian's home life is far from funny. Then look at this, and don't believe all you hear. Lee Moran, in his wild search for laughs with which to build the Lyons-Moran comedies, finds himself considerably cheered of evenings by Mary Jane — not quite one year old. Her mother is not a player.

When Jack Mulhall scrubs the make-up from his face when he finishes the day's work at the Lasky studios, he does not bask in the bright lights of the Broadway, Los Angeles—he hurries right home. You may observe the reason here: Jack, Junior, a chubby cherub of a few years and a beautiful disposition.

The name on the back of the picture reads Richard Kershaw Ince—but, like Bill Reid, he objects to being called anything but "Dick." He is one of the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince, his father being the well-known sunshine master of Culver City, Willette Kershaw is his aunt.

Children

f Hollywood, composed
laughters of studio stars.

THERE is a very-much-younger set in Hollywood, California. The members of it range in age from six months to—well, four years is the oldest. You cannot grow any older and still belong. A cynic, seeing these pictures of children of the studios, might search there for a *double entendre,* contending that a star's baby cannot, possibly, ever be older than four. But the heirs to the Sunshine Kingdom present pictorial proof that, while happy marriages may not be made in heaven, many of them are made in studios. The popular conception of an actor's home-life does not include any of the appurtenances which distinguish the happy cottage of John, the tradesman, or the flat of Henry, the bookkeeper. But it is a fact that there are real homes in the Hollywood picture colony—and they are real because they have real children to live in them. The sons of theatrical families are well represented here. The parents of most of these babies have been, and are, of the theatre and of the studios. It may be that the comedian's daughter will be another Nazimova, while the son of the producer may decide to be a camera-man. But it is pretty certain that all of them will do something or other in a dramatic line. They all know, for instance, how to act when they yearn for something mother has told them, time and again, they can't have. Don't think of these youngsters as spoiled little beings different from your neighbor's children. They are spanked often, filch jam and cookies—when they are high enough to reach the shelf—and they run away from home whenever they have a chance.

Photography by Hoover Art Studios

Her name is Virginia Newburg, but you will know her as the wee daughter of Jane Novak. The resemblance is rather remarkable, isn't it? If you're a good fan you will see the same eyes which have called bad-man Bill Hart back from the desert many times. Virginia is her mother's only hobby, and occupies her every minute outside the studio.

Bryant Washburn is the fifth of his line, but one of the first film children. That is, his father was unique among actors in heralding the arrival of a son and heir, and young Bryant's progress has been regarded by a proud and paternal fan world. Mabel Forrest-Washburn, his mother, was an actress at Essanay. He is now introducing a new baby brother.

One of "Hollywood's former debutantes who is now residing in New York," as the society editor would say. Beverly—her father is Albert Parker who used to direct Douglas Fairbanks and more lately Clara Young. Mrs. Parker is Margaret Greene—with Ethel Barrymore in "Declasse." Miss Parker's marcel wave is as natural as her camera-diffidence.

Villain By Preference

Macey Harlam is contented to abide by the adage: "The evil that men do lives after them."

THE gentleman pictured on this page has suffered seventeen distinct and separate kinds of death. He has been shot by pistol, shot by rifle, stabbed, fed slow poison, left to be devoured by wild beasts in the wilds of Africa, electrocuted, guillotined, strangled, harikaried, dragged to death between wild Arabian horses, dropped over a cliff, drowned, killed on the rack, tied under dripping acid, tortured to death by a red hot scimitar, dynamited and hanged.

But keep your sympathy. He does not want it. He prefers to be hated. He believes that if he can make you dislike him you will remember him longer than if you think he is nice. He is Macey Harlam, one of the drama's most effective little plotters.

In spite of Mr. Harlam's boasted unregeneracy, he admits, when cornered, that the greatest role he ever played, the one in which he took the greatest pleasure, was that of the Yogi in the stage production of "The Eyes of Youth" with Marjorie Rambeau. Clara Kimball Young, with Vincent Seranno as the Yogi, has since made that play familiar to screen audiences.

The Yogi, you will remember, was the symbol of purity and truth. His mission on earth was one of spiritual helpfulness.

Mr. Harlam has been a disturbing element in plays and pictures with Otis Skinner, Florence Reed, Douglas Fairbanks, Geraldine Farrar, Pauline Fredericks, Dorothy Dalton and many others.

Above you see Macey Harlam as the Yogi in the stage production of "The Eyes of Youth."—Below, left to right in "The Flame of the Desert" with Geraldine Farrar, and in "L'Apache" with Dorothy Dalton.

They Couldn't Keep Him Down on the Farm

TO look at him now, you would never believe that Herbert Rawlinson's career had included personal appearances as a farm-hand, a lawn-mower manufacturer—that is, he worked in a factory where they assembled the various parts of a lawn-mower's anatomy—summer-resort entertainer, circus performer, and box-car expert. This last occupation, or we might say recreation, is one of Mr. Rawlinson's more painful recollections and one that is best forgotten, or lightly passed over.

To look at him now—and that, as any high-or-boarding-school girl will instantly inform you, is no punishment—you would never suspect that he had not been born in an English country estate, ridden to hounds at an early age, been privately tutored until old enough for Oxford, and so forth. Not so. Of all the voluntary vagabonds of the world, Rawlinson set a new record. Just a mere and truthful account of his various occupations—they were so much fun he never thought of them as jobs—makes any soldier of fortune look like a bookkeeper with family responsibilities.

Some time ago—but not so long ago that a Kentucky mountaineer would describe the harking-back as three hollers and a look—Herbert Rawlinson was born in England. Good family, and all that. Until he was thirteen he hugged the family fireside; then a relative came along and proposed that the boy go back with him to Canada. Canada—meaning the Land of Boundless Opportunity for All Bright Boys. Herbert being included in that latter classification, he was shipped to the dominion, to build a foundation for a future fortune. Said building, he soon learned, meant getting up with the dawn, performing duties as tender of stock, plowing, threshing in season, gathering eggs, milking cows, running errands—and by that time he'd be so tired he didn't want to lie awake nights wishing he had never come. It wasn't long before Herbert, at fourteen, assumed the hefty proportions of a grown man, which had its advantages, as he could lick the other farm-hands and eat twice as much as formerly.

But to anyone of his romantic and adventurous turn of mind, this sort of thing began to pall, after a year or so of it. So one day he just naturally followed an American one-ring circus that happened to come to the adjacent hamlet and passed on into the States. Being a willing boy he was put to work. Besides watering the kangaroos, exercising the elephants, participating in various hay-rube discussions, learning the show business from the ground up: i. e., just how to manipulate a tent single-handed, and doubling in brass when a bareback rider, a ring-master, a cook, or a lion-tamer was knocked out—he had very little to do. In fact, a little of that and he was bored. Besides, he was fired. He had a way of talking back to the boss that irritated that gentleman peculiarly. He and another boy, with a dollar and a half between them, decided to go back home. They shipped what baggage they had: Herbert's—he was called Bert then—his consisting solely of one brand-new suit he had saved up to buy—on to the Canadian town, and themselves trusted to a negligent car-crew and police in the towns along the way. They "bummed" back.

After many adventures — believe him—they landed. Landed is appropriate. They were gently but firmly propelled out of the baggage-car in which they had stowed away, and found themselves, home, in an exceedingly dusty condition. They walked down the principal street, followed by an admiring crowd of children. A bar-tender(!) was mopping his massive brow outside his saloon. (Note: This was a shop in which liquor was sold.) Herbert's pal accosted him "Don't you know us?" he said. As a matter of fact, the bar-tender didn't; but having been regaled with a choice list of alleged family names which included many of the town's best residents, he took them in, dusted them off, and filled them up—with free lunch, Herbert will tell you.

Then the two young wanderers secured their clothes, slicked up considerable, and paraded through the old home-town. The boys and girls looked; heard with rare awe and admiration a story of two actors, who had merely returned for a visit after a successful season "on the road." Their story gobbled up, they lived on the admiration for a month.

But—and now comes the real meat of our story—Herbert's masquerade as a mime, he took seriously. Much more seriously, in fact, than his audiences. He made up his mind, then

They told Herbert Rawlinson's parents that Canada was the Land of Boundless Opportunity for Bright Boys. This willing, nay, eager egg-garnerer supplied the foundation for the hefty Herbert of today. (See left above.) At right, in his crook characterization; remember "Come Through?"

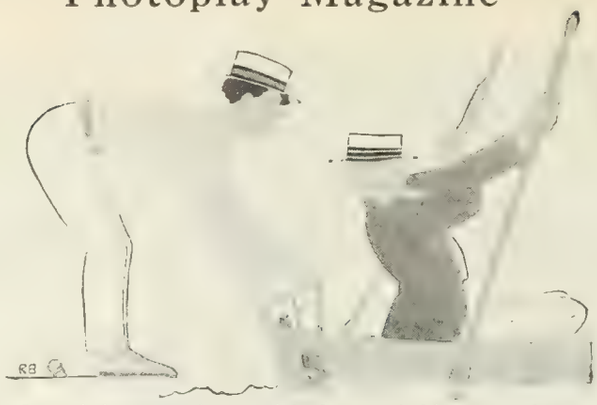
Drawings by Ralph Barton

Later, he followed a one-ring circus to the States. He watered the kangaroos, exercised the pachyderms, participated in hay-rube discussions, and doubled in brass whenever they needed a bareback rider, tight-rope walker, or lion-tamer.

And then he massaged lawn-mowers for a living, or so it would seem from our illustration. He was an employee in a lawn-mower factory, but the trade is still a mystery to him. He used to dream about the drama when he was supposed to be working.

and there, to be a Real Actor. His real determination took him a long way around; but—he got there.

A small—oh, very small—stock company came to town. Herbert was in the audience the first night. The next night he was on the stage. He stayed there, some way. One night when the old manager was knee-deep in a spirituous June, his head nodding over his cups and his old mind a bit dumb, Herbert came up to him and told him he wanted to join the company. The old fellow looked at him; then he said thickly, "S all right; come on to—(a small town in Wisconsin) —in two weeks."



One of the most pleasant jobs he ever held was as a boatman at a Wisconsin summer-resort. Then he became an actor—and we want to ask you: how many actors you know would laugh at a caricature of themselves? Herbert Rawlinson thinks these are funny.

The manager found himself talking to a strange young man two weeks later. Rawlinson had come to join the company. Of course he got his job; he stuck around until they gave it to him. But after he had been with the show for several weeks, they told him he wouldn't do. He couldn't sing; he couldn't act. They had to have "an experienced juvenile." So Herbert was jobless, again.

All this time, mind you, a cable or a letter to England would have brought him transportation back home, or sufficient funds. But when you are bitten by that bug called ambition, what can you do? You don't write home for money.

Herbert became an employee in a lawn-mower factory. If you ask him why he chose a lawn-mower factory, he'll tell you he didn't. He answered an ad and was set to work assembling lawn-mowers. Lawn-mowers are still a mystery to Herbert.

Right after that came one of the most interesting episodes in his life. Having caught on again with a road company, he was left stranded in a Wisconsin lake-town. The summer season was coming on and he became a boatman for one of those summer-resort gondolas. But his pleasant tenor voice used to float out on the still waters and please the customers; so he was soon made Master of Boats. As all summer seasons end, Herbert secured a situation on one of the big boats that plow the Great Lakes.

Later he went in for drama in earnest, and from small beginnings in repertoire he was promoted to stock, and finally graduated into serious drama. He was a member of the Oliver Morosco stock company in Los Angeles; he was a stage manager as well as an actor. Then came the movies: he was one of the first Selig players: he was in the first production of "The Sea Wolf" with Hobart Bosworth. For Universal Rawlinson did crook melodramas, including "Come Through."

He went with Blackton to do "The House Divided" and "The Common Cause." He played with Billie Burke in a picture. His transition from a screen crook to a detective was made in a series of "Craig Kennedy" films. Now he is with Blackton again, in "Passers-By." You may hear soon that he is to return to the stage. His pretty and talented wife, Roberta Arnold, is a legitimate actress of considerable reputation.

"Don't Call Me Gretchen"

When you have a nice name like Greta you like to use it, says Miss Hartman.

SHE was reading her mail. "See," she said tragically, "every one of these several dozen letters is addressed to 'Gretchen.' I am not Gretchen—I am Greta!"

That is why Greta Hartman, usually a perfectly companionable and jolly sort of person, sometimes has a haunted look in her deep brown eyes. Some one billed her as "Gretchen Hartman" once, and she has never been able to change her public's mind. They *will* call her Gretchen.

She was working every day—and some nights—over in Fort Lee. "Just get home in time to take a bath and dress for dinner," she says, "and usually I'm so tired I don't even want to go out to a theater or a movie. Because, you see, I am serialing now."

Having essayed, at various times in the course of her long film career, every conceivable kind of part, Miss Hartman has taken to the chapter drama with a keen zest. "Never knew anything could be so exciting," she chuckled. "I do all sorts of wild stunts without even so much as batting an eyelash. I always wanted to do something besides society roles on the screen, anyway."

Just then Alan Hale came in. You may wonder why Alan Hale should come in, just then, to Miss Hartman's uptown Manhattan apartment. The explanation is simple: he shares it with her, and she shares his name, being, in simple language, none other than Mrs. Alan Hale.

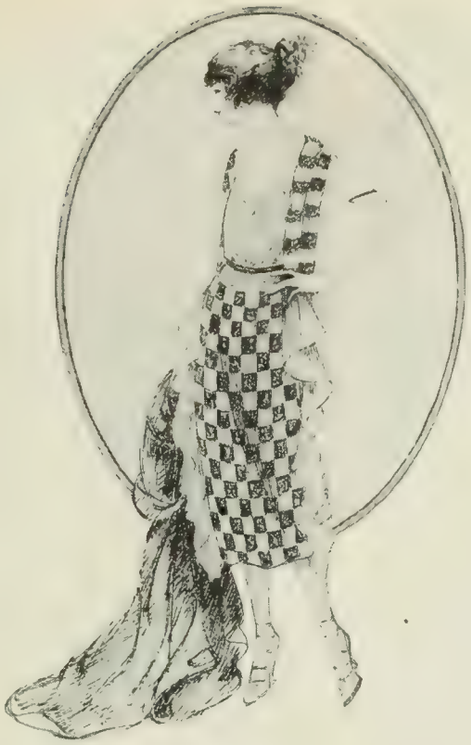
Mrs. Hale is a charming, pretty woman and a most capable actress; Mr. Hale—it seems silly to call him Mister—is a big, humorous, regular chap. But—they are still happily married after some few years of it!

Greta Hartman has a simplicity that you don't as a rule associate with an actress who, since the age of seven, has been playing every part from Stowe's "Little Eva" to Ibsen's "Little Eyolf." Her whole histrionic experience has been crammed into the years that most actresses require to make their beginnings and Greta has never lost her interest, her wide-awake comprehensive perspective of things theatrical and pictorial. After a debut as "Little Eva" and a carry-on in other parts for the Bush Temple Stock in the Windy City, where she was born, she played child roles with Ben Greet in his Shakespearean repertory. For her New York premier she was "Cosette" in "Les Miserables"—and then ten years later appeared as "Cosette's" mother, "Fantine."

Later, she was "Mary Jane" to Henry Dixey's "dad" in "Mary Jane's Pa." When the author of this play, Edith Ellis, produced "Claudia" with the Italian actress, Mimi Augulia, in the leading role, Miss Hartman appeared in the part of the sister. This production, made in March, 1919, witnessed her latest appearance on the speaking stage.

You remember her film work with Biograph. Then for Fox, where she did "The Love Thief" and others. Now she is with the same company, playing in their first serial.

Jazzing Up the Fashions



It's a lot easier studying designs from the screen than by working them out from the fashion-magazine picture of a lady whose dimensions are about those of a fair-sized knitting needle.

The motion picture stars are not content with following the fashions; they introduce them. Consequently, Bird Center, Ia. often knows what is new before Fifth Avenue.

By
MAY
STANLEY

Decorations by
A. Davies

A BUYER for a department store in a small middle western city came into New York recently to get her summer line of waists—they may be "blooses" here, but they are waists where the buyer and I come from.

The head saleslady in the smart waist house started showing her some pretty little georgette things—you know the kind, the tuck-in-your-skirt-V-neck sort. After five minutes of this the buyer fidgeted. A couple more minutes, and she burst out with:

"But I want to see some *new* things! Haven't you any mandarin waists, or those slip-ons in the Japanese printed silks?"

The head saleslady—who is as nearly shock-proof as salesladies come—gasped.

"But we've just got our new printed goods in and we've only two samples made up yet. How did you hear about them?" she demanded.

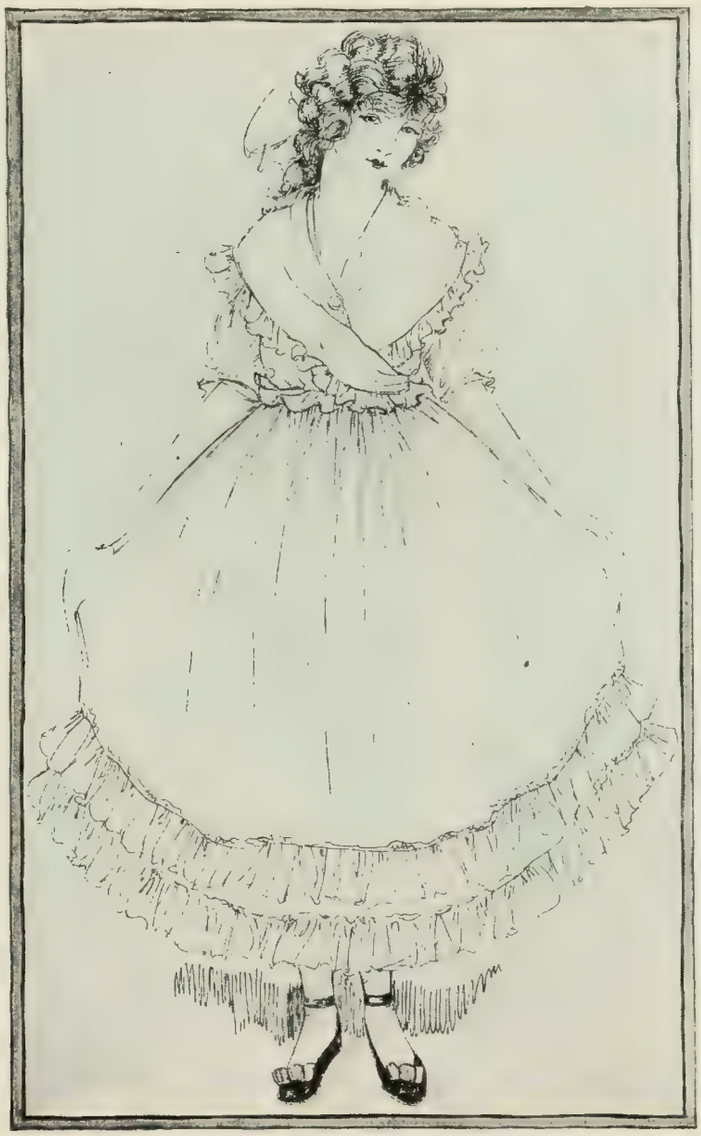
The buyer from the s. m. w. c. looked at her pityingly.

"Norma Talmadge wore one of them waists in a picture that we saw last month," she replied. "And I've had about eighteen girls asking for them ever since. Seems to me that you people in New York ought to wake up pretty soon and get onto the fact that we know what's style and what isn't."

And she went away.

The fact is that the "movies" have revolutionized fashions as well as a lot of other things. There used to be a well known saying that a new fashion would be worn in "Paris today, New York tomorrow and the rest of the country next year."

But motion pictures have changed all that. When a great French house makes a new hat today for Elsie Ferguson or Pauline Frederick or any one of a dozen other film stars you may be sure that next month a lot of sweet young things in Emporia and Key West and Yakima are going to make life miserable for the "leading milliner" until she turns out a fairly good imitation of that hat.



This graduation frock of Mary Miles Minter's caused a run on the white organdie market a few years ago.

Speaking about hats, one of the famous New York milliners made a little gold turban last fall for Alice Brady and she wore it in one of her screen plays. The result was that the famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold" had a rival every time a theater audience got together this winter. Gold metallic cloth bobbed up in the most unexpected places. Some of the girls tied it around their heads for evening wear when they weren't wearing hats. But gold metallic cloth and gold tissue were scarce, and as a result when father went to don his Knights of Pythias or Odd Fellow regalia he found it shorn of most of the glittering effects—but there was no use in arguing, the girls *had* to have a hat like Alice.

Consider the case of Gloria Swanson and the gorgeous gown of mole that she wears in "Male and Female." Since that gown was shown mole wraps and coatees have sprung up over night from California to Maine, and from Florida to Minnesota. Dresses have been trimmed with mole, and mole hats and wraps have flourished everywhere. Of course, Gloria Swanson's gown had a train of pearls and cost—not in press agent figures nor in stage money, but in good, hard, serious coin—more than $8,000. While her followers may not, as individuals, have plunged so heavily, it is a

The next month after Pauline Frederick appears in a new French hat in a motion picture, you may be sure a lot of the sweet young things in Emporia or Key West are going to make life miserable for the "leading milliner" until she turns out an imitation.

conservative estimate to say that the sales of mole as a result of that picture have topped the million mark.

Back in the "good old days" before the advent of the motion picture—when all that folks in the small towns had to do was to go to bed or go crazy—fashion news filtered through with about the speed of Congress acting on the League of Nations. The monthly fashion magazines, that used to set the styles in those prehistoric times, had skating costumes in December and graduation dresses in May. Now, the people who are "in the know" in the fashion world are about six months ahead of this kind of speed. The Paris creator of styles has his or her openings in August for the winter fashions and in February for the next summer things. The New York creators do the same thing. So, when Alice Brady or Priscilla Dean or Norma Talmadge want to appear in winter things in a new film play they get next winter's modes from the creators, who are always six months ahead of the styles, and *you* get them as soon as the picture is released.

And then a lot of folks whose heads are merely excess baggage wonder how it is that "folks dress so well all over America?"

Why shouldn't they?

The motion picture not only brings us the last word in fashion, but it shows us real folks walking around in real gowns and hats. And you can take it from some one who has had it to do, that it's a lot easier to catch your designs that way—on the hoof, so to speak—than it is to work them out from the picture in a fashion magazine of a lady whose dimensions are about those of a fair-sized knitting-needle.

Of course, all the results of this following of screen fashions are not good, no, indeed.

Mary Pickford curls and the Mary Pickford manner are delightful on the lady herself. They aren't *too* bad on the flappers who imagine themselves possessed of great screen talents that are hid from the rest of us. *But*, did you ever see an old girl well up toward the half century mark wearing Pickford curls and trying to look kittenish in a Pickford-like frock? I have, lots of them, and it's not a pleasant sight. And Theda Bara's vampish clothes look fine on Theda, but they aren't so successful when they are essayed by a fat little girl with freckles and calves that have long ceased to be yearlings.

I remember another unfortunate instance of following the fashions, a la motion pictures. A friend of mine saw a picture in which the star was demonstrating how she had made herself young and beautiful by using "wrinkle plasters." All stirred up with visions of acquiring a Lillian Gish complexion, the lady in the case started out to hunt up wrinkle plasters. The drug stores, for some reason, didn't seem to keep 'em. But it didn't discourage her. Friend husband was pressed into service and he utterly destroyed two perfectly good days in the quest of beauty. Finally, one enterprising drug clerk suggested adhesive tape. It seemed a good idea, and f. h. took some home and spent the rest of the evening putting strips of it on Cutie's forehead and around her eyes and in the place where the first double chin was beginning to get in its deadly work. The next morning they tried taking it off, but the adhesive tape had found a good home and taken up permanent quarters. It took tears and a doctor and a quart of gasoline to dislodge the stuff.

If you should *happen* to have some nice old lace about the house just put a flounce around the tunic and a ruffle about the neck—and you'll find in July that you have been "jazzing up the fashions" yourself.

But as I was saying when I interrupted myself—

The stars of the silent drama are not content with following the fashions, they introduce them. Some of the keenest minds in the domain of fashion—and the making of women's clothes is, by the way, the third greatest industry in the world—are constantly at work creating new modes for the motion picture stars. And the moment a new film is released every detail of gown or wrap or hat is avidly watched, mentally photographed and then reproduced by dressmakers and milliners all over the country.

A couple of seasons back Mary Miles Minter appeared in one of her pictures in a charming little gown of

(Continued on page 131)

Evans

EMORY JOHNSON usually plays these upright young men. He is a free-lance, so if you have any trouble locating him, write the Answer Man.

Evans

THE model young (leading) man, Jack Mulhall. He has never betrayed heroines' trust in him. Sometimes we wish they'd let him be bad.

Apeda

THERE is hardly an actress of note to whom Hugh Thompson has not, at one time or another, made ardent love. He came from stock.

Hartsook

TOM FORMAN came back from war to find a contract awaiting him. So he doffed his Lieutenant's uniform and unlocked his dressing-room door.

At left, above: Luxuries of a Star's Life: Exhibit A. How'd you like to be Blanche Sweet—and rough it up in the mountains and wear your old clothes, and drink from tin mugs and eat from paper plates? The stoic gentleman opposite is director Robert Thornby. At right above: Emma Dunn as "Old Lady 31," which role she created for the stage and is doing for the films.

At left: Two 1920 models, F.O.B. California: Chris Rubb, new Universal comedian, and support. Chris plumb forgot how to start the durn thing. Below you see Mary MacLaren's orchestra. Not that Mary wields the baton over these musicians—but they supply the jazz for all her scenes. She finds it hard to register when they aren't on the job.

Above: These youngsters are going to give the Big Four a run for their money in ten or fifteen years—but perhaps it would be more polite to ignore statistics. Left to right: Carter DeHaven, Jr., Mary Pickford Rupp, Bob White Beban, Marjorie DeHaven. Below: focusing the camera on the letter in Ruth Roland's hands, for an epistolary close-up.

Here's Teddy Sampson of Christie comedies, to comply with the regulations that every magazine must have at least one bathing-girl in every issue. She's all there is; there won't be any more.

WE are not offering any prizes for the identity of this old-fashioned girl. We are sure only the most astute could guess that it is Irene Castle Treman, made-up in a long wig and a long dress. Of course it's only for a picture.

A New Lincoln

Frank McGlynn, one-time picture villain, has turned to playing the Emancipator.

FROM one of the most despised villains of the palmy days of moving pictures, Frank McGlynn has become one of the most beloved figures on the American stage.

It's been quite a jump. But McGlynn, who has served a long apprenticeship in the theater, deserved the distinction conferred on him when he was approached to play the title role in the New York production of "Abraham Lincoln," the play by John Drinkwater which ran a year in the Hammersmith district, the Bronx of London, before it was ever shown in this country, Lincoln's country!

You remember him as an Edison villain. He pursued Mary Fuller through many reels; he was particularly sinister as *Jude* in "Joyce of the North Woods." It was while he was with Edison that he first essayed the impersonation of Abraham Lincoln, in "The Life of Lincoln." But curiously enough he was best-known from a picture angle as the man who took the White Sox ballplayers, sixty-seven of them, around the world on their tour, directing the taking of pictures en route.

Preparatory for William Harris, Jr.'s, offer, he has conscientiously studied every phase of the life of Lincoln. From the time he first studied law—he is a graduate of the law school of California's University—he made *Father Abraham* his ideal and idol. When he was a small boy, Lincoln was his favorite hero. His portrayal in the Edison "Life" was not polished, perhaps, as is his present performance, but it was full of feeling and deep sympathy for the character. And McGlynn never stopped studying; so that when he walked on, the first night of the American production of "Abraham Lincoln," his truly remarkable portrait represented the fruition of a lifelong work.

The play, by the way, though composed by an Englishman, attains a perspective on Lincoln's life that an American could never have realized.

And the man who faithfully carries out its spirit was trained by the films.

There is enough hidden truth in DeMille's sexy "Why Change Your Wife?" to make some husbands and wives unhappy and parents uneasy.

Jim Kirkwood proved himself one of the most capable actors on the screen in Allan Dwan's corking picture "The Luck of the Irish."

THERE is nothing more certain; nothing, at least, of which we feel more certain, than that

(1) Cecil deMille's "Why Change Your Wife?" will prove one of the sex best sellers of the month;

(2) That somewhere out in the middle west, where the clean prairie winds blow across the brows of a native Anglo-Saxon multitude, a woman's club or two or four or six will meet, and in the course of meeting, adopt resolutions condemning the present tendencies of the screen as they relate to the sensual and the fleshly feature;

And (3) that later certain financial interests in conference assembled in richly paneled New York offices will give the resolutions the cursory glance, familiarly known as the once over, and proceed to a re-reading of night letters received from the same locality relating the experience of Hiram Bezitz, the local exhibitor, who was forced to call out the fire department to help him shoo an overflow mob away from his theater after it had been packed to the rafters with those eager to see Cecil deMille's "Why Change Your Wife?"

History repeats itself in the cinema theater as surely as it does in the legitimate theater, and as often. The sex drama is dead; long live the sex drama! The vamp is a goner; here comes the vamp! The producer of sex plays, or sex literature, is like a chef with a favorite delicacy. He serves it as long as there is any call for it. As the sale grows he tries to still further improve it by adding new seasoning to his confection. And in the course of time he invariably overseasons the dish and the public turns against it. If you don't believe that possible, ask Mr. Fox and Theda Bara! Or the gentlemen who fattened off the white slave crusade a few seasons ago, both in the pictures and the drama.

By Burns Mantle

Just now Director deMille is at the extra-seasoning stage. Having achieved a reputation as the great modern concoctor of the sex stew by adding a piquant dash here and there to "Don't Change Your Husband," and a little something more to "Male and Female," he spills the spice box into "Why Change Your Wife?" and the result is a rare concoction—the most gorgeously sensual film of the month; in decoration the most costly; in physical allure the most fascinating; in effect the most immoral.

Some day, so sure as we both shall live, and sooner than we now surmise, I'm thinking, we shall see a reaction against the society sex film. Largely because the more highly seasoned it becomes the more untrue it is and the more insidiously dangerous to a public that has a quietly effective way of protecting itself.

Mr. deMille and his studio associates know that the "moral" they have tacked on to this picture—that, in effect, every married man prefers an extravagant playmate-wife, dressed like a harlot, to a fussy little home body who has achieved horn-rimmed spectacles and a reading lamp—is not true of normal husbands anywhere in the world, however true it may be of motion picture directors. But there is enough hidden truth contained in it to make a lot of husbands and wives unhappy, and a lot of fathers and mothers uneasy. From which centers of observation the return kick is likely to start, and gather such momentum as it proceeds that when it lands the recipient will be surprised.

Just as a picture, however, this screened yarn of a rich young husband, who, objecting to his wife's plainness and her thrift, thought to buy a few thin, lacy things for her to wear, and then fell in love with the model who showed them to him, is effectively told and pictured. It has the fault of all artifi-

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Review of the new pictures by Burns Mantle and Photoplay Magazine Editors

"The Virgin of Stamboul" presents that tornado, that dynamo, Priscilla Dean, in a story not all new or human, presenting however, a splendid version of the shimmy.

cial stories, but its characters are interesting. Divorcing the wife and marrying the lingerie model, young husband discovers his mistake about the same time his first wife decides to do a little wild dressing on her own account.

As a result of her exhibition, beginning at the ankles and the shoulders and extending thence north and south to the belt line, husband decides he has made a great mistake. And after he slips on a banana peel and chips a sliver or two of bone out of of his poor old head, and his first wife nurses him with the left hand while she beats up the interfering second wife with the right, he knows he is wrong. So he changes back.

The settings and the costumes of the actors are, as previously noted, gorgeous. Thomas Meighan as *le pauvre poisson* who was taught to prefer the simple virtues of the home-broken wife, and to know that horn-rimmed spectacles are aces when worn for virtue's sake, frowned and suffered and looked handsome in every scene. He is making surefooted progress toward stardom. Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels, besides being histrionically competent, were glorious camera subjects, wrapped and unwrapped in a million dollars' worth of lace and lingerie. The Sennetts and the Sunshine boys may outdo Mr. deMille as masters of the lower limb displays, but he completely distances them in the technique of the torso. William deMille furnished the text for "Why Change Your Wife?"

THIS department is designed as a real service to Photoplay readers. Let it be your guide in picture entertainment. It will save your time and money by giving you the real worth of current pictures.

THE LUCK OF THE IRISH—Dwan-Realart

There is an engaging frankness in "The Luck of the Irish," the Allan Dwan picture which lured James Kirkwood out of his retirement. It is a first class adventure story made from Harold McGrath's novel, and it hops over the world with the interesting suddenness of a particularly active flea. William Grogan, being a plumber with a newly acquired fortune, decides to tour the world with a lad of ten whom he has adopted. On board ship William recognizes the ankles of a young lady who frequently had passed the windows of his basement shop. She, it transpires, is the sixth grade teacher of Grogan's young ward, and from the moment of their meeting with her their adventures begin. She is being pursued by a particularly irritating young man acting as agent for a dissolute fiance she is trying to lose. As her accepted protector, Grogan fights two or three men in Hongkong, several in Naples, a few in Gibraltar, a few more in Venice and Cairo, and finally knocks out a good half dozen in Singapore. His rescue work is quite the most active and the most thrilling of any recently seen and if ever a hero earned a heroine, James Kirkwood is entitled to the embraces of Anna Q. Nilsson in this picture. Kirkwood is a likable hero, and the radiation of his smile is as expansively effective as ever. Miss Nilsson is excellent as the heroine and they are competently assisted by Ward Crane, Harry Northrup and Master Ernest Butterworth.

THE SEA WOLF—Artcraft

"The Sea Wolf" is another picture that is forced to hold its audience by the picturesque quality of its scenes rather than the plausible grip of its story. It needs more than a title or two to project the materialistic philosophy Jack London wrote into his fine he-man story. It were better left out entirely, it seems to me, than used so sketchily. But as an exhibition of picturesque brutality George Melford has accomplished wonders with the picture. Big men, little men, strong men and weak are knocked down, knocked out, knocked over-

"The Little Shepherd" of Kingdom Come" as produced with Jack Pickford by Goldwyn lends a suggestion of reality to the John Fox Jr. classic.

We expect more of Maurice Tourneur than "My Lady's Garter," an adaptation, concerning the garter which Edward III. presented to the Countess of Salisbury.

Dustin Farnhan and Winifred Kingston do their share to make a success of "The Corsican Brothers," Dusty playing a double role.

board, cuffed and strangled into insensibility practically in every reel. "Wolf" Larson's constitution becomes the chief wonder of the beholder; his flail-like arms and ham-like fists the stars of the show. Not only can he whip his weight in wildcats, but he can suffer a fractured skull, jump off an operating table in the hospital and do up his brother, old "Death" Larson, himself a nifty two-fisted brute, with a punch or two next scene. It was a little hard to believe in "Wolf." Or in the adventure of the soft Humphrey Van Weyden and his parasitic fiancee, Maud Brewster, who, having been picked up at sea by Larson, following a most realistic wreck of a ferry-boat in San Francisco bay, were forced to accompany him to the sealing grounds. These two, deserted on an abandoned schooner, were able to navigate it through a storm—and even our freest imagination refused to see them safely through the experience. Get through they did, however, to land on a desert island from where, after they bury the finally defeated "Wolf," now become paralyzed, blind and helpless, they are rescued by a passing revenue cutter.

The individual performances are excellent. First honors should probably go to the unfortunates who were knocked down, out and over. Whatever their pay, they earned it. Noah Beery was a fine, upstanding brute in the titular role. Tom Forman played the disillusioned Van Weyden intelligently and Mabel Julienne Scott was an attractive Maud Brewster. Assisting were Raymond Hatton and Walter Long.

THE RIVER'S END—First National

Having to do with the picturesque Royal Mounted police, and their well advertised habit of getting their man; with the Canadian snow wastes as a background; with strong men, villainous heathens and handsome ingenues, and having particularly to do with one of those double-exposure heroes who plays his own double, "The River's End" ranges through all the familiar conventionalities of the screen drama. It is not, for all its wealth of adventure, the sort of story I should have expected Marshall Neilan to select for his first picture as an independent. The trickery of the double exposure is not exactly a novelty, nor a help to the holding value of the story. But having selected this James Oliver Curwood yarn Neilan has done well by it, where a director with less imagination and less sense of drama would have butchered it to make a melodramatic holiday. The director is greatly helped by Lewis Stone, a fine actor wherever you put him. There was little physical differentiation between Derry Conniston of the Royal Mounted and John Keith, the fugitive he was hunting in the north, and the perfect similarity of feature was quite unbelievable, but none of the scenes was slighted. Conniston dies, after arresting Keith, and the latter, shaving his beard, returns to the force in Conniston's place. There he meets the girl supposed to be his own sister and falls in love with her. It is not a particularly convincing romance because of the palpable youth of pretty Marjorie Daw and the accepted age of the hero. She is a romping child and he more the bachelor friend of the family than a reasonable suitor for her hand. However, after Keith's innocence is proved, the sister heroine follows him to the river's end and leads him a merry snowshoe chase that provides a variant upon the familiar "clinch and fade out."

THE FORTUNE HUNTER—Vitagraph

It is a little to be regretted that Winchell Smith had not begun his experiments with pictures before Vitagraph made its screen version of "The Fortune Hunter." Smith, I am sure, would have gotten more out of this favorite play of his than Tom Terriss has done. Fortunately, however, it is too fine a story for any man to spoil, and it is in the main consistently and well played in the Vitagraph version.

There is a sort of prologue that, so far as I could see, has nothing whatever to do with the main story and therefore wastes footage that might better have been given to the development of the hero's adventure. The plot foundation is a simple one and should have worried no scenarioist. Nathaniel Duncan, played by Earle Williams, and Henry Kellogg were roommates at college, Kellogg the son of wealth—Nat the typical unfortunate. With Duncan discouraged and hopeless Kellogg proposes a scheme by which he is sure the "failure" can be made a success. If Duncan will go to a small town, and, by pretending to be possessed of all the virtues, will make a

deliberate play for the affections of the rich man's daughter, he, Kellogg, will back the enterprise. Nat goes to the small town, abides by the rules laid down by Kellogg, does attract the rich man's daughter, and then discovers himself to be in love with a more attractive poor girl, pretty Jean Paige. The god of the machine smooths the way for the much beloved happy conclusion, in which an old inventor's genius finally is recognized and everybody is made happy.

It is, as said, too good a story to spoil, and has excellent comedy values. Things happen with unexplained suddenness and the tag, in which the lovers stand in a rainstorm unmindful of the drenching they are getting, is weakened by the deliberation with which it is played and the heaviness of the downpour.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS—United

I can see no reasonable objection to "The Corsican Brothers" as a costume play. Dustin Farnum is quite as much his handsome self in the velvets of Corsica as he is in the furry chaps of the westerner, and as much interest should attach to his rescue of the flirtatious Emilie de Lesparre from the spider's web of the mischievous Baron Montigron as if she were a rancher's daughter threatened by Frank Campeau. Also the costumes and the old French settings add beauty to the picture, which was directed by Colin Campbell. Dustin does his darndest to make the spectators believe that when he wears a sash and smiles he is Fabien, and when he appears in knickers and a frown he is Louis. Or it may be Louis who affects the pants. It is a weakness of double-exposure pictures that is the real handicap. They center as much interest on the tricks of the camera as upon the story being told. This old-time melodrama, a real thriller in its day, is sanely but rather sketchily treated in its latter half. Farnum does full credit to himself and his double. Winifred Kingston plays the too easily won heroine prettily.

THE PALISER CASE—Goldwyn

There are indications that everybody concerned with the making of "The Paliser Case," from William Parke the director and Edfrid Bingham, the scenarioist, to Pauline Frederick the star, was a little tired of the Edgar Saltus story before they started with the picture. And there really is not much to pump up interest. The young girl, with a voice, who is unable to make a living and who agrees to marry the rich villain in order to help the old violinist, her father, is a little frayed about the edges as a harassed heroine. But the Goldwyn staff has done what it could to save the situation, and Miss Frederick jolts the story into life frequently by the force of her own sincerity. Tricked into a false marriage, she leaves Paliser, the flesh hound. A few days later he is murdered in his box at the opera and the good young man of the cast is suspected. So is Cassy, the heroine. And not until the last five hundred feet is the real murderer uncovered.

THE THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT—Paramount

No young woman, married or single, can ever hope to get within salting distance of the bluebird's tail so long as she extravagantly spends more than her husband, or her father, can honorably earn. Such is the purposeful theme of "The Thirteenth Commandment," with Ethel Clayton playing the girl who tried and failed. The full force of Rupert Hughes' timely warning does not filter through the screen version of his story, but Alice Eyton, who wrote the scenario, and Robert Vignola, who directed it, have preserved at least the spirit of it. Daphne, the heroine, urged on by an extravagant mother, spends enough on her trousseau to about break her poor old pater. Then she discovers the man she is to marry is comparatively poor, and the shock almost floors her. She breaks with her fiance and determines to become self-supporting. Through this experience she comes to realize just how hard it is for men to earn what their womenfolk so lightly spend, and is so thoroughly reformed a parasite in the end that even with her sweetheart returned a rich man, she insists on paying for her half of the wedding ring. Also she refuses to abandon the lingerie shop she has started, and when objection is made that business women can't rear families she replies that, according to her observations, business women are the only ones these days who

(Continued on page 109)

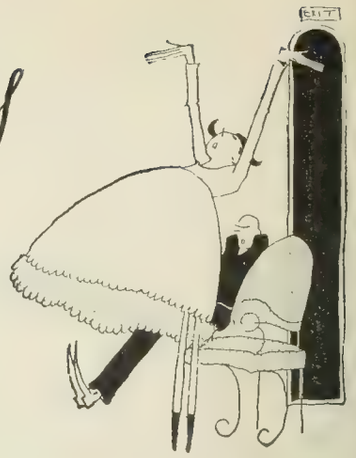
"The Adventurer" presents William Farnum as a dashing, high-spirited Italian who enacts all sorts of romantic episodes for the love of a lady.

Marshall Neilan, the Irish poet of the directorial profession, used all the familiar conventionalities of the screen in "The Rivers End."

"The Fortune Hunter" is too fine a story for anyone to spoil and it is fairly well done in the Vitagraph version.

Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

An Unruffled Head

IN "The Shepherd of the Hills," when "young Matt" comes to the preacher's cottage to warn him against the raid—the preacher awakens and leisurely adjusts his wig.

JOHN D., Hyde Park, Mass.

Only the Best for Anita

ANITA STEWART in "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl" receives a bouquet with a card which reads, "From the Gallery Boys." It is composed of daisies and other simple flowers. But later, when Anita displays it, it has become a bunch of beautiful roses!

In the same picture, when *Lord Farnscombe* and *Jeyes* leave her room, she has them shake hands. Farnscombe has not a hat or anything else in his hands. Yet when he and Jeyes start down the stairs, he is seen putting on a silk hat.

SYLVIA, Sauk Rapids, Minn.

Referred to Mr. H. Palmerson Williams

IN Marguerite Clark's picture, "A Girl Named Mary," she is seen in one or two close-ups wearing a wedding ring. But she isn't supposed to be married.

L. M. M., Allenhurst, N. J.

It May Be

N the last scene of Olive Thomas' picture, "The Glorious Lady," which is supposed to occur on the lawn of the Duke of Loame's estate in England, may be seen the top part of a ferris-wheel. Is it customary for English Dukes to have park amusement devices on their estates?

BEAUFORD FISHER, Crawfordsville, Ind.

She Makes a Very Fair Salary

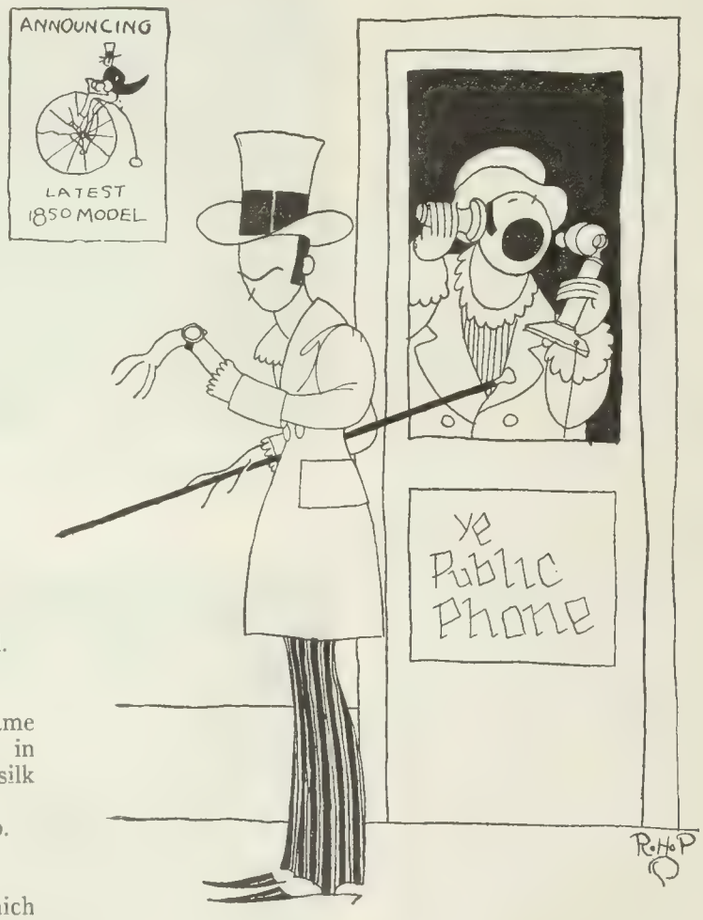
WHEN Mary Miles Minter came from the orphanage asylum in "Anne of Green Gables," she wore silk stockings. How does she do it?

MARTHA T., San Francisco.

And the Audience Laughed

TOM MIX, in "The Feud," which was supposed to have taken place before the Civil War, was almost up-to-date. Rubber-tired carriages were used, and houses covered with rubberoid roofing were visible in several scenes. They also used a telephone. And Tom wore a shirt with the initial "M" embroidered on the sleeve.

B. D. COOPER, Greenville, Texas.



"Lines Written While Waiting for a Number. . . ."

IN "Mary Moves In," with Fay Tincher, a telephone is sitting on the library table. Someone calls over the phone. A few minutes later a moving van comes and takes away the furniture. Two men carry out the table and the telephone goes out with the table.

A. W., N. Y. C.

Such Is Genius

IN "The Right to Lie," with Dolores Cassinelli, *John Drake* is supposed to have married *Dolores Ferrari,* an Italian woman, and the two are subsequently separated and made to believe each other dead. Some twenty years or so later, when *Signora Ferrari* is on her death-bed, they "re-discover" each other. Inasmuch as he is a well-known architect and she a world-famous prima donna, it seems a little incongruous that they should go on believing each other dead.

R. F. B., Toledo, Ohio.

A Crack Shot

IN the third episode of "Lightning Bryce," the serial with Ann Little and Art Hoxie, *Bryce* and the girl are attacked at the ranch house and finally find out that they have only one bullet left in their revolver. *Bryce* shoots out the window at the bandits and two fall.

W. J. W., Germantown, Pa.

In Alaska—California

IN Rex Beach's "The Brand," which I have only just seen, Dan McGill and his newly-wedded wife Alice enter his cabin, unoccupied and cold, but though their breath showed like a steam locomotive going up-grade outside, it did not show a particle after they had entered the door into the cold room. Later, Alice, during a fierce storm, appears at a window, a close-up from the outside of which shows it to be covered with sleet and ice, but she is undaunted. She simply wipes the sleet off the window from the *inside,* which we have just been plainly shown was on the *outside* of the glass. In a later reel a fierce mid-winter Alaskan snow-storm is raging, yet a view of a window and door of the cabin shows a big bush of some kind, full of green foliage, partly covering the window.

A. L. M., Arizona.

The Camera Is Cruel to Her!

How anything on earth could fail to flatter Seena Owen is beyond us.

By DELIGHT EVANS

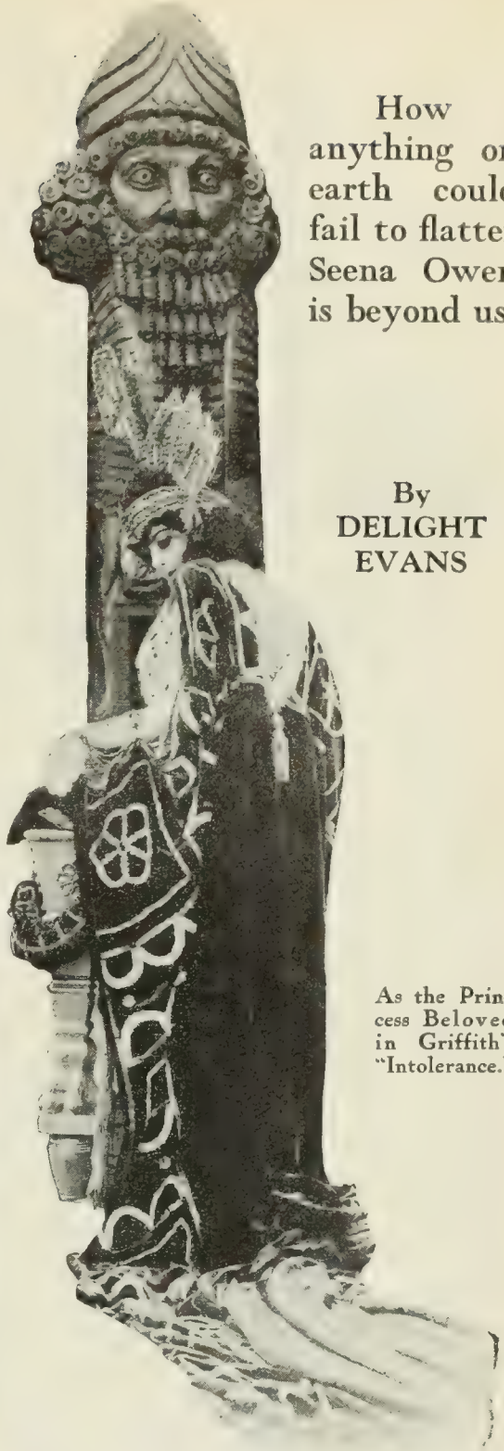
WHY isn't Seena Owen a star?

If it is true that to be great is to be misunderstood, then Seena—or Signe, to call her by her correct and national name—the "Princess Beloved" of "Intolerance," is, to put it vulgarly, a comer. For of all the women, the pretty and talented women of the screen, Seena Owen has the strongest kick coming against the camera. Here's how, as we would have said a year ago:

Seena, personal, is a vigorous, athletic, clear-skinned and clear-eyed baby Viking. She has blue-gray eyes that look at you frankly from under her curly lashes; she has finely arched eyebrows; she has blond hair which was long and beautiful until Clarine Seymour cut it—but that is another story. Her smile—well, any cameraman could focus his lens on it and the white teeth it shows.

Able

At the left—scene from "Miss Bo-Beep," her last starring vehicle for Triangle before they passed.



As the Princess Beloved in Griffith's "Intolerance."

Seena, on the screen: a languorous pensive blonde who always seems to be absolutely wasting away because the hero didn't call her up when she expected, or something; a typical film heroine with no sense of humor—

Perhaps it's the parts. Her "Princess Beloved," born again from the old ages, was certainly not a dead one. Her Triangle pictures revealed a lovable tomboy with a flashing smile and a straightforward personality. And that's Seena.

She was on her first trip to New York. She likes New York but, as she says, "I tried to find my way downtown to Fulton Street on the subway and believe me I'd rather buck a broncho than that subway thing." She came east to make a picture and then dashed back to the coast—because she likes it better, and she can work better out there.

On the screen she looks so frail and shy that a ride in a limousine would be torture to her. Off the screen, she likes to ride wild horses. She doesn't remember when she learned to ride; she always knew—but it was not until she had to do what she calls fancy stuff that she went to a riding school and learned about posting and all that. She doesn't seem to have any nerve, in pictures; those parts she plays call merely for a pathetic expression and several good-looking gowns. Seena

The Screen Doctor

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

I'M the silver-sheet Doctor.
I'm known, the moment I'm lamped,
By my caprine chin
And the little black bag
That goes so well
With my dolorous mein.
For the hoot-owl has nothing on me
In the matter of being solemn.

When I step into the room
Where the strike-breaker's children sit
With glycerine tears on their cheeks
I horn right down to the root of the case
With one touch on the wrist,
And say with a slow shake of the head:
"She cannot live,"
And shake the spinach again
And look sad
And walk out.
Diagnosis is easy with me;
It's easy, dead easy;
For when the Hero
Has plugged his Millionaire Dad
Through the left lung
And apparently spilt the beans,
My spinach and I step into the costly library set
Where the wall-safe door stands accusingly open
And the papers are scattered about.
I turn over the body
And inspect the Old Guy's dressing-gown
And announce to them all:
"This man wasn't killed by that bullet,
But died, eight seconds before the shot came,
Of heart disease—My Boy, you are free!"
And the Gazoo
Who can make a pill like that go down
Is some peach of a Doctor,
Wouldn't you say?

---

can't help it; she'd rather dress in an old divided skirt and blouse and hat any day and go for a ride, for miles and miles, in the California country.

She's not afraid of anything. She came from Spokane, Washington, to get a job on the stage. She went to Los Angeles and the Oliver Morosco offices. She went there day after day, and nothing happened. "Every once in a while," she says, "Mr. Morosco or his secretary would come out and say to me: 'Just keep coming; something may turn up.' That's all right if you have plenty of money. So I thought I'd try—the films. I went to a comedy studio. Remember, I'd come from a town where people conform pretty much to rules and regulations. I saw all these girls flitting about in bathing suits and all the men in shirt sleeves; it was such a noisy place—I cleared out. Then Marshall Neilan, an old friend of mine, suggested that I try his studio, the old Kalem.

"I went there. It was so different! I got a better impression of picture studios right away. Quiet, and home-like, with only one company working. They took me on, and I played all kinds of parts. I did a lot of riding there, and I liked it.

"Then that company separated, and I began to look around. Griffith was with Fine Arts then, and I went to see him—oh, there was nothing trifling about my ambitions! I finally got in, and I sat and talked to him for two hours, trying to convince him that he simply couldn't worry along without me any longer. At the end of my speech, he looked at me and said: 'You're too calm; I could never make you act.'

"That made me mad. 'If you think I'm calm,' I cried, 'I wish you knew how I felt inside!'

"That made him laugh and he engaged me. I played in the Reliance and Majestic one-reelers for a long time. I did a lot of riding in those days—and it was surely fun!"

Those were the golden days of Triangle. Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Miriam Cooper, Mae Marsh, the Talmadge sisters—all working on the same lot. Then came "Intolerance."

"Never will forget," said Seena, "my makeup in that picture. I had to wear a false nose that wouldn't stay on, and had to add an inch to my eyelashes. It took me a solid hour to make up for the Princess Beloved. My gown—what there was of it—was painfully heavy, with cut-glass beads. But we had so much fun making the Babylonian episode. Constance Talmadge was the *Mountain Girl* and she had to drive the chariot—remember? I used to envy her by the hour—and between my scenes I used to drive those circus horses around the track—in that bead-gown of mine, with my knees black and blue from the contact with the sides of the chariot. They were great days."

Before Triangle passed, Seena Owen was featured, or starred, in several pictures—the last of them being "Miss Bo-Peep." Later, she went with Charles Ray for one picture; and did two pictures with Hart. "I thought, in the Bill Hart picture, I'd get a chance to ride; but no—they dressed me up pretty and I had to do an ingenue all the way through."

She has done a picture with H. B. Warner, and two with Tom Moore, and "Victory," for Maurice Tourneur.

She wants to do a western picture.

"I have faith in the western, and I don't believe it's ever going to die. I'd like to play a wholesome, normal girl in western surroundings—not the vulgar, heavy dance-hall type, nor yet the hoyden. I believe western girls can ride and shoot as straight as any man, and still keep their feminine appeal."

She was born Signe Auen, in Spokane. She changed her name to Mrs. George Walsh several years ago, and retired from the screen for a while to become the mother of a little girl. She is Seena Owen now, having recently severed her matrimonial bonds.

If she can only find a sympathetic director, a conscientious cameraman and a good story, there is no reason why old Gen. Bell-and-Howell wouldn't relent and photograph her as she really looks.

She has short hair. Clarine Seymour has emulated "Connie" Talmadge in persuading people to cut their hair. "Clarine worried about it for days afterward," said Seena, "until I began to learn how to fix it and to like it short. It's much less bother—besides, I think most girls cut it short so they can experiment in fixing it long again. And now Clarine is proud as punch and takes all the credit, if there be credit, for my new coiffure."

Do you realize how often eyes are fastened on your nails?

Are you willing to be judged by their appearance?

YOU gesture freely as you talk to him. His eyes follow your moving finger tips. What are his impressions?

Men are especially sensitive to little deficiencies in a woman's appearance. Many men habitually judge a woman by the condition of her hands. The impression given by carelessly manicured nails is a hard thing to overcome.

With cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail, pushing back the cuticle

Wherever you go you are being silently appraised by your nails. Lovely hands, smooth, even nails immediately suggest a background of refinement.

The most important part of your manicure is the care of the cuticle. When you cut the overgrown cuticle, you inevitably cut the live skin. As it heals, the skin is left thick and ragged. There is danger also of injuring the sensitive nail root, which is only one-twelfth inch below the surface.

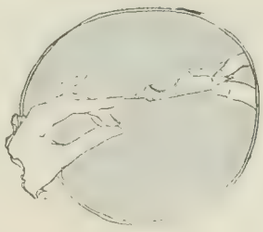
You can easily have lovely hands

It is possible to keep the cuticle thin, smooth, evenly shaped without cutting it. Your hands and nails can be so lovely you will be proud to have them noticed.

Cutex will soften the cuticle and keep it in good condition—it will prevent hangnails and rough places.

Follow the directions under the illustrations. You will be surprised when you see how easy it is to have the same dainty nails you have so admired in your friends. Once or twice a week, give your nails this quick manicure. A few minutes is all that is necessary. You need give no more thought to the care of your hands. The consciousness of flawless nails will add greatly to your poise—your general charm.

For snowy white nail tips apply Cutex Nail White underneath them directly from tube. A few brisk rubs with Cutex Nail Polish will give the nails a high gloss.



You can get Cutex at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada, and any chemist's shop in England.

A manicure set for 20 cents

Send the coupon below and 20 cents for the Introductory Manicure Set. This is not as large as the standard set but it contains enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 705, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
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Send two dimes for this manicure set

Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are 35c each.

Masked and armed they seized Speed from his cot that night and rushed him away.

Going Some

Patience is a good councillor especially when fate is kind and coincidence fortunate

By
GENE SHERIDAN

IT was a gala day at Yale that day when Captain Donald Keap came home from the war with a Distinguished Service medal on his breast and a heavy heart within. Thirty, rich, and a hero, but he was not happy.

There was a something in the spirit of the campus, lively with its merry throngs of cheering students and their bravery of colors and pennants that reminded him sadly of the day when a shouting crowd on the pierhead waved flags and handkerchiefs in farewell as the great transport put out for Over There. But Roberta Covington, his bride, had been there on the pier that day to wave a farewell. Today there had been no greeting of welcome home. It was all over between them, she had decided.

Donald Keap's pride had, however, succumbed to his devotion and he found himself drawn, in spite of better judgment, to that very place where he was most likely to see Roberta.

Following familiar paths he turned in at the gymnasium and pushed his way past bustling athletes, bubbling with preparations for the day's events in the first intercollegiate track meet since the Armistice.

"Hello Don! Greetings! It's great to see you."

Keap was all but bowled over by the hearty cordial onslaught of Culver Covington, his brother-in-law and crack sprinter for Yale. Young Covington tumbled over his masseur, tough Larry Glass, and went bounding down the room to Keap.

"I'm out for the hundred yard championship, today, Don." The young athlete was exuberantly cheerful, modestly confident.

Keap's face grew grave as the smiles of greeting passed.

"Culver—can't you fix it so I can have a talk with Roberta?" Captain Keap was making a brave effort to appear contained and composed, but his very attitude combined eagerness and gloomy despair. He was plainly very much in love with the wife who would have none of him.

"I'm awful sorry, Don—" Covington was hunting for words to soften what he had to say—"but I'm afraid it's all off. She's leaving for Nevada in a few days to get a divorce, and she's making me go with her."

Larry, the rubber, interrupted the awkward situation, commanding Covington to come back to the rubbing table.

"See you after the race, Culver." With that Keap was off.

Roberta Covington Keap, brunette, with beauty and hauteur, was the center of a blithe little group in the grandstand. With her were Jean Chapin, soon to wed Culver Covington, and Helen Blake, pretty, 18, fluffy and confidential. Of course Berkley Fresno was along. The young women may have been watching the meet, but Berkley had attention only for Helen. He was a perfect marshmallow of a youth, fat and pink of form and creamy of disposition, and a model of politeness.

In the splendor of his college raiment J. Wallingford Speed approached, exchanging waves *(Continued on page 74)*

A new era in teeth protection

These new discoveries mark a new era in teeth cleaning. Tooth beauty comes through removing the cloudy film coat. But that also means vastly more. It means safer, cleaner teeth. And it doubtless will mean, in the years to come, a vast reduction in tooth troubles.

Dentists everywhere are urging people to adopt this new protection.

Why Teeth Glisten

Millions of Them Now

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You see glistening teeth in every circle now. For millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. They are not only whiter, but cleaner and safer. And leading dentists everywhere are urging this method's adoption.

A ten-day test, which costs you nothing, will show what it means to you.

To end the film

The purpose is to end the film—the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is that film-coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film. So brushing has left much of it intact. Millions of well-brushed teeth, on this account, discolor and decay. Few people escape tooth troubles, and it is largely because of that film.

Now a combatant

Dental science, knowing these facts, has long sought a film combatant. It has now been found. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste in all ways meets modern requirements. Millions of people have already tried it, and the results you see on every hand show what it means to teeth.

The vital facts

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has found a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Pepsodent accomplishes two other great results. But its all-important quality is this action on the film.

Mark the results in ten days

One cannot question the Pepsodent effects. They are too conspicuous.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Compare the results with results you get now. Then read the reasons for them. After such a test, neither you nor yours will be content with old methods of teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. In three great ways it meets modern requirements. Druggists supply the large tubes.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 377

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 349, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

(Continued from page 72)

Roberta received a telegram. "Pinched for reckless driving."

of greeting and recognition with Roberta and Jean. Speed, let us bear in mind, was the champion vocal athlete of Yale. This was his busy day and he was in perfect form for the meet. He dressed his part with great elegance of exciting flannels, panama hat with gay Yale ribbon band, and, crowning all, a vari-colored ribbon bearing the golden words "Cheer Leader."

A few steps away Speed paused and smilingly surveyed the group. His eyes rested on fluffy Helen a moment. Stock-still he stood gazing at her. In that moment he became a lost man. She caught the steady look and turned her head away, but she was smiling as she looked away. Helen could not be offended by admiration. And what a splendid manly looking chap he was!

Speed was about to join the party with a view to an introduction, when a cheer for Yale came billowing down the stands, and he turned with a look of "duty first" upon his face as he went cavorting down the line cheer-leading.

"Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!"

Meanwhile back at the grandstand was a scene of suppressed tragedy. Roberta and her husband had come face to face in the throng.

"Come, Roberta, I must speak with you." His voice was trembling but determined. Keap took his wife by the arm and led her to a spot apart from the crowd. She stood aloof and coldly looking at him.

There was supplication in Donald Keap's voice when he spoke.

"Roberta, all those three years over there your face was always before me. All those three years I have been coming home, to you and—"

"Don, I'm sorry—but I just do not love you."

She started away. Donald seized her arm.

"But great Heavens girl—I love you and you are my wife—won't you come—"

And now she was angered at his persistence.

"There's no chance, Don. I have made up my mind. I am leaving at once for Nevada to get a divorce."

Roberta rejoined her party in the noisy, merry grandstand. J. Wallingford Speed sauntered up, with a studied deliberation of approach. He cast a nod at the star-eyed Helen—a nod which did not escape the resentful observation of the pink and fat Fresno at her side.

Speed glanced from Roberta to Helen and back again to Roberta with a wistful look in his eyes. Roberta was quick to catch the plea.

She presented Speed to Helen and her companion without delay, and as Fresno rose she added, "Mr. Fresno sings with the Stanford University Glee Club."

Fresno forced a frigid smile and Speed countered quickly in one supercilious word.

"Tenor!"

Speed pushed himself into conversation with Helen, swiftly discovering her infatuation with affairs athletic in general and athletes in particular.

Fresno, ignored, betook himself to join the others of the party. He found Roberta pouring out the story of her marital unhappiness to Jean.

"—and when we separated Donald gave me a sheep ranch in Nevada. It is called the 'Flying Heart.' I've never been West, but now I'm going to live on the ranch for six months and get my divorce."

Roberta looked up smiling at Fresno. He cast an eye back at Speed and Helen. He felt the glow of an inspiration. It was an inspiration born of his jealousy of that fellow Speed.

"Well, I say, Mrs. Keap—why not start off with a jolly little house party and include Helen and me?"

"Fine, fine, I'll do that. Jean, will you come?"

The party was organized on the spot. They called to Helen and she sprang up, accompanied of course by Speed. Addressing Helen, Roberta told her of the party. Speed awaited no invitation.

"We'll be delighted, delighted, I assure you, Mrs. Keap." He answered for them both. Then with a smile he took Helen back to her seat and resumed his never failing conversation.

"I am just sure that Culver is going to win," Helen purred.

"Yes, I am sure he will, too." Speed spoke slowly and impressively. "You see, Culver is my roommate and with Jean here and everything this race means a lot to him, so naturally—"

(Continued on page 76)

No more dingy corners on your blankets

HOW you used to avoid the thought! When you came upon dingy corners where those precious blankets *would* trail on the floor, and dim edges where they tucked themselves in—you shut your eyes! If they had to lose their luxurious softness, their warm fluffiness in the laundry, it was going to be the last minute possible.

But to-day there's no need for pretending. With Lux you can wash your big, handsome blankets as often as you like!

Just the purest bubbling suds. There's not a particle of hard cake soap to stick to the fuzzy *wool* ends and *never* be washed out! Not a mite of rubbing to twist and mat the delicate wool fibres!

You souse your beautiful blankets up and down in the rich suds. You press the cleansing lather through and through, and every speck of dirt is whisked away with the rich bubbling suds.

They'll come out downy and snug. The Lux way is so gentle and so careful. You always know just how nice and soft and fluffy your winter covers are going to be. You can get Lux from your grocer, druggist or department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to wash your woolens

Use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a lather in very hot water, and then add cold water till lukewarm. Work woolens up and down in the suds. Squeeze the rich lather again and again through soiled spots.

Rinse in three lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last water. This leaves wool softer and fluffier. Run blankets through a loose wringer and hang in the shade to dry, in a moderate atmosphere. Spread sweaters on a towel.

LUX

Lux was specially made for all fine things

Crêpes de Chine	Organdies	Sweaters
Georgettes	Batistes	Scarfs
Chiffons	Lawns	Babies' woolens
Lace	Voiles	Blankets

Copyrighted 1920, by Lever Bros. Co.

(Continued from page 74)

Speed paused, hoping that Helen would discover his meaning, but she only waited for him to continue.

"—and so I couldn't bring myself to compete against him —you understand."

"Oh, Mr. Speed!" Helen's blue eyes deepened to violet as she spoke. "I knew that there were men noble enough to sacrifice themselves for their friends, but I had never hoped to meet one."

Speed cast his eyes down, with a gesture of modesty, then looked soulfully into Helen's eyes.

"Now, for the first time, I almost regret allowing him to run in my place."

The runners came out on the track and lined up. Speed clutched his trusty pennant and sprang down in front of the stand to lead the cheering. His language was certainly athletic and he loved the make-up and clothes, but that was as near as he had ever come to making the 'varsity team. In Helen's eyes he was a hero, a magnanimous, self-sacrificing hero.

Culver Covington, star runner and trackman, met a great ovation as he took his place in the line, and Helen was most happy, with tears in her eyes, to observe the efforts of the cheer leader in Culver's behalf.

Then came a hush.

"Get set!" The starter stood pistol in hand as the tense runners crouched.

"Ready—" Bang!

Culver flashed into the lead, held it and finished first easily, doing the hundred yards in record intercollegiate time.

The stands were a seething frenzy of excitement. Jean was beside herself with joy.

Donald Keap some rows away looked hopefully toward his wife. She caught his glance and turned her head away with a haughty toss.

Patient as always, Donald smiled at her. Then he pushed his way onto the field and congratulated Culver.

"Thank you, Don." Then Culver's smile faded. He touched the Distinguished Service medal on Donald's coat. "If I owned one of those, I'd have something to be really proud of."

Donald glanced in the direction of his wife.

"I've made up my mind, Culver—divorce or no divorce, I love her and I am going to Nevada, too. Maybe I can make her change her mind."

Culver sympathetically nodded, then shook his head. "I'm afraid it's too late, Don."

"STILL BILL" STOVER, foreman of the Flying Heart sheep ranch, stood perplexed of mind in front of the cookshack. He looked down at a telegram in his hand and then blinked up at the blazing Nevada sun. His motley crew of sheep men stood about him waiting for him to speak.

"Here you Willie—you read it."

Willie stepped forward. He was something to look upon. Despite the innocence of his name he was a genuine Nevada two-gun desperado. His brief stature, his weazened face and his iron rimmed glasses gave him a rare professional appearance. But he had a hard mouth and he carried a brace of six-guns.

Willie read with much impressiveness:

WILLIAM STOVER,
Flying Heart Ranch,
Kidder, Nevada.

Arrive tomorrow with party of friends. Prepare guest rooms. Dinner at eight.

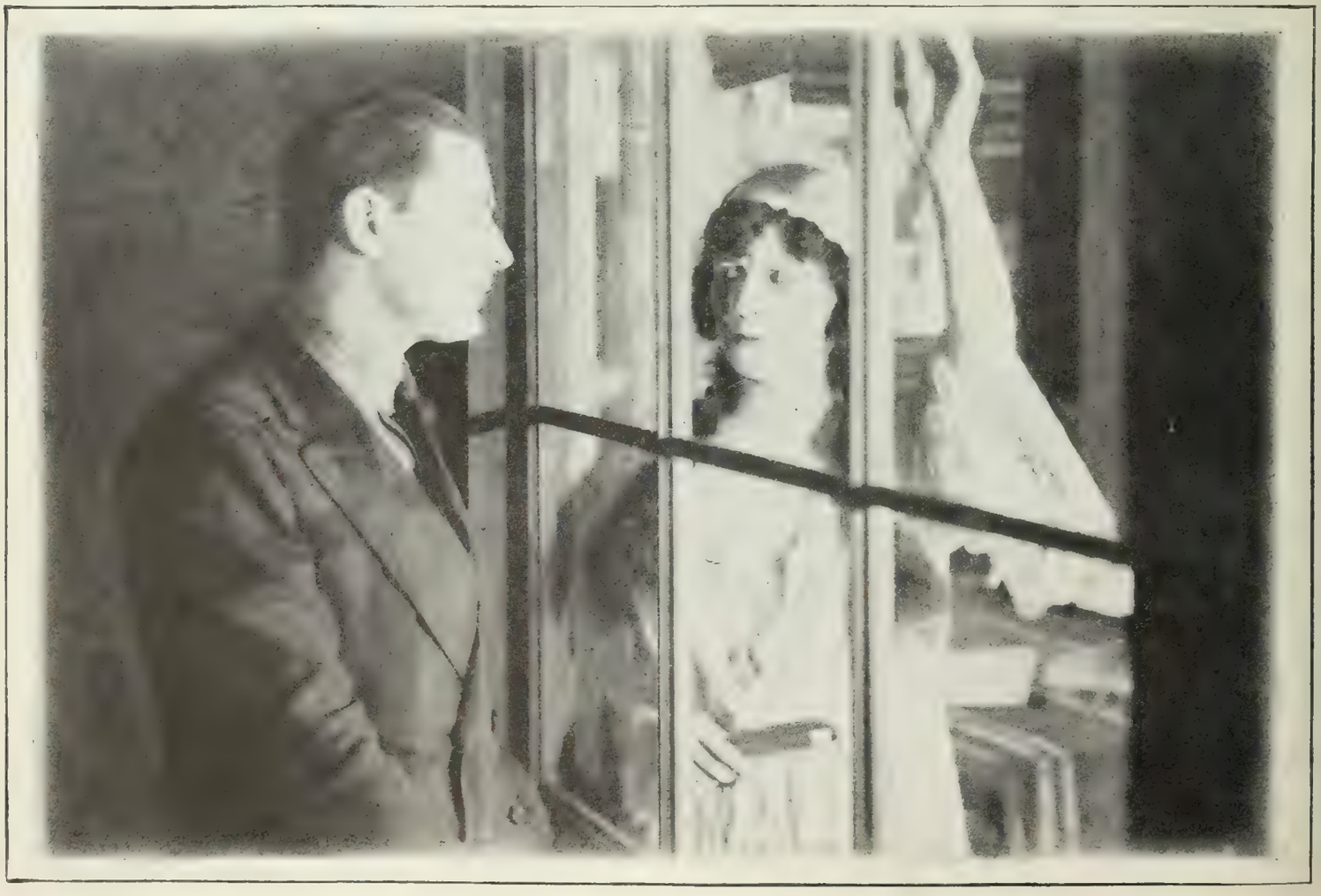
ROBERTA KEAP.

"Boss, if they eat dinner that early, they must have breakfast before daylight," Willie added as he folded up the telegram and handed it back.

One of the most exciting things about life on the Flying Heart sheep ranch was the fact of its immediate adjacency to the Centipede cattle ranch. In the view of a cattle rancher all sheep ranchers should be deported to Fiddlers' Green, and that, as any competent authority will tell you, is seven miles below Hell.

In the matter of its opinions the Centipede ranch stood as an orthodox unit. The owner and dictator of affairs on the Centipede was

(Continued on page 114)



"—and besides, I shall marry him if I want to."

Blustery Winds and the Complexion

WHAT is more invigorating than a walk or drive on a crisp, clear day in early spring, when sharp winds bring a ruddy color to one's face, and stimulate the joy of living.

But these same keen winds produce other effects. They roughen and chap tender skin,—they catch up little particles of dust and lodge them in the tiny pores of the face, and trouble results. The natural oil of the skin combines with the dust and the complexion becomes blotched, gray-looking, and rough.

Prevent these conditions—help to keep your skin clear, healthy and soft, by cleansing it with RESINOL SOAP. Let the pure, refreshing lather sink into the pores and rid them of lurking impurities.

But Resinol Soap is not only for those annoyed by complexion defects. It has been for years a favorite among women for daily use in the toilet and bath.

Sold by all druggists and at toilet goods counters. Let us send you a trial size cake. Dept. 12-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK gives a creamy, non-drying lather which is alone sufficient to warrant its adoption by the discriminating man.

Easy to Play Easy to Pay

BUESCHER TRADE MARK TRUE-TONE ELKHART, IND.

BUESCHER

True-Tone Saxophones

A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to **double your income,** double your opportunities and double your popularity and pleasure. It is easy for the beginner—you can learn to play the scale in one hour's practice and take your place in the band within 90 days. Practice is a pleasure rather than an effort. A clarinet player can make the change almost at once.

The Choice of Professionals

Tom Brown, of the famous Six Brown Brothers, the highest priced musical act: "Your improved models prompted me to adopt them generally. Nearly every member of my several different organizations uses your True-Tone Saxophones to their entire satisfaction."

Will F. Newlan, Director of Newlan's School of Music, Chicago and former director of the famous Kilties Band: "I have been using a True-Tone Saxophone for 10 years. I recommend them to my friends and pupils because I candidly believe they are the most perfect saxophones made."

Clay Smith, Trombone Soloist, of the popular and well known Smith-Spring-Holmes Orchestral Quintet: "Your new Model 37 Trombone is the best on the market today. I can play my difficult solos better, and with less effort, than ever before."

Guy Holmes, of the widely known Smith-Spring-Holmes Orchestral Quintet: "I do not believe there's a Cornet made that equals the Buescher-Grand. Every note is clear and so easy to blow."

Capt. F. A. Bagley, 11th District Executive Officer of the American Federation of Musicians, Calgary, Alberta: "The True-Tone Saxophones I purchased of your company are very fine indeed and absolutely all that could be demanded of them. I believe True-Tone Saxophones to be the best."

Mrs. Alta R. Wells, of the Apollo Concert Co.: "The Apollo Concert Co. of which I am a member, have now for nearly 3 years been using nothing but True-Tone Instruments, and you may depend upon it that were your instruments not superior to others we would not have used them. Nothing but perfectly accurate instruments would fulfill our requirements."

Nearly every member of the Six Brown Brothers, Tommie Brown's Clown Band, Tommie Brown's Musical Review and Tommie Brown's Highlanders use Buescher Instruments. Ask them.

Saxophone Book Free

Tells what each Saxophone is best adapted for; when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or full Saxophone Band. Tells how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra, and familiarizes you with many facts you would like to know, whether you are a beginner, amateur or professional. It illustrates and fully describes the virtues of each model of the Saxophone Family. **Ask for your copy.**

The Buescher-Grand Cornet

Buescher-Grand Cornets are graceful and classic models of art that completely fulfill the requirements of the Cornetist. Any player with fair ability can play from low to high C or vice versa with accuracy and produce F (5th line), G (1st space above) and B (2nd space above) clearly and distinctly without extreme effort or pinching. The tone is smooth and even throughout the entire compass. Its valve action permits the utmost agility to rapid passages.

Buescher-Grand Trombones enable you to do bigger things musically. Possess an unrivaled smoothness and velvety ease in slides and perfect balance. Let us send you illustrations and descriptive matter. All True-Tone instruments are equipped with our patented **Split-No-Tone Bell.**

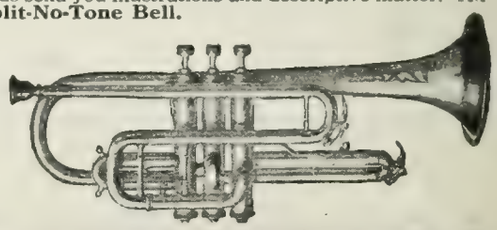
Free Trial—Easy Payments

You can order any Buescher instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy monthly payments.

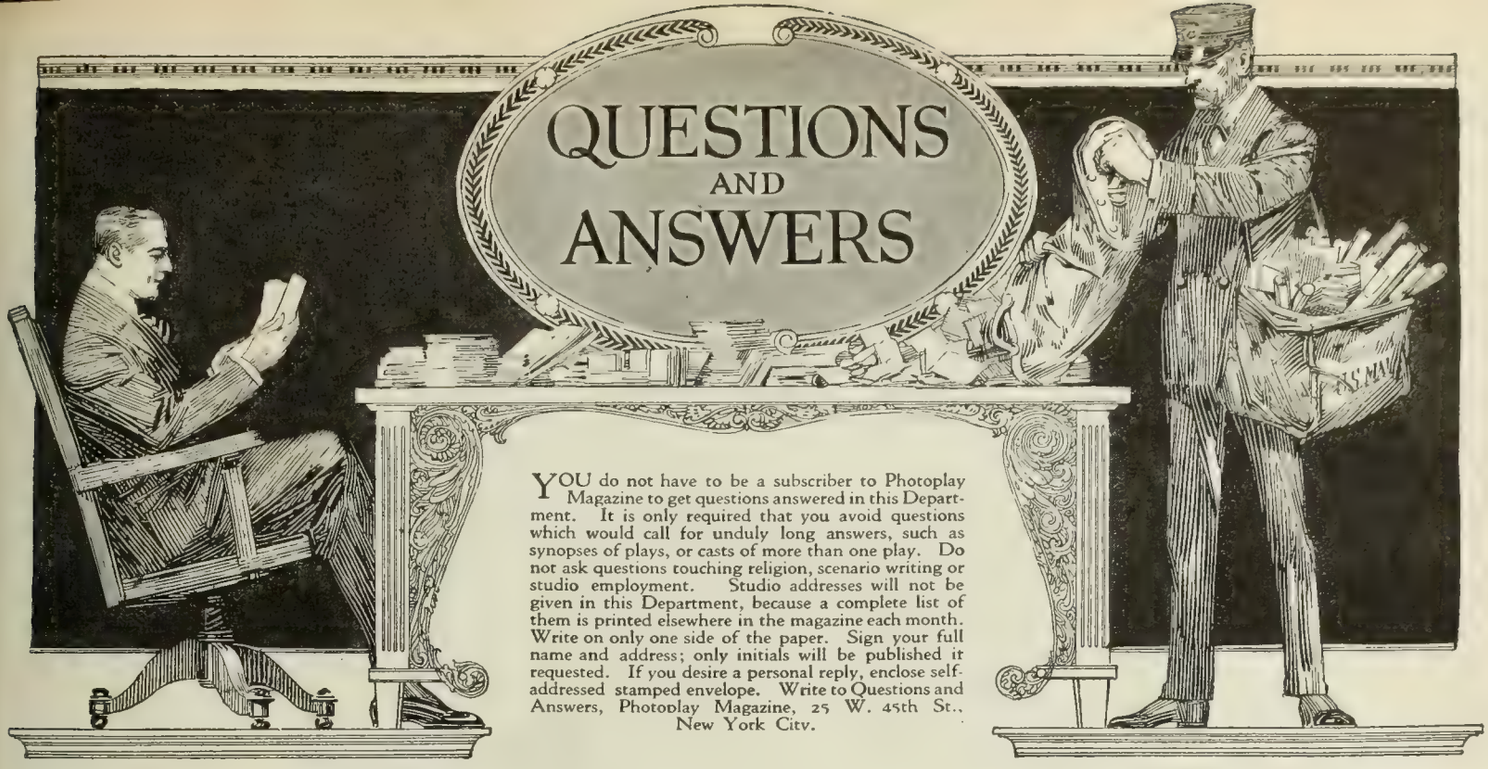
Ask us to send you names of users in your locality.

Illustrated Catalog of True-Tone Band and Orchestra Instruments free.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO., 272 Jackson Street, Elkhart, Ind.



The Wonderful Buescher-Grand Cornet (9)



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

H. S., DETROIT.—It is hard for any grown man to realize that he was once the prettiest baby in the world. Bessie Love has her own film company now. Her contract with Vitagraph expired with the old year 1919, and her last picture for that company was "Pegeen." The little Love is managed by her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Horton. She lives and works in Los Angeles. Vitagraph has a studio in Flatbush and also one in the west.

G. E. M., OKLAHOMA.—I have *not* got a beard. Henry King is not acting any more; he has taken up the megaphone for good. Jack Holt played with Katherine MacDonald in Artcraft's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

D. L. L., BALTIMORE.—That question has a familiar ring. Charlie Chaplin only played one part in "Sunnyside." It has been said that only old-maids understand men. Of course that's why they remain old-maids.

M. K., MONTPELIER.—No matter what a wide speaking acquaintance among actresses your mother's friend may have, it won't get you fame in pictures. Work, talent, and perseverance, not pull, can do it, fourteen-year-old. Tell your mother I said so. Dorothy Kelly is married now, and has not been seen on the screen since the ceremony was performed. She was with Vitagraph.

MARION E. D., PAWLING.—Yes, people say silly things when they are in love. But when they stop to think it over, and decide that they *do* say silly things, first thing they know they aren't in love any more. Renee Adoree is a Manhattan beauty; a real French girl, she made her debut in Paris at the Folies Bergere. Now with Fox, in the picture that concern is making of a book by Georges Clemenceau, the ex-premier and "Tiger of France." Katherine MacDonald has her own company, releasing through First National. Blanche Sweet works in California; her latest is "The Deadlier Sex." There has been a lot of this "male and female" stuff lately.

BOB, PORTLAND, OREGON.—If I had a refreshing effect on you while you were suffering an attack of indigestion, I wonder how you would like my department when you're feeling good? Bert Lytell and Alice Lake in "Lombardi Ltd." Nazimova in "The Brat" supported as usual by husband Charles Bryant.

R. D., BATON ROUGE.—You want Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien to enact for the films "The Harvester" by the well-known lady-author, Gene Stratton Porter. Jack Pickford did "Freckles." Louise Huff was the girl. Dorothy Phillips, Universal City, California.

D. D., SUBSCRIBER.—Wallace Reid's address is given elsewhere. But I cannot refrain from admiring your pretty stationary. And from chiding you for succumbing to such a pun as "the price of letter paper need never worry anyone, because it's always stationary." Really, D. D.!

In Memoriam

By S. KING RUSSELL

REST she in peace,
You know who I mean,
The Vanishing Vamp,
She's fled from the screen,
The wicked old scamp
The Sappho of old
Whose shoulders were cold
Who stretched on the couch
And nursed a faint grouch
Till the hero so bold
Came and turned down the lamp
And——*(Censored: Police)*

Rest she in peace,
The Vanishing Vamp.

MURIEL M., NEW YORK.—It is no longer correct to use the expression, "swears like a trooper." The up-to-date simile would be ". . . swears like the leading feminine character in a modern novel of New York life." Charles Chaplin is smooth-faced in real life; that mustache is only his most faithful prop.

E. K., BUFFALO.—Your favorite, our blonde baby-viking Anna Querentia Nilsson, isn't with Metro any more. She is under contract with Allan Dwan—see her in "Soldiers of Fortune"—but Dwan has loaned her to the Jesse L. Lasky company for several pictures. One of these is in support of Ethel Clayton. I have often thought that Miss Nilsson must be an exceedingly well-dispositioned and clever young woman to be able to hold jobs in supporting roles in other ladies' plays. I have seen her run away with the picture. Billie Rhodes, the widow of William Parsons, has retired from active picturedom. Mr. and Mrs. F. X. Bushman are on the stage now; but there is a rumor that they will both be seen again in films.

KRAZY KATS, VOSE, TENN.—There is no longer any use for the wine list on the menu. All likker nowadays is served from the male hip pocket. I have only just met Miss Pearl White, so I can't tell you what kind of perfume she used. I don't know anything about perfume, anyway, except that some kinds of it come in prettier bottles than other kinds. I have been told not to judge a perfume by its bottle. Mary Pickford's latest is "Pollyanna."

ED C., MARTINEZ.—Ah—at last an original question! Not how old is he, or is he married, or what color are his eyes—but what is Richard Barthelmess' *middle* name? Drawing a deep breath; altogether now, mates: Richard *Semler* Barthelmess. (He'll never forgive me for this.)

A. L. L., YPSILANTI.—Eddie Polo is directing now as well as acting. His wife is not a movie actress; at least I have no record of her in that capacity. She accompanied him on his European trip in search of suitable material for his last Universal serial. Polo is an intelligent, straightforward man; a real athlete and old circus performer.

M. I. H., PHILADELPHIA.—The latest variation on the old theme is something like this: Fond Father, "Yes, you may marry my daughter—when you can support her in the manner to which her favorite movie star is accustomed." I am sure that Mrs. Irving Cummings will be glad to send you a picture of her husband. Irving is with Lasky; he appears in "Everywoman." There's a Junior Cummings.

REGINA G., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Little Ann Pennington, the terpsichorean cherub,

hasn't made a picture for a long time. She is the star of the "Scandals of 1919," dancer-manager George White's production, now playing in Chicago, and due west after that. She's left the Follies for good, I think. Neither Ann nor Mary Miles Minter is married.

L. S., Jacksonville.—Photoplay Magazine does not produce any pictures except the *Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement* which is a monthly reel of glimpses into the lives of the famous stars, and little journeys through filmdom. We were the first publication to inaugurate such an idea—but if all I hear is true, we are not the last. Imitation has always been the sincerest form of flattery. You will have to submit your scripts to the companies you think might be interested in the type of story you have conceived. That's all the advice I can give you. You will find the studio addresses in our Studio Directory.

Lonely Girl, Port Washington.—On the contrary, I think it was very nice of you to write to me when you felt blue. Yes, I have heard that little verse that goes something like this: "For if he come not by the road, or come not by the hill—close all the roads of all the world—Love's road is open still." That isn't it—but I had better stop before I am accused of becoming sentimental—or senile. Either, or both, would absolutely ruin me in the eyes of my correspondents. They like me because I am cruel—like a Russian. Bobby Harron is not married or engaged.

Mrs. O. F., Parker, S. D.—I don't think many actresses give away their old clothes. Most have a good many uses for them. However, if any star, positively eager to give away some of her old things, sees this, I will give her your name and address. At the present high price of wearing apparel it seems to me that even the wealthiest ones would "make-over" or "hand-me-down." I may be wrong.

Hortense, Clinton.—With such a name, and you to be prosaic! You write in the vein of some of the so-called funny columns in newspapers and regular magazines, striving for wit with such material as the perennial welcome of the little new year, clad in a silk hat and angels' wings. I never read comic sections; they affect my digestion and rob me of my sense of humor. Joe Ryan—Vitagraph bad-man of many serials, is co-starred with pretty Jean Paige in a new Albert E. Smith-Cyrus Townsend Brady manufactured thrill drama. You'll remember Jean best as Harry Morey's feminine foil. Address both Miss Paige and Ryan at the western Vitagraph studios. Jack Warren Kerrigan lives in Hollywood. Sessue Hayakawa with Haworth; care Brunton studios, Los Angeles.

Katherine Gordes.—"The Valley of the Giants," by Peter B. Kyne, can be bought in book form. It is one of his best yarns. Here is the cast of "Nan of Music Mountain": *Henry de Spain,* Wallace Reid; *Nan Morgan,* Ann Little; *Duke Morgan,* Theodore Roberts; *Gale Morgan,* James Cruze; *Sassoon,* Charles Ogle; *Logan,* Raymond Hatton; *Sandusky,* Hart Hoxie; *Bull Page,* Guy Oliver; *Scott,* James P. Mason; *Lefever,* Ernest Joy; *Nita,* Alice Marc; *McAlpin,* Horace B. Carpenter. Look elsewhere for what you ask about Lila Lee.

Drawn By Ralph Barton

"The way these movie actresses over-dress is positively disgusting."
"I don't mind that. What I can't understand is how people see anything funny in those impossible characters in the comedies!"

I. M. Farmingdale.—So the movies have meant a lot to you. Watch for Photoplay Magazine's contest on this topic—"what the movies have meant to me." The cash prizes are substantial enough to be interesting, although of course they wouldn't be enough to keep a family of four girls in silk stockings for a year. Madge Kennedy is Mrs. Harold Bolster; Dorothy Aphrodite is Miss Dalton, to the public. She has been married.

E. V. L. S., Chicago.—We have had all sorts of plays and pictures about that division of time called an hour: "Their Hour," "The Crowded Hour," "His Hour of Manhood" and others. Now along comes Dorothy Dalton in a picturization of Sir James Barrie's "Half an Hour." Hugh Dillman, whose real name is McGaughy, is the husband of Marjorie Rambeau who is playing in pictures for Capellani, and on the stage in "The Unknown Woman." Marguerite Marsh has a little daughter, Leslie.

John J. O'Mera, Camp Dix, New Jersey.—Hugh Fay is what we might call an old-time comedian. That is to say, he was on the stage a good many years; as half of the team of Barry and Fay, with Lillian Russell in "The Grand Duchess," "Comin' Through the Rye," "Three Twins," and "The Belle of New York." He began his screen career with Keystone; some of his pictures for that company were "A Village Vampire," "She Loved a Scoundrel." Then he went with the Fox-Sunshine forces, and has appeared for them in "Roaring Lions on a Midnight Express," "My Husband's Wife," "Are Married Policemen Safe" and others. He is a skilful buffoon. New York was his birthplace. Address him care Sunshine, Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Mabel B., Victoria.—I am sorry, but I have no record of that actor. If I ever do get a line on him, as we say in these States, I will let you know at once. Your answer appears in the Magazine as your stamps cannot be used over here. Write often, eh, Mabel?

Corsino, Fernandez, Havana, Cuba.—I think it would do a lot of us Americanos good if we were made to sit through some of the old pictures once in a while. You people down there seem much more enthusiastic than many of us, simply because you don't have so many pictures and are therefore grateful for small favors—and serials. Pearl White will not do any more serials; she is making features for Fox. Mr. Moreno, too, is turning from the chapter drama; Vitagraph will soon star him in full-length pictures. Juanita Hansen is making another serial for Selig; Jack Mulhall is with Metro. Mollie King, with American Cinema. Mollie is Mrs. Kenneth Dade Alexander in private life. She lives at the Hotel Ansonia, New York City, N. Y. Drop in any old time to see me, I mean!

Dot, Chicago.—I admire your decorum in refusing to correspond with married men.

(Continued on page 120)

He First Notices Your Complexion

Make your complexion beautiful—attractive—a reason for admiration. Give it the charm of youth.

If your complexion is somewhat rough, or lacks that exquisite texture so greatly to be desired, give it a few touches of

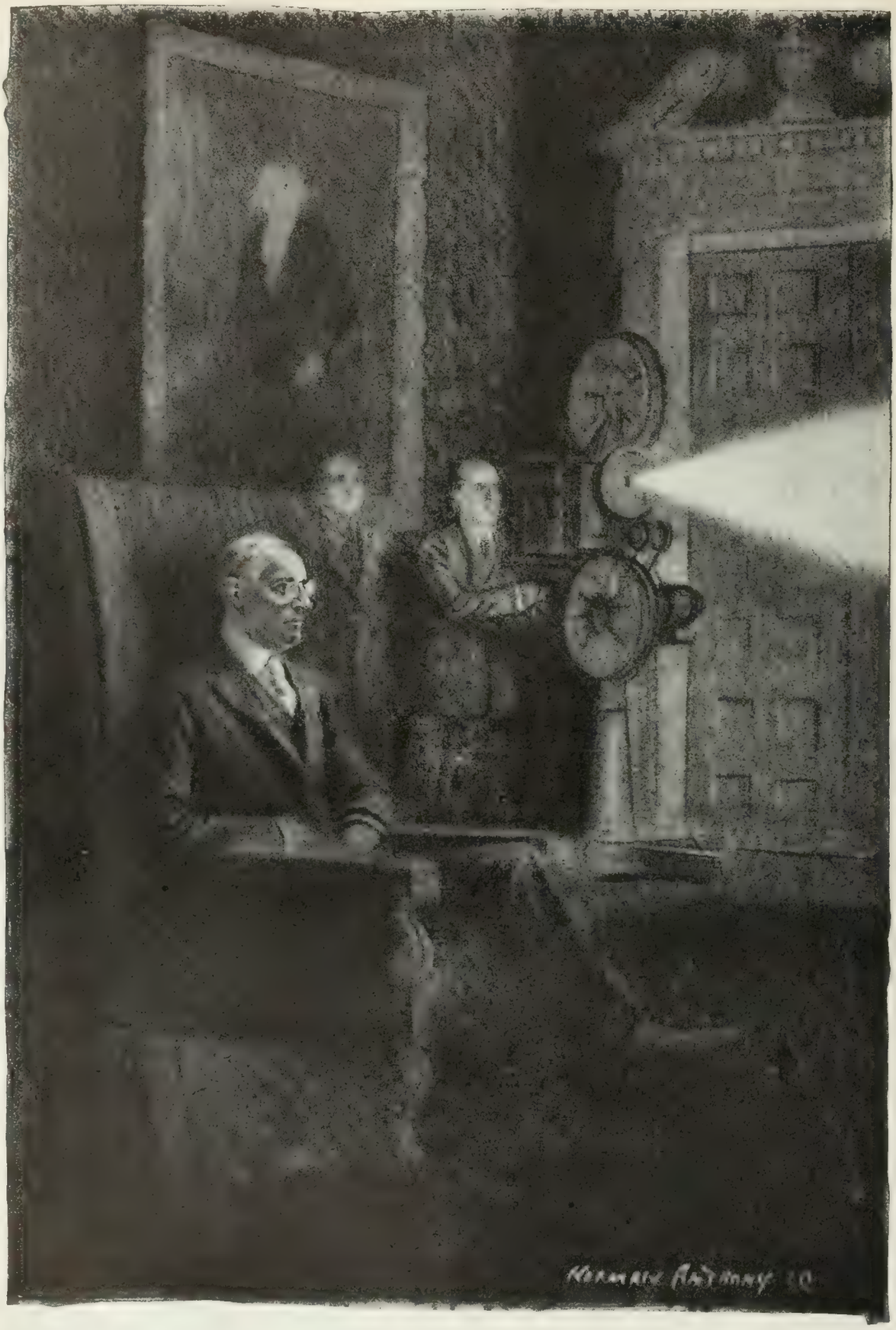
CARMEN
COMPLEXION
POWDER

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and the exquisite New CARMEN BRUNETTE Shade—50c Everywhere

Trial Offer The new shade Carmen Brunette has proved so popular that we will send a purse size box containing two or three weeks' supply for 12c to pay postage and packing. Or we will send any other shade preferred.

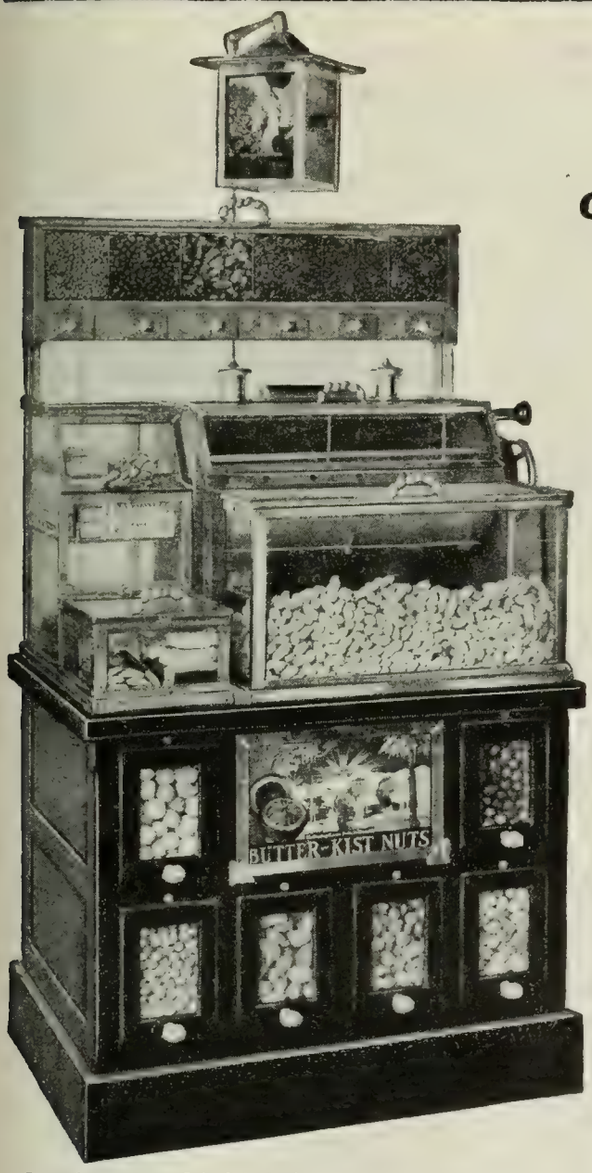
STAFFORD-MILLER CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

The Final Touch



During the more recent period of his illness, cut off from his cabinet, government administrative officers and friends, President Wilson has had one pleasant connection with the busy world, the motion picture. A projector was set up in the White House and nearly every day the operator was called into action. The president has seen all the more important news subjects and some photoplays.

A New Wonder For Selling Nuts



Occupies space 24x34 inches. 5 compartments in base for 5 different kinds of nuts in shell. At the top, 6 compartments for six different kinds of shelled nuts. A separate peanut roaster for roasted peanuts. This roaster will also roast almonds, filberts and other nuts in the shell —a new delicacy to offer the public. Note special compartments for chewing gum, mints, candy bars, etc. Write for description of machine and marvelous lighting effects.

A New Sensation—the Butter-Kist Nut Store!

A Twenty-Way Payer for Storekeepers Occupies Only 24 x 34 inches of Waste Space

$110,000,000 Worth of Nuts Consumed in 1919

Think of it—over $110,000,000 worth of nuts were consumed in this country last year. This means an average consumption of $1.00 worth of nuts per year per inhabitant, according to the government reports. A vast consumption indeed—despite the fact that nuts have never been given a real chance to sell—never properly exploited in any store. Think now what a wonderful seller you have in nuts since you have such a marvelous nut salesman as this new machine. The Butter-Kist Nut Store we call it, and it sells six different kinds of shelled nuts, five different kinds of nuts in the shell, roasts and sells peanuts and sells candy, gum, chocolate bars, mints, etc.

Twenty Avenues of Profit for You

If you want to get an idea of what the Butter-Kist Nut Store will do for you, just consider what a sensational success our peanut roaster has been. It sells *only* peanuts, yet it is paying big profits to storekeepers all over the country, as the letters printed here show. If the peanut roaster, which sells only peanuts, pays so handsomely, think what the Nut Store will pay you. For besides roasted peanuts, the Nut Store sells six different kinds of shelled nuts, five different kinds of nuts in the shell, and it has special compartments for such big nickel sellers as gum, cough drops, mints, etc. In a word, it gives you twenty avenues of profits—from a little waste space, 24 x 34 inches!

Letters from Those Who Have Simply the Peanut Roaster

Think What the Nut Store With 20 Avenues of Profit Will Pay You

"We are making a clear profit of $75 a month," writes storekeeper from Mississippi.

"I have averaged $25 to $30 a week," writes ice cream parlor owner.

"My receipts average $70 a week," writes grocer from Illinois.

"I sell from 150 to 550 sacks of peanuts in from 4 to 5 hours on Saturdays," writes storekeeper from N. Carolina.

"Sold over 4,000 bags of peanuts in five days," writes candy store owner from N. C.

"I average $10 a day," writes fruit store owner from Georgia.

THE BUTTER-KIST NUT STORE

Here is the most attractive method of selling nuts ever conceived. All the goods are in plain sight—all attractively displayed. The machine combines motion with striking lighting effects in color. The peanut roaster is an eye-catcher in itself. It is the only visible peanut roaster on the market. There are handsome color effects in the electric lighted scenic signs. The machine proves a sensation wherever it is installed. It draws trade for blocks and multiplies your business. Be the first in your locality with this remarkable Nut Store. Write for full description.

Amazing Facts Free—MAIL COUPON

Let us give you details as to the profits you make with the Butter-Kist Machine. The figures will open your eyes.

We will also send you particulars of our easy payment terms. A small payment down puts the machine in your store. Pay the balance a little at a time out of the Nut Store's earnings.

Write today for all the information. No obligation. You have nothing to lose, and much to gain. Mail the coupon or letter or postcard.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO., 468 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis

Facts and figures sent free to established merchants and business men

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
468 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Name.....

Address.....

Business.....

How To Be Perfect

The Bounding Comedian of the films tells this infallible system.

By AL. ST. JOHN

ARE you too thin or too fat, too tall or too short? Do you know how to keep yourself in trim, how to be fit?

Be a real man! Be a man of power!

Be a beautiful woman! Be a perfect thirty-six.

You don't need the work and worry of a long course of physical torture. Just a few simple little exercises if properly followed, will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, give you the figure of an Apollo, or a Venus.

Don't worry about what kind of bathing suits they are going to wear at Palm Beach or Coronado next summer. Follow the physical rules of the famous athlete Professor Al-lah St. John-ski and you will be able to wear any, none or several as the case may be.

The only apparatus required for these exercises are a bicycle and a flag pole. They are so simple that a child can master them. Any fat man should try them before breakfast. The advice and illustrations given on these pages constitute his system of keeping fit.

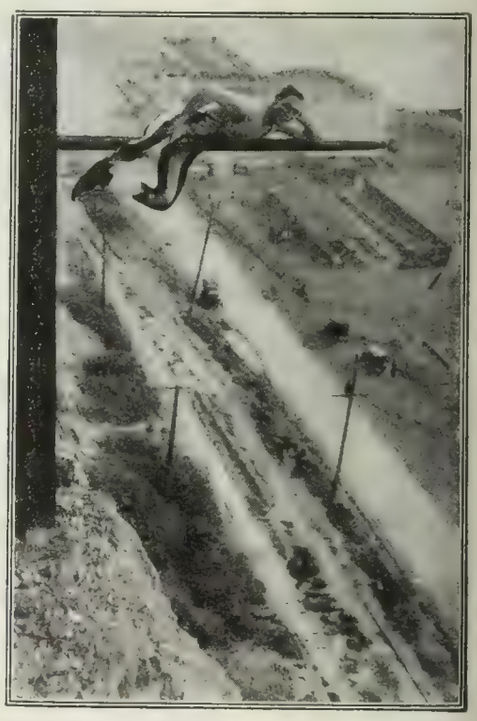
THIS first exercise is probably the simplest form of setting upside down exercises. I recommend that you do it daily before breakfast, on the front lawn if possible. Place the hands flat upon the surface, holding the fingers slightly apart. Raise the body slowly and easily to the perpendicular position shown in the accompanying illustration—the knees about 45 degrees. Then empty the lungs completely, being sure, however, not to do likewise with the stomach, while counting eight in a loud voice. Slowly fill the lungs, hold the breath while again counting eight, and during that time gradually stretch the frame of the lungs.

THE importance of this exercise can hardly be overestimated. It is a sure remedy for fallen arches, ingrowing toe-nails, dislocated joints, old age, water on the knee, baldness, broken collar bones, malnutrition and barber's itch. Bend from the waist and place the hands flat upon the floor in the same position indicated in Exercise I. Be sure to keep the feet flat upon the floor while so doing. Bring the right leg gently over the right elbow with a forward swing, and let it relax from the knee, its weight resting upon the arm between the elbow and shoulder. Repeat with the left leg. Do this twenty times at 9:50 o'clock.

FOR reducing the weight, this exercise is agreed upon by all experts as the most effective yet discovered by man. I can guarantee that any fat man who will do this thirteen times after lunch and thirteen times after dinner will lose weight. Place the stomach flat upon the floor. Raise the head with a snake-like movement, keeping the eyes straight ahead. Throw the legs back, up and over the shoulders, catching the toes in the palms of the hands. The effect will be lost if you attempt to do this one leg at a time, as in Exercise 2. Begin by doing this five times, holding the position until you count ten. Increase count daily.

FOR ladies only. This must be done in the open air. Keep your mind calm and collected. The bicycle exercises will reduce or increase weight, render the body supple and graceful, decrease the waist measure, give you complete control of your feet and ears and overcome any tendency to self-consciousness. Take the bicycle out into the yard so that all the neighbors can watch. Mount it as though about to go for a ride. Keeping the hands firmly fastened upon the handlebars, raise the body to a perpendicular position.

FOR short, fat people only. The position given is merely the stationary pose. The wheel should be propelled rapidly back and forth. In this position, ride around the block six or eight times a day. It will make you slender and popular. If it is a warm day, be sure to do it about 12 o'clock, and if you do not then feel sufficiently hot, don your fur coat, overshoes, sealskin cap and heavies. If you find the position difficult to assume, try it over on your piano. The hazard is thus increased and circulation consequently accelerated.



THIS last of my daily beautifiers, as you will see, is a shade more advanced than the others. If you will perform this exercise at least three times a week, preferably on a full stomach, it will prove a reasonably complete system of muscular development. Crawl quietly out to the position shown in the accompanying diagram. Then maintain that position for from one to three hours. If you have no flagpole, stick a clothes pole in the side of a mountain or out the window of a twenty-story building. Great care used to keep your balance.

WOMEN RESENTED THIS MAN'S STATEMENTS

A stenographer answers:

"This is too much! Every woman in business knows that men are the real offenders in these matters."

WHEN I published recently this article by a well known business man, entitled, "The Most Delicate Problem I Have Met in Employing Women," I was amazed at the result.

I had expected some protest, but not the wave of it which almost deluged me.

In this article, he said: "But too often the chance of these women to attain the highest success of which they were capable has been spoiled by a thing which until now I have hesitated to discuss with anyone but my wife. Often the very women who seem to be most scrupulously careful about their appearance are the ones in whom the odor of perspiration is most noticeable."

One stenographer's answer to this is typical of many. She writes: "This is too much! For goodness sake, get after the men, for any woman in business knows that they are the real offenders. If they only knew how unattractive and —yes—offensive they are with their wilted collars and stained shirts I am sure they would reform. Every girl I know, both in the office and out of it, guards against any *chance* of perspiration trouble by the regular use of Odorono, but the men apparently don't know such a thing exists."

What this girl says is undoubtedly true—men are the chief offenders. Yet I fear there are still many women who do not realize the facts.

An old fault—common to most of us

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really *corrects* the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 511 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and $1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Address mail orders or request as follows: For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont. For France to The Agencie Americaine, 38 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agencie Americaine, 17 Bouelvard Helvetique, Geneve. For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2. For Mexico to H. E. Gerber & Cia., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City. For U. S. A. to

The Odorono Company
511 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

And the star became even as a Blazing Comet.

The Fable of the Good Scenario Writer

By
FRANK M. DAZEY

ONCE upon a time there was a Producer who prayed for a GOOD SCENARIO WRITER. "Yea verily!" he moaned, "Dust gathereth on my sets, my Stars grow fat, the Overhead flourisheth as the Green Bay Tree, and my Directors go crying 'Where is the Script? Where is the Script?'"

And the Lord, which is a good Lord, heard and was touched by the piteousness of the man's lamentations.

And the next day a young man appeared before the Producer and said, "Lo, *I* am a Good Scenario Writer!"

And the Producer delayed not but thrust a novel into the young man's arms, saying, "Make haste, we start to shoot Monday."

And the young man examined him the book and said, "Alas, this book is without merit, for it contains neither plot, characterization, suspense, originality, nor aught else that is needful."

At this the producer was greatly wroth and chided the young man as follows: "The book *must* be good, for, though I have not read it myself I have been told so by my best Stenographer, and the Price I paid was so great it has been heralded to the four corners of Filmdom. And if it is originality that lacketh, that you must supply, and plot also, for, have you not told me that you are a Good Scenario Writer?"

And the young man applied himself diligently and at the appointed time appeared before the Producer saying, "Lo, here is thy Script! Read and I thinketh it will rejoice you."

But the Producer, having an engagement for Lunch, did not read the Script. Instead he went and laid it before the feet of the Director, who glanced swiftly over the scenes and cried:

"Lo, this is the Bunk, and that also! Let it be changed forthwith lest my hairs grow grey and my eyes sad!"

And when the Good Scenario Writer had done even as the Director required the Script was placed before the Star. And the Star became even as a Blazing Comet, for all that the Director deemed good she abhorred, and those scenes which he condemned she esteemed as Pearls beyond Price.

And the Good Scenario Writer went unto the Producer seeking Counsel, and the Producer cried:

"Verily, it is a case for High Discretion. Guard thy words and make the Director think that all his desires have been granted, while the Star believeth that her wishes have been followed to the smallest Jot and Tittle. *And take care that the Script suffereth not thereby!*"

And the young man, who was a *very* Good Scenario Writer did even as he was commanded.

And the Director was content, and the Star pleased, and the Producer beamed more brightly than the Sun at Noonday. And he came running to the Good Scenario Writer and cried:

"You are indeed a treasure. Lo, here is another book which my stenographer recommends most highly. Make haste, for we start to shoot Monday!"

But the young man turned sharply upon his heel, saying:

"I'm through forever and forever—I QUIT!"

At this the Producer's eyes grew wide and he mopped his forehead with his right hand until the diamonds thereon became covered with Sweat.

"Why should you thus desert me?" he cried, "Have I not given you a room to work in more spacious than that of the Chief Carpenter? Is your name not mentioned in all publicity —when it is not forgotten? And as for pay, know you not that you are receiving one-fourth as much as the Director, one-tenth as much as the Star? Yea, your yearly stipend will reach even the half of *my* own income tax! You are an ingrate. A snake I have cherished with the warmth of my Bosom."

And the Good Scenario Writer made retort:

"I have given you the speed of a linotype, the dramatic skill of a Sardou, the humility of a Saint, and a diplomacy that would enable

(Continued on page 134)

"Im through forever and forever—*I quit!*"

The Bewitching Hour

During that last quarter of an hour is charm often created —or at least *perfected.* Garden Court Face Powder is an efficient aid, but a modest one. It never thrusts itself upon the attention. For Garden Court is the powder invisible —invisible by virtue of its fineness, yet giving a healthy bloom to the texture of the skin.

Garden Court Face Powder will stay on in all climates. It comes in white, pink, naturelle and brunette; and it carries the famous Garden Court perfume of 32 chosen fragrances. Use Garden Court Double Combination Cream as a foundation.

The Garden Court Toiletries

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Talc	Benzoin and Almond Cream

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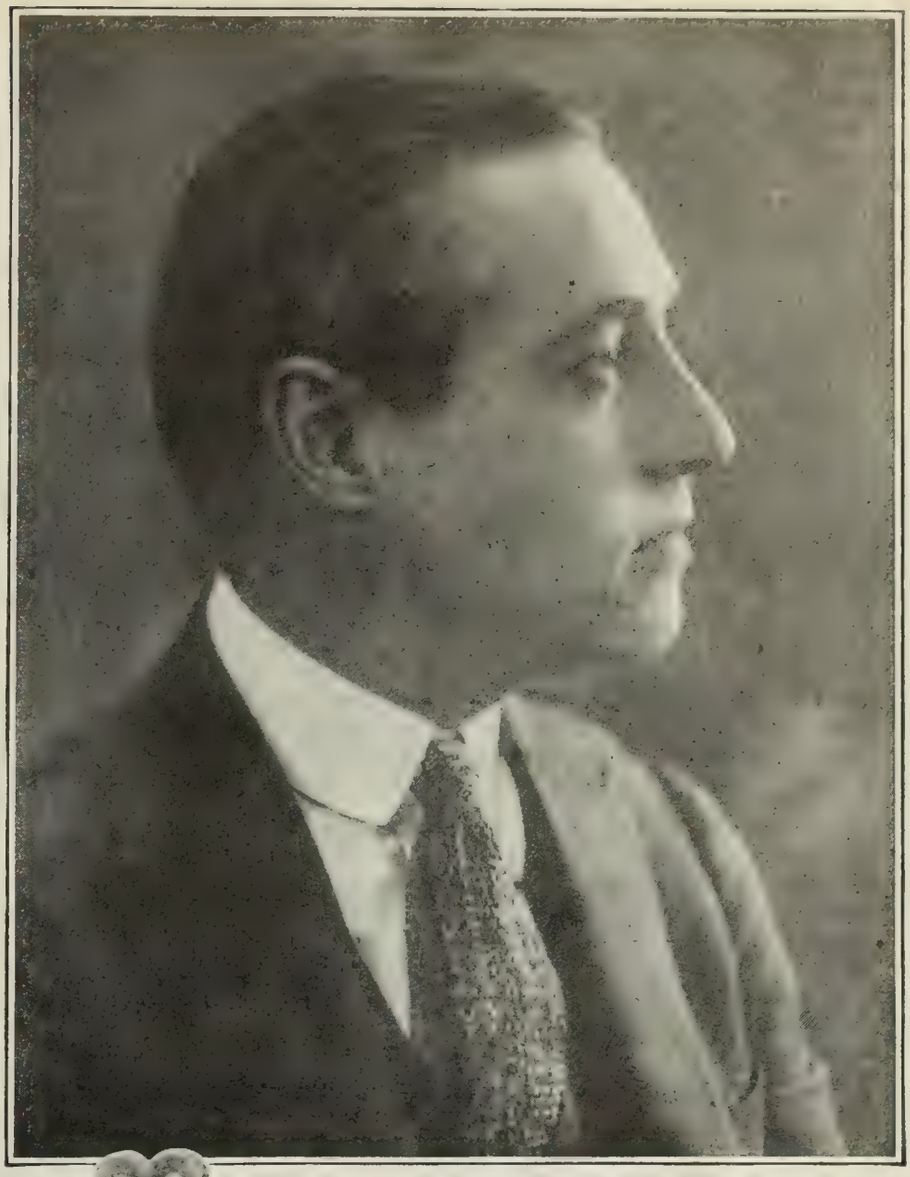
Back Again!

A friendly little sermon on the ways of health, by Elliot Dexter who admits an obligation to Right Thinking.

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



ELLIOT DEXTER is working again. The as yet unnamed deMille feature now taking shape beneath the magic wand of "the chief" will bring him back to the world of the silver sheet that has so sadly missed his polished artistry.

For it is almost a year since the inexorable arm of illness turned deMille's "For Better or for Worse" into an unexpected farewell performance for him.

Between the two events lies a long road and a hard one—a road of sickness, pain, shattered ambitions, uselessness—trodden cheerfully—ending at last in victory.

As soon as I saw him, standing bareheaded in the sunshine beneath an apple tree in full bloom (a "location" apple tree it was) I began to understand the air of delighted mystery which his friends instantly assume when they talk about him. There were no crutches in sight, no canes, nothing to suggest the wheel chair that the stroke which rendered him helpless forced him to use. He looked ten years younger, doubly attractive. Perfect health sat in every line of his face and form.

Well and happy again.

But it is more than that.

He gave me the impression of a photograph that has been artistically retouched.

That, I think, is why Cecil deMille himself became smilingly silent when I asked him about Dexter's return. He seemed to want me to hear it from the man's own lips.

Tommy Meighan shook his head and held up his hands when I asked him if it was true that Elliot Dexter was back at the studio, able to work, though for so long film circles had hummed with one rumor after another concerning his condition. "Go look at him," said Meighan.

Gloria, more lovely than ever in a checked gingham apron and Mary Jane pumps, looked up at me with eyes that were like bluebells under water, by reason of the swift tears that filled them. "It is so wonderful," said Gloria.

It is plain that they all marvel—at the three men which, in the last year, they have seen inhabit the handsome, graceful figure that the cast of characters titles "Elliot Dexter." Three men—the man who was, the man who so nearly was not at all,

and the man who is. The fascinating, worldly, finished actor —the year-long invalid—the joyous, earnest, healthful man of today.

It must be rather nice to have everybody about you so glad you are well. And then the thousands who will rejoice over his return whose welcome he will never hear.

"I'm quite well now," he announced, as we sat down on the edge of a rustic well. "I still limp a bit, but that doesn't matter, for I'm playing a cripple in this picture and it will be gone by the time we get to the next one."

"How did it happen?" I asked. "You got well so quickly. And you look so remarkably fine."

Now you and I are hard-headed, sensible people. We, of course, think as we will and are not easily influenced. It is not necessary that we endorse what a man says merely because we listen to him say it. Because we quote him, it does not signify that we agree with him. But surely a man has a right to his own opinion as to what dragged him back from the pit. He has a right to voice that opinion. It cannot harm us to listen.

Incidentally, *your* common sense doesn't have to stand the test of looking into Elliot Dexter's serene, happy eyes, that seem to have a light turned on behind them.

"Right thinking healed me, when everything else had failed," said Dexter quietly, so quietly that it was much more effective than if he had shouted it from the housetops. "Good, happy thoughts instead of bad ones, clean, wholesome thoughts instead of wrong, poisonous ones. I have somehow learned the truth about man. That's all. Perhaps I don't understand it very well myself. It is just that 'whereas I was blind, now I see.'"

He became suddenly tongue-tied, blushing as rosily as a girl, filled with embarrassment. But the courage of his convictions, a sharp sense of gratitude, brought his eyes back to mine and he went on firmly.

"It works, you see. A man must be a fool who would not believe such proof as I have had. Then, look at Monte Blue over there." His gesture rested on a tall young man, much at ease with his back in the sunshine. "Monte was born with a fear of snakes. Used to turn sick when he saw one. His old pals will tell you he almost shot a man once, who threw one at him. A couple of days ago on location, someone put one near him. He went clean crazy. He ran around and around like a madman until he finally dropped in a faint.

"But, you know," it says 'dominion over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.'" He laughed, with that same touch of embarrassment, but this time he went steadily on. "I kept thinking that. I told him that. When you think about that, it doesn't seem right that a man should fear a snake, does it?

"The next day he came up to me with the happiest grin. 'I touched one, Elliot,' he said. He showed me that he could pick a snake up. He had been healed of that fear because he knew the truth about it.

"Look at the 'Chief.' Would you think to look at him now" —we both turned to watch Cecil deMille, with that brilliant coolness of his, getting ready to shoot "—that he was taken home yesterday almost blind with kleig-eye. We didn't expect to work today, because when he gets them he gets them bad and is laid up. But the same truth healed him in ten minutes.

"Everybody has a right to their own ideas about things. I do not want to force mine on anyone. But I cannot feel right not to tell the thing as it happened to me.

"I never expected to get well. I tried to be cheerful, to be a man, to make the best of it. Now I am well. You may not believe me. The world may not believe me. But *I know.*"

He smiled at me. Suddenly it was borne in upon me that I had never seen happier eyes than Elliot Dexter's. You watch for it, and you will see what I mean.

After all, heaven itself can have nothing to offer us beyond happiness.

The Man Who Paints The Covers

THE hardy young westerner who paints PHOTOPLAY'S covers in a complete visualization of his virile and interesting name—Rolf Armstrong. He is a living proof that the picturesque artist of your imagination may not be a myth!

Those delicately wrought pictures—shining songs of color and form, light and shadow—which are marked with Rolf Armstrong's name are made in a spacious studio workshop with slanting, aged walls in New York's most fascinating old quarter. It is the workshop—proven by the furnishings which lend it its charm—of an athlete, a collector, a lover of beauty, and a real man.

Mr. Armstrong came to New York from Seattle, via a stop-over for study in Chicago, about seven years ago. He has made a specialty of portraits of women—because he believes that women are the most subtly difficult, and the most worth while subjects to paint. "There are all the beauties of the changing landscape in their faces," he says.

Rolf Armstrong is the brother of the late Paul Armstrong, who was one of America's most successful playwrights.

As sure as you are a foot high

you will like this Camel Turkish and Domestic blend!

Camel CIGARETTES

YOU will prefer Camels smooth, delightful blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos *to either kind smoked straight!* It gives you an entirely new idea of cigarette enjoyment.

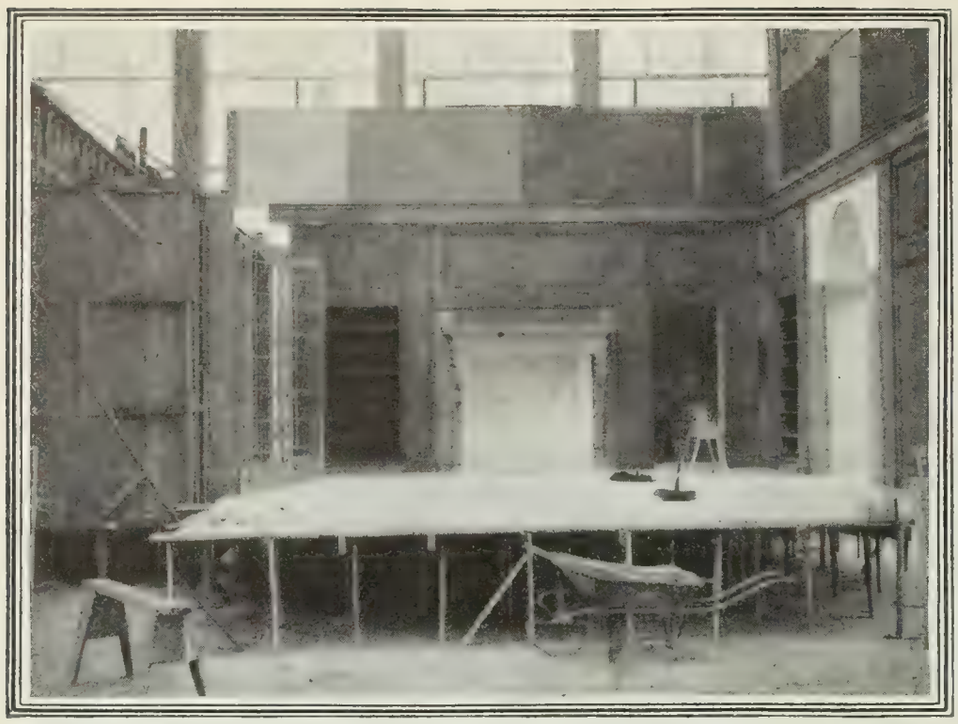
Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally you smoke. They are always appetizing—and satisfying, because they have a desirable, mellow body.

Camels leave no unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste nor unpleasant cigaretty odor. In fact, every angle you get on Camels is so different from any other cigarette that you will be won as you were never won before!

That's why we say frankly—*compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!* We know the answer.

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

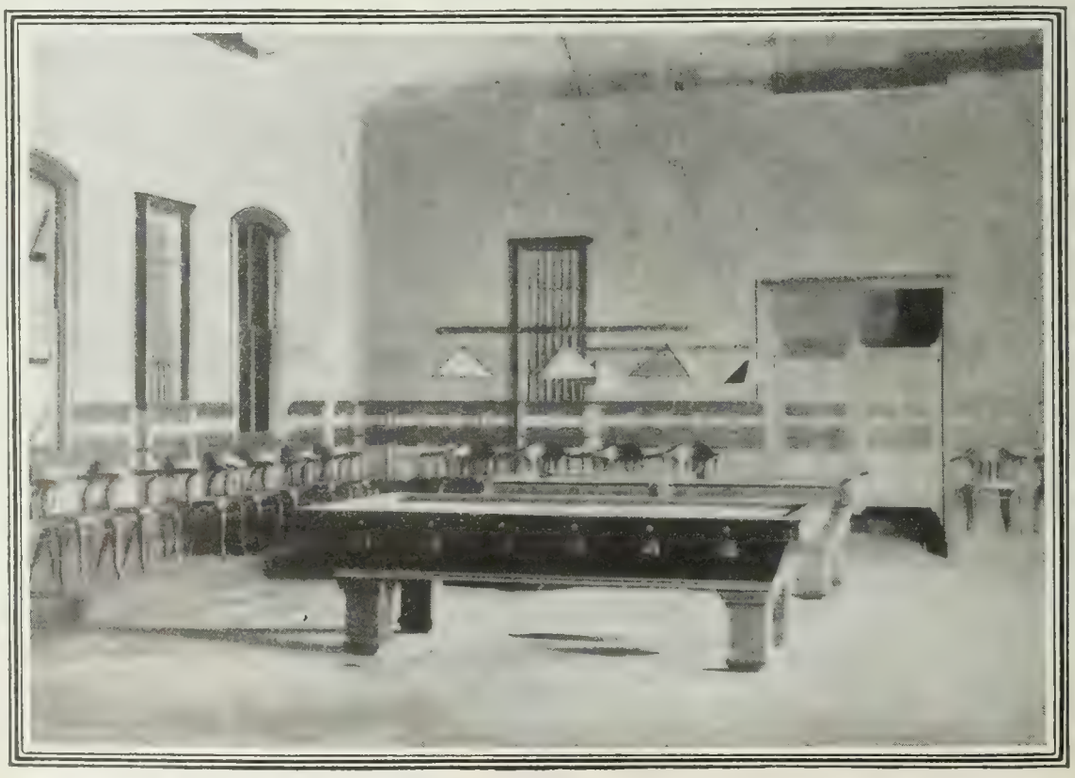


Studio Aladdins

This is the way an unfinished motion picture set looks when the noon whistle blows and all the studio Genii stop to eat their lunches. Below it is the same set after it has been completed and dressed up. This is the important drawing room in "The Prince Chap," starring Thomas Meighan

The picture at your right shows the billiard room which was built by dint of a lot of hard work (see photograph above it) to serve as the background in a few scenes in Robert Warwick's "Thou Art The Man."

ALL any director at a motion picture studio has to do is to wish—he need not even rub a lamp, as Aladdin was compelled to do—and he finds himself in any city or country, surrounded by anything his heart desires—just as soon as his staff of Genii carpenters, interior decorators, paper hangers, property men, brick layers, and so forth—can carry out his wishes. It is amazing what these Genii can do. "I want an Arabian desert," "I want a scene down on the Wabash," "I want some Alaskan stuff," says the director. Next day, behold!—they are there! And yet there are those who say they don't believe there ever was any truth to that Aladdin story!



You have always wished for it—this fascinating ability to draw. And now it's yours! This power to grasp a pencil and picturize your ideas; to "speak" more thru a few pen-strokes than your lips could tell in a half hour; to spread your message farther and stronger than any voice can reach—this wonderful ability filled with pleasure and profit is now yours! Forget that you may have no "talent"—forget that you may not be "gifted"—but REMEMBER that, regardless of these things, the fascinating ability to draw can now be yours!

New Easy Way to Learn Drawing

How you can earn big money in Commercial Art, Illustrating, Designing, or Cartooning, without being a "genius," and regardless of your present ability.

Never was there such a need for artists as today! Business, revitalized, needs thousands. Illustrated catalogs, advertisements, posters, circulars, trade-mark designs—countless pieces of art work are needed by the busy business world. More than 48,868 periodicals are published in America—every one of them needs the services of **at least two artists for each issue.** Magazines, newspapers, advertising agencies, business concerns, department stores—all have realized the commercial value of pictures and are calling for artists to draw them. Big money is gladly paid—and big money is waiting for anyone with foresight enough to prepare for this pleasant profession. Through our new, easy method of teaching, YOU can earn big money as an artist, **regardless of your present ability.**

Learn in Spare Time at Home

This new method is like a fascinating game. No matter how little you may know about drawing; no matter whether people tell you, "You have no talent;" no matter what your present ability may be—*if you can write, we can teach you to draw.*

Have you ever noticed a child trying to draw? Every child does it. They also try to read and write. The faculty of reading and writir developed in them as they grow older. The faculty of drawin not. That is the only difference. Everyone has within him the power to picturize his ideas. The *right method of training* is the only thing needed to bring out this ability.

New Method Simplifies Everything

Our new method simplifies everything. All the red-tape, "art for art's sake" teaching and superfluous theory is taken out and in its place is put definite, practical instruction, so that you will *make money in the art game.* This new system of teaching has exploded the theory that "talent" was necessary for success in art. Just as you have been taught to read and write, you can be taught to draw. We start you with straight lines—then curves—then you learn to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making every week pictures that sell for as much money as you now earn in a month.

Every drawing you make while taking the course receives the *personal* criticism of our director, Will H. Chandlee. Mr. Chandlee has had over 35 years' experience in commercial art, and is considered one of the country's foremost authorities. He knows the game inside and out. He teaches you to make the kind of pictures that *sell.* Many of our students are now commanding big fees—some of them have received as high as $100 for their first drawing!

Send for Free Book

An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, "How to Become an Artist," has been prepared and will be sent to you *without cost* if you mail the coupon below. It tells how you can easily become an artist in a few minutes' daily spare time and at the cost of a few cents a day. Booklet explains about course in detail and gives full particulars about our "Free Artist's Outfit" Offer. Fill out the coupon *NOW.* Mail it TODAY.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, "How to Become an Artist."

We employ no solicitors.

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THE Squirrel Cage by A. GNUTT

AFTER ye ed. went and offered to give a prize for the best last line to the limerick about Alice Malone last month, the price of paper went up $7000 a month on this magazine. But do not be afraid. We are not going to back down on our offer of a five year's subscription to the one who shows the most talent in writing that line that must not end in "Salome." We just want to point out that even the high cost of prizes is going up. We do not murmur.

But now, seriously, since you are getting used to us, and you can see that we're a well meaning fellow on account of this prize limerick business and all that, why not get acquainted?

For the past year or so we have been appearing in this squirrel cage monthly, and you can see that we are a steady old customer and everything. Why not take the old Corona, or the old Waterman in hand now and then—when you have something funny up your sleeve, or when you get it in for the opposite sex and want to take a slam at them, or you feel like getting a piece of bum poetry off your chest? Maybe you've got a secret, even, that you'd like to confide to old Gnutt.

They say that the fellows who run the so-called funny columns on the metropolitan dailies get hundreds of letters a day and all they have to do is to paste them together and stick in a few wheezes picked out of other papers and magazines, and they get the credit for being awful clever. Not so us. We have been forced so far to depend only on the papers and magazines, which does not seem hardly fair now, does it?

TOMBSTONE manufacturers demand 20 per cent more for perpetuating a man's memory. It's a hard game, they complain.

THE law recently passed in England limiting the visits of mothers-in-law and other relatives to one month should be unnecessary in this country, where every householder prides himself on being a Napoleon of domestic strategy.

"WILL Fly By Night."—Headline. "Thus it is," says the valued N. Y. Post, "that the reproach of one generation becomes the boast of another."

B. L. T. wants to know if there is any further excuse for the pretzel?

IT was the week before little Willie's birthday, and he was on his knees at his bedside petitioning Providence for presents in a very loud voice.

"Please send me," he shouted, "a bicycle, a tool chest, a——"

"What are you praying so loud for?" his younger brother interrupted. "God ain't deaf."

"I know He ain't," said little Willie, winking towards the next room, "but grandma is."

And he continued, louder than before:—

——"a scooter, a drum, a talkin' machine, and a pony. Amen."

A STENOGRAPHER recently broke the shorthand speed record by making it 324 words in one minute flat. At this rate she ought soon to be fast enough to report the conversation of two ladies at a picture show.

*THE NOSEY EDITOR.**
(Today he asked Five Persons the Same Question.)
TODAY'S QUESTION.
Who is your Favorite Cinema Hero or Heroine?

*Ye Ed. offers every apology to "The Inquiring Reporter" of the N. Y. Evening Globe. Look for "The Nosey Editor" later.

THE ANSWERS.

Willie Hopp, the office boy:—

"I think that Doug Fairbanks would be better'n Bill Hart if Doug could roll cigarettes with one hand like Bill Hart can. Gosh, ain't it swell when he does?"

Hilda Highlife, the henna-haired hellofanote whose secret hope to switch from the telephone desk into the white lights over night is known only to everybody who comes into the office:—

"Miss Gloria Swanson is my favorite screen actress. I think she is the greatest, cutest, most beautiful motion picture actress who has ever been exposed to public view. Have you ever noticed how much she looks like me?"

Mrs. Prunella Killjoy, who is trying to start a campaign to stamp out all screen kissing:—

"I think that Charles Chaplin is the purest of our screen players. I have yet to see him indulge in a five minute osculation in the films. I wish I could say as much for all others."

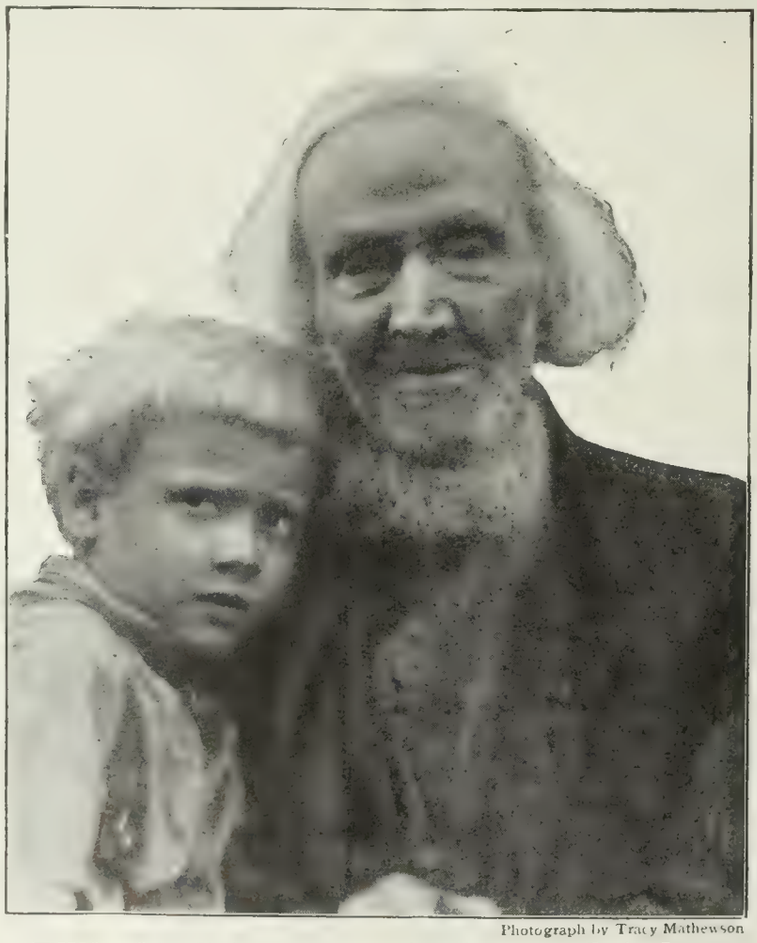
Charlie Jazz, the typewriter ribbon salesman:—

"It's Gale Kane for mine. She's so nice in the home, and when a fellow's out about as much as I am he always likes to see a girl who's so nice in the home."

John Groan, the janitor:—"I don't like any of them there screen stars. They make too much clutter around an office. If there wa'nt none of them there might be some neat, clean business in this office like a tailor shop and there wouldn't be no motion picture magazine here to keep me emptying waste baskets all the time.

A LOT of gents are learning, somewhat sorrowfully, these days that water was invented for other than bathing purposes.

—Chicago Tribune.



Photograph by Tracy Mathewson

THIS is John Shell, who lives up Laurel Creek, in Leslie County, Kentucky. He is likely the oldest man alive, being 134. There is a poll tax to prove it. The boy is his son Bud, age 5. John was born nine years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was turned down by the draft board at the time of the Civil War because he was too old. John's first wife died six years ago, at 107. His oldest son succumbed at the tender age of 90, being, as his dad said, "a leetle frail." Tracy Mathewson, the Kinograms cameraman, traveled two weeks by buggy through mountain creek beds to dig him up. The second Mrs. Shell, Bud's mother, is 35—only a mere century younger than her husband. After this was written, a New York paper came out saying John was only 97—but why spoil a good story?

A WELL known English peer was playing with the son of a friend of his when a footman entered and announced, "Your car is here, my lord."

"Why are you a lord?" asked the little fellow promptly. "Were you born in a manger?"

FASHION NOTE.

FORM fitting trousers with frills at the ankles and shirts with lace collars and cuffs will make the 1920 man chic and fluffy this summer—if he will wear them. The dictators of men's fashions in Paris—aided and abetted by the creators of women's wear—say he will. We shall see—soon.

HOPING not to bore you but bringing up the subject of that limerick contest again, but if there aren't a lot of answers to that offer for a five years' subscription just for the last line to that nutty poem, the man who owns this mag. might think nobody reads this page and then he might fire me. Let's show him what's what.

MRS. PHINEAS JONES is the proudest woman in Wellsville. A specialist says that she's got to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Bide Dudley in N. Y. Eve. World
(Or words to that effect.)

FRANK KLAUS, former middleweight champion, has been fitted out with monkey glands, and now he says that he feels like a kid again, and is going back into the ring. He must have heard of the Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber serial "The Screaming Shadow," though he does not say so.

F. P. A. in the New York Tribune says that he believes women should be allowed to smoke, because it is only in houses where they do that there are enough ash receivers and matches. What do you think?

THIS MONTH'S RIDDLE.

WHAT southern flower would make a good name for a new Irving Berlin jazz song?

ALL answers to the above riddle, as well as any last lines to that limerick contest, must be in the office by May 27. Address to Prof. A. Gnutt, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

The Frenchwoman's frankness in the use of hair removers—

"My underarms were born clean and hairfree, why not keep them so?"

WAR Relief had taken Ethel to France. There was nothing prudish about Ethel. She powdered her nose in public when occasion required, used a little rouge when she felt she needed it, and called upon the usual favorite aids to woman's beauty.

But when it came to wearing some of those ravishing, though more daring frocks—low cut, sleeveless affairs—and filmy, diaphanous blouses, Ethel protested they were not for her—that she was the *tailor-made* type.

The truth of it was, Ethel *could* not wear those sheer, dainty things,—she had never "dressed up" her underarms modern fashion, as required by the prevailing modes.

Hair removing to Ethel was associated with razors—and a razor was something her gentle feminine instincts stubbornly shrank from. So she clung to her tailor-mades until she met Marie, her French neighbor, and then—

Here is the way Ethel herself described it all to an intimate friend—

"Marie was the most fascinating of our little set. A charming companion, and, dress? Why her taste was a revelation to all of us. A trifle, worn by Marie, seemed like a work of art. We loved to drop in there tea time. Marie was most hospitable. First thing you know we'd get to talking about clothes.

'No one but you could wear that love of a blouse' I said to her one afternoon; 'so sheer, and gossamer like—your underarms are clean as a baby's.'

She laughed. 'You sweet, unsophicated thing—yours can be the same if you like—I clean them up with El-Rado.'

'El-Rado? What's that?'

'The nicest liquid. It washes the hair off in less time than it takes to tack in shields, and it leaves your skin so delightfully smooth. I don't know what I did before I found it.'

'O, do tell. Where did you get it? How do you use it? What does it do?'

A chorus of questions were fired at Marie. Marie settled down gracefully and leisurely in her chaise longue, and taking her cigarette from her lovely lips with her slim, artistic fingers, challenged us all with the point of her comment; 'Well, my underarms were *born* clean and hair free—why not *keep* them so? Madge, please bring in that bottle of El-Rado.'

'Now here is a lotion'—Marie resumed—'which I discovered in Paris, though it is made in the States. Any one of you can use it as easily as I do. Just sop it on with a piece of absorbent cotton—wrapped around an orange stick, if you like—and in a few minutes off comes the hair. O yes, it grows again after a few weeks, but much finer and silkier. Then I sop it on some more.'

'Here, look.' Marie raised her arm over her shoulder—and we caught sight once more of the lovely texture of smooth skin underneath her arm—there were three converts to the mode—myself included."

El-Rado is guaranteed harmless no matter where applied—face, arms or limbs. It is sold at drug stores and toilet counters in 60c and $1.00 sizes. If your dealer cannot supply you send stamps to us direct, and a bottle of El-Rado will be mailed to you promptly.

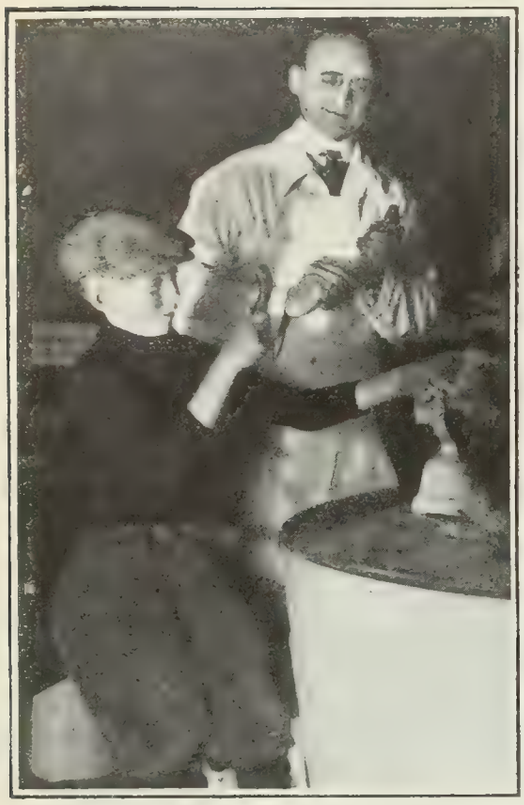
Pilgrim Mfg. Co.
Dept. P, 112 East 19th St., New York.

For Canada, address:
The Arthur Sales Co.
61 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

El-Rado for the "Womanly" way to remove hair

Local Boy Makes Good!

Hollywood might tack that headline on Wesley Barry



The butcher and grocer are his favorite worshipers. Wieners and apples cost him exactly nothing if he will deign to talk to the tradesmen.

ONE of the most familiar headings on any medium-sized town's mouthpiece is: *"Local Boy Makes Good!"* And Hollywood (Calif.) has earned its right to such a "scarehead."

Wesley Barry—the local boy in question—was born right in the heart of Hollywood. He was one of the smartest youngsters in town.

Today Wes Barry, discovered by Marshall Neilan, is perhaps the best known child-actor in films. He has a wonderful future. He has an automobile, a pony and a private tutor. Is there any wonder that the natives of Hollywood all point with pride to Wesley and tell you by the hour about "I knew him when." Is there any reason why they should not relate how they had always said he would be a big man some day?

When a local boy makes good he reaps these honors in his own home town. His "gang" looks up to him. He is king of the neighborhood. He is the best personal friend of every man and woman over seventy, each and every one of whom has had something to do with his success. Such is the reward for just fame. Wesley Barry is the only real movie star in Hollywood—to Hollywoodians. Strange to say, it has not as yet affected the size of his cap-band.

The Prize Letters

IT is very gratifying to know how many kinds of friends the motion pictures have. In response to Photoplay's request for letters telling "What the motion pictures mean to me," literally thousands of people have written in to give an honest opinion of how pictures have affected their lives. And these letters have come from individuals of every walk of life—debutantes, carpenters, ministers, telephone operators, mothers, even from the deaf and the blind.

This response came, the editor feels, not so much because Photoplay had offered prizes for the five best letters, as that the writers were really interested in pictures and sincerely wanted this opportunity of saying so.

In the June number the prize winners of this, Photoplay's first letter contest, will be announced and the letters printed.

Do not be discouraged if your letter is not one of these five. There will be other chances, each month, to become a prize winner.

THIS month, Alon Bement's article on "The Story Your Hands Tell," points out the way to judge character by hands.

Next month you may learn how to read people's characters without even so much as seeing their hands—by their handwriting. May Stanley will tell you how, in an article on "Handwriting," illustrated by the signatures of many of the film celebrities.

Your Mirror

Does it show the reflection you would like for it to show? Does it picture a complexion of rose petal delicacy —smooth, soft, without blemish?

If you but knew, if you but knew, the delights of

Nadine Face Powder

What a touch it lends. What fresh new beauty it imparts to natural loveliness.

You would revel in the texture of Nadine. You would find the "feel" of it so cool and refreshing. Dainty, indescribably dainty, with a charm which endures throughout the day.

You would find Nadine the harmless face-powder — no matter how tender your skin.

Nadine's mission in life is to enhance womanly beauty. A million mirrors all over the land are testifying to its achievements. Nadine is awaiting you in its green box, at your favorite toilet counter. Or, it will be sent by mail. The price everywhere is sixty cents.

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PINK
BRUNETTE
WHITE

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY
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NADINE TALCUM, 30c NADINE SOAP, 30c EGYPTIAN CREAM, skin food, 60c.
NADINOLA CREAM, for discolorations, two sizes, 60c. and $1 20.
NADINE ROUGE COMPACT, three shades, 50c.

Posed by
Helene Chadwick
Motion Picture Star

"Perfumed with the Costly New Odor of 26 Flowers"

COULD *you* ever make up such a wondrous bouquet as this — a *rose* picked in Southern France, a spray of *orange blossoms* gathered by the Mediterranean, pale spikes of *lavender* from an English garden, a branch of *jasmine* from the Riviera, yellow *ylang-ylang* blossoms from Pacific Isles—and so on —till you had twenty-six of the loveliest fragrances in the whole world?

If you *could* gather such a nosegay, then—and then only—could you reproduce the dewy sweetness of Jonteel.

It is this fresh, sweet fragrance that makes Talc Jonteel a favorite with *discriminating* women—women who know the charm of a soft, fragrant skin. Gently rub Talc Jonteel into the flesh of your arms and neck, and feel the delightful, refreshing sensation it brings

THE JONTEEL BEAUTY REQUISITES

Odor Jonteel, for the toilet, $1.50
Odor Jonteel Concentrate, $3
Talc Jonteel, snowy, fragrant, 25c
Face Powder Jonteel, flesh, white, brunette, 50c
Face Powder Jonteel Compacts, flesh, white, brunette, "outdoor," 50c
Combination Cream Jonteel, to make beautiful complexions, 50c
Cold Cream Jonteel, 50c
Soap Jonteel, 25c
Rouge Jonteel, light, medium, or dark, 50c
Lip Stick Jonteel, 25c
Eyebrow Pencil Jonteel, 25c
Manicure Set Jonteel, $1.50

In Canada, Jonteel prices are slightly higher

Sold exclusively by the Rexall Stores throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. 8,000 progressive retail drug stores united into one world-wide service-giving organization.

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

THERE'S our old friend, Theda Bara, playing a legitimate vamp in "The Blue Flame." She's an innocent girl in the first act who, through some mysterious transition, becomes bad—very bad. She vamps through until the last act, when, having had plenty of opportunity to tell the world why she was the champ vamp of the cinema, she reforms and becomes good again. There's John Barrymore doing a magnificent "Richard the Third." And brother Lionel in a new and difficult play by Brieux, "The Letter of the Law." Dorothy Dalton is still holding forth in "Aphrodite," at the Century Theatre — the piece which might be rechristened "Nature Unlimited." Dorothy, by the way, contracted a cold during the bad weather and was obliged to lay off. She's back again now. Looks as if we were pretty well represented on Broadway, not to mention the Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne vehicle which is playing the provinces, and dramatist Crane Wilbur's recently produced plays, one of which is said to be good.

D. W. GRIFFITH paid $175,000 for the right to make a picture of "Way Down East." Now let's see the picture.

FILM companies are going to Cuba. Queer, how so many pictures have scenes which require southern atmosphere—and no place but Cuba will seem to suffice. Let us think—what is it they have in Cuba that cannot be had here?

THOMAS H. INCE paid a recent visit to New York City. Before he left the west coast, his western press-agent wired his eastern press-agent: "Have a big celebration for Mr. Ince upon his arrival in New York. Would suggest you speak to the Mayor and also have school-children assembled in Central Park." The kick of this comes when you learn that Mr. Ince's arrival was originally scheduled for the blizzardest week in thirty years' of Manhattan's weather history, with snow and slush feet-deep.

AN important interviewer who had been striving to see Ina Claire for some weeks, was met with a thousandth refusal by the information that "On account of her marriage Miss Claire cannot see anyone." The interviewer was too timid to call attention to the fact that Miss Claire has been secretly married, to a Chicago newspaper man, James Whittaker, for about a year. But the fact leaked out only recently.

GABY DESLYS is dead. The dancer, whose charms were said to have dethroned ex-King Emanuel of Portugal, was a victim of an operation in Paris in February. She was the wife of Harry Pilcer, with whom she made a Famous Players picture some years ago. Known for her startling gowns, her ropes of pearls and her blonde blue-eyed beauty, Gaby was an international figure: the symbol—and one of the last symbols—of glamor and gossip in the theatre.

JIMMY Rogers: "Is Will Rogers your daddy?"

Irene Rich: "No."

Jimmy Rogers: "Well, then, what did you let him kiss you for?"

(Note to Mrs. Will Rogers: Your young son is referring merely to a scene recently enacted for a picture when Mr. Rogers' leading woman, followed the director's order.)

CHARLES RAY'S first picture for his own company is "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," George Cohan's stage success of some seasons ago. It is said Ray has many other legitimate attractions up his production sleeve, among them, "Peaceful Valley."

IT was rumored that Grant Mitchell was to be starred in the screen version of his successful stage creation, "A Tailor-Made Man," until Sam Goldwyn announced that he had bought the screen rights for something like $——, but what's the use of quoting prices? If they are true they sound like fiction; and if they are fiction who wants to be taken in? Jack Pickford will probably land this prize stellar plum.

WONDER how these players like to be "loaned" from their home companies to strange directors? A good many of them have been passed around lately. Now Margery Daw, Wes Barry, and J. Barney Sherry have been released temporarily by Marshall Neilan to accommodate Maurice Tourneur, who will use the three in one of his new productions.

MISS CLARA WILLIAMS has become Mrs. Reginald Barker. Both contracting parties have been married before and recently obtained their respective divorces.

REX INGRAM knows the faces of most of the players in pictures—but he never remembers their names. The other day he thought of an actor he simply had to have for a part in a new production, but he couldn't remem- *(Continued on page 100)*

Huck Runs Away

It was such a nuisance to have to put on a collar for Sunday and black his boots and wash his face every single day, to say nothing of his ears. Huckleberry Finn had had just about all he could stand—so he *had* to run away.

Let Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer take you by the hand and lead you back.

MARK TWAIN

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays?—all the humorous ones and the historical ones?

Think of it — 25 volumes filled with the laughter and the tears and the fighting that made Mark Twain so wonderful. He was a bountiful giver of joy and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, his lonely spirit struggled with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul, a big philosopher.

FREE *4 Volumes*

Paine's Life of Mark Twain

Not only does this coupon bring Mark Twain at the low price, but it brings you absolutely FREE Albert Bigelow Paine's Life of Mark Twain.

It happens that we have a few sets of the fine 4-volume edition on hand—not enough to dispose of in the usual way.

There are only a few — this coupon brings you one. Never again will you have a chance to get one except at the full regular price.

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You can put this aside and forget it until a month from now—and wish you hadn't—or you can cut the little coupon and send it along with nothing but your name and address. Better send the coupon. Things like long rows of Mark Twain aren't going to be cheaper in money—and they're going to be a lot more in joy and inspiration. They are the fountain of youth. Send the coupon and drink at it.

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Send me, charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold with trimmed edges, and Paine's Life of Mark Twain, in 4 volumes, bound to match, FREE. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense; otherwise I will send you $2.50 at once and $3 a month for 14 months. For cash deduct 8 per cent from remittance.

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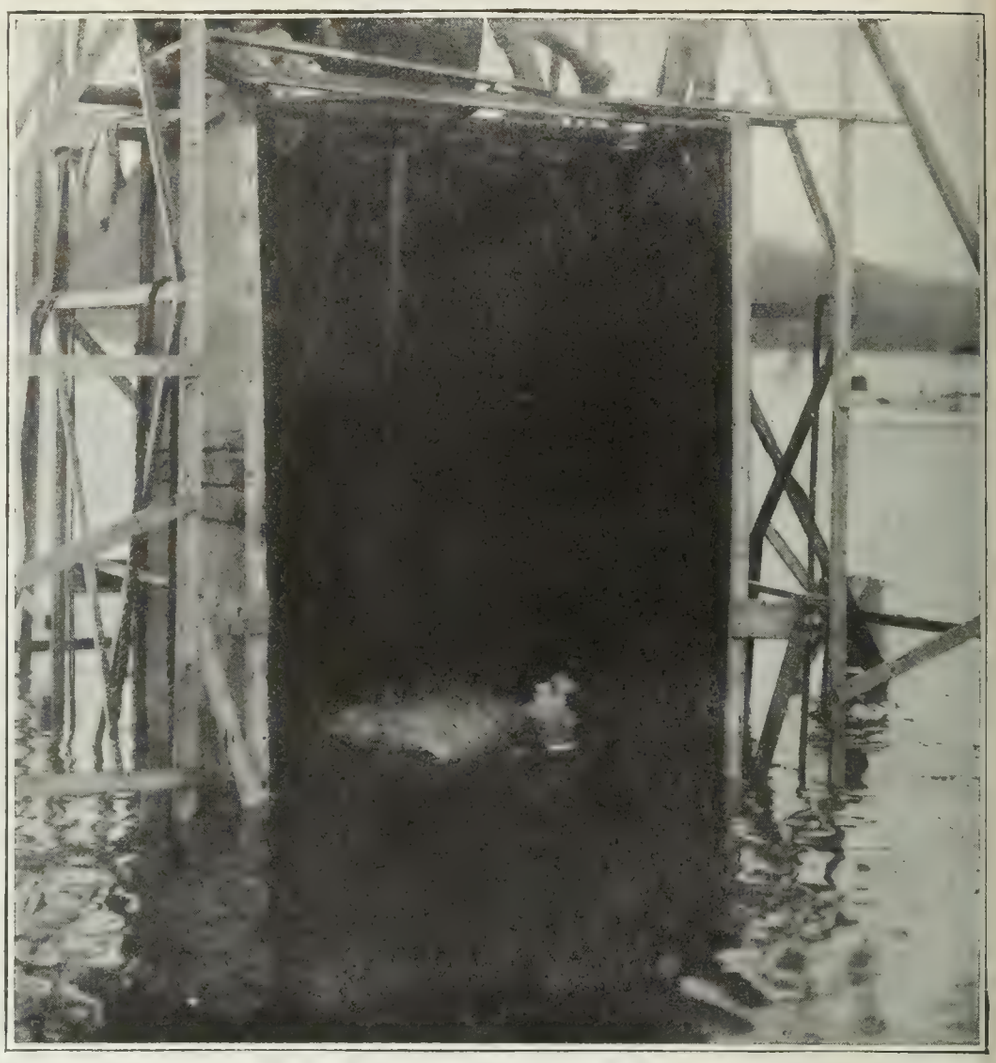
Plays and Players

(Continued)



An Oriental punishment being meted out in Long Island Sound. The hero has just been plunged from an "opium smoker's bunk" into a "watery death trap"—and here's the death trap, built for Wilfred Lytell, brother of Bert, for a Pathe serial. A portion of the director and the cameraman may be seen above.

ber the chap's name. So he made a hasty sketch and showed it to his assistant. "Why, that's Frank Hayes!" said the assistant. And Hayes was the third player in two weeks who was engaged by this method.

DOROTHY GISH and Robert Harron, Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay—the latter a Follies luminary with a most interesting career of her own: with a Captain for a father she has lived in places all over the world, and was a St. Denis dancer before Ziegfeld caught her, at seventeen, for his entertainments — these four youngsters attended a performance of "Declassé" with Ethel Barrymore as the star. After the performance they went back-stage to call on Mrs. Albert Parker, or Margaret Greene, wife of the director, who is a member of the cast. Greatly to their surprise they were instead ushered into the star dressing-room, where a gracious Ethel Barrymore-Colt extended a hand in cordial greeting. She said she'd often seen them all in pictures, and wanted to meet them. The envy of the others was remarkable when she singled out Bobby Harron with a request for his photograph. "My children like you," she said smiling, "and they want your picture for their nursery." Bobby blushed, and tripped over his own heels as he made a hasty exit.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, down at Palm Beach in the Royal Poinciana, the most exclusive of all the southern resort's hostelries, was lonesome. She sent a post-card to her best chum in New York—a regulation post-card of a palm-tree-shaded drive. "Great place to walk," was her glum inscription—"and nobody to walk with!" Now she's back in Manhattan—and says the slush and snow looked like home to her, she was so glad to be there.

A PRIZE of one persimmon will be offered to anyone who can read the following press-agent's item without laughing:

"The high cost of Ouija boards, which have doubled in price recently, does not affect Marjorie Rambeau who has a brand new one, the gift of a Rambeau fan. Miss Rambeau, whose interest in things psychic has been stimulated by her work in "The Fortune Teller," her latest picture, went into a little shop to buy a Ouija board. The proprietor of the shop, recognizing her from her work in the stage version of "The Fortune Teller," insisted upon making her a present of the board. Miss Rambeau by way of thanks presented him with an autographed photograph of herself."

NOW the "submarine kiss," in the words of our film dictionary, "an under-water smack!" Conrad Nagle and Anna Q. Nilsson, the two blondes of Lasky's "The Fighting Chance," are the ones to pull this original "when you were a tadpole and I was a fish" stuff. The picture—or at least the part we are interested in—was taken in the big swimming tank at the studio, all camouflaged up to look like an ocean.

Plays and Players

(*Continued*)

ALICE JOYCE is married. James Regan, son of the proprietor of the Knickerbocker Hotel, is the lucky man. The ceremony took place March sixth. Mr. Regan is a handsome chap with a splendid army record, and his father having signified his intention of retiring it is understood that his son will succeed him in the management of his many interests. Miss Joyce will continue her screen work. Yes, she was Mrs. Tom Moore.

A SUCCESSFUL "free lance" director has refused at least ten different offers to direct pictures since his last production was made, because he does not want to produce pictures which he considers mediocre, questionable or below his standard. The other day he was summoned into the office of the president of a large producing concern who talks loudly about his determination to produce only very high-class pictures, and offered a salary of $20,000 for four weeks' work to make a picture out of a story by a very well-known writer. He turned it down, pointing out to the producer that a picture of the character which the story called for would go exactly in the face of all the fine high sounding ideals the man talked about. The motion picture business needs more honest persons who live up to their convictions.

CHIC SALE, the young man who counterfeits old age so admirably in the Winter Garden entertainments, and in vaudeville, will give some of his impersonations on the screen. Irvin S. Cobb wrote a story, "A Smart Aleck," built around the old man character that Sale plays; and it will be seen soon.

ELSIE FERGUSON returned to the speaking stage, in February, in an Arnold Bennett play, "Sacred and Profane Love," which, by the way some undignified critic presumed to call "Sacred and Cocaine Love"—the hero, as played by Jose Ruben, husband of Mary Nash, being a dope-fiend. Miss Ferguson in a recent magazine article gave utterance to a chant of joy upon once more trodding the boards. She said in part: "The ecstasy which surged through me impeded my breath. I closed my eyes to shut out the vision of the motion picture studio which has been my obsession for two years. The peace and quiet of the theatre, after the constant din. . . . of the movie studio was like a rest-cure for shattered nerves. . . . An audience is not so critical as the camera, which registers everything with merciless accuracy." Yet the Manhattan critics, in remarking upon an added depth and power in Miss Ferguson's acting, credited the improvement, beyond a shadow of doubt, to her experience in the silent drama.

MARY PICKFORD MOORE was granted a divorce from Owen Moore in Minden, Nevada, about the first of March. Miss Pickford was freed on the grounds of desertion. She appeared on the witness stand and told her story—once during its course she broke down and wept bitterly. Her mother was with her. Owen Moore was represented, but made no defense, although he was in town when the case came up. The suit was pursued with as little publicity as possible, Miss Pickford living on a ranch near Minden for several days until a decision was reached. She married Moore when she was seventeen, and when both were members of the old Imp company.

A La Tausca Necklace of Enduring Joy

THE assortment of *La Tausca* necklaces, of French origin, that your jeweler can show you, assures you, *madame* or *mademoiselle*, of obtaining an article of adornment which in beauty and appropriateness will stand supreme.

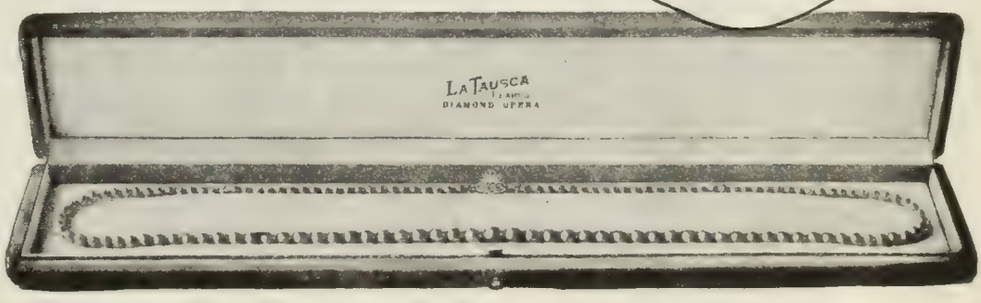
At your jeweler's select the necklaces that please you from his *La Tausca* Department and try them on. Their lovely grace and scintillant lustre will enhance the dress you are wearing and will give you a thrill of pleasure on whatever occasion you lift them from your jewel box and fasten them about your throat.

At your jeweler's.

DIAMOND OPERA PEARLS

A Roman quality necklace in the Opera or 24-inch length with oval shaped white-gold clasp set with one diamond. In beautiful grey velvet cabinet, $32.

LA TAUSCA PEARLS



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If you start for a day of shopping, or on a motor trip, or for an evening of dancing and want to look your best for hours to come without further attention—make your toilette with wonderful LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER.

For face, neck, arms, and back.

Not effected by wind, rain nor perspiration, yet gives no over-done or artificial appearance.

LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER protects every tiny crevice of the flesh with a velvety film of powder, giving your complexion that delicate freshness of a young girl's skin.

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Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER for you—or it will be sent postpaid on receipt of 65c for a large jar.

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Please send handsome miniature test jar of LA MEDA Cold Creamed Powder in the.....tint. I enclose 10 cents silver and a 2 cent stamp for postage and packing. (Or 12 cents stamps if more convenient.)

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

TOMMY MEIGHAN and his wife Frances Ring made a mad dash for New York during a lull in picture-making for Tom. They gave several dinner-parties, visited all the dance-palaces, avoided interviewers, and it is said saw every show in town. There is no more sought-after actor in the theatre or studios than this genial Irishman and his stardom hasn't changed him except, as he says, to "make him feel good" and work harder.

IT is said that June Walker, New York's very newest "baby vamp," who shares honors with Clifton Crawford in his clever stage comedy "My Lady Friends," has signed with Griffith—for one picture. Wonder if June remembers those "extra" days of hers, at old Essanay? It wasn't long ago; June is only about nineteen now. Or is it twenty?

THE mother of Carol Dempster of the Griffith stock company died in Los Angeles the first of the year. Carol hastened westward in time to be with her mother when the end came. One of the quietest of the company is Carol; but then quiet and dignity seem natural in the Griffith studio, where commercialism is sternly frowned down and everyone *seems* to be making pictures for pleasure. Who wouldn't be even an extra girl—if she could walk from her dressing-room to the set, down the stately old stairs of the ex-mansion, through the high-ceilinged halls—into the huge, bare and immaculate modern studio?

THAT handsome blonde boy recently taken into the fold of one of the more distinguished companies had better watch his step a little. If he weren't so awfully young, some of his somewhat stilted posing and self-conscious smirks would be set down as stupidity. As it is, he has had every chance to develop what talent he has—but upon the kindly advice of a little star who had been watching his work, to study his parts a little more, he thanked her absent-mindedly and went off to thé-dansant. Wonder when he will see his name in large letters?

FOLLOWING Lila Lee's lead, Georgie Price, a boy star of the Gus Edwards' musical shows, has cast his lot with a new film company—the same that's starring Zazu Pitts. Miss Pitts, by the way, will do "Merely Mary Ann" as soon as the new studio is in working condition.

LOUISE HUFF is now Mrs. Edwin A. Stillman. The little blonde star recently obtained a divorce from Edgar Jones, and the custody of her small daughter, Mary Louise. She has discontinued her screen work for the time being, having quite enough to occupy her time, house-keeping in an establishment in Park Avenue, New York. Her new husband is a non-professional.

Director Duncan discovered this little boy and used him in a picture. The child's name was originally Tom, but he became so attached to Duncan that he renamed himself "Bill." And he has told his mama, in private, that he isn't going to work for any other director, or actor—ever.

WE note this item in a press-agent's paragraph: "Mrs. Edgar Lewis has returned from California with the negative of 'Sherry,' an Edgar Lewis production, directed by Edgar Lewis." It would seem the Lewises are having it all their own way this season, what?

THE New Jersey-ites have started another fight for Sunday pictures. This is the forth year that an effort has been made to open theatres on the Sabbath. More power to 'em!

Plays and Players

(Continued)

ALL winter the little shop girls and boarding school girls and actresses in New York City have wasted three cents each morning just to read what a certain reporter had to say. The reporter wasn't much as reporters go—but his name was that of one of the most exclusive of all the exclusive families of the 400. About two months ago, the newspaper was sold right out under this poor rich reporter, and he was left without a job. Finally he found a vacancy in the motion picture department of New York's theatrical newspaper. But the dapper society youth did not appear to report for work after the editor engaged him. It is said that when son went home and told mother that he had a new job interviewing motion picture actresses, and taking Sennett bathing girls out to tea, mother refused to let him have it. Isn't that too bad? Since then, the announcement has been made public of the young man's engagement to a society debutante. Perhaps the gossips are wrong, and the young woman had something to do with it.

IN spite of the fact that she is a famous singer, Madame Schumann-Heink is just like a lot of other people. Her idea of having a swell time at Atlantic City is to go to seven motion pictures a day. As we go to press she is in California. Her record is eight pictures in a day.

KITTY GORDON, she of the famous back, was awarded $1,400 for injuries received by a bomb which had the temerity to explode under her very nose when she played the part of a Red Cross nurse in the World Film picture, "No Man's Land." Miss Gordon sued for $10,000.

VIVIAN MARTIN is to have her own company; it is being formed for her right now. Managing Director Bowes, of the big Capitol Theatre—largest in the world in New York—is overseeing the enterprise. Meanwhile, Vivian has celluloided herself in a Gaumont film entitled, "Husbands and Wives."

THE proverbial pig in the parlor has caused another furore. When the Theda Bara-Fox film, "Kathleen Mavourneen," was exhibited in San Francisco a riot was caused in which the objecting element did about $3,000 damage, destroying projection machines and film and putting the house in a hullabaloo. The rioters said the scenes which portrayed Irish poverty and other portions of the Fox version of Tom Moore's romance, were falsely drawn. Certain parts of the picture had been cut before it was publicly shown. The film was taken off.

ONCE we heard of a woman who could sit through reels and reels of Chaplin's best comedy without laughing. But the small boys of Belleville, Illinois, are not so constructed. In fact, whenever they see a funny film—any of their favorite slapstick artists—they simply can't contain themselves; they give way to boisterous laughter. An alderman happened to visit a theatre one night, and heard their unholy mirth. He immediately registered strenuous opposition against such unseemly conduct. One of his fellow aldermen presumed to argue with him, retorting, "Isn't that what comedy films are made for—to laugh at?" Not possessing a sense of humor, the other alderman refused to answer. After a long discussion the objector's motion was put to vote and defeated. So—they are laughing again in Belleville.

Price 35c—

The Cost of a 60-Dish Package of Quaker Oats

A 60-dish package of Quaker Oats will cost you 35 cents.
A small fish will cost you the same amount—enough to serve four people.
Three chops will cost you about the same—only enough for three. And seven eggs at this writing cost as much as that 60-dish package of Quaker.

Mark the Food You Get

The package of Quaker Oats yields 6221 calories—the energy measure of food value. The fish, eggs or chops which that 35c buys will not average one-tenth as much.

As a food they cannot compare with oats. For the oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost a complete food, nearly the ideal food.

About all the human body needs is in oats in right proportion.

This is how the calory cost compares with other necessary foods, based on prices at this writing:

Cost per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats, 5½c **Average Meats, 45c** **Average Fish, 50c**
Hen's Eggs, 70c **Vegetables, 11c to 78c**

The wise housewife's conclusion must be this: The proper breakfast is Quaker Oats. It means supreme nutrition—foods that everybody needs. And the 90 per cent that it saves on breakfasts can buy costlier foods for dinner.

Quaker Oats

Only 10 Pounds in a Bushel

Quaker Oats are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. You get the cream of oats, the maximum flavor, without extra cost, when you ask for this premier brand.

35c and 15c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3339

An E. Z. Way to Comfort

Try a pair of E. Z. Garters. The perfect freedom of leg action afforded by the

E. Z. GARTER

"Wide for Comfort"

makes it a friend to every man, once he has worn it—and thereafter he will accept no other kind. *Prove this for yourself!*

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and we will see that you are supplied.

The Thos. P. Taylor Co., Dept. PM, Bridgeport, Conn

Brighten up the Kiddies' straw hats with PUTNAM STRAW HAT DYE

Beautiful shades of Red, Green, Navy and Light Blue, Purple, Brown, Gloss and Dull Black. If your druggist can't supply you, write us. We will send any color postpaid — 25 cents.

Monroe Drug Company, Dept. AB, Quincy, Illinois

Plays and Players

(Continued)

AFTER a long spell at directing, Mrs. Sidney Drew will cast her own shadow—which, alas, is not now so svelte as it used to be!—on the silversheet in her own productions. She has been making a series of two-reel comedies starring John Cumberland, that suave farceur of the more bouidory Broadway plays.

GROUND was broken in February for Mary Pickford's new $250,000 home in Fremont Place, an exclusive portion of Los Angeles. In addition Miss Pickford will build a little place in Santa Monica which will cost $100,000. This "little place" will be an old English affair, while the town house will be of Italian design. Mary will collect the furnishings for both places when she goes on her world tour, she says. She expects to make a leisurely jaunt through England, the Continent, and the Orient—but we hope she won't stay away that long at one time.

LEO DELANEY—you remember his work with Maurice Costello in the old Vitagraph one-reeler days—one of the first favorite male stars of the screen, died during the influenza epidemic in New York City. Delaney started his motion picture career back in the old one-reel days at Vitagraph one reelers. He played with Maurice Costello. Since he has appeared in many independent and state's right pictures. For five years, before coming into pictures, Mr. Delaney played in "The Virginian" on the stage. He leaves his wife, who was Edith Gibson, and a two-year old son.

ACCORDING to press dispatches from Santa Cruz, Cal., a train full of easterners became horribly mortified a few weeks back when they collected a hat full of money for the cowboy who was doing a bit of spectacular roping at the station, and then found out the object of their charity was Will Rogers.

GEORGES CARPENTIER, the winner of the Carpentier-Becket fight, for the European championship, was signed in Paris, to appear in motion pictures.

LIEUT. GITZ RICE, composer of "Dear Old Pal O'Mine" and other songs and co-composer with B. C. William of the music for "Buddies" and quite a man about New York theatrical society, and Miss Ruby Hoffman were married in February in New York City. Miss Hoffman has been seen in Pathe and Famous Players photoplays.

DORIS KEANE, who is making one picture for the screen, certainly turned things topsy-turvy at the eastern studio where she worked. First, the studio is in the country, and she had to have a special kind of sleigh to conquer the snow-drifts and convey her and her maid to work. Second, she had a portable dressing-room fitted up for her so that she would not have to even so much as powder her nose before the inquisitive crowds; and third, she had an orchestra playing sad music all through her own personal sets. An adjoining set had to make so many scenes one morning—and a jazz band was imported to play: it was a Y. M. C. A. hut "over there." But the star, after one moan of the saxophone, threw up her hands and announced that either her orchestra or the jazz band would have to cease playing. You can imagine which one it was. It is rumored, too, that Miss Keane does not photograph well—but at the suggestion that a screen actress play her part, she put her foot down hard and refused to listen.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

WILL Henry B. Walthall come back? Since he left Griffith, this great screen actor has been more or less obscured by obscurity, as it were: obscurity in plays, direction, and distribution. Since "The Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation," he has done only a few things to bolster up his reputation. Now he will make his own pictures—if we are to credit a pretty well-founded rumor which recently floated our way.

TWO well-known stage people who are also known to picture-goers were united in marriage in Chicago, in February, Lionel Atwill, who is playing in "Tiger Tiger" with Frances Starr in the legit., and opposite Florence Reed in "The Eternal Mother" in the films, took unto himself a bride in Miss Elsie Mackaye, of "Clarence," the Booth Tarkington comedy, and "Nothing but the Truth," her first and so far only film venture.

HOBART BOSWORTH is going to Goldwyn's as soon as his Ince contract expires, it is said. Apparently Sam will never rest until he has lined up everybody who ever did anything in pictures, the theatre, or literature. Maurice Maeterlinck has agreed to do one picture a year—oh no, not as an actor—he will write. His recent fiasco in New York's lecture-halls was much deplored; and the society women who were preparing to make his American stay a merry one sort of slowed down. Wonder if little Madame Maeterlinck is included in the Goldwyn agreement?

A PICTURE actress whose name had appeared once or twice on the twenty-four sheets but never in the electric lights, was engaged to play leading parts opposite men stars. She swept grandly into the publicity department one day and asked to be shown a copy of the announcement which was being made of the epochal event. After she had read every word of it she turned angrily upon the press agent.

"This is all wrong," she said. "You haven't mentioned that I am a star."

"You aren't," the publicist retorted.

"I am," she insisted. "I demand justice."

"All right—go to the department of justice. This is only the press department," said the press agent with another puff at his trusty pipe.

THEY were taking a scene for "Edgar," the new Booth Tarkington film stories, at the Goldwyn studios. "Iris," a colored cook played by Lucretia Harris, a brunette actress, was on the sidelines. "Iris in," called Hopper to the cameraman. And "Iris" came in. "Cut!" said the director hastily to the cameraman. The technical "iris in" was explained to Iris, and she took the right cue next time.

FRANK MAYO'S wife sued him for separate maintenance, charging Dagmar Godowsky with being the home-breaker. Now Miss Godowsky—who is, besides being the daughter of Leopold, the celebrated pianist, an actress of vampires in Universal dramas, sometimes playing in the same picture as Mr. Mayo—has come back with a $15,000 suit for slander.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN is to make a new picture. The aquatic actress has not had a moving picture camera focused on her high dives for some time. She will have the tutelage of Chet Franklin in her return swim.

(Continued on page 119)

Why Men Change

Their Ideas on Baked Beans

When we were boys, sawing wood or playing outdoors, any food tasted good. And any baked beans would digest.

When men work indoors, foods need to be tempting. And beans must be baked to digest.

Win Them Back

Baked Beans form our national dish. They are hearty, delicious, and they take the place of meat.

If your folks don't eat them often, win them back.

Serve them Van Camp's.

Van Camp's Beans are selected by analysis. They are boiled in water freed from minerals, so the skins are tender.

They are baked in steam ovens—baked for hours at high heat—so they easily digest. Yet the beans are not crisped or broken.

Scientific Cooks

The dish is prepared by culinary experts, college trained. They have spent years to bring it to perfection.

The sauce is a rare creation, and they bake it with the beans. Every atom shares its tang and zest.

The beans are baked in sealed containers, so the flavor can't escape.

Compare Van Camp's with other kinds, home-baked or factory-baked. See what a master dish we have for you, ready for quick serving.

Find them out. It will change your whole conception of Baked Beans.

VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Tomato Soup

A famous French recipe given multiplied delights by scientific cookery.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

The best Italian recipe, made up with the rarest ingredients.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A new grade, made with blended nuts. All skins, all germs removed.

Drawn by Norman Anthony

Photoplays We Don't Care To See

Doug Fairbanks in "The Music Master."

Mary Pickford as "Cleopatra."

LEMON-CRUSH, with its rare taste-charm and delightful piquancy, is the companion drink to Ward's Orange-Crush. It is similarly made by the exclusive Ward process from the exquisitely flavored fruit oil pressed from fresh lemons, purest granulated sugar and citric acid—the natural acid of the lemon. It is served sparkling and icy with carbonated water.

at fountains or in bottles

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago
Laboratory, Los Angeles

Send for free book, "The Story of Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush"

The tempting tang of lemons—
Ward's
LEMON-CRUSH

Maybell Laboratories
"I take great pleasure in recommending 'Lash-Brow-ine' as a most beneficial preparation for stimulating and promoting the growth of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows.
Yours sincerely,
VIOLA DANA."
"The LASH-BROW-INE GIRL"
Viola Dana Star in Metro Pictures
Haven't You Always Admired
Viola Dana's Lovely Eyelashes?
How wonderfully they bring out that deep, soulful expression of her eyes! You, too, can have lovely Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows, if you will do what so many stars of the stage and screen, as well as women everywhere prominent in society are doing, apply a little
Lash-Brow-Ine
to your Eyelashes and Eyebrows nightly. Results will amaze as well as delight you. "LASH-BROW-INE" is a pure, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes their growth, making them long, silky and luxuriant, thus giving charm, beauty and soulful expression to the eyes, which are truly the "Windows of the Soul." Hundreds of thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use, why not you?
Generous size 50c. At your dealers or sent direct, prepaid upon receipt of price
Substitutes are simply an annoyance. Be certain you are getting the genuine "Lash-Brow-Ine," which you can easily identify by the picture of the "Lash-Brow-Ine Girl," same as shown in small oval at the right, which adorns every box of the genuine.
SATISFACTION ASSURED OR MONEY REFUNDED
MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-21 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

(Continued from page 67)

can afford to have children. Miss Clayton took her medicine like a lady and a heroine; Properly repulsed Irving Cummings so soon as she learned his intentions; saved her film sister, Anna Q. Nilsson, from the soiled hands of a would-be home-wrecker, and finally married honest Charley Meredith.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME—Goldwyn

Jack Pickford found the adventures of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" much to his liking. For that reason he is able to lend a suggestion of reality to the John Fox story which is thrown against a background of attractive interiors and exteriors of the old South. Drifting into "Kingdom Come" valley, following the death of the Cumberland Mountain guardians who had brought him up, Chad Buford progresses logically through his cabin life with the Deans, gets to Lexington, meets Major Buford who accepts him as a distant relative, and finally fights his way to a lieutenancy of the Union army. The war scenes are not stressed and the waving of the flag is modestly accomplished, so that the effect of the picture is pleasantly stirring and agreeably sentimental. Clara Horton and Pauline Starke divide honors as the loved and lost heroines.

"DEADLINE AT 11"—Vitagraph

George Fawcett, turned director, has done very well with his first Vitagraph picture, "Dead Line at 11." Whether this newspaper story proves as puzzling to the average audience as most acted newspaper plays have done it is impossible for a newspaper man to say. An honest attempt has been made to make it seem reasonable, and to clutter it as little as possible with the technique of newspaper publishing. Of course, things happen with a suddenness in the office of the "Daily Planet" that no one familiar with the workings of such a location can accept as plausible. Yet there is such a thing as a "Dead Line at 11," when the first editions go to press, whether an account of the hero's rescue is in type or not, and star reporters who carry their inspiration on their hip were not unknown to Park Row before the prohibitionists took the joy out of life. But even such an one would find it a little difficult to cover half the lower east side in twenty minutes. Divorced from its technical shortcomings, however, the story is so good that the feeling at the end of the picture is that it could easily have stood another reel for its further and more complete development. The heroine, neatly and convincingly played by Corinne Griffith, is a daughter of wealth who, refusing to marry a titled Englishman to please her mother, determines to live her own wage-earning life by becoming a newspaper woman. During her first weeks on the "Planet" she runs down a murder story, saves the star reporter from going to jail as a suspect, gets the story into the office in time to make the first edition, and, of course, marries the young man she has redeemed. Mr. Fawcett's long experience with D. W. Griffith has taught him the value of the human incident and of being painstaking in filming even the least important scenes. The interest in the story is well sustained throughout. Frank Thomas is the reporter; Maurice Costello, getting rapidly back to his old form, is a good heavy.

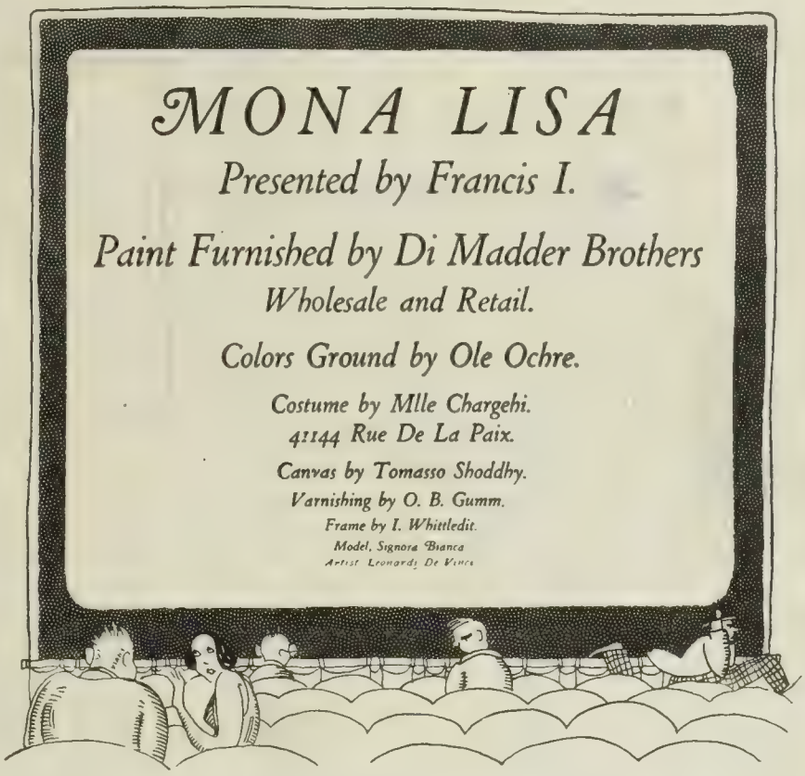
"JUDY OF ROGUES' HARBOR"—Realart

Dorothy Parker says, "It is really the sagacious writers who lavish their ink on exhortations to be glad, glad, glad; for that is the way to bring in something to be glad about."

How true, how true! Apparently no writer who offers the faintest excuse for some such subtitle as "Ef yuh got love in yer heart, nothin' can hurt yuh" has the slightest chance of being turned down by film producers, no matter how ridiculous the story.

"Judy of Rogues' Harbor," by Grace Miller White, is one of those pictures calculated to fire you with the "glad" feeling. It does—it makes you glad, glad, glad to go home.

"Judy is a golden haired child brought up in inconceivably brutal surroundings, and yet she has remained so sweet and pure that she believes it wicked to kiss a nice boy she wants to, unless they are engaged. Daughters of our best families should be shamed by her example. The picture makes two points clear — that we must be on the lookout for Bolshevists, they being the one class of people, apparently, who do not succumb to the "love in yer heart" treatment, and that this is a small world after all. Grandfather, daughter, and grandchild have been living within a stone's throw of each other for years without knowing it. It is full of unintentional comedy, banalities and unnecessary cruelty.



If other arts were credited in the noisy (?) manner practised in some truly great film masterpieces—(According to James Gabelle.)

"BLACK IS WHITE"—Ince

There was an argument in the projection room after we saw this last of the voluptuously-rounded Dorothy Dalton's Ince photodramas.

George Barr McCutcheon, genial author, said that though the picture only bore a remote family resemblance to the book for which the company had paid, he had an idea that the film was a good one—but he wasn't sure, having seen only two and one-half motion pictures before and not considering himself exactly an expert critic. Anyway, he thought he liked it.

There was a suspicion of moisture on his eyelashes, since the drama ended with one of those long-separated-thought-you-were-dead mother and son clinches which are always good for emotion, no matter how stern the heart.

He appealed to one of the lady reviewers whose nose was also unnaturally snuffly for confirmation or denial of his opinion. She replied that though she considered the picture exciting, could a man re-marry the woman he had turned from his house fifteen years earlier and not guess she was the same little lady, no matter how carefully disguised?

That gave one of the gentlemen reviewers a chance to bring himself to the eminent author's notice. He answered no, a thousand nos—a terrible mistake had been made in changing the original story, in which the two marital adventures of the unreasoning wife-wronger had been made with sisters, not with the identical woman. He believed that the plot was now weak, vain, illogical and silly. Which left the author and us (meaning me) in a terrible state of confusion, because we had committed ourselves in favor of the piece and this was one of the trade's trick reviewers.

Why don't you go to see "Black is White," and get a good bawl out of it, and then talk it over with mother to see which one of us you agree with? We wager that you'll like it—especially Dorothy Dalton.

"WHO'S YOUR SERVANT?"—Robertson-Cole

The fact that the Japanese house boy is at the same time a spy in the Japanese secret service is the point which saves this picture for one of those "Who's Your" titles, which are running in "What's Your" and the "Why Should Your" titles a close race for popularity this year. It is founded on the stage play, "Haru-Kari," by Julian Johnson. One of those navy secrets gets stolen, and of course the poor lieutenant who loves the admiral's daughter is accused. Daughter is led to suspect Ito. Though it seems that she might as well have confided in dad—she decides to sacrifice herself if necessary to prove her sweetheart's innocence. She goes to Ito's room, he having tried to seize her hand several times while she was good naturedly helping him with his English. She gets the paper—but is forced to kill Ito. But that's all right, because everybody believes that he had committed hari-kari.

Lois Wilson plays the heroine, and we heard a man behind us say that he thought she was a pretty girl. We believe that anything Mr. Johnson writes is deserving of better treatment than this play had at the hands of the producers.

Aspirin

Name "Bayer" identifies genuine Aspirin introduced in 1900.

BAYER

Insist on an unbroken package of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" marked with the "Bayer Cross."

"Bayer Cross" means you

BUCK JONES

The Cot of Many Uses

In the City—the Country—or the Camp—

as an emergency bed in the Home when unexpected guests arrive, or in case of sickness; for occasional outings; for "outdoor" sleeping on porch in hot weather; for the camp or summer cottage—there are many uses for "Gold Medal" Folding Cots.

Light, strong, comfortable; compact when folded; quickly set up and taken down.

Every Family Should Have One

Sold by Furniture, Hardware, Sporting Goods Dealers—and Tent-Makers—everywhere.

Write for complete catalog.

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GOLD MEDAL
Furniture For Home and Camp

Learn to Dance!

You can learn Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and latest "up-to-the-minute" society dances *in your own home* by the wonderful Peak System of Mail Instruction.

New Diagram Method. Easily learned; no music needed; thousands taught successfully.

Write for Special Terms. Send *today* for FREE information and surprisingly low offer.

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Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

THE AMATEUR WIFE—Paramount-Artcraft

Irene Castle, who came to the screen as a famous dancer, and the best dressed woman in America, has decided to live down the attributes wished on her by ambitious press agents. In "The Amateur Wife" she is just a "plain Jane,"—awkward, gauche, and badly dressed. And, proving that you never can tell about a woman, particularly when she is a star, she does the most satisfying work that she has accomplished before the camera. Although she has heretofore been the coldest and most elusive of film actresses, she is appealing in this picture and you cannot help believing in her, even if you have never believed in her before.

The story, written by Nalbro Bartley and directed by Edward Dillon, is just another version of "The Ugly Duckling." Mrs. Castle is the homely daughter of a musical comedy star. When her mother meets a violent death, she is left alone in the world. Out of pity, a "man about town" marries her. She is such an impossible frump that she drives him to Egypt, probably in search of Cleopatra. When he comes home, he finds her a swan. And does he love her? I'll say he does. William P. Carleton is the husband.

HIS WIFE'S MONEY—Select

Gold and romance here are not good teammates, particularly when the woman in the romance has the gold. In "His Wife's Money," Eugene O'Brien is seen as a young man who absolutely refuses to be suffocated by the luxury showered upon him by the heiress whom he marries. So he goes West to accumulate his own little pile, which he does with ease and dispatch.

It isn't a complicated story and it isn't a brilliant one but it has a proper,—and not an improper,—amount of romance for Mr. O'Brien. It was produced by Ralph Ince and busy Zena Keefe plays the role of the lady with the money.

THE PRINCE OF AVENUE A—Universal

The music cue for this picture is "East Side, West Side, All Around the Town." James Corbett is seen as the son of a ward boss who don't know nothing about society. But he humbles an ambitious politician, who needs his support but doesn't care for his manners. And he marries the daughter. Jack Ford directed the picture and made it a properly exciting story of the underworld of politics.

Gentleman Jim is a real screen star. The younger generation will remember him as a handsome actor and not as a pugilist.

APRIL FOLLY—Cosmopolitan

As soon as the action of "April Folly" began to shift from Canada to South Africa, we knew that Cynthia Stockley was the author of the story. However, you need not expect another "Poppy." Marion Davies' newest picture is merely the usual comedy-melodrama.

The picture is one of those "story-within-a-story" affairs. Miss Davies is a magazine writer who makes herself the heroine of a great diamond robbery mystery. She reads the story to a publisher who not only accepts it but marries the writer. Some writers have all the luck.

To us the best part of the picture comes when Miss Davies, after hiding in a trunk for several days, pops up and covers the villains with a gun. She looks fine and fit and wears a beautiful negligee. In fact, all the way through the picture she wears beautiful negligees. The Authors' League ought to give her a vote of thanks for presenting the writing profession in such an attractive light.

THE CAPITOL—Hodkinson

"The Capitol" gives us a picture of the Washington of yesterday. Augustus Thomas' drama is several years old. The story, which centers about the wife of one of those incorruptible politicians, is conventional and it has been rather ineptly filmed.

Leah Baird has a mother-and-daughter role. The same villain pursues her in both characters. The most interesting scenes are those which show the public building, streets and old houses of Washington. The atmosphere is correct but the story is out-of-date. However, a drama of Washington today would be too heart-breaking to screen.

THE LAST STRAW—Fox

Buck Jones is the name of Fox's new cowboy star. He is first and foremost a stunt artist. He comes from the circus and apparently there isn't anything he doesn't know about horses.

The story of "The Last Straw" shows Buck Jones rescuing a beautiful Eastern girl, played by Vivian Rich, from the dangers of super-effeteness. The West is again pictured as the land of bravery and daring—most of the daring being enacted by Mr. Jones.

BURNT WINGS—Universal

Bayard Veiller's drama "The Primrose Path" furnishes the plot for "Burnt Wings." It is the story of an artist who is saved from starvation by a noble wife who sells herself to get money to pay for her husband's training. 'Tis not a pleasant tale but it has its dramatic moments.

Unfortunately, you are not able to sympathize with the human beings who inhabit the story. Frank Mayo is seen as the artist, who is not an admirable sort of person. Josephine Hill is the wife. Betty Blythe is the vampire who tries to break up the already shattered home. Miss Blythe is an immensely clever actress.

THE WILLIAM J. FLYNN SERIES—Republic

William J. Flynn, former chief of the Secret Service, decided to "tell all." He proceeds to do so in eight pictures of two reels each. The stories are taken from the official records and they prove that life very often runs wild and melodramatically.

The first three pictures in the series are "The Silkless Banknote," "Outlaws of the Deep" and "The Five Dollar Plate." There is enough material in each of them for a five reel picture. For terseness of action and for human interest, they rank with the O. Henry series. Wilson Mizner wrote the scenarios and they are models of brevity. The "crook stuff" is lightened with plenty of comedy and many scenes of unpretentious pathos.

Herbert Rawlinson is the star of the series. He is the master detective. He has a likeable personality and he plays with dash and spirit. Of course, his appearance in the series will do much to make it popular.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

THE ADVENTURER—Fox

William Farnum has evidently made up his mind that he had better be an out-and-out romantic actor. He seems to be most at home in an outlandish costume and as the hero of wild adventures that took place in the time of never-was.

In "The Adventurer" he is a gay, dashing, high-spirited Italian who enacts all sorts of romantic episodes for the love of a lady. It is a costume picture and a bit stilted and old-fashioned. Producers haven't yet taken advantage of modern stage settings, such as are seen in "The Jest" in presenting period plays. Whey they discard wigs, posing, tawdry costumes and fantastic settings, we shall see a new popularity of mediaeval stories on the screen.

THE STRONGEST—Fox

The story of "The Strongest" was adapted from the novel "Les Plus Forts" by Georges Clemenceau, the "tiger of France," written in a moment when he believed that the pen was mightier than the sword. In advertising it, William Fox says that it was the work of the "man who penned the Peace Treaty." Evidently the Peace Treaty is not yet available for scenario purposes or else it is too cumbersome to handle.

However, we failed to find a story of any great distinction in "The Strongest." Its chief merit lies in the fact that it has one dramatic stiuation. Claudia, who supposes herself the daughter of a harsh and avaricious war profiteer, has been captured and is held in ransom by a group of Bolshevikily inclined workmen. She is held prisoner in a cabin (or maybe it is the trusty old mill), just like a Griffith heroine. By the exigencies of the plot, some one must rush forward to carry the terms of peace to her captors. The supposed father falters and hesitates. The real father, an aristicrat and idealist, rushes forward and is shot. The girl is saved,—and marries an American.

R. A. Walsh produced this story. He was a little out of his element. Evidently he tried to make the story as French as possible and so very often the action and the acting is stilted. For the most part, the cast is made up of newcomers to the screen. Renee Adoree is pretty, if you like French girls, and Carlo Liten and Harrison Hunter have important roles.

DANGEROUS HOURS

Ince-Artcraft

"Dangerous Hours" is a propaganda picture. It was made under the immediate direction of Fred Niblo, under Thomas H. Ince's supervision. Donn Byrne supplied the story and C. Gardner Sullivan wrote the scenario.

As propaganda, "Dangerous Hours" is negative.

The story concerns the redemption of a parlor Bolshevist,—a nice boy who gets in with a lot of Russians and wants to stir up trouble in a New England industrial centre. A girl, who is a 200 per cent American, persuades him that it is all wrong, Trotzky, all wrong. However, it is easier to start a mob than to stop one. Hence we have a swirling climax produced with a great deal of dash.

Lloyd Hughes, who is a star by now, plays the reformed Bolshevist and Barbara Castleton is the girl. Jack Richardson and Claire Du Brey, a couple of experienced villains, are the plotting Russians. Who re-

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IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

"Just Slip it on!"

MURIEL OSTRICHE,

Lovely Star of the Screen, Knows the Fascination of the Bonnie-B Veil

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059 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

members by the way, when all the villains were German?

PICADILLY JIM—Select

'Tis better to be Irish than to be handsome. Ask the Moores. Both Tom and Owen know just when and how to smile. That's the Irish in them. And they know when to be properly romantic.

"Picadilly Jim" brings Owen Moore back to the screen as a regular star, with a certain number of pictures a year and a trade mark to back him. It was made from a story by P. G. Wodehouse and is the humorous romance of a young man who will do anything, provided it is silly enough, to win the girl. The story should have been funnier than it is.

However, there is Owen Moore and there is also Zena Keefe.

$30,000—Hodkinson

And here is another Irishman, J. Warren Kerrigan, who needs neither introduction nor comment. If you like him, you like him; that's all. To many persons, he is the visualization of the gentleman concealed in the box when the phonograph is twirling a John McCormack record. He works his Irish hard: he is a professional.

"$30,000" has a lot of plot. It just whizzes by. Watch close or you'll miss it. But you won't miss much.

THE HELL SHIP—Fox

Madlaine Traverse is the star of this picture, which is a roaring melodrama of the sea, with rough weather and rough men. The hero, enacted by Albert Roscoe, stands out as conspicuously as an evening suit at a longshoremen's beef-steak dinner. Miss Traverse has a fighting part and goes at it with a good deal of zest.

The plot is very "Yo, ho ho and a bottle of rum" for heavy drinking mixes with heavy melodrama. Of course, there is the usual shipwreck and spectacular rescue.

HIS TEMPORARY WIFE—Hodkinson

The title tells the story. To fulfill the terms of a will, a young man is obliged to marry some other woman than the vampire with whom he is smitten. The woman he selects, haunted by dire poverty and yea, even starvation, consents on condition that the marriage be a business proposition. But the temporary wife is blonde Ruby De Remer so you know that the man, played by brunette Eugene Strong, will plead for permanency.

The cast is the most noteworthy asset of the picture. Besides the players just mentioned, we have Mary Boland and Edmund Bresse.

THE VIRGIN OF STAMBOUL—Universal

They say, at Universal, this is the greatest picture they have ever made. We might be disposed to say something sarcastic if our minds were not a little dizzy every time we beheld that human tornado, that young dynamo, Priscilla Dean. Whoever named that girl Priscilla is entitled to immortality as a practical joker. Miss Dean is a healthy Californian who somehow conveys that she knows more about the Orient than a Cook's Tourist could tell you. She is a luscious, yet frank, baffling yet human actress, with a smile that insures the industry to more new eras than any mechanical invention.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

Her "Beautiful Beggar" of this extravagantly mounted piece is just another pastel added to her shadow-gallery. H. H. Van Loan's story is not in the least new, or sensational, or human. Tod Browning's direction is good, but never extraordinary. You are left with a feeling that it should all have come to something—that Wheeler Oakman, a good actor, should somehow have stood out more definitely, that Priscilla was just as corking in those crook melodramas, that Wallace Berry as a Sheik is still a darn good pursuer of the innocent, and that the best argument in favor of that disputed dance, the shimmy, is the glorious Priscilla's version of it, right out in a Turkish dance-hall in Universal City.

MY LADY'S GARTER—Tourneur-Artcraft

Everything! Absolutely everything—from a stolen jeweled garter and a mistaken elopement, to a hero who swears "I didn't do it—I swear I didn't do it" to a beautiful heroine—even unto a rescue-from-drowning by hero et heroine! It's all there in a typically drury-lane-drammer fashion — but somehow you expect more of Maurice Tourneur. It must be considered that this, while released only recently, was manufactured sometime ago — before Tourneur ever screened Stevenson or secured his Victory over Conrad. It's an adaptation, struggling to be up-to-date, of a Jacques Futrelle novel, concerning the garter which Edward III presented to the Countess of Salisbury and which, many centuries later, is stolen from its case in the museum. Wyndham Standing is suspected by the cast, but not by the audience. We all know he never could have done it; in fact, with Sylvia Breamer, a gorgeous if spoiled heroine, we agree that he couldn't have done it.

Well, say——! Now that M. Tourneur 'as this off his mind, might we presume to argue that he make some more Prunellas?

THE VERY IDEA—Holmes-Metro

You will go to see this because you expect it will be naughty. Whether or not you saw William Le Baron's snappy eugenics stage farce, you undoubtedly read or heard about it, and that it brought the blushes nobody will deny. However, Taylor Holmes' cinema of it is perfectly proper, except for one or two illustrated titles of a descending stork. By the way: we wish they would let up on these fancy titles—sometime, somewhere. They are decidedly insulting even to an average intelligence. For instance, a caption to the effect that the young wife returns to her hotel is illustrated precisely with a supposedly funny cartoon of a woman walking up a path to a house. And there were more like that. Mr. Holmes fares far better, as to personal material, in this than he did in his first independent production. His direction is excellent, being that of Larry Windom, and his support admirable, including Virginia Valli as the wife and Fay Marbe—a Broadway recruit—as the vamp. We'd like to see more of Miss Valli—and we're not thinking of the bathing scenes, either. She's just as pretty in street clothes.

TOO MUCH JOHNSON—Paramount

Don't you think Bryant Washburn is a lucky young man? No expense has been

(Continued on page 120)

Lucky Boy

to have a food confection waiting after school. And to have it Puffed Wheat, which is whole wheat, steam exploded and made easy to digest.

Millions Now Enjoy Them

There are millions of lucky children now who revel in Puffed Grains.

American homes are now enjoying some 750 million dishes of Puffed Grains in a year. And this is why:

These bubble grains have made whole grains enticing.

Prof. Anderson's process—steam explosion—has made digestion easy and complete.

Once they were breakfast dainties. Now they are all-day foods. Millions of dishes are served in milk for suppers and between meals.

Millions are mixed with fruit.

Millions are crisped and lightly buttered for hungry children to eat like peanuts—dry.

All shot from guns

Puffed Grains are shot from guns. By steam explosion they are puffed to eight times normal size.

Every food cell is thus blasted and fitted to digest. Every atom feeds.

These scientific foods are also the most delightful grain foods known. They are airy, flimsy, nut-like—flavory food confections.

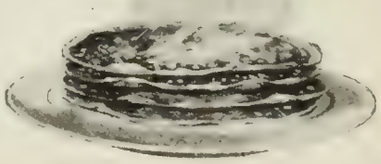
In every home such foods are needed several times a day.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Pancakes with Nut Flavor

Now we have added Puffed Rice flour to a perfect pancake mixture. The Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nutty taste. You have never tasted pancakes so delicious. When you order Puffed Grains order Puffed Rice Pancake Flour as well. Simply add milk or water—the flour is self-raising—and hear what your people say.



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Going Some

(Continued from page 76)

the redoubtable "Miz" Gallagher. A widow of fifty-five cast-iron years, and to use the vernacular of the country a "regeler rootin' tootin' old cattlewoman." She could outshoot and out cuss and out ride any cowpuncher in the wide and rugged state of Nevada. Her very middle name was "What'll-you-bet." And for her part she would bet on anything.

The social relations, therefore, between the Centipede ranch and its neighbor the Flying Heart were exactly what you might expect. It was into this charming setting that Roberta Covington Keap was shortly to bring her house party of gentle collegians.

This coming of Roberta was viewed with considerable alarm by "Still Bill" Stover. The Flying Heart had become a decidedly run down and tatterdemalion affair.

But the most serious objection of the foreman to the impending visit of the owner and her party was to be discovered in a remote corner of the Flying Heart's wide acres, where a tall oil derrick reared against the sky. The tents of the workers stood about and the spot was agog with fevered drilling.

It was thence that Stover betook himself with Roberta's telegram. As Stover trundled up in the rattling ranch flivver John Ladew, oil operator and supervisor of the drilling operations, emerged from his tent and walked over to the car.

"What's up Bill?"

Stover tossed over Roberta's message. Ladew read it with a grin.

"Won't seem so funny to you when she stumbles on to this oil well."

The suave Ladew waved away Stover's alarm with a careless gesture.

"Don't worry. She won't know this oil derrick from a step ladder. Tell her you are drilling for water."

But Stover was badly worried. Ladew hastened to reassure him.

"If we strike oil we'll cap the well and buy the ranch cheap. It is a cinch."

But Stover held dark fears for the clandestine oil project even after Roberta and the first detachment of her guests were duly installed in the ranch house.

* * *

It was the morning of the party's third day, and Willie, the two-gun sheep man, in the role of maid-of-all-work was sweeping. Willie did not sweep often but he was determined and thorough when he did. A cloud of dust driving ahead of him announced his approach through the hall to the front veranda. His face was sad and downcast in the extreme. Roberta in the porch swing looked at him sympathetically.

"What's the matter—are you sick?"

"Yes'm, I'm sick to my heart and so are the other boys. It wus like this, mam. Last week afore you come them Centipede crooks trimmed us on a footrace—we bet everything we had."

This was the nearest to a diversion the house party had met on the Flying Heart. Roberta and her guests drew around to hear all of Willie's sad, sad story.

"Why don't you win it all back?" Roberta was trying to be encouraging. Willie shook his head.

"After our man lost he kep' on runnin' and we ain't got no footracers left."

Helen bubbled with inspiration.

"Why Culver is coming today. He'll—"

Jean shook her head. But Helen bubbled on. She turned to Willie.

"The intercollegiate champion runner is coming today—he'll race for you—and he's the fastest runner in America."

Willie stopped his sweeping and stared at Helen.

Then he let out a most disconcerting whoop and ran for the bunkhouse.

Jean stamped her foot, exasperated at Helen. "Helen you know Culver won't run in such rough company."

Helen had not forgotten something she had heard from eloquent lips the day of the intercollegiate meet back in New Haven. She felt safe and certain.

"Well, if Culver won't run for the poor sheep gentlemen, I know who will."

The Limited, stopping at Kidder, Nevada, only to discharge transcontinental passengers, was whistling in the distance when the sheep men of the Flying Heart assembled at the station, a self-constituted committee of welcome for "that there college footracer." Meanwhile Roberta and her party arrived per flivver.

Aboard the Limited in a smoke-laden compartment Mr. J. Wallingford Speed was giving final instructions to a traveling companion, that same tough Larry Glass, late rubber at the Yale gymnasium.

"Now Larry, don't forget that you are my private trainer and that I'm a great athlete."

Elsewhere on that same train was yet another figure in the drama that began that day of the track meet at Yale. Donald Keap was coming in pursuit of his hope for reconciliation with Roberta, but his coming and his plans were unannounced.

Helen rushed to Speed as he and Larry stepped from the train. She thrilled with excitement.

"Here he is—Mr. Wallingford Speed will run for the honor of the Flying Heart."

Willie and his sheep herding confreres of the bunkhouse gave Speed a wild west glad

Going Some

NARRATED, by permission, from the Goldwyn-Eminent Authors' production by Rex Beach, scenario by the author, directed by Harry Beaumont, with the following cast:

Mrs. Roberta Keap.....Ethel Grey Terry
Jean Chapin.....Helen Ferguson
Helen Blake.....Lillian Hall
Donald Keap.....Kenneth Harlan
"Miz" Gallagher...Lillian Langdon
J. Wallingford Speed Cullen Landis
Larry Glass.....Willard Louis
Berkeley Fresno.....Walter Hiers
John Ladew.....Hayward Mack

Going Some

(Continued)

hand, a volley in salute and bundled him off bound for the ranch.

Donald Keap, who had stayed discreetly out of sight, stepped out on the station platform and watched the Flying Heart caravan out of sight.

It was a part of the workings of fate that Donald Keap should get a job as a cowpuncher from "Miz" Gallagher. At her ranch there were many things that excited the interest and curiosity of Donald. Not the least among them was the fact that "Skinner," the Centipede's cook and crack footracer, was "Whiz" Long, whom Donald had seen win a sensational triumph at the Pershing games "Over There."

Donald was puzzled indeed that on facing Long with his identity, the cook had snapped back at him,—

"And I know you, too, Captain Keap, and I don't forget that you got me dishonorably discharged from the army."

Donald shook his head as the cook strode away. "I wonder what he's talking about," he pondered.

Over at the Flying Heart the ornate Mr. Speed was basking in glory, between the smiles of Helen and the vast interest of the sheep men, who were deeply impressed with his private trainer Larry and his astonishing array of running togs.

"Never mind Larry," he told the protesting trainer, "this is giving me my chance to wear the clothes, and when Culver Covington comes along in a few days I'll get sick and let him run the race against the Centipede's cook."

Fired with lust for revenge, the Flying Heart sheep men, led by Willie, made a formal call on the cowpunchers of the Centipede. Willie did the talking.

"We've drawed our wages for three months in advance and we're bettin' it all. We calls on you Centipeders to dig and dig fast."

The challenge got the desired action. All bets were thoroughly covered. Then the Flying Heart gang went back to herding sheep and watching the astonishing antics of Mr. J. Wallingford Speed practicing form.

"Boy how I wish Covington would come, he's over due now," Speed confided to Larry.

And that day brought tidings. Roberta received a telegram:

> Pinched for reckless driving, looks like ten days.
>
> CULVER.

Larry brought the news to the training quarters.

"Good Lord Larry, I'm sick." Speed was trembling.

"Say if you get sick I'll die," was Larry's answer. "Come with me kid—the really truly training starts now. Looks like you got to run this race—and boy if you lose me you're going back east in a pair of wooden kimonos. I'm telling you fair."

"Miz" Gallagher stood the gossip and excitement of the ranch over the coming race as long as she could. Then she called Donald in attendance and rode over to the Flying Heart.

Donald stood holding the horses as "Miz" Gallagher strode up to the ranch house and demanded to see Roberta.

The scene was a terrific shock to the Puritan strain in "Miz" Gallagher. Unfortunately Mr. Fresno was favoring the party with another of his endless songs with with ukelele accompaniment.

> "You can not make your shimmy shake
> on tea.
> Whiskey, Whiskey, Whiskey for me."

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ARMAND, St. Thomas, Ont.

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Draw to yourself charmed circles of friends—know the delights of popularity.

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are so chic and fine yet so durable that I wonder how any woman can do without them."

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FULD, TRAUBE & CO., Inc.
103 Fifth Ave., Dept. E., New York

Going Some

(Continued)

"Miz" Gallagher's eyes flashed with hate.

Then Mr. Speed in the brave but scant attire of a runner jogged by with his trainer waddling on his trail.

"Miz" Gallagher clapped her hand to her head.

"Oh, Lord—in his B. V. D.'s!" She was gasping for breath.

Roberta appeared and "Miz" Gallagher bristled.

"Got anything to bet on that naked sheep tick?"

Roberta was dumbfounded.

"Why, why—why, yes," she managed to reply. "I'll wager you a box of chocolates against a pair of silk stockings."

"Miz" Gallagher was never so outraged.

"I'll bet you my ranch against yours and that's giving you big odds," the cow woman screamed.

Roberta caught a sight of Donald on his vigil with the horses in the yard.

"All right—it's a wager. I hate the place anyway."

"And what's more woman, I'll bet you my cattle against your measly sheep that you've made a bad bet," "Miz" Gallagher was boiling in wrath. And that became a bet, too.

Donald Keap discovered two disturbing things. First that there was an oil drill operating on the Flying Heart, second that Ladew, the oil operator, was paying court to Roberta, and it appeared that she was finding him interesting.

Donald made bold to call on Roberta with a protest. Not two words would she hear.

"Mr. Ladew has hardly mentioned marriage—and besides I shall marry him if I want to."

Meanwhile training camp matters were growing strenuous for Speed. His anxiety was hardly greater than Larry's as they prayed for the arrival of Culver Covington. To make matters worse Willie, the gun man housekeeper of the Flying Heart, was becoming highly critical on the subject of training.

Willie to his horror and pain discovered Speed in a hammock tete-a-tete with Helen. Speed danced to the tune of a six gun for this infraction of training rules.

Speed might have succumbed under the strain of this intensive treatment had not at last a wire come:

"Everything fine. Am on my way.
CULVER."

Speed, not dressed in running clothes, was first out of the ranch house when the motor bringing Culver rolled into the yard.

Culver hobbled out of the car—on crutches, one foot in bandages. "Just broke my little toe," he laughed.

Speed fell limp against Larry. The trainer's forehead was covered with cold sweat.

Off across the ranch the hidden drilling outfit struck oil.

"We've got to grab the ranch before the news gets out," Ladew exclaimed to Stover, and together they hurried toward the ranch house. Their arrival was an interruption of the greeting to Culver.

While Roberta talked to Ladew, Larry and Speed seized their opportunity to draw Culver aside and take him into confidence concerning the race and their predicament. Culver listened attentively, looking pityingly at Speed as the confession unfolded.

"Not a chance for me to run," Culver said at last. "You'll just have to see it through and do the best you can."

Meanwhile Ladew was pushing his plan.

Going Some

(Continued)

"Mr. Stover tells me you do not like the place. Perhaps you would like to sell?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ladew, but you see I can't—I've just bet the old thing on the foot race."

Ladew and Stover withdrew, puzzled in the extreme.

"We've got to kidnap that boy so the race will be called off," they decided.

Action followed the idea. Masked and armed they seized Speed from his cot that night and rushed him away. Larry, sleeping light, sparng up to give the alarm and in a moment the ranch was awake and shouting. There was a wild chase through the night over to the road to the depot. The Flying Heart's best roper snared Speed from the back step of the train as he was waving goodbye and shouting "God Bless You" to Stover and Ladew.

Donald on his nightly watch, had seen it all. He was returning to the Centipede when the distant noise of activities at the oil derrick attracted his attention. He bent his steps in that direction and discovered the crew madly at work capping the well. A pool of oil disclosed the success of their quest. Ladew and Stover, back from their fruitless kidnapping escapade, drove up. They leaped to the ground and urged the workmen to greater speed.

Donald strode into the scene behind them. In a flash they closed in a fight. Ladew drew off with his lantern and hurled it at Donald. Donald ducked. The lantern smashed on the ground beyond and the flames touching the oil soaked ground spread about as Donald and Stover rolled in a desperate clinch.

The flames reached the oil pool and then leaped skyward in a tower of flame. In a moment the Centipede and the Flying Heart people came tearing to the spot.

Donald in the excitement revealed his identity as Roberta's husband, to the surprised "Miz" Gallagher.

"You mean to say that woman is your wife—and do you love her?"

Donald admitted both counts.

His eye took in Skinner, the Centipede cook and footracer, overhearing the conversation there in the flare of the burning oil.

Roberta, who had come with the Flying Heart contingent approached "Miz" Gallagher.

"Of course we shall have to call off that silly wager now. We've got oil and the place is worth millions."

"The bet is still on and I hold you to it," "Miz" Gallagher replied in her hardest tones.

Skinner glowered at Donald.

"And when that foot race is over this place and its oil'll belong to 'Miz' Gallagher. I've been a-laying for you to even up for what you did to me Over There."

The day of the race came. Skinner, attired in improvised running trunks, consisting of overall cut off at the knees was superciliously confident in his bearing.

Shivering with poorly concealed terror Speed and Larry appeared, exceedingly well guarded by Willie and his pair of guns.

Skinner looked his competitor over in fine scorn. He snarled at Donald.

"Now I've got you where I want you, see."

"Miz" Gallagher elected herself the master of ceremonies. She called Donald aside and handed him a letter. "Read it after the race," she commanded.

"On your marks."

Speed made a false start and fell on his face. Centipede ranch laughed and shouted.

"This ain't a snake race. Stand up," Skinner taunted.

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Going Some

(Concluded)

Larry ran up to whisper in Speed's ear. "Goodbye kid, you and me'll be on ice in an hour."

Helen, fluffy, misunderstanding, trusting child, called to her admirer in this moment of his discomfiture.

"I'm glad for your sake that Culver broke his toe."

Grim "Miz" Gallagher fired her revolver.

For a moment the terrified Speed had a lead. Skinner passed him in a moment. They neared the finished mark almost shoulder to shoulder. Skinner stumbled and fell. Speed dashed on. Skinner limping was close upon him when Speed fell across the line—with victory for Flying Heart.

Donald unfolded the letter "Miz" Gallagher had handed him. Then he walked over to Roberta and handed it to her. With shaking hands she read it.

To Whom It May Concern:

I promise and agree to deed back the Flying Heart ranch to Mrs. Donald Keap, provided she withdraws her divorce action against her husband, and returns to him.

VERBENA GALLAGHER.

As Roberta concluded reading the letter "Miz" Gallagher approached and extended her hand.

"Be good to my cattle," she said, simply and quietly, then turned away and walked toward the ranch house.

Roberta was thinking rapidly.

"Culver, give me your fountain pen."

She sat on the running board of the car, spread "Miz" Gallagher's letter on her knee and started writing upon it.

Skinner, the defeated cook, limped up to Keap and saluted.

"I had you wrong Captain Keap," Skinner apologized, "but I got you right this morning. I got a letter from my bunkie."

Skinner handed over a letter which Keap with great curiosity read:

"——so come along as soon as you have skinned that college boob.

Yours, JOE.

"P. S.—Lay off that revenge stuff. Capt. Keap ain't the guy that got us courtmartialed. He saved us a lot worse."

Skinner was still at attention when Keap handed back the letter. Then Skinner turned on his heel and strode away—forgetting to limp.

Keap stared after the cook, dazed with the realization that the champion of the Centipede had thrown the race—for his sake.

Roberta was entering the ranch house. Keap followed. His wife was handing her letter to the forlorn but game "Miz" Gallagher who sat at her time worn office desk.

It was "Miz" Gallagher's own letter corrected in Roberta's handwriting.

To Whom It May Concern:

I hereby promise and agree to deed back the Centipede ranch to Mrs. Verbena Gallagher, provided she will be my friend.

ROBERTA KEAP.

"Miz" Gallagher looked up at Roberta with her eyes swimming with tears. She rose and drawing Roberta and Donald Keap together joined their hands in silence.

That evening three closely similar groups might have been discovered in the gloaming shadows of the Flying Heart ranch. Jean and Culver were sitting very close together on the porch. Speed and Helen occupied the hammock. On the steps sat Roberta and Donald. Out in the front seat of the flivver Fresno the tenor with his ukelele broke into mournful sound, baying the moon.

"When you come to the end of a perfect—"

In stealthy silence Larry Glass rose from the back seat, poised a moment over the singer, then with a swift swipe broke the ukelele over the tenor's head.

And thus came the perfect peace to the ranch of the Flying Heart.

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Wife—I suppose I'm foolish but I can't help crying at the sad parts.
Husband—Why shouldn't you cry if you want to? You paid to get in.

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 105)

IT seems a bit absurd, these days, to hark back to what the old-timers refer to wistfully as the palmy period of pictures—but how many of you *do* remember Vivian Rich? Ah—young lady over there in the second row—"A slim brunette who used to act for American?" Yes—well, she has signed with Fox—for whom she has been doing opposite leads to male stars—on a stellar agreement.

WHEELER OAKMAN, who gained quite a bit of free publicity by being the young man whom Priscilla Dean honored with her heart and hand, is going in for the subtle stuff. He will have the leading role, opposite Annette Kellermann, the high-diving lady, in her new picture. Chester Franklin is directing it at the Brunton studios.

ADD to My Own Companies list: The Betty Compson Productions. Well, who has a more beautiful reason for individual stardom that the feminine hit of "The Miracle Man?" Her first release, for an at present undecided market, will be ready in the Fall. It is understood George Loane Tucker is managing the enterprise.

JUSTINE JOHNSON, who is known in Manhattan as one of its choicest blondes, but who has never ventured very far inland—inasmuch as her first, and last, musical comedy venture didn't get very far anyway—Justine, we say, is soon to give the mid-west and the south-west and all the other unenlightened inlanders a chance. She is being photographed in the opposite role to Taylor Holmes in his third production, "Nothing But Lies."

A SOMEWHAT intriguing situation is found out at the Robert Brunton studios in Los Angeles. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore are working on the same lot. Miss Pickford has been making her present pictures there and will continue to do so, while Moore left Manhattan the first of the new year, to make his future Selznick films in the West, and space was engaged for his company at Brunton's big plant. Because of the recent divorce, noted elsewhere in this department, the gossip hounds are hanging around waiting to pick up any little morsel like "they walked right past each other and never spoke." Remember when Moore was *Prince Charming* to Little Mary's "Cinderella?"

DOROTHY PHILLIPS and Allen Holubar have left Universal City—but not, says Carl Laemmle, the Universal company. They have a legal contract with that producing organization, but for one reason or another desired to break it, and abruptly left the lot with bag and baggage one day. According to Mr. Laemmle, they are going to be subjected to a stiff legal fight if they refuse to make the remaining pictures in the agreement. Universal has always been more or less subjected to this sort of thing from stars; once made, the turn from the old company to fresher, smarter fields, only, in some cases, to come to grief—or back to Universal City. It is said the Holubars want to sign up with Famous Players.

IT does beat all, the way these little extra girls shoot up! For instance, an ex-Chicago company having died a natural death, of old age and anemia, one of its persistent atmospheric workers came on to New York. She hung on there until she attracted someone's attention, and finally got a part. Now they are advertising her as a "former star of Blank's"——. Poor Blank's; they have an awful lot to answer for.

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 113)

spared on vehicles and direction for him. And it must be remarked to Mr. Washburn's credit that he has taken no advantage of his advantages. Here we have an obvious farce, manufactured by William Gillette who is a much better actor than he is a playwright. It's a mix-up of yachts and matrimony and it skims through in high—or whatever is third-speed on a yacht. Lois Wilson is as pretty and accomplished as any of our younger set of leading ladies.

FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS—Selznick

If you want to see Olive Thomas in a marvelous gown of lace patterned after the famous one worn by Bessie McCoy Davis in "The Greenwich Village Follies," see this picture. That's about all there is to it. The impression gained after its conclusion is that the company presenting Olive to anxious audiences thought to itself, "Let's see: she was a Follies queen before she went into films. Say — why wouldn't it be a good stunt to let her play a chorus-girl?" So Olive does, and she is beautiful and good, as are all show girls on the screen; and she goes through an awful lot till the final fadeout. Her support is only fair; her story is fairly good; her direction—by John Noble—satisfactory. If you want to see Olive Thomas in a——, etc.

A GIRL NAMED MARY—Lasky

Here is a trite theme—but a triumph for that charming veteran of films, Kathlyn Williams, once the adventurous lion-maid of Selig serials. Since she has been Mrs. Charles Eyton, the blonde actress has appeared all too infrequently. She is, in this, the youthful mother of a girl named Mary, lost in infancy. Her efforts to recover her child are finally successful—the child being Marguerite Clark. It's Miss Williams' picture; she is always in the histrionic fame, and she wears well. Charles Clary is an ideal middle-aged lover; most women would be glad to grow older if they could have Mr. Clary make love to them. His scenes with Kathlyn are much more interesting than the decorous tete-a-tetes of Wallace MacDonald—a nice boy—and Marguerite.

HER NAUGHTY WINK—Fox-Sunshine

Where other comedy producers have one man in a room with one girl, Sunshine shoots one man into a room with a dozen girls. Where other comedy producers use dogs and cats, Sunshine uses lions. Instead of a mere cellar-flood, Sunshine floods a whole house, and the streets of a village, besides. In fact, the success of the Fox comedy-branch seems to be in going everybody else one, or several dozen better. If there are no Phyllis Havers, Hampton Del Ruth took some other pretty girls along with him when he strayed from the home camp. He has funny policemen and a comedienne who is not homely, but pretty: Ethel Teare. That eminent clergyman who doesn't approve of kilts certainly wouldn't sit through this. But how few of us are so biased!

SMOLDERING EMBERS—Pathe

It isn't often enough that we have pictures which warm our hearts toward fathers. Father love is usually treated by story writers as a sort of after thought—like "Father's Day," which seems to have come into being because some one was ashamed to look dad in the face after devoting one Sunday a year to wearing white carnations in honor of mother.

"Smouldering Embers," gives Frank Keenan a chance to prove in a very poignant way, that even a tramp may have a father's heart pounding away under his shabby clothes. It proves, also that a father may sometimes be greatly wronged and sinned against—and that a father's self sacrifice may be quite as gulp-inspiring, perhaps even a little more gulp-inspiring since the theme is used less often, than a mother's love.

HOODOOED—Famous Players-Lasky

Here are two reels spent in vain. Just at the moment when you think our hero is cured of being superstitious, he isn't. In swearing off on superstitions, he throws his lucky horse shoe out the window—and hits his boss on the head. Since the boss had just announced his intention of giving Jack a raise—we are right back where we started. There are a couple of good laughs, even though the flavor is chestnutonian. Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven do very well for ordinary young folks—but seeing them makes one long for the days of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

FOUR TIMES FOILED—Chester-Outing

This comedy offers something particularly delectable in babies. Sennett's little boy will have to look out. It also offers something highly entertaining in monkeys, pigs, dogs and horses. It is the first of William S. Campbell's Chester-Outing animal comedies, titled right-smartly by Katharine Hilliker.

If the president of one of the three biggest film companies heard the way people chortled at this picture at the New York Rivoli, he must have gnashed his teeth. When Campbell came to New York last fall with the understanding of being signed up by said president, the important executive thought he'd play the coy game for a few days. When he phoned that he was ready to talk business, Campbell's agent replied that the former Sunshine director had made other arrangements. The president said he thought this was a bum way to do business—and the agent agreed. Broadway had a good laugh over it, because this particular film executive thinks he's an awfully shrewd business man.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 80)

IRVING S., CHICAGO, ILL.—There is no way of telling you who Mack Sennett's leading ladies are. There are a good many girls who might be said to play important parts in his comedies: Phyllis Haver, the chubby blonde, Marie Prevost, the slender brunette, Harriett Hammond, our willowy beach beauty, and last but not least, Louise Fazenda, empress of slapstick. All these girls have been true to Mr. Sennett, regardless of other dramatic lures. The comedians in the company are Charles Murray—although I hear this genial Irishman is leaving in the near future to make his own pictures. Ben Turpin, and Ford Sterling. Is that all?

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

B. B., OKLA.—"Shoulder Arms" was made in California. Viola Dana's husband died of the flu during the epidemic a year ago. The Gish girls are sisters—Dorothy was born in Dayton, Ohio, and Lillian in Springfield, Ohio. Whether either ever played with dolls in Shawnee, Okla., is quite beyond me. You sure gave me a laugh, B. B.—Fatty Arbuckle is not married to Mabel Normand.

ANITA, ROCHESTER.—You got me right—I'm a fine rainy-day fellow. Having started life with the vow to be different, I'm exhilarated to splendid heights by dull, gray, leaden skies. On sunshiny days I woo old man Grouch. Douglas MacLean's latest is "What's Your Husband Doing?" That's an impertinent question, but the picture is a scream. Doris May is with him. Doug is married. I don't think he would like me to tell you his age, because he generally mentions neckties, or lemon merangue pie, when his age is asked. Charlie Ray isn't nervous; he simply aims to portray a shy, diffident, decent, rural young man. Probably that's why his pictures do not end with a 90 h. p. love scene.

INEZ, PITTSFIELD.—Wearily I put another nick in the wall: that's to register the number of times I've told Richard Barthelmess's age.—He's twenty-five years young as the Japanese so whimsically express it. Alice Brady is at Realart, 469 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., and Dorothy Gish, Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

FIREFLY, VIRGINIA.—When you ask me whether I believe in Fate, I feel the irksome necessity of deciding whether I am a man of action or a thinker. Strangely, perhaps, the ages have proven that men of action are generally Fatalists and thinkers have a tendency to lean toward Providence. Let's hold the matter open until I make up my mind. Yes, I adore the mysterious—an open sesame has little charm. Dick Barthelmess is at the Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

ROSE SCRIBNER.—You didn't tell me, but I know it—*you* have freckles. And what's more you're scouting for those film actresses who also hame 'em. How should a mere man know? I only see lovely woman in her entirety. If a fellow took the Persians seriously in that thirty attributes are essential in an *absolutely* beautiful woman, he would have to carry a comptometer before being able to register "Some Queen!" Gloria Swanson has blue eyes and brown hair—weighs 112. Mae Marsh is at present on the Coast working on a new picture, as yet unnamed. Alice Brady is living in New York. No to the Pauline Frederick question.

JOSEPHINE, OKLA.—Brief as was your letter, so will be my reply. Wallace Reid, Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. But stay that briefness a moment: True to the teaching of the Roth memory course when I saw the name of your town (Hugo) there flashed to my mind "Les Miserables," which proves the truth of their advocated association of ideas. (This is *not* an ad for the Roth memory course, but a by-thought.)

MARION RISLEY.—Bless you, child, PHOTOPLAY is not a mammoth producer—those lovely ladies and gallant swain who disport themselves in our pages are merely come together for the nonce (that's elegance for you). The only form of "joining" PHOTOPLAY is through a subscription. William Farnum is thirty-four; married. His pugilistic prowess has lent him the title "Fighting Bill."

(Continued on page 132)

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The Woman Who Understood

(Continued from page 51)

with a blazing resentment against the husband who flirted with the wives of other men while he had a wonderful wife of his own. He knew that the music lessons that Robert was giving Alida were only a mask for something else. When, later, he spoke to his wife about Madge, he said, meaningly,

"She's a real woman!" And he was not surprised when Alida answered,

"Perhaps—but she hasn't what I call *Soul!*"

That was the shadow that lay between Robert and Madge. For Robert thought that his wife lacked the finer qualities—that she did not understand him, that she was minus soul. And he thought that Alida's nature held the response and understanding that he could not find in his wife's.

And so, as the summer went on, Mrs. Alden's "lessons" occupied a greater share of Robert's time. He was away from the cottage more and more—spending almost every afternoon in the big house next door. Madge took his absence with good natured indulgence. Occasionally when he was late for supper, she would skip playfully through the hedge and invite him to come home. Though Alida never urged neighborliness.

It was at Bobby's birthday party that Madge, remembering happier days, felt her first thrill of alarm and hurt. Though she had requested Robert to be home on time—he was late, too late to see that important ceremony of cutting the cake. But when he came she hid the doubt which had crept into her heart, and greeted him merrily. Bobby ran to meet him with a bulky package in his hands.

"Mumsey thought it would be nice," he told his father, "to give you a present, too."

And as Robert opened the package, which contained a rare old violin which he had wanted for a long time, Bobby continued,

"We all gave up somethin' so's we could buy it for you, daddy! I gave up a rockin' horse and Mumsey gave up a new dress . . . ."

But Robert's answer was dreamy—almost inattentive.

"Just in time for Mrs. Alden's concert," he exclaimed. "Just in time!"

Madge was too generous to resent the fact that his thanks for the gift were linked with Mrs. Alden's name.

"I just can't wait for the concert," she answered, happily, "to hear you play in front of all those people!"

The Woman Who Understood

NARRATED, by permission, from the Robertson-Cole production from the original script by Isabel Johnson, with the following cast:

Madge Graham...Bessie Barriscale
Robert Knight.....Forrest Stanley
Alida Alden....Dorothy Cumming
Richard Alden....Thomas Holding

Robert could not conceal the startled expression on his face for he had not thought of Madge in connection with the concert.

"You'd better not come," he said hastily, "unless you have something smart to wear. They're going to have a very fashionable audience."

Madge's face fell at his blunt remark. But she determined to be game. And so, that night, she took out her wedding gown and, with the aid of a fashion book, started to remodel it. And, because sewing was one of her talents, she had, at dawn, completed a beautiful evening gown.

The concert was planned for that evening and Madge, when she finished the dress, prepared for bed. She was very tired. But, just as she was about to creep between the

Forgetting his interest in Alida, Robert again felt Madge's charm as he said: "This is like old times!"

covers the children, wide awake, burst into the room.

"Oh, get up Mumsey," they shrilled in chorus, "you promised to take us on a picnic!" And Madge, not wanting to break a promise, got up wearily and dressed. And she and the children had their picnic.

Of course, that evening, Madge was tired. But, despite her weariness, she was radiant in her remodeled wedding dress. Even her husband, forgetting his interest in Alida, felt again her charm as he exclaimed:

"This reminds me of old times!"

And Madge, seeing his expression as he looked at her, laughed happily as she answered:

"And I thought I had disguised it completely!"

The Alden home was filled with fashionable guests but none of them were more beautiful than Madge—or more smartly gowned. Alida Alden watched her jealously and Robert's eyes dwelt on her with an awakened look in them. When he began to play it was at her that he looked, toward her that he directed the appeal of his music.

To Madge the melody that he played was like peace after a weary struggle. She was very tired from her day with the children, and her night-long attempt at dressmaking, and the music held almost a hypnotic influence that bade her close her eyes and rest. While her husband played on—his whole soul in his music—her tired eyelids drooped over her heavy eyes, and she slept. And when, amid a storm of applause, Robert finished playing she was still asleep. And it was only when he made his way to her chair, to hear her praise of his playing, that she waked up. Seeing the anger in his face she tried to divert the situation.

"I'm afraid, dear," she said, "that you played a lullaby!" But there was no laughter in Robert's face when he answered.

The Woman Who Understood

(Continued)

"You had better go and rest." And Madge, cut to the heart by the scorn in his voice, turned and left the room. As she reached the hall she saw lonely little Marian sitting on the top step of the stairs and with a cry she gathered the forlorn child into her arms.

In the meanwhile Robert and Alida Alden had drifted out of the drawing room and into the dimly lighted music room. And there Alida pretended to sympathize with him while, with eyes and lips and hands, she was actually trying to fascinate him. She succeeded only too well for just as Madge, who had tucked little Marian into bed, reached the door of the music room she saw her husband reach out his arms to Alida and crush her in them, while his violin, typifying his career, lay forgotten on a divan. It was with a broken heart that she turned away.

After a moment Robert released Alida from his arms and, becoming suddenly practical, they decided that they must leave the music room by different exits so that the guests would suspect nothing. As Alida went quickly out of a rear door she overturned a candle which caught fire in a light drapery, but, in their hurry, neither she nor Robert noticed the tiny flame—or remembered the violin.

But Mr. Alden, who had been suspicious all evening, discovered that his wife and Robert had been together in the music room —even though Madge tried, in every way, to shield them. And it was only because Madge asked him to leave her alone with her husband that a terrible scene was avoided. Straightforward to the very end, Madge asked her husband frankly, if he cared for Alida and he told her that Alida understood him and she never could. And it was as they stood, looking silently at each other, that the fire in the music room burst its bounds.

Robert, all musician again, thought as soon as he saw the fire, of his violin. And, dashing in through smoke and flames, he rescued it. It was only when he reached the air again that he collapsed in a heap—his hands and face badly blackened and burned. But he held his violin clasped to his breast.

Alida Alden was in Roberts room—bending over his bed—when the great specialist arrived. Naturally mistaking her for Robert's wife he said curtly,

"Will you please step outside, Mrs. Knight? I want to examine your husband's hands." And Alida went hurriedly, and a little thankfully, from the room.

When the specialist came out he looked very grave. He turned to Alida who, with Mr. Alden and Madge, was waiting in the hall, and said:

"There is only one way to save your husband's hands so that he can play again. Someone must give skin to be grafted on to them."

There was blank silence for a moment before Madge stepped forward.

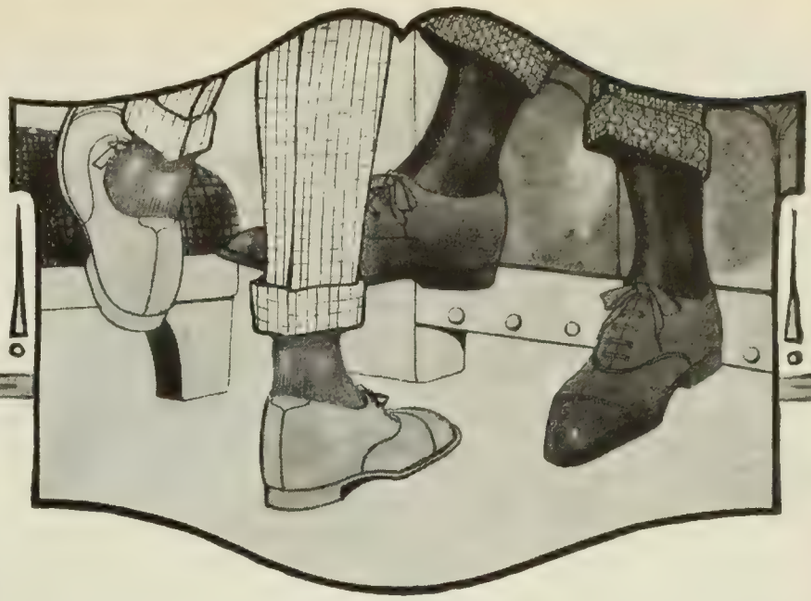
"You have made a mistake," she said quietly, "*I* am his wife. And I am ready to do anything to save him!"

It was Mr. Alden who spoke, suddenly, from the background.

"Is he worth it?" he questioned. But there was no doubt in Madge's face as she answered:

"I know what his music means to him!"

And the specalist, going back to Robert, told him that his wife had consented to undergo the operation; not realizing, of course, that Robert—judging by the first mistake in identity—thought that Alida Alden was the one who was literally giving her skin for him.



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The Woman Who Understood

(Concluded)

The operation was successful—of course. For the specialist was a great specialist. Madge suffered terribly, very terribly—the skin had been taken from her arms and shoulders—but the suffering was nothing as compared to the pain caused by her husband's cruelty. For Robert, after the operation, asked only for Alida—thinking that she was the one who had sacrificed herself for him. And Alida, when she came in response to his summons, was not big enough or fair enough to confess that she had done nothing of the sort—while Robert, with his eyes bandaged, could not see the truth. He told her at once that he loved her supremely and Madge, standing in the doorway, heard him and, sobbing, exclaimed—

"I won't stand in your way!" And she hurried out, filled with thoughts of suicide—the same thoughts that Alida had put, years before, into Robert's mind. Entering her room she searched for a revolver, the revolver that—long ago—she had taken from Robert—and was about to end her life when little Peggy, in the nursery, cried out sharply. And Madge, remembering her children, and her duty to them, laid down the revolver and went to the sobbing little girl.

It was Mr. Alden, coming into the sick room, who set things straight. It was he who told Robert of Madge's wonderful spirit of sacrifice, and of Alida's despicable part in the whole affair.

"You poor miserable fool!" he growled, at the last, "Alida wouldn't hurt a hair of her head for any one. It is your own wonderful wife who did it!"

And Robert, tearing off the bandages, learned the truth at last!

Of course, Madge forgave him. The love-woman always does forgive her man! She came to him at once—when he sent the nurse for her—came almost timidly. And, in answer to his prayer for pardon and understanding she bent over his bed with a madonna expression on her face.

And, as she kissed him, she smiled tenderly—as a mother smiles at a wayward child.

When Robert grew strong again—it was like old times, the precious, wonderful times before Alida Alden had come into their lives. Bobby and Peggy had their playmate, and Madge the eager lover of their "Greenwich Village" days.

Kidding Mother Nature

By ALISON SMITH

A lovely violet could not move this jazz artist to verse.

PERHAPS you remember the old-fashioned type of scenic title which was designed to elevate the soul while the pictures were instructing the mind. These title-writers would gush forth in streams of lovely slush whenever a rural scene was flashed on the screen. The mere glimpse of a mountain peak combined with a pine branch was enough to send them into fits of estatic doggerel. A primrose by the river's brim was never a simple primrose to this title-writer—it was a signal for deluge of assorted adjectives. And a harmless necessary hill—any old kind of a hill—would be sure to bring forth something like this:

"Yon gentle hill, so soft and green
The sweetest sight eye e'er hath seen."

They would go on and on like that until the audience would leave the theater prepared to curse nature and die. It didn't matter how awe-inspiring the pictures were—the sub-titles were so simply awful that they took all the joy out of country life in America.

Katharine Hilliker, editor and title-writer of the Chester Outing Science, has changed all that. She didn't mean to do it—in fact she started out to be a well regulated, properly soulful title writer. But she simply couldn't get that way.

So, in desperation one day, she deliberately "jazzed" her scenic sub-titles just to see what would happen. What did happen was that the Strand audience sat up and chuckled and begged for more in letters to C. L. Chester who owns the pictures. And now she is an utterly abandoned jazz artist whom even a lonely violet could not move to tender verse.

For example:—If you give her a waterfall scenic, does she write gentle things about the waterfall whose splashes clear bring sweetest music to our ear? She does not. She turns it into a half-whimsical, half-hilarious treatise on prohibition and calls it "Mr. Outing Climbs Aboard." And when she is confronted by a nice learned picture on Japanese industries, does she fill it with soothing statistics on where things would reach if placed end to end? Not she. Instead, it emerges as a satire on educational films in general under the ironic title of "Mr. Outing Instructs."

In a educational treatise on fishing industries she will announce on the title screen: "This is the colony in New Jersey with a birth-rate of fifteen million babies a year." And, in describing the habits of the small mouth black bass she says, "Does Mrs. S. M. B. Bass sit on the nice eggs once they are laid? Not on your life. Suffrage had the Bass family by the tail when Eve was still a rib and it is Mr. Bass who sits on the gravel patch and welcomes his offspring into a cold cruel world."

You would never suspect that she was a wild revolutionist when you meet her. She looks more like something out of Vogue—she dresses that way. And before she wrote her fatal first sub-title, she was a perfectly correct art editor on a San Francisco daily and an earnest war worker in the Committee of Public Information, in the Division of Films.

Cinemaphobia!

IF you detest films with an uncompromising, unreasoning, irrational, "bitter-end" detestation, you might read what George Jean Nathan has to say about them in the Smart Set.

George Jean Nathan and Channing Pollock run a close race as the champion film haters. Both, see red, grab for their sharpest pen, and write with 100 proof vitriol when they feel an attack of cinemaphobia coming on.

Mr. Nathan seems to be suffering from a bad attack of photoplay indigestion, and his stomach simply refuses to retain anything that is seasoned with celluloid.

"The Hooligan at the Gate" is the snappy, if inelegant, title that introduces Mr. Nathan's article, and here are some of the charges in the indictment:

"More than any other force, more than any other ten forces all compact, have the moving pictures in the last dozen years succeeded brilliantly in reducing further the taste, the sense and the general culture of the American nation. Like a thundering flood of bilge and scum, the flapdoodle of the films has swept over the country carrying before it what seeds of perception were sprouting, however faintly, among our lesser peoples. And today the cinema, ranking the second largest industry in the States, proudly views the havoc it has wrought and turns its eyes to new Belgiums."

"They have gagged the mouths of almost every newspaper with a rich advertising revenue: if there is a newspaper in the land that has the honour and respectability to call the moving pictures by their right name, I haven't heard it."

"They have bought imaginative actors and converted them into face-makers and mechanical dolls."

"They have elected for their editors and writers the most obscure and talentless failures of journalism and the tawdry periodicals."

"And presently—as I observed last month—they sweep their wet tongue across the American theatre. By the time this gets into print, the moving picture organizations will—unless a miracle intervenes—have begun to get a strangle hold on the native theatre. In a year or two, save some mysterious Jeanne d'Arc come to the rescue, the American drama will be dictated to, not by the Belascos with all their faults, but by the Marcus Loews with all theirs."

"For all the wails I have heard against you, you have—save in one instance—never been other than fair in your dealings with any publisher or any magazine or any writer with whom, as editor and writer, I have come into contact. But, gentlemen, you would buy a soul, or sell one, for a nickel."

Well, anyhow, Mr. Nathan has his views on the subject. If he would write with about one thousand percent more knowledge of the business his views might have some semblance of familiarity with his subject. But why argue pictures with a gentleman afflicted with cinemaphobia. It's an incurable disease. Then too, everyone has a right to his own idea of pleasure (18th amendment excepted) and if the gifted George Jean didn't have something to pick on he would be the unhappiest man in the world.

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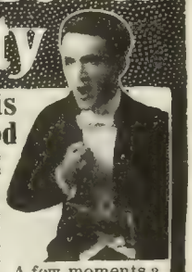

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Alice Lake

(Concluded from page 46)

my dressing-room—and here I am. Almost a Keystone story itself."

"Did you find serious drama difficult after comedy?"

"At first—yes. In comedy you have to work at top speed, and when I tried to slow down for real acting it almost killed me.

"'I can't do it, I can't,' I groaned to myself. And then I thought: 'You little fool, haven't you got any brains? Of course you can do it, but you've got to learn how.'

"And that's where comedy experience was invaluable. I had learned to think quickly, like an athlete. I discovered that I could tell when I was about to do a thing the wrong way, and change instantaneously, without getting out of step."

Like a good many other young women who have made a success of acting for pictures, Miss Lake owes her start to the fact that she and Vitagraph were both born in Brooklyn. Half a dozen years ago, the doors of the Flatbush studio were open wide to screen aspirants. Extra girls were always needed for big scenes and Smith and Blackton were on the lookout for talent. Names did not mean so much, stars were just in the making. Vitagraph was the cradle of genius because it was one of the first studios located in the biggest city in the world.

Statisticians have declared that out of every ten normal girls, nine want to be actresses. Miss Lake was entirely normal, and was one of the nine.

Such is the slender story of this slender young person. There is something strangely contradictory about her diminutive little figure—she is only five feet tall—and the impression of a remarkable capacity which she gives in all her speeches and movements. Perhaps it is the self-possession that comes from dealing quickly with unexpected contingencies, such as arise constantly in the strenuous life of a comedienne. You ask her a question, her gray eyes focus sharply upon something, and she replies. There is no waste. She seems perfectly disciplined, knowing exactly what she knows and making no pretense of wisdom beyond that point. She has discovered that being an actress is not a pose, not a dissipation, not a lark, not a recreation, but a business that requires constant study, just as being a banker, or a lawyer, or a shoe salesman requires study. She has no sweeping theories about pictures nor about her part in them. It is her job. She comes to the studio, finds out what is expected of her, and does it to the best of her ability. No waste. No protesting that it should be done this or that or the other way—that's somebody else's job. She feels that all her ability should be used upon her own.

This does not mean that she goes through her days mechanically—put so much girl into a machine and take out so much drama. If you saw her impersonation of the unfortunate young woman in "Should a Woman Tell?" you know that besides mind she puts heart into her work.

"The hardest thing I ever did," she says, "was that scene where Meta tells her mother of her unfaithful lover. It could not be emotional in the hysterical sense, and yet the tears had to come. It was to be a portrayal of a girl who was just crushed, almost speechless. Anyone can work herself up into a frenzy of grief where weeping is almost involuntary, but to make the tragedy clear by the exact opposite means was a problem. What was worse, I was feeling especially happy. However, it had to be done, and somehow or other I shut out everything but this poor girl from my mind. But I was a wreck for days afterwards. That sort of thing tears your nerves into shreds."

It's only a little Lake, but it's deep.

The Story Your Hands Tell

(Continued from page 30)

so much the same shape on both sides that it is hard to see the first joint. This would be, under other circumstances, a very sure sign of the lack of consideration for others, but the rest of the hand has so many signs of being easy-going and of having a good temper, that this would probably be a wrong diagnosis.

The exceedingly well padded ridge just below the fingers is still another sign of easy-going self-indulgence. This person would not be too fond of hard work. The best feature of the hand, after its sign of non-irritability, is its appreciatively artistic first and fourth fingers, but they set at rather a questionable angle.

No. 7 represents the executive or business type in the proportions of the whole hand, with decided leanings toward the artistic and constructive in the shape and unequal length of the fingers. This is the hand of an energetic executive, with force, imagination, resource and ability, but with very few illusions. The fingers are better than the palm, for they indicate many qualities that are not easy to find in the hand of the average administrator of large affairs. They show an appreciation of color and texture in fabrics, for instance—a love of really good workmanship, which is also rare in this type of hand. The palm is strong in structure and gives evidence of a good constitution, but it also shows the strain of a continued sedentary life. It is a gifted hand but to certain extent a self-indulgent one, not worrying much about the man next door, rather impatient of ordinary restraint.

The hand of No. 8 is very unusual in its wedge-like shape; the palm is wide and thick at the heel and narrows down very sharply toward the fingers. They are wide at the top and narrow at the tips making the palm look astonishingly heavy. If it is natural for the thumb to stand out at this sharp angle it is a very self-centered hand. Even without the thumb and notwithstanding its fineness or line and its delicate fingers, the hand is a very willful one. Ambition is its ruling note, and behind it is the driving power of that big palm. While it shows great physical stamina it leads me to suspect tendencies toward melancholia. It is a hand that would gain its point in many ways, by tact one day and force of will the next for her mind is very acute and her force of will overpowering. She never fears to face an issue or to force it.

Intelligence makes for a fine hand rather than any physical gift. You will not find a good one on a stupid person. Some of the best ones I have ever seen have been on laborers. The dirt of toil could not obscure the character lines on No. 9. Their owners may have lacked a finished education, but the character was there. These in photograph No. 9 are fine examples of what a good workingman's hand is like. It is first of all, good tempered. In fact, it almost smiles at you. It has nothing to hide. It has a fine sense of order and proportion. It has nervous and physical strength enough for the day's task and some left over. It goes about its work earnestly, patiently, accurately. It has time for a good-natured joke with everybody. It has a fine sense of responsibility, and it is more than ordinarily kind to children. It is not the hand of a Bolshevik, and can still turn in an honest day's work without losing its self-respect.

No. 10 shows astonishing driving power. It would be a great hand to entrust with the accomplishment of difficult and complicated tasks. It has unlimited self-confidence, and sturdy, aggressive ability. It is not the hand of a person with great vision, but the kind that gets down to brass tacks and does the work before it without fuss or feathers. All things being equal, it is a good tempered hand, with no irritability in it. Although kind enough, this hand seems somewhat lacking in regard to the feelings of others. There are two reasons for this, one of them being that he would get too much engaged in plowing ahead to have time to think of the other fellow's feelings. And the other reason would be that his own self-confidence would lead him to think his own opinion best in nearly every case, and the signs of this are the finger tips that do not taper down quite enough, and the thumb that is too thick just before it begins to turn at the first joint. Of course, it is a weakness to underestimate the other fellow, but as I said before, this man is a marvel at getting things done, and in the end he will win out, for with the passage of time he will be more and more willing to study and learn from others.

Hand No. 11 has a combination of good qualities that would be hard to beat. A long thumb—decision; a wide, deep palm—stamina; long unequal length, big fingers—brains, imagination and a touch of philosophy. There is beside in this hand something that leads you to think that he would have a fine sense of his moral obligations. This man would fight for a square deal for himself and get it. If you don't believe it, look again at his thumb. But he would be just as quick to put up a fight to give the other fellow an equally square deal.

He would be a man of very decided opinions but of real vision. Interested in literature and the arts, successful in business, surrounded with loyal friends, the world is a very pleasant place in which to live.

"The Pessimist"

By Chester H. Thompson

BEHOLD, I come with palsied hand
And grimace on my face;
For know ye I'm the Pessimist,
Accursed of all the race.

I poison every thing that's good,
I crab where e'er I go,
And now I've found a virgin field,
It is the Picture Show.

I'll pass amongst the Movie Fans,
I'll show them where it's wrong,
And soon I'll change their merry tunes,
Unto a sadder song.

No more will bright lights shine at night,
Proclaiming far the name,
Of Movie Stars that's won the Mass,
And gained a world-wide fame.

But what is that I see far off,
That guides the people's way?
At last it is old Common-sense,
I fear he's come to stay.

Then I must go to other climes,
Far from his pesky reach;
And crab alone beside the waves,
With crabs upon the beach.

GRAY HAIR TELLS TALES

Banish It!

AS discordant as a costume of pink and orange, or as a precious jewel set in a tarnished mounting, is a youthful, piquant face framed in gray, faded hair.

Inattention to this important detail of the toilette is responsible for the failures of many women of otherwise impeccable appearance to win recognition in society or advancement in the professions or in business.

Gray, mottled or streaked hair may not be any more readily condoned than soiled linen or a shiny nose. To be well groomed the hair must be neatly coiffed and any gray spots or streaks must be tinted.

BROWNATONE

Absolutely harmless and instant in its results is the BROWNATONE method for restoring to faded, gray hair all its pristine beauty and exact original color—any shade from golden to black.

Send 11 cents for Trial Bottle

and valuable booklet on the care of the hair.

Two colors: "Light to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Two sizes: 35 cents and $1.15. In Canada, 50 cents and $1.50.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
WINDSOR ONTARIO 492 COPRIN BLDG COVINGTON KY. U.S.A.

Favored by the Stars

Oh, that delightful, smooth, sweet, clean feeling that comes from using Boncilla Beautifier! No woman desirous of a beautiful skin should ever be without this perfect toilet requisite.—ETHEL CLAYTON.

Boncilla Beautifier

Prepared from Mme. Boncilla's famous formula

CLEARS THE COMPLEXION
REMOVES BLACKHEADS
LIFTS OUT THE LINES
CLOSES ENLARGED PORES

Gives the skin a velvety softness and youthful texture.

You can now take these treatments yourself by a simple application of this wonderful preparation.

In a few minutes after applied you feel the soothing, lifting sensation that assures you of its work of youthful restoration. It *lifts* out the lines.

Boncilla Beautifier is more than a skin treatment. It acts on the muscles and tissues of the face, giving a firmness and youthfulness in place of any sagginess of the skin or tissues of the face. It also renews the circulation of the blood in the face, giving it a renewed fresh, clear, radiant glow of health.

You will note the improvement from the first treatment. Use twice a week until you get the face free from lines and other imperfections, then occasionally to keep it so.

You shall not be disappointed, for if it does not fully satisfy you, we return to you the full price paid, as per our guarantee with each jar.

If your dealer will not supply you promptly, send $1.56 covering price and Revenue Stamps.

The Crown Chemical Company
Dept. 10 INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Gordon Motor Crib

a new comfort for mother and baby

This Baby Crib for your auto is being used by thousands of families. An ingenious SPRING arrangement enables the baby to sleep over the roughest roads and mother can drive. No jars or shocks. It can be compactly folded or quickly removed when not in use. Cover protects child from weather. Occupies no useful space in car.

Send for illustrated booklet and dealer's name.

GORDON MOTOR CRIB CO.
Dept. F 219 North State Street, Chicago

Bowlegged Men

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Straightleg Garters

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S-L GARTER CO.
808 Trust Co. Bldg. DAYTON, OHIO

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(Concluded)

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"But why do you like to play vamps?"

"Because they are always the best acting parts. There is something to them, they have character and force. They live."

I asked her if she thought the pictures were going to improve. She thought they had improved. And if they had not it was not the producers' fault. They were willing to pay any price for stories by the best writers, and casts of the best actors.

"Whisper," she whispered, "I don't want them to get *too* good."

"Why?"

"Because if they were too good there would be no chance for the stars to save them."

Occasionally the truth will out.

OUR READERS SAY:

Letters from readers are invited by the editor. They should be not more than three hundred words in length, and must have attached the writer's name and address.

Jamaica, N. Y.

Editor PHOTOPLAY.

Dear Sir:

IN looking over February PHOTOPLAY I read your article "Give Labor the Star Dressing Room." I'll say, you sure did hit it right in a few words and I liked it. There are thousands of good workmen that never have the spotlight turned on them. A few articles more like that and any man with brains would endeavor to do better each time. Even if the public didn't all read it, he would know somebody appreciated him.

ALONZO F. KINNEY,
Locomotive Engineer.

Corsicana, Texas.

Editor PHOTOPLAY.

My dear sir:

PLEASE allow me to enter my protest against the manner in which the producers of motion pictures abuse the mannerism of speech of we Southerners.

It is true that we rural folk use some words incorrectly, either intentionally or otherwise, according to the standards set up and maintained by staid college professors.

There is one term of ours which if used in their presence, would cause the aforementioned C. P.'s to raise their eyes and hands—the former in supplication, the latter in disgust—to the skies. This particular term, so often used is: "You all."

However we speak this *always* in the plural form. *Never* in the singular. I ask them to bear this fact in mind when producing a sensible photo-play. They, the producers seem to forget that there are as intelligent people in the South as elsewhere.

Now, for example I remember a photoplay was released, and it became quite a "drawing card" for the box-office, or was advertised as such. At any rate it was supposed to possess a Southern locale. And the way the Southern hero and heroine—also of the South—conversed—was—outrageous.

Another instance of this barbarous butchery of the Southern dialect was manifest in a current release: "Bill Apperson's Boy."

A born and bred Southerner,
F. JULIUS STARKS.

Your Hair Needs "Danderine"

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

For 65 Cents

You can obtain the next three numbers of Photoplay Magazine, delivered to you by the postman anywhere in the U. S. (Canada 80c.) This special offer is made as a trial subscription. Also it will avoid the old story of "Sold Out," if you happen to be a little late at the news-stand. *Send postal order to Dept. 17C.*

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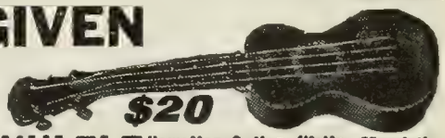

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Why Not?

IT is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you *should* weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! *Enjoy* life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE. *As sure as sunrise*

You Can Weigh exactly what you Should

by following a few simple, healthful directions at home. I KNOW it, for what I have done for 92,000 women I can do for you. Are you too fleshy? Are you too thin? Does your figure displease you? Let me help you

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because it appeals to COMMON SENSE.

No Drugs—No Medicines

You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

Excess Flesh, in any part of body	Incorrect Walking	Indigestion	Headache
Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms	Poor Complexion	Dizziness	Sleeplessness
Round Shoulders	Lack of Reserve	Rheumatism	Torpid Liver
Incorrect Standing	Nervousness	Colds	Mal-assimilation
	Irritability	Poor Circulation	Auto-Intoxication
	Constipation	Lame Back	

Our Soldiers Have Done So—Why Not You?

If you are in Chicago, come to see me, but sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I will send you FREE my illustrated booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly and giving many health hints.

Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 35, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill

Miss Cocroft is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men. 16

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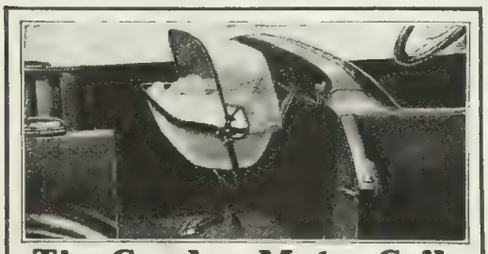

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"Aphrodite"

(Continued from page 36)

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"But why do you like to play vamps?"

"Because they are always the best acting parts. There is something to them, they have character and force. They live."

I asked her if she thought the pictures were going to improve. She thought they had improved. And if they had not it was not the producers' fault. They were willing to pay any price for stories by the best writers, and casts of the best actors.

"Whisper," she whispered, "I don't want them to get *too* good."

"Why?"

"Because if they were too good there would be no chance for the stars to save them."

Occasionally the truth will out.

OUR READERS SAY:

Letters from readers are invited by the editor. They should be not more than three hundred words in length, and must have attached the writer's name and address.

Jamaica, N. Y.

Editor PHOTOPLAY.

Dear Sir:

IN looking over February PHOTOPLAY I read your article "Give Labor the Star Dressing Room." I'll say, you sure did hit it right in a few words and I liked it. There are thousands of good workmen that never have the spotlight turned on them. A few articles more like that and any man with brains would endeavor to do better each time. Even if the public didn't all read it, he would know somebody appreciated him.

ALONZO F. KINNEY,
Locomotive Engineer.

Corsicana, Texas.

Editor PHOTOPLAY.

My dear sir:

PLEASE allow me to enter my protest against the manner in which the producers of motion pictures abuse the mannerism of speech of we Southerners.

It is true that we rural folk use some words incorrectly, either intentionally or otherwise, according to the standards set up and maintained by staid college professors.

There is one term of ours which if used in their presence, would cause the aforementioned C. P.'s to raise their eyes and hands—the former in supplication, the latter in disgust—to the skies. This particular term, so often used is: "You all."

However we speak this *always* in the plural form. *Never* in the singular. I ask them to bear this fact in mind when producing a sensible photo-play. They, the producers seem to forget that there are as intelligent people in the South as elsewhere.

Now, for example I remember a photoplay was released, and it became quite a "drawing card" for the box-office, or was advertised as such. At any rate it was supposed to possess a Southern locale. And the way the Southern hero and heroine—also of the South—conversed—was—outrageous.

Another instance of this barbarous butchery of the Southern dialect was manifest in a current release: "Bill Apperson's Boy."

A born and bred Southerner,
F. JULIUS STARKS.

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Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

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by following a few simple, healthful directions at home. I KNOW it, for what I have done for 92,000 women I can do for you. Are you too fleshy? Are you too thin? Does your figure displease you? Let me help you

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because it appeals to COMMON SENSE.

No Drugs—No Medicines

You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

Excess Flesh, in any part of body	Incorrect Walking	Indigestion	Headache
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Incorrect Standing	Nervousness	Colds	Mal-assimilation
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	Constipation	Lame Back	

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If you are in Chicago, come to see me, but sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I will send you FREE my illustrated booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly and giving many health hints.

Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 35, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill

Miss Cocroft is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men.

16

Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.

UP to the present time it has been almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on the face longer than it takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely and the first gust of wind or the first puff of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous, probably just at the very moment when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has at last perfected a pure powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations. It is also astringent, discouraging flabbiness, crow's feet and wrinkles. This unusual powder is called La-may, (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because La-may is pure and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. We will give you five thousand dollars if you can buy a better face powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful La-may talcum that sells for only twenty-five cents. Herbert Roystone, Dept. K, 16 East 18th St., New York.

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Yes, you can make that with American Box Ball. Scores of others are doing it with just two alleys. Many are making even more. Go into this business for yourself or run it in connection with your present business. Little money required. We help you start.

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Remember, rent is your only item. And if you already have a store, that is already taken care of. The game is a greater money-maker than ever since the saloons have closed. Let us show you what others are doing. We have facts and figures that will startle you.

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Going to bed in style!

Rest assured-

Faultless

Pajamas & Night Shirts
"The Night Wear of a Nation"

ROSENFIELD & CO. BALTIMORE NEW YORK CHICAGO

Kind To Dumb Waiters

(*Concluded from page 33*)

eye as Pauline Frederick do not expect that society will remain in ignorance of their private lives no matter how much they wish this, and Miss Frederick's recent divorce action announced the sensational failure of a marriage that promised much. Such a marriage with a brilliant writer one of the most brilliant playwrights of the day, could not fail to make a deep impression upon so receptive a nature as hers. It is this last marriage, perhaps, that has brought that look of deep, wistful sweetness to her face.

We chatter for an hour. She adores babies, she likes dancing and cards and she gets as much pleasure from her magnificent wardrobe as you imagine you would if you could have it. In fact, her powers of enjoyment, for a woman who has seen the world so thoroughly, are singularly unspoiled. She sings exquisitely. She appeared, before her motion picture days, in "It Happened in Nordland," "Toddles," "When Knights were Bold." "Samson," "Innocent" and other successes. I am a little tired of the parade of "mother and daughter" sentiment, but there is about the relation of Pauline Frederick and her mother a wholesome respect, a mutual regard, that reminds of Jack Lait's famous line, "Gee, it must be wonderful to have a mother," and the little cabaret girl's breathless response, "Gee, it must be wonderful to *be* a mother."

Pauline Frederick looked absurdly small in the corner of the big divan where she lay relaxed after a hard day at the studio. With one firm, magnetic little hand, she scooped up the small black Pomeranian who, all fours in the air, was trying by every known dog medium to carry to her his undying adoration, and cuddled him beneath her chin.

"I don't like little dogs, do you?" she inquired lazily. "Fact is, I don't like *women* who like little dogs. But this darn thing appeals to my sense of humor. Somebody's kidded him into thinking he's a mastiff. It may result in an ultimate demise, but meantime it tickles me to see him attacking Airedales and German police dogs with impartiality. Beside, he just naturally picked me for his own and I haven't the heart to refuse him. I saw him at a dog show in New York one day and he hopped right down off his little old perch and followed me. When they tried to take him back, he howled like a wolf. My vanity was my undoing, I suppose, and anyway I like a dog that knows what he wants."

Perhaps you have been thinking, after seeing Pauline Frederick on the screen for five years—first with Famous Players and now with Goldwyn—that she should be a vampire. On the contrary, she is a vampire who isn't.

Romance

S. King Russell

I find my romance on the silversheet,
It really is, by far, the safer way,
My heroine is always pure and sweet
Yet does not scold me, if I choose to stray.
I never find her cross, this dainty miss,
Nor see life's sorrow mirrored in her face
I thrill to every final screenic kiss
When fancy holds me close in love's embrace.
I never worry when my love's pursued
By cruel villains through a trackless waste
The hero comes in time to end the feud
My lady fair, though chased, will turn out chaste,
And yet for all her lace and lingerie

I never worry over bills to pay,
I find my romance on the screen, you see,
It really is by far the better way.

Jazzing Up the Fashions

(Concluded from page 58)

white organdie, trimmed demurely in ruffles. It was exactly the sort of thing for a graduation frock, and the enterprising young man who keeps Miss Minter's name before the public released the picture to the Sunday papers with a detailed description of how the gown might be made at home. As one feature of the aftermath, it may be interesting to learn that the makers of white organdie were puzzled for some time to learn the reason for the large orders for this material that were suddenly wired in from department stores all over the country. Miss Minter's press agent and a few of us who have to keep an ear to the ground for fashion rumors might have enlightened them. It was just another move in the game of jazzing up the fashions.

Take the ostrich feather fan as another example of the influence of motion picture stars on the current fashions. Last year Elsie Ferguson was screened in a society drama in which she carried a huge fan of ostrich feathers. Women came, saw and took mental notes. Then things began to happen. The smart shops were besieged with people who had suddenly made up their minds that they weren't properly clothed for a dance or the theater unless they carried around at least fifty dollars' worth of curled ostrich. The manufacturers of ostrich plumage, who were placidly getting ready for the usual amount of business, were suddenly buried under an avalanche of orders and they, in turn, began frantically making S. O. S. signals to the "raw plumage" men. Of course, the supply of ostrich didn't hold out, and then the resourceful ones turned to other fields of plunder. The turkey tail fan that used to be grandmother's cherished possession—and that was put away along with the case of wax flowers—was dragged from its place of concealment by mother and the girls and the feathers mounted on ivory sticks. For if Elsie carried a fan it was dollars to doughnuts that mother and the girls wouldn't be found going out socially without one.

Aside from the practical value of the motion picture in carrying the new fashions to people throughout the country, is another fact quite as important although not so obvious. That is the value of the lesson taught by the appropriately-dressed motion picture actress. For it is lamentably true that a person may spend huge sums of money on clothes and yet be badly dressed. Beauty of line is a religion with the men and women who design clothes for the film stars and this lesson is being absorbed by millions of people in this country every time they attend a film play.

Incidentally—draw your chairs a little closer, girls—I had a chance yesterday to see a little taffeta summer dress that is being made for one of the film stars. Of course, I don't believe in repeating things that I hear, but if you *should* happen to have some nice old lace around the house just put it on your new gown. Just a flounce around the tunic, you know, and some around your short sleeves, and a ruffle about the neck. If you do, you may have a proud moment about next July when you find out that you have been jazzing up the fashions yourself.

The Face in the Dark That Brought $200

He never saw the girl again. A white face pressed for a moment to the rainy window pane—no more he saw. No one else in the hurrying crowd looked up.

But he carried home with him the memory of her frightened eyes.

He wondered what made her look like that.

Slowly an explanation took shape in his mind. His trained imagination worked on it. One rainy night he sat down and wrote the story out—and sold "The Girl in the First Floor Flat" for $200.

You, too, can learn to write short stories and photoplays

If you have ever had a daydream; if you have ever wondered about the beggar to whom you gave a dime—you have in you *story-telling power*. For you, the ability to write can be acquired just like the ability to add a column of figures. It is a question of training—nothing more.

How to develop a story from a commonplace incident; how to select the essential points; how to handle dialogue; *how to sell the story and where*—step by step Hoosier Institute takes you by personal instruction.

Well-known writers who are familiar with Hoosier Institute training are enthusiastic in their praise. The late Jack London said: "I like your simple, direct, straight-from-the-shoulder method of presenting the matter. As somewhat of a veteran in the short-story game, I feel justified in giving my judgment that your course in short-story writing is excellently comprehensive and practical."

And this training may be yours during your idle hours.

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Sending the coupon puts you under no obligation but brings you the free booklet "How to Write." This book contains important information for men and women who wish to make money with their pen. No one who has ever had a daydream should delay an instant. Send the coupon now.

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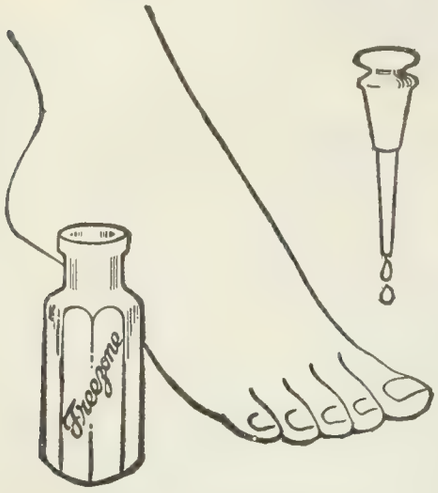
Cuticura Promotes Hair Health

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

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FACE POWDER

LABLACHE IS KNOWN

to millions of constant users and friends, to whom it clings with rapt appreciation—ever mindful of the good it must do. Harmless and invisible—its refined odor *only* indicates its use.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 15c. for a sample box.*

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French Perfumers, Dept 57
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Dye Old, Faded Dress Material

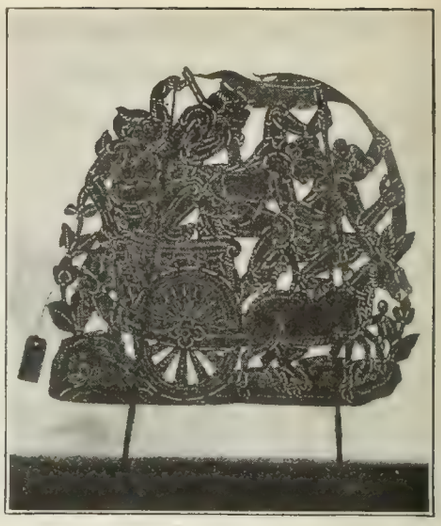
"Diamond Dyes" Make Shabby Apparel Stylish and New—So Easy Too.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, draperies,—everything!

A Direction Book is in package.

To match any material, have dealer show you "*Diamond Dye*" Color Card.

If we are any judge of pictures, this Siamese movie queen is giving the gentleman a piece of her mind.



© Underwood & Underwood

Siamese exhibitors made money with "Huniman," the monkey god, with his warriors and retainers.

Movies in Old Siam

COULD it be possible that ancient Siam had its censorship troubles, too? Perhaps. Because Siam had movies centuries and centuries ago—and talking movies at that.

It was this way. The "movie producer" carved small figures and things out of leather, and attached them to sticks. Then the "movie director" manipulated these figures pushing them in a trough before a light in such a way that they cast shadows on a curtain suspended between them and the audience. As the shadows moved, or posed or emoted, the "director" recited five reel dramas telling the romances of the kings and queens represented.

All this came to light the other day, when a forgotten gift given by the King of Siam to this country in 1875 was found hidden away in dusty boxes in the National Museum. It contained several of these picture shows of antiquity.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 121)

P. B. and C. K.—The hieroglyphics at the end of your letter almost drove me to coca-cola, or some other equally noxious drink, until I reached the happy conclusion that you didn't intend I should know what they represented. Righto, little ones? Constance Talmadge is as charming off the stage as on. Creighton Hale is with World Film, but Earle Foxe is now on the stage. Mollie King's late pictures have been "Greater Than Love" and "Women Men Forget." Sorry to disappoint you on the "Sandman" in Snow White. The casting director did not keep a record of this dignitary's name.

LEAH, MISS.—The course of your purple ink took a straight, unwavering path and here is its reward—prompt on everything. At this writing Norma Talmadge is taking a well earned rest in Florida, but mail should be sent to her at 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. The present showing of "Pollyanna" answers you on Mary Pickford. Both Doug and Charlie live in Los Angeles. Yes, they even speak when they meet each other—nothing upstage about either!

ISABEL BURNS—No, I'm not surprised to hear from you again. Nothing could surprise me after the adoption of national prohibition. What was the actors' strike about? Well, in brief—and it's very brief because it's rather out of our line—the Equity Association wanted recognition of their demands from managers, and until these demands were recognized their members refused to perform, except at their own benefits. The Equity demands included pay for holiday work, footgear and hose supplied to the chorus (without charge) and better pay for the chorus. But after a long, bitter fight an amiable agreement was reached.

MADGE EVANS FOREVER.—That sounds as good as three cheers. You love the little lady, don't you, young fourteen? She is now with Prizma, Ft. Lee, N. J. Tommy Evans is not her brother. Her parents are not professionals, though her father is her manager. Before her mother crossed the English Channel, she was a fairly famous model of a well-liked London sculptor. Joyce Fair played a lead with Essanay when she was twelve. That's four years ago. Emory Johnson is married, not Montague Love—at least he has not told us of it if he is. Carlyle Blackwell's last picture was an International—"The Restless Sex." The Lee children always play together. Aleta Dore is Marguerite Clark's adopted sister. She's about seventeen or eighteen. Yes, we will forward your letters to players. No to your query about Marie Osborne. Mary McAlister is now on the stage. Neither she nor Madge Evans have brightened the old Answer Man's life by dropping in on him. But we used to know Mary, in Chicago. We are stationed in Manhattan now, you know. Great place, N'Yawk! We are learning to drop our R's and everything.

CLARA, INDIANAPOLIS.—Mae Marsh's husband is not in pictures, so it is not likely his picture will appear in our magazine. He is Louis Lee Arms, a New York newspaper writer. Yes, I believe the two stars you mention would send you their pictures. Their addresses will be found elsewhere. Wanda Hawley is at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal., and Ralph Graves at the Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

SMILES, OHIO.—They comes in stacks of blue, pink, white, lavender, brown—but, yours; ah! delicate tone of jade. I vow, that paper gave me a thrill. Tom Forman is a "has-been" on marriage—divorced. He's about twenty-five. He will get a letter from you if addressed to Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

LONESOME, FLA.—How lonesome? As lonesome as a walnut in a barrel? Oh, roll along! Wm. Hart has written "Pinto Ben and Other Stories"; Pearl White "Just Me"; Douglas Fairbanks, "Laugh and Live" and "Making The World Worth-While;" Olga Petrova, poems and popular songs; Doris Kenyon, book of verse. Any bookstore with a complete line carries these publications. If you wanted to try a New York one, you might write to Brentano, Fifth Ave. and 27th Street. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-five. Maybe "Laugh and Live" would drive away that lonesomeness.

MOLLY, ILL.—Have I any pull with the editor? Wal, I dunno. But—and this hopefully—I'll pass your suggestions on to him. The last I heard of Mary MacAlister she was playing at the Majestic Theatre in Los Angeles. Harold Lockwood's son was a junior. Mollie suggests a fine Irish nature. Right or wrong?

DORIS, OREGON.—What a superb imagination you have. Nurture it tenderly, child, and some day there may be hope for you as a vivid novelist. Oscar Wilde said "many a young man starts in life with a natural gift for exaggeration which, if nurtured in congenial and sympathetic surroundings, or by the imitations of the best models, might grow into something really great and wonderful." Yes, Natalie Talmadge is in pictures, though confessedly not crazy about it. Here are some of Dustin Farnum's old pictures: "The Scarlet Pimpernel;" "The Spy;" "Durand of the Bad Lands;" "Light of Western Stars;" "North of Fifty Three;" "A Son of Erin." "A Man's Fight" is a rather recent one of his. "The Corsican Brothers," from Alexandre Dumas' great story, is his very latest.

L. G. H., MILWAUKEE.—Carol Dempster played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Scarlet Days." A vague "perhaps" is our answer to your Norma Talmadge query. No, she is not bobbed. "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." is Wally Reid's latest. Allan Forrest is thirty and divorced. Doug has not ventured into matrimony again. Billie Burke is thirty-four. "Held by the Enemy" is Wanda Hawley's latest.

N. O. GIRL, LA.—Monroe Salisbury is thirty-eight. Married. Cullen Landis is twenty-four, Ethel Clayton thirty and June Elvidge twenty-seven. The last named is divorced. Billie Rhodes cheerfully admits she was born in San Francisco, but just as cheerfully omits the year. Stumped.

LORNA, NEW ZEALAND.—Awfully sorry to disappoint you, youngster, but we are no longer publishing letters inviting correspondence between our readers. Your sketches are nice. They remind me of those of the late Theodore Roosevelt to his children, when they were at an age capable of grasping only pictures.

RUTH B., IOWA.—Have a heart—the Answer Man is not a fashion editor. The color and trimming of a cinema star's gown is quite beyond me—ask me something easy—as, "Will snakes become extinct with prohibition a reality?"

GLORIA SWANSON
Cecil B. DeMille Artcraft Player

WALLACE REID
Paramount Star

Hermo "Hair-Lustr"

(Keeps the Hair Dressed)

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The hair will **stay dressed** after Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" has been applied. No more mussy, untidy looking hair. Adds a charming sheen and luster, insuring the **life** of the hair, as well as its **beauty.** Dress it in any of the **prevailing styles,** and it will stay that way. Gives the hair that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance so becoming to the stars of the stage and screen. Guaranteed harmless and **greaseless.**

Two Sizes—50c and $1

$1 size three times the quantity of 50c size. SEND FOR JAR TODAY. Remit in coin, money order, or U. S. stamps, and we will send Hermo "HAIR LUSTR," and the Hermo Booklet, "Guide to Beauty," prepaid, under plain cover, at once. Use it five days and if not entirely satisfactory, return what is left, and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL. Once you use Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" you will never be without it. *SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY.*

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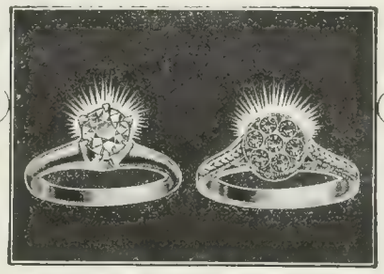

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

C. B. W., CANADA.—So you would just *love* to be an actress! Piffle, child, continue with your books. Then perhaps five years from now think about it again. Clara Kimball Young is married, and is twenty-nine. Just keep at your books awhile, and then write her some years hence telling her all about your ambitions and who knows what may happen? My advice is *forget it.*

PEGGY HAY, COLO.—Your green dipped letter, with its sprinkling of French, recalled the time when I was struggling toward the end of being able to read French opera before hearing it. I loved then to appear like a linguist in my correspondence until some *real* friend begged me to lay off. I did. Harrison Ford and Wallie Reid may be addressed Lasky, Hollywood, Cal. Anita Stewart, Tally Theatre Bldg., Los Angeles.

L., DECATUR, ILL.—"Giving Becky a Chance" is the picture, starring Vivian Martin, which you mention. James L. Crane was Miss Burke's husband in "The Misleading Wife" and Frank Mills played *Colonel Preedy.* The valet in "Something to Do" was Charles Gerard; so you see your hunch was off. "In Search of a Sinner" was the latest picture of Constance Talmadge. Not married.

DORIS, MAINE.—Your first attempt struck twelve. I hope all your first attempts will be equally successful. Wallie Reid was born in St. Louis. "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.;" "The Lottery Man;" "The Valley of the Giants;" "Too Many Millions" and "Roaring Road" are some of his commendable productions. William Farnum is forty-four and his wife's name is Olive White. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn twenty-four years ago. From the earth skyward she reaches five feet five inches.

M. S. W., EAST ORANGE.—While Wallie Reid has blazed a trail across the screen, he didn't blaze a trail in the U. S. service. He was ready and willing, of course, but then there was wife and young son to look after until the bugle hailed him. But the bugle blew its final call before it came around to Wallie. Yes, I am sure a quarter sent to Norma Talmadge at 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C., will bring you her photo. Where are you going to hang it?

(Continued on page 136)

The Fable of the Good Scenario Writer

(Continued from page 86)

me to rule Nations, yes even the League of Nations itself. What though you offer me the *half* of a Director's stipend, or the *fifth* of a Star's? Still must I cry 'No thank you!' For, verily, I say unto you I am a *Good Scenario Writer,* and as such I have too much sense to continue writing scenarios!"

And he vanished as suddenly as a picture when the reel endeth.

And that night the Producer's lamentations filled the air, and his prayers reached the Seat of All Justice.

But the Lord, which is a just Lord, merely pulled a thick cloud over his head that he might hear no further. For, verily, is it mete to succor those who know not what they want, nor how to obtain it if they knew, nor yet to hold when once it has been thrust upon them?

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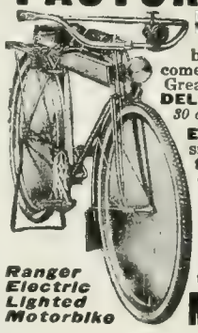

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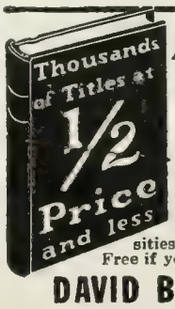

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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 W. 45th St., New York City (s); 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 10th Ave. and 56th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

THE FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., 310 Times Building, New York City.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC., 1845 Alessandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Cal.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

EXHIBITORS-MUTUAL DISTRIBUTING CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., Glendale, Cal. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORPORATION, 807 East 175th St., New York, West Ft. Lee, N. J.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

KING W. VIDOR PRODUCTIONS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

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Questions and Answers

Continued from page 134

R. K. U., LA.—Pat Moore is the little fellow you mention who played in "The Squaw Man." He is not related either to the Moore brothers or to Colleen Moore. Albert Ray and Charles Ray are cousins. Bert Lytell is not related to Viola Dana. Joseph Schenck is Norma Talmadge's husband. Constance not married.

JAPAN.—Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokio, 1889. Attended college in Japan and had six years' stage experience in the land of his nativity. After coming to the U. S. he attended the University of Chicago. Height 5, 7½; weight 157. Rides, swims, fences, wrestles, paints and writes. Mary Pickford is divorced. Marshall Neilan played opposite her in "A Girl of Yesterday" and Casson Ferguson in "How Could You Jean." I have no record of the comedy you mention. Niles Welch's latest pictures are with Bessie Barriscale in "The Luck of Geraldine Laird" and in a Vitagraph special by James Oliver Curwood—"The Courage of Marge O'Doone," with Pauline Starke, our little brunette free-lancette. Edward Earle is 5, 11½; weighs 160 pounds; fair complexion; blue eyes and light brown hair.

MARGUERITE K., BRITISH COLUMBIA.—I wonder if you are going to say "no thank you" to proffers of candy, sadly but firmly, again this year? Is the offer still good of sending the Answer Man what you don't eat? Enid Markey is at present on the stage. Elmo Lincoln at Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. Vivian Reed is the girl in "The Guilty Man" you refer to. Kathlyn Williams is at Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

ELIZABETH T., BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Jack Holt is at Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Oh, I'm sure he would send a little British Columbine his photograph. Yes, that's his honest-to-goodness name.

MASTER LEN, ALA.—What a pessimistic cherub you are! Marie Osborne, Priscilla Dean and Norma Talmadge are not dead—in truth, they are all very much alive. Priscilla Dean lives on the Coast, which in the cinema world signifies California; and 'tis said she is married, at least engaged, to Wheeler Oakman.

MARIANCE, MANHATTAN.—Heigho, once again! Dick Barthelmess is twenty-five and Eugene O'Brien thirty-six. Yes, twenty-five cents in thrift or postage stamps will bring you their pictures. True, our covers are always of beautiful women. We don't care for beautiful men.

MAY EVANS, CUBA.—Shades of Truth! No, Mary Pickford is not thirty, any more than she has had three husbands. *One.* As Antonio Moreno spent the first fourteen years of his life in Spain, I should say you would be safe in writing him in Spanish and having him understand it. Vitagraph Studio, Hollywood, Cal., will reach him.

HELEN B., UTAH.—Promises must be made in Heaven, or some equally distant place, because that fudge you promised is apparently still enroute. Wesley Barry is the lad with the ocean of freckles—cute, you call him. Kenneth Harlan is a bachelor and receives his mail at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

PHILIP, CLEVELAND.—Marion Leonard is living, but living out of pictures. Your note carried a shade of anxiety, and I am glad to relieve it.

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Brace Up and Build Yourself Up

There isn't any doubt that **you can do it,** if you just WILL to do it, and go about it the right way. You can get rid of the constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headaches, or other chronic ailments that are destroying all your chances of success in life; you can break away from any habits that are undermining your constitution and holding you back; you can strengthen your vital organs, build up your muscular system, sharpen your wits, and become well and strong and vigorous again—just as thousands of other sickly, discouraged men already have succeeded in doing. Patent medicines and druggists' dope didn't work a cure for them and won't for you. Pills and potions will only empty your purse and put money into the pockets of their promoters. **Take the right road.**

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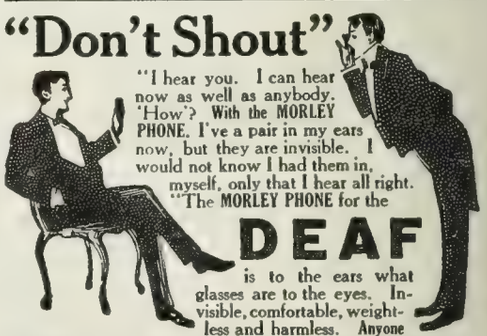

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

STENO. DENVER.—I can see that Casson Ferguson has you vamped right off the earth. PHOTOPLAY has no intention of slighting him, dear little lady, but we have a lot of ground to cover. Cheer him up by sending a billet doux to the Lasky Studio, Culver City, Calif. Of course I liked your letter and say very heartily, "write again".

CHICKEN, ARIZONA.—So you do not write on pale-blue stationary because you are a perfectly plain everyday sort. That may be, but your listed accomplishments put you in a class with a finished debutante. As a poetess I believe you are yet to set the world agog. Better send Bill Hart that blurb.

GERTRUDE E., NEW ORLEANS—Your pink effusion carries a note of impatience, and so I am a little sheepish to realize that in this case your impatience is well merited. I even passed the three month span this time. But watch me the next time you write!

Anita Stewart has her own company at 2 West 45th Street, N. Y. C. Marguerite Clark has seen thirty-two summers, is married to H. P. Williams of New Orleans, and last starred in "Luck in Pawn". William Russell is divorced from Charlotte Burton and his latest picture is "Eastward Ho". The lady in this domestic drama has not appeared recently on the screen. Lastly, the right name of Mary Miles Minter is Juliet Shelby, and she was born in Shreveport, La., seventeen years ago.

BETTY BROWN EYES, WISCONSIN—Beware, child, I see the curse of skepticism hovering over you. You say you "suppose" all my answers are true; well, I know darn well they are. And now here are some pearls of truth for you. Gloria Swanson has twice been a blushing bride—the last time to Herbert K. Sanborn, president Equity Pictures Corp. Brown is her hair and blue her eyes. Vivian Martin is married to Thomas Jefferson, and Doug Fairbanks is divorced. Constance Talmadge is in New York at present. Yes, the stars do flit from coast to coast, but everyone likes to share their radiance. Wouldn't Wisconsin whoop with joy if a few stars descended upon her?

JACK D., DETROIT—My word, man, how you hate yourself! Have you visited the hatter recently? Well, when you do, the largest size is going to pinch. If you're such a good-looker, it's a shame that you don't become an answer man. Then the scented missives on aesthetic pink, blue and lavender would swoop down on you in such an avalanche that you would be paging your good looks in a month.

LADY BALTIMORE.—With only two passionate desires in life—one to be an interviewer and the other to see some of the film stars in flesh—there's not much danger of your going astray. But I suspect you of another passionate desire, and that is to bounce Dan Cupid and take his job in mating motion picture stars. It can't be done, Lady Baltimore, 'cause love is blind even among the stars. Meanwhile, see that you corral an Adonis yourself for charity begins at home. *N'est pas?*

MRS. G. W. M., MIDDLETOWN.—I am so glad you came out on top in the argument—Gale Henry has been a woman since she first saw the light of day in Bear Valley, Calif., twenty-six years ago. There's no dodging the issue—comedienne does spell the female of the species.

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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

CLARA, DEADWOOD, S. D.—You remind me of the young bride who told her husband, when he asked her what she wanted for her birthday, that she'd love him just as much if he didn't give her a thing. And then she left him because he took her word for it. Call me Old Rip; call me Whiskers; call me anything, but don't insinuate that I'm an Answer Lady instead of an Answer Man. I won't answer your questions next time if you do. Ralph Connors' books are being filmed, in the original locations. I don't think Olive Thomas' late picture material has been up to her talents. She's an Irish beauty, a little past twenty, and married to Jack Pickford. She has an apartment in New York and works at the Selznick West Fort Lee studios.

J. S., NEW YORK.—That's from Schopenhauer, I believe: "We (the human race) are like lambs in a field, disporting themselves under the eye of the butcher, who chooses out first one and then another for his prey." I don't know much about this pessimistic philosopher; I prefer not to think—and to be rather happy. Dorothy Dalton started with Thomas H. Ince; she played relatively unimportant parts, sometimes with Bill Hart, until her ability was noted and she was starred. "The Flame of the Yukon" was her first great success. Her present contract is not with Ince but with Famous Players-Lasky. She is playing "Aphrodite" on the stage. Probably will do it on the screen, too, later on.

TOTON, FLINT, MICHIGAN.—It is indeed tragic that, having complied with my dearest hopes by not writing on colored or scented stationery and not asking a single question about Dick Barthelmess, your query happens to be one I have already answered elsewhere. Won't you, please, write again, Toton?

JIM, WILLISTON, N. D.—Your eulogistic letter may swell my already large pile of correspondence—but not my head-size. At the present price of hats— Bill Hart is lately seen in "Sand" in which he shares leading honors with his horse Pinto and the beauteous Mary Thurman, and "The Toll Gate"—the name of which latter picture may be changed for release. Kathleen Clifford with Doug in "When the Clouds Roll By." Since Margery Daw left the Fairbanks company to star for Marshall Neilan, Doug has had a different leading lady for each picture. Charles Ray will be making his new pictures for First National, though there are several more releases to be filled on his Ince-Paramount contract. You bet I'm for Charles.

G. HANSEN, WIS.—Your reference to Kathleen Kirkham started me whistling "Gee, but It's Great to Meet a Friend from Your Home Town." Menominee, then, is responsible for both you and Kathleen. Here are some of her pictures: "For Husbands Only," "He Comes up Smiling," "A Modern Musketeer," "The Beloved Cheater." Address Louis Gasnier Studio, Glendale, Cal. The other addresses are: Anna Q. Nilsson, Lasky, Hollywood; Owen Moore, Selznick, 729 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. C.; Helen Holmes, S. L. K. Serial Corp., 112 West 42d Street, N. Y. C.; Ruth Clifford, Universal, Universal City, Cal.; Mrs. Sidney Drew, Pathe, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C. I think all screen stars make a noble effort to answer their correspondence but at times it gets a bit beyond them and their staff of stenographers. You ask for Chicago film companies. There are Essanay and Emerald Film companies.

HENRIETTA STALLS, KY.—No, Pearl White is not married. Address this star, Fox Studio, 126 West 46th Street, N. Y. C. You are going to get a thrill when you see Pearl on PHOTOPLAY's cover. She's a glorious vision of light and color.

INDIAN MULE, MICH.—Tut, child, what rash statements you make. I shuddered when I read your preference of men. I don't think I'll tell you what I look like because I can easily see I would not interest you—I'm not handsome enough, for one thing. Your hope is realized—Kenneth Harlan is in California with the Universal.

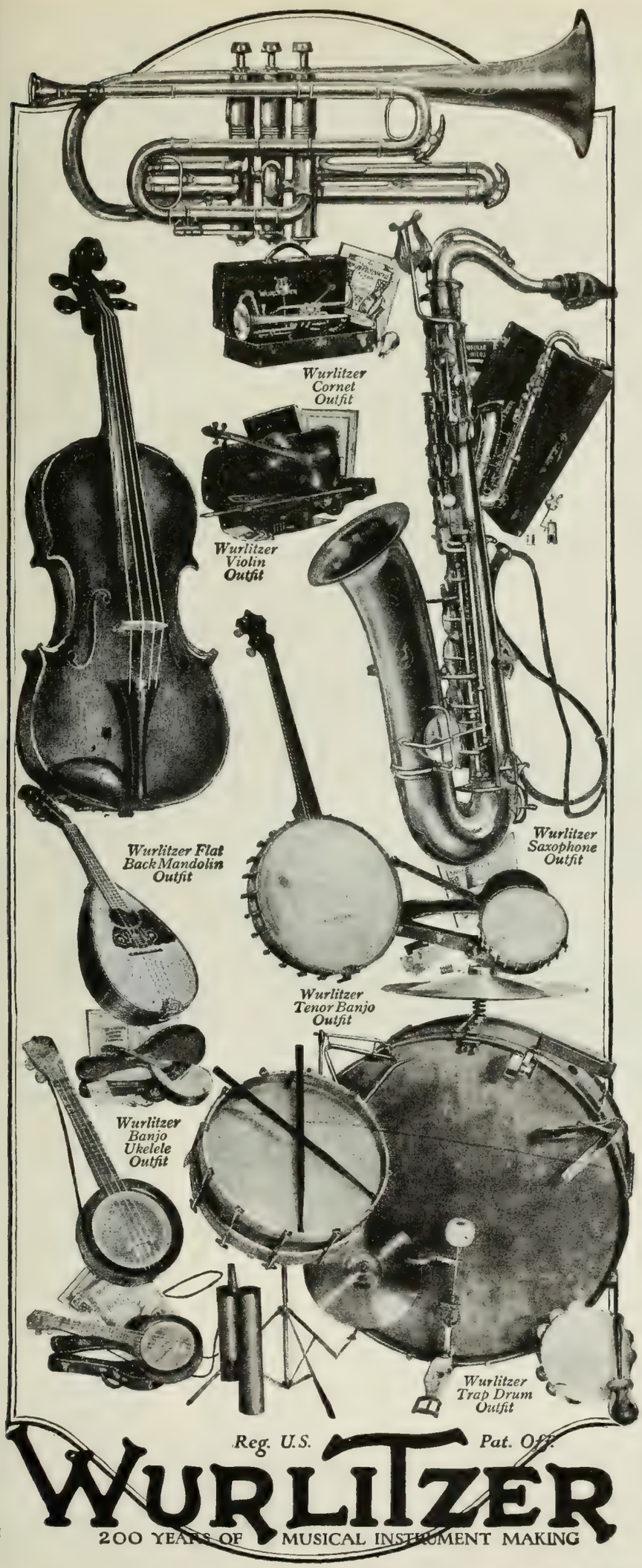
EVERYBODY, NEW ZEALAND.—What you ask us about Charlie Chaplin is answered in our vein of thought in the April PHOTOPLAY. "One Hundred Million" was Sid Chaplin's first picture under his new contract. Billie Burke is at present playing in "Caesar's Wife" in New York. This is a stage production. Theodore Roberts is a character actor—and one of the finest, too. Your query about a New Zealand setting is a poser, and a bit out of my line. I'm sorry.

K. A. R., CAL.—Of course I'll answer your questions and very gladly. Jack Pickford is a brother of the lovely Mary, but so well has he done on his own that he does not bask in the light of her reflected glory as "Mary Pickford's brother," but rather stands squarely on both his own feet. Write and tell him of your admiration and see if a picture is not forthcoming. If the book you mention has attributes akin to the screen—action, love, humor, humanness, or spectacular quality—it possibly would make a good picture.

MANON, TENN.—Andrew Robson played *Robert Marsh* in "The Gray Horizon." And now for the cast of "The Man Beneath": *Dr. Chindi Ashutor*, Sessue Hayakawa; *Kati Erskine*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Mary Erskine*, Pauline Curley; *James Bassett*, Jack Gilbert; *Countess Petite Florence*, Fontaine LaRue; *Francois*, Wedgewood Nowell. The blackness of your ink rather fascinates me. As ink goes these days, it must be a pretty good product. Watch out for the evidence you leave on your blotter!

BLONDIE, MASS.—For the present, sun-daughter, I must remain an enigma, dark and insoluble as that ancient worthy, the Sphinx. But what's a little mystery among friends? Let's rip. Your collection is great—a collection that individually, or collectively, will go down through history. Yes, Ralph Graves is the youngest leading man in captivity. In Richard Barthelmess' latest picture, "Scarlet Days," there were two important feminine roles played by Carol Dempster and Clarine Seymour. Nazimova confesses the place of her birth, but not the year. She is Russian. But what does it matter? "Why Change Your Wife?" is Bebe Daniels' latest picture. Address Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Dorothy Gish's latest is "Turning the Tables," with Raymond Cannon supporting her. Seaweed is my favorite necktie—a bit outre, but a neat comeback on highbinder haberdashers.

BILLIE, KANSAS.—I'm glad you confessed to me you were a girl. Though the Answer Man loves all mankind, naturally he gets a bit of a thrill when the writer suggests frills and sweet—or Coty's—jasmine. Harrison Ford registers at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Alice Brady is at Realart. Perhaps you would better send them each a quarter for their photos. Remember me to Governor Allen, Billie. He's a great American.



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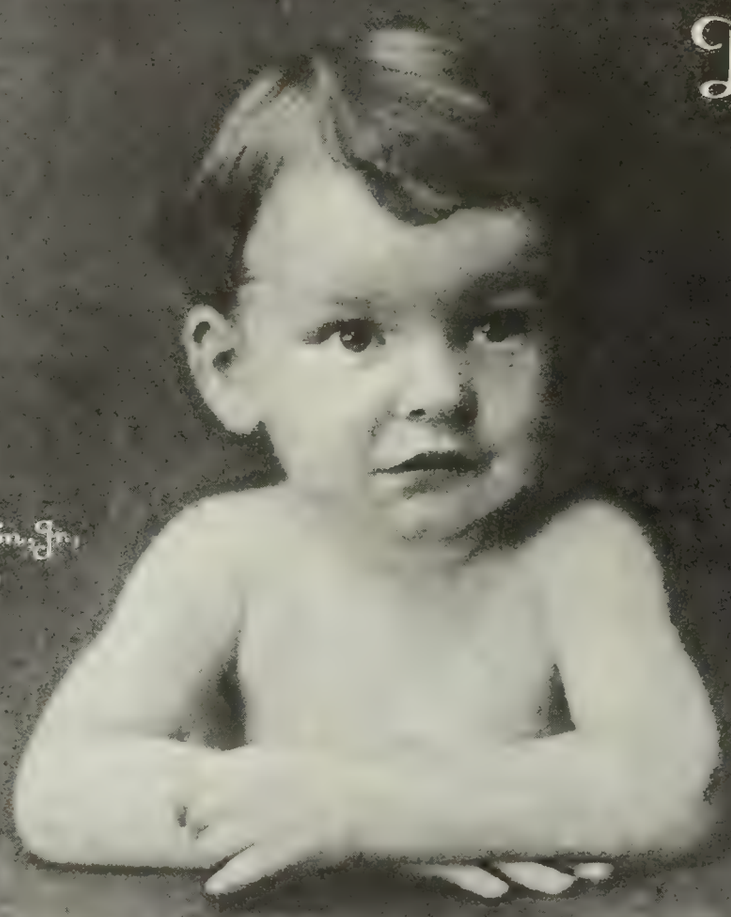

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June 25c

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Confessions of Theda Bara

In This Issue

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"Why Change Your Wife?"

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JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII No. 1

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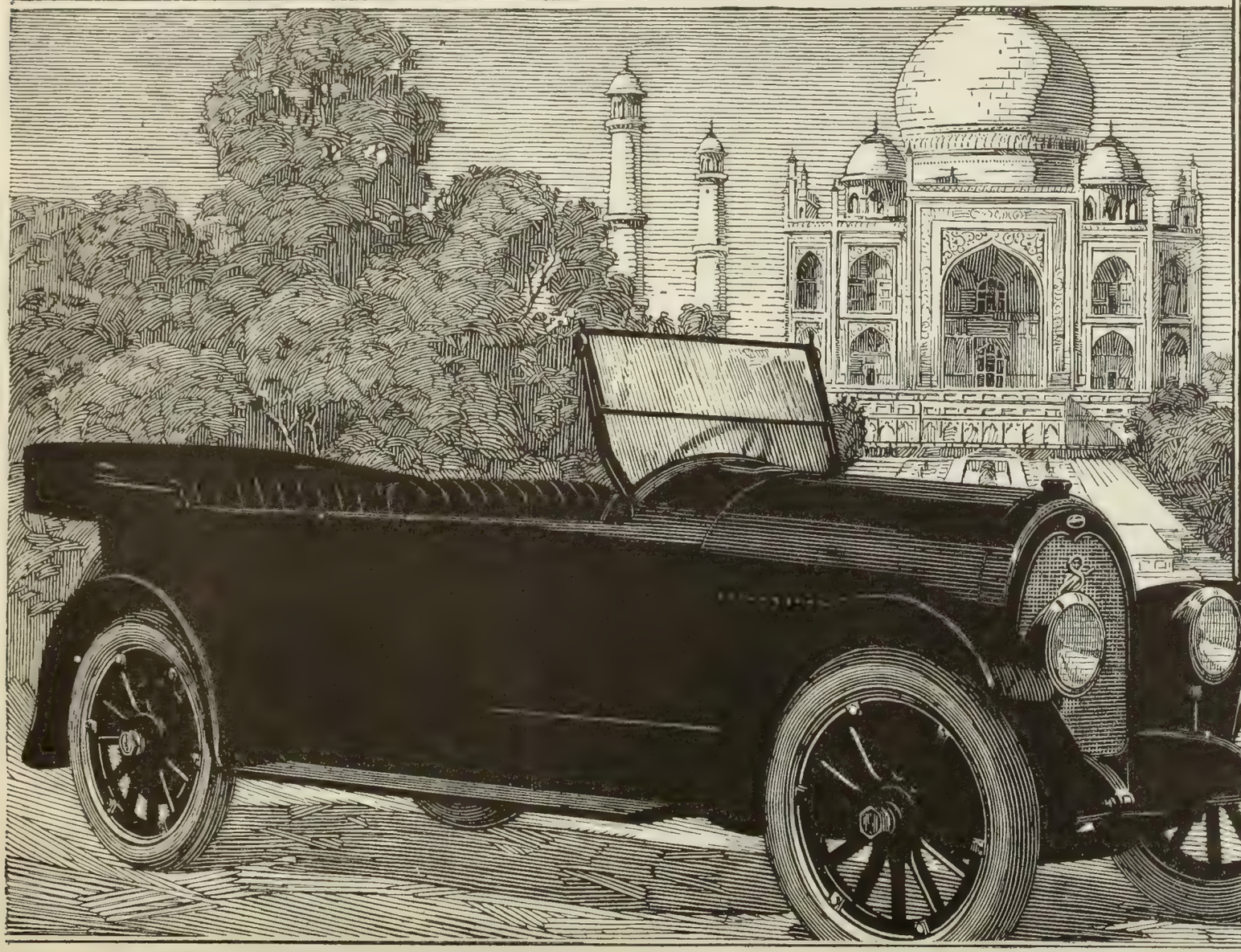

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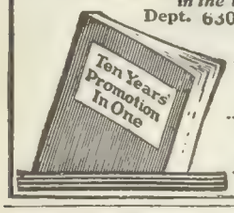

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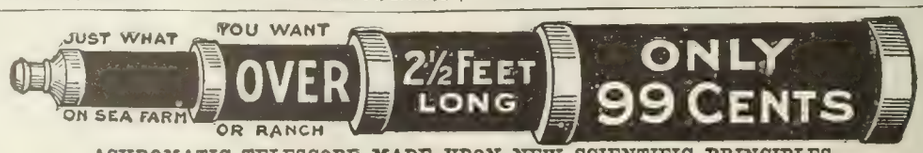

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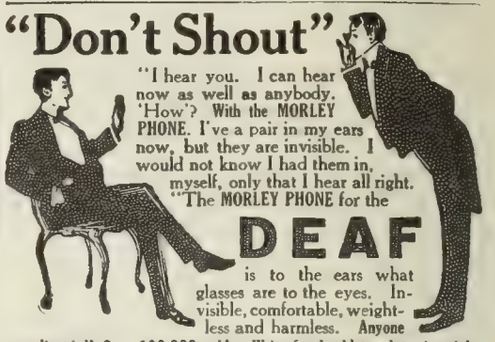

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Yes, you *can* do it! More than two million have done it in the last twenty-eight years. More than 100,000 are doing it right now. Without cost, without obligation, find out how you can join them. Mark and mail this coupon!

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- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
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- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
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- ☐ Sign Painter
- ☐ Railroad Trainman
- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Private Secretary
- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
- ☐ Stenographer and Typist
- ☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
- ☐ Railway Accountant
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ GOOD ENGLISH
- ☐ Teacher
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
- ☐ Auto Repairing
- ☐ AGRICULTURE
- ☐ Poultry Raising
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French
- ☐ Italian

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June Mornings

Bubble grains on berries

Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

June Evenings

Whole wheat, steam exploded

For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tid-bits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.

June Afternoons

Airy, nut-like confections

For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-liked confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Prof. Anderson's creations

In Puffed Grains every food cell is blasted by a steam explosion. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Thus digestion is made easy and complete. Every atom feeds.

The grains are toasted, crisp and flimsy. They taste like nut-meats puffed. Never were grain foods made so inviting.

But remember the great fact. Every element is fitted to digest. They are ideal grain foods which never tax the stomach.

In summer serve at all hours, and in plenty. Keep all three kinds on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3369

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 W. 45th St., New York City (s); 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 10th Ave. and 56th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

THE FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., 310 Times Building, New York City.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC., 1845 Alessandro St., Los Angeles, Cal

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Cal.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

EXHIBITORS-MUTUAL DISTRIBUTING CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., Glendale, Cal. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORPORATION, 807 East 175th St., New York, West Ft. Lee, N. J.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

KING W. VIDOR PRODUCTIONS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK PICTURES

YOUTH, Beauty, Romance,—these are the very soul of picture art.

SELZNICK PICTURES are made with a practical understanding of this great principle.

The qualities you seek in friend or lover, you find in these productions, and that is why—

SELZNICK PICTURES

Create Happy Hours

At Theatres Where Quality Rules

Under Searching Eyes—

Do you ever wince inwardly?

AN unexpected meeting—a battery of eyes focused upon your face—can you meet it with composure? Is your skin flawless? Clear, lovely in coloring? Or is there some blemish that stands out mercilessly in your own consciousness?

There is nothing that so destroys a man's or woman's poise and self-confidence as the consciousness of a complexion at fault.

Blackheads are such a disfigurement. Enlarged nose pores, a skin that *will* get shiny—But these things can be corrected.

Take care of the new skin that is forming every day as the old skin dies. Give it every night the right treatment for your particular trouble, and *within a week or ten days* you will notice a marked improvement.

Take one of the most common skin troubles. Perhaps your skin is constantly being marred by unsightly little blemishes. No doubt you attribute them to something wrong in your blood—but authorities on the skin now agree that in the great majority of cases, these blemishes are caused by bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores *from outside*, through dust and fine particles in the air.

How to remove skin blemishes

By using the Woodbury method of cleansing your skin, you can free it from such blemishes.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this special treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against any reappearance of the blemishes.

The booklet containing full directions for each one of the famous Woodbury treatments is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using it tonight.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

Would you like to have a trial size cake?

For 6 cents we will send you the trial size cake (enough for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 506 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 506 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

ONE glance at Helene Chadwick and you don't wonder that the camera is kind to blondes. Once in serials, drama sought her out. Now she is a bright star on Broadway—Los Angeles. Chadwick, New York, was named after her.

PEGGY O'DARE is the heroine of a real romance. An oil magnate saw her on the screen and decided there was nothing else in life for him. He went out to Universal City, met Peggy, and married her. Lost: another perfect serial-ette.

DeGaston

MOTHER likes his sweet-rough smile; father saw him in "The Littlest Rebel." in the legitimate; brother decides not to mind his own curly hair, while sister wouldn't miss a Bill Farnum film for anything. Remember "Les Miserables?"

Hoover

IT wasn't Helen Ferguson's youth or her brunette vivacity which won her a position in our cinematic younger set. It was her complete willingness to become a stenographer to earn enough money to continue her career in celluloid.

Bull

CALLING any actor "great" involves a lot of explaining. But is there anyone in your recollection who has played such a variety of finely-delineated characters as Raymond Hatton? He was the King in "Joan" and is to play Locke's "Septimus."

Edward Thayer Monroe

MARION DAVIES is one nationally-known beauty who doesn't believe that pulchritude is everything. She works as hard as any extra with snub nose and scraggly hair. Marion is the filmed heroine of many popular novels.

Bull

THE screen has many pretty professional martyrs whose studio life is just one struggle after another. But Jane Novak contrives to play her parts with a degree of humanness which makes us wish she might rebel. She's married!

White

DOROTHY GISH is that rarest combination: a young girl with a sense of humor and considerable brain. She has the calm of the philosopher and the joy-of-living of a Little Disturber. And some day she wants to do very serious roles.

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVIII *June, 1920* No. 1

The Welcome Wolves

A CHICAGO newspaper reporter possessed of remarkable patience and ingenuity extracted from a pious and prosperous mail-order fakir a detailed account of the system that had brought him riches—and the fatal interest of the Postoffice Inspectors. "I must thank you for the story," said he, "since in giving it to me you have made it impossible ever to come back."

"My boy," murmured the ancient sinner, with a benevolent shake of his gray head, "how little you understand human nature! My—my customers will not only permit me to come back; they are waiting for me to come back!"

So it is with no expectation of really disarming the dishonest picture promoters and stock-sellers who are again bestirring themselves that Photoplay calls attention to their trickery. Rather, we remark it as news, and beg merely to chronicle regret that so beautiful a thing as the New Art has vermin on its gleaming body.

One scheme now afloat is the promotion of a manufacturer too well established to stoop to such a thing; he advertises a vast stock expansion of his business, shares for sale, in restricted quantities, to fans only. Another concern is beginning a second harvest in the West, where, a year and a half ago, it gleaned a tremendous reward by selling stock on a miserable picture which was actually taken and released, thus keeping within the letter of the law. Their returns so far—and they are about all in—are said to be nearly six cents on the dollar. A third film Wallingford works from Washington, where he promises the world or any part of it, for—what have you?

The crux of flim-flam, which makes it endure from age to age, lies in the fact that no man was ever skinned in one of these games who did not expect to skin the skinner. Therein is the humor of the three shells and the little pea. The manipulators are wolves—but they are welcome wolves.

Verily, in the metallurgy of quick profits the dominant minerals are jasper and gypsum!

They Both

Edith Roberts performed the familiar right-about-face from comedy to drama.

She fairly radiates good humor, but she'd rather make you weep.

SHE was a comedienne, and she wanted to make people cry. Edith Roberts performed the usual stunt of forsaking comedy for drama, following in the footsteps of Alice Lake and Mary Thurman—only she didn't really follow them; she decided it just about the same time Miss Thurman did.

Edith has the sparkling face of the born comedienne. She fairly radiates good humor. A clearly-defined sense of fun is expressed in her eyes that turn up ever so slightly at the corners, in her brisk little nose, and her wide, laughing mouth. She's slim and energetic and snappy—simply made for farce.

And she went in for farce from the first. She was a tomboy whose mother had the worst time imaginable keeping her within bounds. She was the life of every fudge-party at the school on the Hudson where she spent her intermediate years. It was as a dancer and a sprightly singer that she made her stage debut; but she soon decided there wasn't enough variety in the varieties to suit her, so—she discovered motion pictures.

She was a Lyons-and-Moran leading lady, and everyone knows an actress has to possess a natural gift for comedy to keep up with those boys. They were saying that Edith would develop into another Normand then. Came the time when Miss Roberts was restless, and yearned for another fling at the stage. Universal gave her leave of absence, and she and her mother journeyed East, and Edith became a musical comedienne.

Did Edith like it? Edith did not. It's one thing to be a comedy queen on the coast, and quite another to be just one of the girls in a Broadway musical show. Edith and mother soon journeyed West.

But the stage fling proved fatal. Edith developed a surprising disinclination to go back to comedy. True, she was never obliged to act as a target for custards or anything like that. But the dramatic yearn was born in her, and after a series of funny pictures, she decided that life held nothing more for her unless she could be a serious actress.

Fortunately, Universal City agreed with her. She was given, not long after, the title role in "Lasca," in which she emoted to her heart's content, and became, after that opportunity, a full-fledged dramatic artiste, with other intense parts promising to come her way.

When The City read a story called "The Triflers," a comedy drama, they could not visualize anyone but Edith in the amusing leading role. So they approached her in considerable trepidation, inquiring in meek tones—for film men—if she would mind going back into her former phase just this once—because it was such a good part, and such a perfect vehicle for her. Edith isn't unreasonable, so she did "The Triflers," and was very sweet and funny in it, and it's proven one of her most popular pieces. But just wait, she says, until she finds something tragic enough for her talents. Well, you'd better bring an extra handkerchief, that's all!

Rebelled

Colleen Moore decided reprisals were in order and left drama for farce.

One eye's brown, the other blue. Maybe that accounts for it.

SHE was a sob artist, and she wanted to make people laugh. What, then, was surprising about Colleen Moore's desertion of drama and alliance with Christie comedies?

Colleen had always been told that she had the tragic face, the full, drooping mouth, the sad Mona Lisa eyes that seemed wise beyond her years. She wept through "Little Orphant Annie" and many Fine-Arts tragedies, and finally became so wearied of her gloomy existence that she formed a little soviet of her own, sought fresh fields, and blossomed out as a real comedienne in such farces as "A Roman Scandal" and "Her Bridal Night-mare." Thus reversing the familiar situation which has robbed the comedy concerns of so many of their leading luminaries.

It is said that once a bard tried to write a poem to Colleen Moore. The logical lead, thought the poet, would be her eyes. He had seldom seen lovelier, more living orbs. So he began, "Oh eyes of blue that thrill you through—" and then, he looked at her again. Surely he had been mistaken: Miss Moore's eyes were not blue, but brown. So he made another start, "Brown eyes that seem a poet's dream"—

And then he gave it up—which was just as well, as it would have been a rotten poem anyway—because he discovered to his dismay that Colleen's eyes were neither brown nor blue—that is, *one* was blue and one was *brown*—and what's a poet to do in a case like that?

She was born Kathleen Morrison, in Port Huron, Michigan. She was living with an uncle and aunt in Chicago when she met David W. Griffith, who came to the Windy City on business. She met him at a very formal luncheon, where perhaps her youth and her naivete produced a welcome relief. He asked if she would like to go to California and play in his pictures. Inasmuch as she had wanted to be an actress ever since she was old enough to know anything at all, she accepted his offer and soon became one of the ingenue class at the Fine Arts studio. She played many of the parts scheduled for Mildred Harris, before the present Mrs. Charlie Chaplin departed for picture pastures new. Colleen did "The Bad Boy" and "An Old-Fashioned Young Man" with Bobby Harron; and "Hands Up" with Wilfred Lucas. Then Selig sent for her to come back East—as far as Chicago—to be "Little Orphant Annie" in their production of the Riley poem. She also did "Patience Thompson" in "A Hoosier Romance." With these parts, she graduated into stellar distinction.

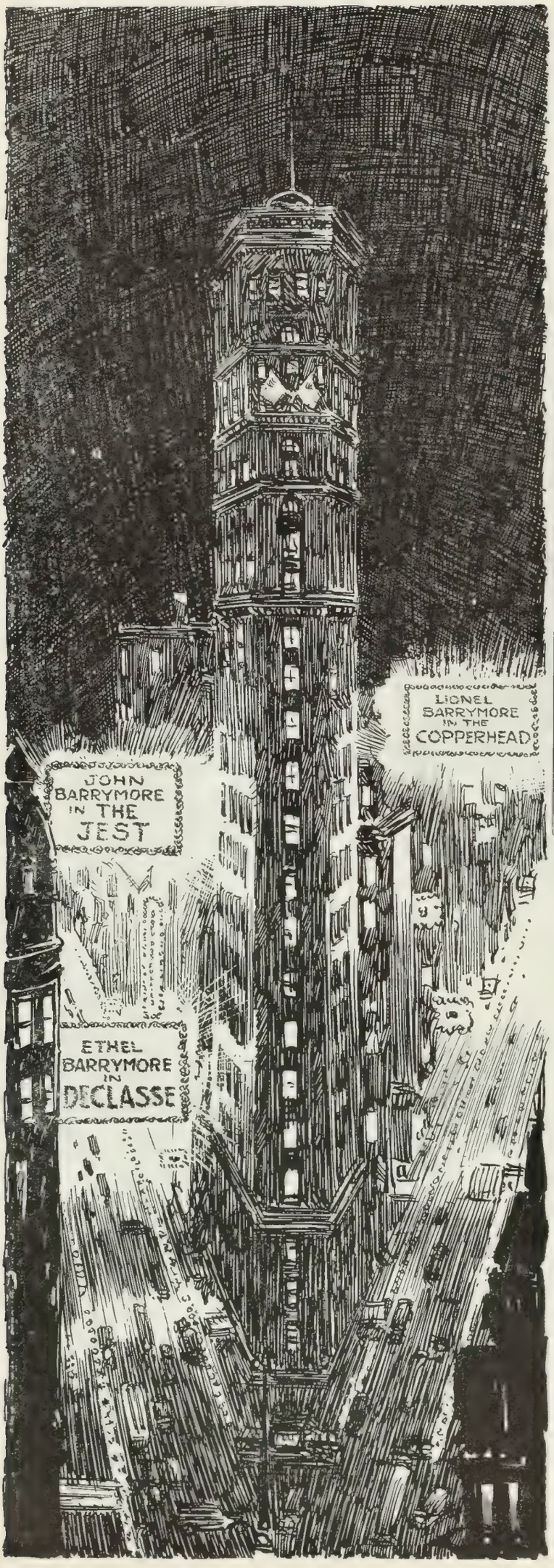
But such a little girl as Colleen was hard to fit as to star vehicles, so when she returned to the West coast—Fine Arts-Triangle having been relegated to the limbo of forgotten things—she was given ingenue leads to play, with Universal—opposite Monroe Salisbury and others; with Charles Ray, and more recently, Sessue Hayakawa. Then, after a funny little bit of "business" she injected into one of her pictures, Al Christie sent for her.

"How," he asked, "how'd you like to join my company and be a regular comedienne?"

Colleen is being featured, now, in a series of Christie Specials.

Broad

The real story of "The Three Musketeers of the Rialto."



John

IT is a curious commentary on the strange tricks life plays upon us that the reigning family of Broadway is a disappointed trio—or was. Ethel Barrymore, who plays in tear-conjuring "Declasse" around the corner from a billboard bearing a critic's pious ejaculation: "God knows when we have seen such good acting!" wanted to be a pianiste. She says it was because she "had to have money at once" that she went on the stage

Her elder brother, Lionel, the star of "The Letter of the Law," studied painting in Paris. He would a painter be! But in common with Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, he found the returns slow and the landlord's demands rapidly reiterative. He sought the place of quick returns —the stage.

The youngest of the trio, he who still answers preferably to "Jack," wanted to be an illustrator. He drew strange pen and ink sketches of Dorean themes and treatment. He says he was "fired" from the newspaper that employed him. He says it blithely, for it was that fact that drove him to the profession that yields a weekly pay envelope. John Barrymore followed his disappointed sister and brother upon the boards. He, too, shines in stellar dignity in Richard III.

A distance of but four blocks separates the busy Barrymores, Ethel at her established theater home, the Empire; Lionel at the Criterion; Jack at the Plymouth. The three musketeers of the Rialto! "One for all and all for one!" Greater loyalty hath no family than this.

Turn the corner from the Empire and Uncle "Jack"—John Drew—playing in "The Cat Bird" turns a complacent glance down the street.

way's Royal Family

By ADA PATTERSON

Decorations by R. F. James.

Lionel

Ethel

"Do you keep up with my youngsters?" he asked the Good Queen Bess of Broadway, Elisabeth Marbury.

"Of course I do, John," was the answer in Miss Marbury's high power delivery. "Haven't I seen them grow up? Didn't I all but see them born?"

The present generation of the reigning stage family wished to avoid sovereignty before it began. It was like a brood of princelets and princesses who wanted to sign away their rights to the crown. They were of a mind with De Wolf Hopper, who in a musical comedy weeps elongated tears, asserting the while: "I don't want to be king."

Backgrounded by three generations of actors, the urchins and maiden were early disillusioned. Not one of them wanted to buy grease paint and a rabbit's paw. They knew not only the glorious but the inglorious phase of a mummer's life. They were born and grew partially up in the period of individual management and frequent strandings. They wanted art, but they preferred other forms of it.

Ethel, the eldest, was the first to yield to the pressure of necessity and of fate. Because she had to have money at once she ceased her piano lessons at fifteen, bought the grease paint and made her way into and out of the stage door as a professional in 1894. The place was the Empire Theater. She entered reluctantly the play house in which a little more than ten years later it was her destiny to star. The play was "The Rivals." The chief players were John Drew and Maude Adams. She was fifteen then, or, more properly, fourteen and a half, for her birthday is recorded as August 15, 1879.

She was seventeen when first I saw her. She was playing the customary maid, the only role that is the open sesame to the stage. She was in her uncle's supporting company, with Maude Adams, in "Rosemary." Her stage name was Priscilla. She wore a short, striped skirt, a tight, low bodice, and a starched cap. She was a plump and comely young person.

One less gifted with dramatic intelligence would have considered her part a colorless bit and made no attempt to inject vividness into it. But Miss Seventeen did. Hers was to make love to a ponderous, many-syllabled person. Standing at a table, at some work for her mistress, she turned her glorious young eyes upon the elderly object of her admiration and praised his pedantic speech.

"Your words r-oll and r-oll and r-oll," she said, naively tender. That was the first evidence of the since famous Barrymore drawl. The audience applauded her entrance and exit. It was not the first intimation she had received that she is a member of the royal family of the stage.

I met her first when she had returned from England. She had turned into her twentieth year and was already in her own

When he was 23, John was not known to the stage.

And how brother, Lionel has changed in 15 Years.

right a celebrity. She had gone to London to play *Miss Kittredge* in "Secret Service" with William Gillette, had toured the provinces with Henry Irving as *Annette* in "The Bells," and had played with the future knight at the Lyceum in London. She had been the *Euphrosyne* to Irving's *Peter the Great* in what was then the world's metropolis. London had discovered that she had beauty and distinction. It had stamped her with social success. The Duchess of Sutherland had taken her under her wide spreading, guaranteeing wing.

She came out of a rear room, the landlady's sleeping chamber, where the young woman had been paying a bill. She looked very tall and straight and slim in her white cloth suit. Under the broad brim of her wide hat she looked with a smile that was bewitchingly shy and girlish. She crossed the room with a slow grace that seemed almost motionless. She stopped to join the chat, but she said little. She never does. She has always seemed to me the almost wordless woman.

We lived in a theatrical boarding house opposite the Lambs Club on West Thirty-sixth Street. Maude Adams, who owned a mortgage on the house was an occasional tenant. Her mother occupied her rooms when she was on tour. Ethel Barrymore and her brothers lodged there when she was in town. Ida Conquest, who had followed Maude Adams as John Drew's leading woman, and was an artist in Boston before she became a Thespian, was her fellow lodger. Maude Hosford, who plays an anxious wife of a politician with Lionel Barrymore in "The Letter of the Law," lived there and heard Miss Adams read her lines in *Juliet* before the ingenue star dropped them upon Charles Frohman's listening ears at rehearsal. Lotta Linthicum was one of the lodgers, as was Gladys Wallis before her marriage and retirement. Kitty Brady Harris lived there briefly, too, ten years before she became the mother-in-law of John Barrymore. The landlady, a costumer and dressmaker, managed a business in the basement.

Naive and girlish was Ethel Barrymore in those lodging-house days. A memory picture remains of her sitting beside a window mending her lingerie. She had learned needle-craft at the convent school in Philadelphia. The incongruity of patching and darning while she sat in a glittering sequin-covered black evening gown escaped her. Or if it didn't escape her she defied it with her slow, smiling dignity.

She was plying her needle not rapidly—she is of deliberate habit—but with precision, when some of us asked her whether we might wish her lifelong happiness.

"Such a wish is always welcome," she answered serenely, "but what is the reason?"

"Your engagement."

"I'm not engaged. Mr. Blank seems to find me companionable. That's all."

The next Saturday she sailed for Europe. Mr. Blank, scion of a family of wealth and long antecedents, made a striking entrance. He arrived in a cab drawn by a horse that looked as if some sportive wretch had scattered a tub of soapsuds over him. The young man tossed a coin to the fast driving cabby, sprang across the dock and leaped upon the gangplank as it was being lifted from the ship. The steward howled as the plank fell on his fist. The eager young man staggered as he tried to keep his equilibrium on the moving plank. And from their place at the deck rail Ethel Barrymore and some voyaging friends smiled. Yet the ocean-crossing Lochinvar from New England did not win her hand. He came back from Europe alone and puzzled.

Inquisitive reporters sent by news scenting editors climbed often the steps and rang the bell of the old-fashioned brown stone house to ask whether Miss Barrymore was engaged to some new suitor. Their inquiries concerned young men whose names appeared in the society columns of New York and London polite prints. Occasionally a name known to the stage or to literature was coupled with hers. Usually she did not see the Mercuries from Park Row. She sent brief notes—"No thank you," or "Not this time." Now and then these repeated queries rasped her nerves. While she was playing in Buffalo, in "His Excellency the Governor," she telegraphed me: "Please, for friendship's sake, deny latest report that I am engaged. I don't know this man."

Nevertheless suitors thronged the small reception room of the lodging-house kept by a dressmaker. In this capacity, the fellow lodgers believed, came Richard Harding Davis. They

knew that his earliest visits had been paid to Maude Adams. But Miss Adams' vows to celibacy would not be broken. The novelist carried his disappointment to the youngest member of her company. Whether Davis' name was on the list in the Barrymore romantic archives we were not sure. But if it was they agreed to forget it, for Ethel Barrymore was a bridesmaid at his first wedding, when his bride was Miss Clark of Chicago.

When Bessie McCoy had replaced her in the domestic circle, Miss Barrymore was a frequent guest at their home at Mount Kiscoe. During that domestic interlude in her hard dancing life, Miss McCoy showed strong student propensities. While she sat with the library glasses slipping from her dainty nose, her once restless feet inactive, a book held before her in both hands, her husband exclaimed to their guest:

"I married a dancer, and look at that!"

In those days of many wooings it was said that Ethel Barrymore received at least one proposal of marriage a week. Some came wooing with gems. She showed us a magnificent solitaire ring.

"I shall have to write a note and send this back," she said.

"Why not accept it as a tribute to your art? I hear that is being done in London." I mentioned a musical comedy star who had invaded Mayfair and was receiving jewels by every messenger.

"But this isn't a tribute to my art." She grasped the shining thing with determination and went to the second floor back to write the letter.

Already, though she had not come into her dramatic own, she was admired of young girls. They studied her gowns and copied them. At a tea in a Fifth Avenue drawing room—for the Knickerbockers had followed the example of the Britons and Miss Barrymore was "invited everywhere"—a woman who poured the tea admired "the sweet simplicity and absolute charm" of her frock.

"I bought it for fifteen dollars," was her answer to the compliment.

Her superb height, her slow, graceful carriage, emphasized the beauty of the dress. These and her girlish slimness. It can never be truly said of Ethel Barrymore that her slenderness was a blessing that brightened for her only when it took its flight. I remember that she stood before a full-length mirror in the dining room surveying herself in a new peach colored taffeta and appreciatively stroking her hips.

"I am so glad my hips are flat," she said with admiring candor.

Ethel was little different in 1906, when she played the title role in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire."

At this time, while she was ripening into twenty-three, Miss Barrymore was ambitious in a relaxed, serene way. Not tensely, aggressively, pugnaciously so, but wistfully, hopefully, in a minor key.

"I think I have played all the bad parts that were ever written," she said reflectively once at a gathering of the lodgers.

"What kind of part would you like to play?" asked an animated question mark among them.

"Any kind that is good. I would play a Hottentot if it were a good part," was her answer.

"*Juliet?*" asked the human interrogation point.

"No," she answered with a slight smile. "*Rosalind.*"

Opportunity came in the guise of *Mme. Trentoni* in "Captain Jinks." The girl who wanted any good part welcomed the opportunity, in her gentle, unworldly way. But three generations of actor inheritance had made her sensitive to conditions. She mentioned the name of an actor who would play opposite her in one of the climaxes of the Clyde Fitch comedy.

"He intends to 'hog the scene,'" she remarked in her even manner. "I can see that coming."

It was characteristic of her that no tirade against the poacher followed. She had made a statement. That was enough. It is her habit.

Ethel Barrymore is of gregarious habit. She likes her kind. When some of the lodgers in what the newspapers familiarly termed "Maude Adams' Adamless Eden" had gathered together for a chat before they fell into dreams, the girl, coming home from the Garrick, would stop and tap on the door.

"Come in."

The door opened and her lovely face appeared.

"What's going on here?" she would inquire and would join the group for a chat. Occasionally the chats were pointedly

(Continued on page 120)

Beauty

But Katherine MacDonald wouldn't Trade It—She Hopes to Overcome It.

IT is not to be denied that beauty is only skin deep.

But since that is about all the General Public is likely to see in this life—unless we are to consider X-Rays, ouija boards and such factors—would not the average woman lump all her other possessions and trade them for beauty?

If every woman could write her own ticket for the fairy godmother who presides over our destinies, I am convinced that the beauty factory would be flooded, to the exclusion of brains, virtue, and even gold.

Statistics prove, I believe, that only three persons in a million are possessed of beauty, as differentiated from mere prettiness, good looks or charm. Also, that it would be easier to pass the lunacy commission tomorrow if you were left a million dollars tonight than if you suddenly discovered that instead of being a bit difficult to look at you were perfectly beautiful.

Now certainly, these things being true—and one advantage about writing is that nobody can contradict you without going to a lot of trouble—it would hardly occur to anybody that beauty could have any handicap—that, as it were, there could be a fly in its ointment.

But there is.

Katherine MacDonald says so, and Katherine MacDonald is a beauty.

Not so long ago, she might have followed the profession of being a beauty, as did Lillie Langtry, and longer ago have rocked thrones as effectively as Nell Gwynne or Du Barry.

There are many who contend that, so far as the physical fact can be judged by standards, Miss MacDonald is the most beautiful woman on the screen.

As a matter of fact. I believe that this star, who came to the movies such a little while ago after winning fame as an artist's model in New York, possesses to an extraordinary degree that extraordinary thing called beauty. When you look at her, you wish the whole human race could have been made perfect, as it was intended to be.

But Miss MacDonald, while she is intensely grateful for her beauty, while she has learned in a surprisingly clear way to look upon it as an outside possession, like a diamond necklace or a bad disposition, nevertheless declares that it's a difficult thing to live with.

"There are three things that people always say about a woman whom the world calls beautiful," said Miss MacDonald, with a serious little pucker between her brows. "She is a fool, of course; she certainly can't act, and she's at least improper, if not openly immoral."

The "Ideal American Girl." Below—with her sister, Mary MacLaren.

Her Great Handicap

By
JULIA REGIS

Now isn't it true?"

She was sitting on the end of a wicker divan, painted gray, in the lovely home in Los Angeles Wilshire district, where she lives with her mother, her sister-star, Mary MacLaren, and her at-home sister, Miriam MacDonald. A mass of bright colored cushions supported her lovely head and framed the ivory shoulders that orchid folds of chiffon and creamy old lace left bare. There was just the hint of a smile in her radiant blue eyes.

"Isn't it true," she repeated solemnly, "if a girl or woman is considered beautiful that everyone immediately concludes that she hasn't anything *inside* her head? It seems to be traditional that a beautiful woman doesn't need to be clever. Of course it is wonderful to be thought beautiful, but, gracious, one doesn't like to be elected an idiot on that account.

"Then, of course, she can't act! Why should she? That's the way they seem to figure it. She gets by on her looks. People only want to see her.

"As for her morals—" she held up two slim hands, "every humorist in the world has written a variation on how hard it is to be good if you are beautiful.

"So you see all the things you accept when you receive beauty."

"Still," said I, "would you trade it for everything else rolled into one?"

She nibbled the end of a chocolate cream and inspected the interior to determine its flavor.

"No," she admitted at last, raising honest young eyes, "but truly, I don't want it to be the end of my existence. I do want to act. I am so sure that I can. I am so happy to have the opportunity. And I am determined to overcome the handicap of—beauty!"

Katherine MacDonald and her sister Mary, known on the screen as Mary MacLaren, came from Pennsylvania. She started her career as a beauty by posing for Malcolm Strauss, a New York artist, whom she later married. She was divorced from him two years ago. She followed her sister into pictures and for three years has done regular small part apprenticeship.

She began producing her own pictures shortly after making "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." Her first independent release was "The Thunderbolt."

One of the best-dressed women on the silversheet, Miss MacDonald is a tailor-made girl rather than the fluffy ruffles type. She typifies perfectly the healthy, wholesome, ideal American girl.

She adores camel's-hair mufflers, as is evidenced by her generous assortment. One of her favorite costumes is a tan tweed tailored suit, with narrow belt and pockets; her blouse of finest handkerchief linen, daintily finished with collar and cuffs of the same material, knife pleated —the muffler thrown over her shoulder.

Miss MacDonald's fourth production is an adaptation of C. N. and A. M. Williams' story, "The Guests of Hercules," calling for thirteen changes of costume.

She's a tailor-made girl and adores camel's-hair mufflers.

Dollars and the

Their social friends believed that Dan and Madge went South. Instead, they sold most of their possessions and went East — way over east in a part of New York City unknown to their friends.

Every married man and woman who prizes the happiness of the home should read this story.

By NANON BELOIS

IT was after that gay holiday party at the Hunts Club that Madge Hillyer found out for the first time how they really stood in a money way—Dan Hillyer, the boyish but brilliant young inventor whom she had married, and herself.

It had never occurred to her to inquire into Dan's financial status. All the men she knew had money. After a few seasons of judicious flirtations, in which she had been sought by some of the most desirable bachelors of New York, she had met Dan Hillyer and discovered that she loved him. That was enough.

It would have made no difference in her final choice of him if she had known that he was what would have been termed in her set a poor young man. But she would have started out on their little matrimonial venture in a very different way. She would have taken a modest apartment in Brooklyn or in one of the cheaper districts of New York City, for she was a sensible person. She would have worked out an economical household budget system that would have made the money Dan did have last them a long time. Madge was that kind of a girl.

It had been Dan's fault that they had set up in a smart and expensive apartment house overlooking the Park, and had proceeded several months on a season of quite unnecessary extravagance before the subject of dollars arose between them.

Dan had a youthful, stubborn pride, which was one of the things that made him lovable, but this pride, coupled with the usual delicacy of feeling that besets young people about to be married, had kept them from coming down to brass tacks on the matter of the wherewithal on which they were to live after they were wed. He had indicated that he had realized importantly on a mine windlass patent; but had never told her that the extent of his realizations had been only $15,000—a large enough sum in some circles, but nothing in theirs. Madge had taken it for granted that they had plenty.

Arthur Crewe was at the Hunts Club ball. He had been one of Madge's most persistent suitors—a handsome, serious, somewhat older man of cultivated tastes and the money to indulge them. He was a worshiper of beauty, and Madge's fragile loveliness had always appealed to him as a rare flower he would like to own and cherish. Immediately after Madge's marriage he had hied him off for a trip half way across the world—but the restless longing to talk with her again, to be where she was, to give himself the exquisite pain of seeing her, though married to another, brought him back for the annual club affair at which they had danced each year since she had been old enough to be out and about. He felt—he knew—that he would never love another.

Dan Hillyer, watching his wife dancing with Arthur Crewe, read all the older man's thoughts in the dark brown eyes that bent on her. Dan could see the misery—yet pleasure—that Crewe felt in her nearness. He was seized with a violent jealousy, joined with a sort of vague fear of the money and the power that Crewe possessed—which served to make him a little bit irritable after they reached home. A most inopportune time to expose the fact that the household had accumulated bills—a whole teapot full!

"I just stick them in there," Madge laughed as she pulled them out of the silver pot so that she might put Dan in a more cheerful frame of mind with a cup of tea, "and when there isn't room for any more, I pay them. Simple, isn't it?"

When Madge returned from the kitchen with fresh water for the kettle, she found her Dan seriously counting up the bills. She stopped in surprise.

"What's the matter?"

"Matter?" answered Dan. "Heavens, Madge, how could we have spent so much money?"

Madge stiffened perceptibly. Dan had always insisted on her buying all the things she wanted. She told him as much.

Dan's eyes fell in embarrassment—then he raised them and looked shamefacedly at his wife.

"When I won you from—from Crewe and the rest"—it was agony for him to confess it—"from all the men who had plenty of money—I—I couldn't bear to let you think you had suffered through your choice. I never told you the whole truth about my finances, Madge. It was not a fortune I got from my mine windlass patent. It was only fifteen thousand dollars. I was sure I could sell the new smelter process before that money was gone—but—but I'm not so sure now."

"Oh, Dan, Dan, why didn't you tell me before, my dear?" Madge went over to her husband and put her arms about him. The thought that he had been working on and worrying without her sympathy and help, while she had been practically throwing money away, that he had been discouraged perhaps, and all because he had not known how willing she was, how anxious to be a real inspiration in his life—hurt her more than Dan's weakness in not telling her the truth before.

"But you still have faith in the smelter process, haven't you?" Madge's practical mind, given a chance, reached out to tackle their problems.

"It will be very valuable to the copper industry," Dan answered with certainty. "But it takes time to work out the details—more time than I thought."

"Well, we still have a little money left," said Madge. "We'll sell most of our things, and we'll save all we can while you finish your work. Why—it will be fun to be poor, and to

Woman

Ninety-nine per cent of the world's domestic discord is caused by money or lack of it. That was the one false note in the love-harmony of Dan Hillyer and his worshipping wife. This gripping narrative of their fight teaches a lesson that should not be lightly cast aside.

Madge looked into his white face and blood-shot eyes. "Go!" she said between taut lips. "If you don't I—I think I shall kill you!"

help you, Dan. But my dear"—a flood of tenderness for this foolish boy of hers rushed over her and filled her eyes with tears—"my dear, if you had only told me in the beginning. Now Dan," Madge's cheeks flushed and her voice grew soft, "now we *must* win out, you and I—because—because—"

Dan raised Madge's drooping head, and forced her to look at him. There was a tender mother love in her eyes. He clasped her to him.

THEIR social friends believed that Dan and Madge Hillyer packed up and went South the following week. Instead, they sold all but a few of their possessions and went East—way over East in a part of New York City as unknown to their friends as the heart of Africa—even less.

On the edge of the East Side with its crowded tenements, its seething, dirty streets, its push-cart markets, its jargoning bargainers, Madge found a tiny apartment in a rather new house watched over by a kindly dispositioned janitress, Mrs. Sherman. It was clean, it was comparatively cheap, and its handiness to the curbstone vegetable dealers and the inexpensive stores, where those who were really poor could find things within their means, made it desirable from Madge's new viewpoint. At any rate, the novelty of the experience wooed her into forgetfulness of its sordidness, at first.

And how she economized! How she scrimped and saved! How she planned—while Dan put the finishing touches to the invention on which they had staked everything they possessed and helped her with the housekeeping all he could.

One day, several months after they had entered upon their new existence, a letter arrived at the Hillyer flat addressed to Dan. It came just at the moment when Dan, clad in pajamas and bathrobe, was pressing the one and only business suit that remained.

Madge was out marketing. Returning, she found her husband frisking about like a little boy. He rushed to her, grabbed her in his arms for a resounding smack—but not before she had managed to slip a box she carried behind the bedroom door—then handed her the letter. It was from the secretary of Colonel Elijah Barnard of San Francisco, president of one of the largest smelter plants in the world. She read:

"Dear Mr. Hillyer:

"Colonel Barnard directs me to say that he is much interested in your smelter process and will be pleased to see you at the eastern offices of the Coast Smelting Company at your earliest convenience.

"Very truly yours,
"THOMAS J. MARTIN."

"Dan," Madge exulted, taking his face between her hands, which had become calloused and worn during her months of unaccustomed work, "I am so proud of you, dear."

Dan went back to his pressing, but as he looked down on the worn trousers spread out on the board, he gave a grunt of dismay.

"Oh, Madge," he despaired, "look at these. Like the one-hoss shay, I'm going all at once."

Madge picked up the trousers to examine them more closely, and as she stretched the thin fabric out to see the extent of the worn place, it gave way.

Madge looked at Dan in horror. A sudden burst of anger—anger at circumstances, at Fate—seized Dan. He jerked the trousers from Madge's hands and tore them to pieces, then stamped on them.

"I wore out that suit in their confounded chairs, awaiting my chance, and now"—he snorted, pacing up and down—"now—oh, it's too ghastly! Madge, we're ruined, unless"—a sudden hope springing up in him—"you can do something."

Madge had accomplished so many things these past few months—had produced so many needed things out of thin air, that Dan had acquired an almost childlike belief that her powers were unlimited. And indeed, though Dan did not know it, Madge already had done something to replace the now ruined garment. That afternoon she had gone to the little second-hand shop where Anton, the friendly Jewish tailor, made old clothes look as good as new.

Dan's eyes opened wide in happy surprise when that box slipped surreptitiously behind the bedroom door appeared draped on the end of a broom through the partly opened bedroom door a moment later. The box held a dark gray suit.

"Remember the old suit you scorched with acid?" Madge demanded between kisses, when she had been dragged with the broom handle from behind the door. "I had the tailor rip it apart. Isn't it marvelous?"

"Marvelous," agreed Dan. Then a disquieting thought struck him—even this must have cost money.

"I found that I didn't need lunch, Dan. Two meals a day are more than enough for me—so when you've been gone at noon, I've just saved the money—and in other ways." She said nothing of the clothes she had gone without.

"Madge, dearest!" Tenderness swept Dan, and he drew Madge very close. "I'll make it all up to you some day."

COLONEL BARNARD listened with real interest to what Dan Hillyer told him in the Eastern offices of the Coast Smelting Company. Beside them was the model of Dan's smelting process improvement. But in the midst of their conversation the Colonel pulled himself up sharply, took out his watch, then rose with outstretched hand.

"It's most interesting, Hillyer," he said. "But I've an important meeting in ten minutes. I'm sorry. I wish I might have a longer talk with you before I leave for the West tomorrow."

His tone was encouraging, friendly. Dan could not bear to let this moment slip without making an effort to bring the Westerner to some sort of bargain. An idea entered his mind—an idea which a few months earlier would have occurred to him, perhaps, as a matter of course. Today it was very daring. This one meal would cost as much as it took them to live a week, or maybe two.

"Can't—can't you have dinner with me tonight,"—Dan gulped—"at—at the St. Croesus?"

Dan paused in scared silence. The Colonel accepted his invitation.

Colonel Barnard seemed to enjoy his dinner immensely—and ate, as Dan afterwards complained to Madge, like a poor relation. But the meal was a miserable one for the young inventor. Through it all he was haunted by the fear that the Colonel would go away without giving a definite promise in regard to his patent—and that would mean the price of the dinner wasted. Then, too, the picture of Madge came to take the cheer out of his heart.

She had been so horrified at first at the money it would take for this one act of propitiating Fate—then, poor child, she had broken down and wept because she could not go to the St. Croesus too. She had laughed through the tears at herself for being a silly baby as she handed over the household emergency fund. Dan understood the heart hunger for a taste of her old life that had swept over her—and he hated the brilliant hotel, its music and its audacious price-list, which had made it impossible for him to bring her along.

The upshot of the dinner was a terrifying bill and an invitation for Dan to come to the Coast to demonstrate his invention to the Colonel's board of directors. Barnard offered to pay Dan's expenses, but he neglected to advance the money.

Madge, starting from the big chair where she had curled up, a shawl about her shoulders, to wait for Dan, found black despair written on every feature of his face on his return.

Lack of absolute confidence means the wreck of many a beautiful romance—

—While with perfect understanding, "nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

"But Dan—we still have money in the bank," she said when he had told her the evening's story.

Dan answered firmly: "I know, dear, but we're saving that for you. We can't touch that."

"But I'll be all right," Madge insisted. "I'll leave enough, and you'll be back long before—before—" she hid her face a moment on his shoulder, "and then we'll be rich. It's your big chance, Dan. We mustn't let it slip."

The next morning Madge Hillyer drew the $300 from the savings bank. As she left the bank, a man, by seeming accident, stepped into the same revolving door compartment as she. When she reached the corner she discovered her handbag was gone. Involuntarily she cried out. A crowd gathered—but the thief had disappeared.

WHAT should she do? She must act somehow without letting Dan know. For some reason her thought went to Crewe—perhaps it was because he, back in his apartment after another unsatisfying trip into strange new countries, was thinking intently on the Madge he had one time loved. She determined to crucify her pride and go to him for help.

Yamadichi, Crewe's Japanese servant, admitted Madge into a living room rich with soft woven hangings and vivid with many colors. The fragrance of flowers came to her nostrils, and a plaintive melody, played with Crewe's touch on a piano, crept to her from another room.

Yamadichi disappeared for a moment, then came back to say that his master would see her. Madge trembled as she followed the silent Jap, trembled at the audacity of her coming here, trembled more at the memory of happier days. Of a sudden the stuffy, smelly apartment, the unattractiveness of her luxury-stripped life, repelled her. She became faint.

At the sight of the pale Madge in her shabby garments, Crewe's expectant manner changed to one of frank disappointment. He had expected to see the graceful, vivacious creature of his dreams.

"What can I do for you?" he said stiffly, after an embarrassing pause.

"Arthur"—she was the practical, self-controlled new Madge again, "I want $300—as a loan for a month." She shrank from the coldness of Arthur's look, but she forced herself to tell him of their struggles—hers and Dan's.

"We'll pay you interest—eight or nine per cent if you want it," she finished.

"Thanks." Crewe's tone was frigid. "I'm not a loan shark. Why not go to one of them?"

Madge smiled bitterly.

"I thought of that—but we have no security to offer."

"Then what security could you offer me?"

Madge looked the man who had one time loved her straight in the eye, then gathering all the scorn she possessed in her voice, she said, "Myself."

Arthur Crewe winced perceptibly. For an instant the flame of old desires leaped up in his eyes, and died down again, to a look of hurt misery.

"Madge, you might have spared me this!" he cried. "You have wrecked my dreams. The very sight of you—worn, hag-

gard in your slavery to that man—shattered all that was left to me, my memories, and now—this!"

He came closer, his face growing white. "Why should I waste money on a woman whose looks and vivacity are gone—who is frankly selling herself—"

As the significance of his words sank into her dazed consciousness, at the knowledge that any man who knew her as well as had Arthur Crewe could so have misunderstood her, Madge drew herself up to her full height.

"You beast! You dared imagine that I meant—"

"What did you mean?" asked Crewe in honest bewilderment.

"I meant *myself*—myself with all the power for working, and saving and starving. I'll work my hands to the bone until the debt is paid."

"Madge! Forgive me. I didn't know—" Crewe was humbly apologetic.

"There are some things a woman never forgives," Madge said quietly. "Let me tell you that no matter what you decide to do, I shall never forget the abominable insult you have offered me today. I tell you that, so we may be above board. If I had not been desperate, you may know that I would never have come in the first place."

DAN HILLYER got safely away to San Francisco that afternoon, without guessing what the cost had been to his wife.

"God help us both," Madge whispered to herself as the train pulled out of the depot. Then she started wearily back to the East Side and the shabby apartment.

ARTHUR CREWE spent the most unhappy hours of his life the night after Madge's call. Now that the first shock of seeing her had softened, he was tormented with the knowledge of her poverty. He was tortured with the thought that he had misunderstood her, that he had insulted her. And he knew that though the old fairy Madge had disappeared, it was the soul of her that was beautiful—that he loved.

In the morning he left the house to see if walking would relieve his mental distress, and almost without knowing it, he found himself at the address Madge had given him as hers.

With some difficulty he ferreted out the door to the Hillyer apartment and rapped. From within came the sound of some one walking, then there was a dull thud and all was very still. Crewe rapped again and again, each time louder, until the janitress heard him and came running.

When Mrs. Sherman had opened the door with her keys, they found Madge lying still and white on the floor.

Arthur Crewe picked the unconscious form up in his arms and laid her gently on the bed, then rushed out to call an ambulance.

"Poor dear, poor dear," sighed Mrs. Sherman when he was back again. "Many's the time I told her she should be more careful of herself—not work so hard."

"What are these?" inquired Crewe, noticing a pile of envelopes on the table. They were addressed to "Daniel Hillyer, Care Coast Smelting Company, City Bank Building, San Francisco, Calif."

"She wrote a letter for each day," answered the woman, wiping her eyes. "It was the last thing she had the strength to do. I'm to send one to him on every morning's mail—so he won't worry."

As the ambulance bearing Madge Hillyer to her hour of trial clanged out of sight, a telegraph messenger arrived at the apartment door. Arthur Crewe was just leaving. He opened the envelope, addressed to Hillyer.

"If not started," the telegram read, "postpone trip. Must delay action on patent until vice president's return from South America next spring. Am writing.—ELIJAH P. BARNARD."

Crewe folded the envelope with a grim smile on his face. What fateful irony this was.

When a husband pays, as interest on the bonds of matrimony, pretty little attentions to his wife —

— The "K. P." of the home ceases to be a drudgery and the bluebird of happiness flies in.

ARTHUR CREWE hovered in the background the next few days while Dan Hillyer's wan young wife hung between life and death. He saw to it she had a private room and paid for extra nurses. But she did not improve. She took no interest in anything—not even her baby.

"She hasn't the will to live. Her vitality's been sapped. The fight has gone out of her," the specialist said.

To Crewe as he heard this there came an idea for forcing the young mother to save her own life. But when told of the plan, the doctor stared at Crewe as if he were mad.

"Why, man, she'd hate the very ground you walk on if she should live."

But Crewe was firm. "She does anyhow," he mused. Then aloud: "It will make her fight."

A moment later the doctor bent over Madge's drawn face and spoke her name very harshly. When the dark lids stirred, he said slowly, but sternly: "Mrs. Hillyer. Listen to me. Your husband has failed. Do you hear me? They won't buy his patent. And Mr. Crewe wants to know when he is going to get his money."

Madge's eyes opened wider.

"The money you borrowed," continued the doctor. "Mr. Crewe wants to know if you are going to cheat him out of it."

"Tell—him," the doctor had to bend low to catch the faint words "—I'll—pay." Madge's brown eyes closed.

"By Jove, Crewe," said the specialist, coming into the corridor, "you're a better doctor than I am."

WHEN Madge Hillyer returned home with baby Dan, three letters—registered—awaited her. As she opened them, a perfect shower of money orders fell to the floor. Mrs. Sherman, who had brought the letters, picked up the pieces of paper. There were ten of them for one hundred dollars each. A fortune!

"I followed Barnard to Butte and back again—and was as welcome as the hives," read one of Dan's letters. "He said I was just wasting my time and his. Then overnight he changed—Heaven only knows why. The next day he received me with open arms. Bonus of $15,000 and a royalty guaranteed not to drop below $10,000 a year for the next fifteen years."

"We're rich, Danny boy," cried Madge, holding her baby tight to her heart. "We're rich."

Before Dan's return she had deposited the money orders and mailed Crewe a check for the $300, wishing to wash her

hands of this loan that had haunted her out of the valley of the shadow. She wanted to put Arthur Crewe from her life forever.

JACK LONDON tells of a man who, escaping starvation in the frozen North, after his rescue used to steal crusts from the dinner table and hide them away in fear of starvation again. And so, in a different way, it was with Madge Hillyer.

Her suffering in so critical a time had left its mark deep upon her. The thought of a return to poverty made her shudder in terror. She could not bear to spend or enjoy the money that had come to them as a result of her toil and sacrifice. Dan's happy recklessnesses — occasional flowers, a beautiful ring, toys for little Dan—filled her with dread instead of pleasure.

"Dan, we must save," she would repeat. "The horror of what we have gone through haunts me. It must not return. It would kill me to go through it again!"

"I mean to save within reason," Dan would reply, irritated by her insistence. "But we don't have to be silly about it."

And so the question of dollars—always dollars—even now came to loom between them and threaten to destroy their happiness.

It would seem that dinner at the St. Croesus, the opera, supper at a gay cabaret—these should have aroused Madge's late love of gayety and luxury. Dan insisted on taking her out to these places one evening, when he felt that her obsession for saving was driving him to distraction. Her spirits rose when she donned her evening gown, which had lain idly in her closet for so long. The color came back to her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled. Dan's old time impetuosity returned and he caught himself kissing her hand over the table. But before the evening was over they were jangling again.

"You didn't hesitate to spend money on yourself when you needed it at the hospital," Dan remarked. "Not that I regret it —I'm glad you did."

"It was all free—furnished by the city," answered Madge heatedly. "I didn't spend a cent."

"Then who did spend it?" asked Dan. "You can't tell me the city gave you a private room and two nurses for nothing."

As they left the café, angrily, they passed close to a table where Arthur Crewe was seated. He had been watching them. He started to rise, but Madge only nodded at him coldly and passed on.

The unnatural relation which had arisen between Madge and Dan Hillyer over money led them both to do despicable things, which neither would have done under ordinary circumstances. Driven by a sort of inexplicable doubting and jealousy, Dan went to the hospital where Madge had been ill and demanded to know about her bill. It had been paid, but when Dan asked by whom, "Ask your wife," was the superintendent's calm answer.

He hurried home. Madge was out and being alone, he sat down to work out plans for a laboratory in which to work out further experiments. A question of the price of a piece of apparatus bought by Madge came up in his mind, and he turned for her check book. As he glanced through the stubs, his eyes suddenly became riveted on a certain one. His hand began to tremble, and he let the book drop from his fingers.

Weakly he went to the desk and ran over Madge's canceled checks till he came to the one she had sent to Arthur Crewe.

His manner was cold and accusing when Madge came in from her afternoon's marketing. *(Continued on page 118)*

Dollars and the Woman

NARRATED by permission from the Vitagraph production, adapted from the book by the same name by Albert Payson Terhune, and directed by George Terwilliger with the following cast:

Madge Hillyer.....Alice Joyce
Dan Hillyer.....Robert Gordon
Arthur Crewe.....Craufurd Kent
Mrs. Sherman.....Jessie Stevens

"Why did you give my wife this?" Dan held out the check.

The Family Circle

First of a series of monthly heart to heart talks

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE name of Margaret E. Sangster has held a peculiar place in the hearts of American readers for fifty years. It is because the owner of the name has devoted her understanding, kindly, philosophic pen always to the cause of humanity and its problems.

The first Margaret E. Sangster died about ten years ago, and her mantle fell on the shoulders of her granddaughter, who inherited her name as well as her genius. Ever since she was fifteen years old, Miss Sangster has been on the editorial staff of one of the religious magazines. At the same time her poetry, her stories and her essays have been appearing in other periodicals and in books.

Photoplay takes great pleasure in bringing you the gift of Margaret E. Sangster, second, through its columns. Miss Sangster has been given a page. She is going to fill it up each month just as she wishes—but she will always touch on some phase, some problem, some thought that has to do with the motion pictures.

Miss Sangster tells you in this, her first article for Photoplay, what she plans to do. She invites you into her friendship. She will be glad to consider your own perplexities.

THE term "Family Circle" has always drawn a vivid mental picture for me—the picture of a cozy hearth fire with an easy chair or two standing in front of it and a great dog, or perhaps a fluffy kitten, dozing in its warm light. It isn't a startlingly original picture, but it's comfortable and satisfying. It's comfortable and satisfying because it typifies a home.

A Home is the most important thing in the world, I reckon. It is the foundation that world civilization is built upon, it's the reason why men fight—and die—in wars. It's the reason for the great fundamentals of life and for the little, seemingly unimportant trifles.

If it wasn't for the Home there probably wouldn't be books or magazines or theaters or moving pictures. Because the real audiences—the worth-while audiences who buy magazines and books, who go to theaters and motion picture shows—are home people. They are home people though some of them live in lonely hall bedrooms with never a fireplace, though some of them have only a geranium on a window sill for a garden, though some of them will never have a real conception of home except in their souls. Every one in the world, underneath his own particular veneer of sophistication or ignorance or carelessness, is a home person.

And, back of every home, is the family circle, the meaning of it all—the circle that groups itself around the hearth fire (even though that hearth fire is an imaginary one) and talks over its troubles, and confesses its perplexities, and asks, unashamed, for advice.

Margaret E. Sangster

It's the tender memory of such a family circle that has kept many a weary heart alight with hope—it's the dream of such a family circle that has snapped many a chin up, made many a spirit courageous.

So it isn't strange, at all, or out of place, that every theater where plays or motion pictures are shown should have a definite number of seats which it calls "The Family Circle." And it's typical that, while those seats are not the most expensive seats or the most prominent seats in the house, they are in the center of the theater, filling a certain gap and holding the other seats together.

I AM a newcomer to the pages of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. But, for a good many years, from a magazine that is primarily a home magazine, I have watched PHOTOPLAY and the great industry that it stands for. And I think that I can understand what moving pictures have come to mean to home people—people who have hearth fires and easy chairs and all the rest of it.

Take my own home, for instance. Every night at dinner time, my mother and my brother and I sit down at the dining-room table and take up our soup spoons (or grapefruit spoons, as the case may be) and look into each other's eyes and start to talk.

My brother and I both have our work, work that is interesting and absorbing to us, but work that my mother in no way understands. And my mother has housekeeping problems that, though they go to make up her whole life, seem small and insignificant to us. If she talks about the outrageous price of sugar, or the advance in the cost of beef steak, or the way that laundries tear linen sheets, we are apt to be bored. And if we talk about making up pages, and printers' strikes, and free verse, she is interested—on the surface—but there is a vague question in the depths of her eyes.

And so we have come to talk, across our dining-room table, about the movies—a subject that we are all interested in—that we can all look at from the same point of view. It makes the dinner hour easier, chummier, more pleasant for all three of us. Mother is just as eloquent on the subject of her film favorite as my brother and I. She can argue a point with as much intensity and logic as we can.

We are all puzzled at the same technical triumphs, we are all enthusiastic over the same successes. The motion pictures have come, in a very few years, to be our common meeting ground, our big common interest. And I fancy that they mean the same thing to many other families.

THAT'S the side of the motion pictures that I want to write about in PHOTOPLAY. It's the home side, the family side, that I want to emphasize. I don't want to tell you intimate details about high salaried stars (I don't know any intimate details about them!) and I don't want to discourse learnedly on dramatic effect, and continuity, and picture values (the terms don't mean any more to me, really, than they do to you!). I want to talk with you, *from the outside*, about something that we're both interested in.

And I want to talk with you, not as an authority who knows the ins and outs of the business, but as an acquaintance of yours—as some one who sees things in your own way. I want to be as close to you as the woman next door, as the girl who shares your luncheon table in the restaurant, as the young person who has the apartment on the floor above your own.

This is going to be a home page. And it's going to be more than that! It's going to be a real family circle if we can make it so, you and I. It's going to be our common meeting ground and our big common interest. *And through it we're going to be friends!*

Noncen

By Howard Dietz

SOUP

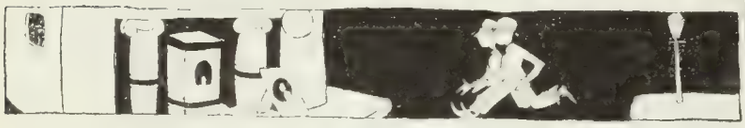
OUT on the lot where plays are made
In picture form with light and shade,
The golden gateway to our nation
Sends forth a royal invitation
To those whose steps would be waylaid
To where the photoplay parade
Furls forth its banners, decked with braid.
The coast—the land of cinemation—
Out on the lot!

"And how much is this actor paid?"
"In what productions has she played?"
"I hear he's good at aviation!"
"How old is Ann?" . . . . with agitation
They gossip movies, young yet grayed,
Out on the lot!

APOLOGIA

The brilliant authors of this page

Confess that they are movie fans.



If now and then they seem to rage
And curse a lot
In verse (a lot)
Attribute this bad taste to badness,
Don't look for method in their madness.
Ignore satiric
Bits of lyric
Provided that the metre scans.

We go to pictures now and then
To get the wherewith for our pen
We listen with attentive ear

To what the people say around us—
The things that oftentimes we hear
Combine to puzzle and astound us

And when we sit us down to write
We say "What have we heard tonight."
And so we put a little joke in
Which some one at our left has spoken—
Who knows—perhaps your bright remark
Delivered in theatric dark
Right on these pages may appear?

It is remarkable, *not* that the percentage of movie-goers in this
when you consider that, after all, the very worst thing
country" picture and have to watch "Nature's unspoiled

For instance—only yesterday,
While we were in some hippodrome,
We heard a witty female say:
"This picture's rotten—let's go home."
(We've got to print remarks like these
Or else our stuff will never please.)
Another time we heard a voice
Exclaim: "O, look at Alice Joyce!"

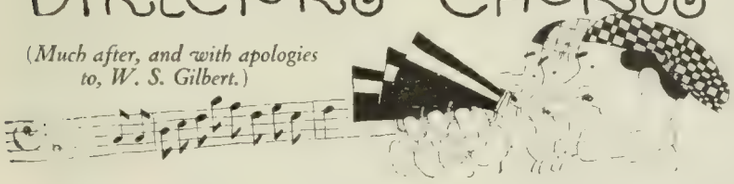
(We ask you, can a bard resist
To put such comments in his list?)
And so it goes (as "it" *will* go)
We've laid before you detailed plans
Of all the wares we seek to show.
Peruse them carefully and know
That though we criticize severely
We love the photodrama dearly—
And, as we've said—we're movie fans.

sorship
and Ralph Barton

country is so high, but that the entire population are not devotees, that can happen to you in a cinema is to run into a "hill-child" peering at the handsome city-chap through the foliage.

DIRECTORS' CHORUS

(Much after, and with apologies to, W. S. Gilbert.)



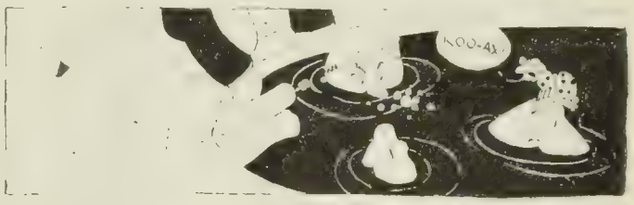
When the villain cannot make the right expression
To register his bitterness and hate,
Or the ingenue's not seized with the obsession
That her part is just a little too sedate,
Then the star is busy talking to her mother
And delaying all the work that's to be done. . .
O, take one consideration with another,
A director's lot is not a happy one.

Now the camera is not in proper focus,
Or perhaps they're having trouble with the set.
Now the lights are wrong and raising hocus-pocus
And obstructing the effect one wants to get.
Now the leading man's supposed to have a brother,
But the make-up's got him looking like a son. . .
O, take one consideration with another,
A director's lot is not a happy one.

HISTORY

When Dante wrote his primal script
To stave off all his frenzied creditors,
And via Burleson it skipped
Into the clutches of the editors,
The judges in the movie faction
Said "Send it back—it needs more action."

When Aristophanes was signed
To write his stuff in continuity,
His comic captions were declined
For insufficient incongruity.
His work was finally rejected
As plot that could not be directed.



When Goldamount sought Sophocles
To write a few refined scenarios,
They found the stories didn't please
The stars and their Lotharios.
They couldn't see him in the west—
His stories lacked "love interest."

And that is how it came to pass
That men whose names live though eternity
Were found unworthy for the mass
Of picture-goers of modernity,
And had to yield the better places
To Arthur Reeves and Louis Tracys.

NUTS

Out on the lot—we started so,
And things that start must end, you know,
So let us hasten this refrain,
That you may turn the page again
And say: "Here you noncensors—blow!"
So ranging ryhmes in proper row
And turning them both sweet and lo,
Once more we strike the golden strain
"Out on the lot."

Once more the cry is: "Westward ho!"
And Presto! Here's the studio—
The land where only pictures reign—
The land of stars that never wane
"What, *never?*" echoes this rondeau—
Out on the lot.

WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

DO you Remember
"Manhattan Madness?"
The Picture
That Allan Dwan Directed,
With Douglas Fairbanks
As a Westerner
Who is Initiated
Into the Wild Life of New York?
He Ran Into
Everything in the Way
Of Wickedness
That Manhattan had to Offer.
Somebody Bet Allan Dwan
That Nobody could Really
Be Framed
The Way Poor Doug was.
Allan Took him.
He Got a Magazine Editor,
Some Nice Girls,
An Artist and Other People,
And Staged a Picture Party—
With Bevo for Booze—
And an Unsuspecting Publicity Man
From the West Coast
To Fall for it.
He did.
Dwan had Sold his Interest
In the Mayflower Corporation
To the Magazine Editor—
(Playing a Crook)—
For a Mere Song,
And had Gambled Away
His Hollywood House and Lot
To One of the Ladies, when
The Publicity Man Stepped In
And Said,
"Stop—Dwan, you
Can't Do That!" and
Drew him Aside, and
Told him
He was Being Buffaloed—
And Advised him
To Get Out Quick,
Before he Lost
His Watch.

DWAN Kept It Up
Until he'd Almost
Proved to himself
That he isn't Such
A Bad Director.
He Offered to Sign Up
The Editor for Pictures
(He Played his Part So Well)
If he Would Leave his Magazine.
Dwan has Attended
At least
Thirty-six Banquets
Since he Enrolled as
A Charter Member
Of the Associated Producers.
You Know, and I Know,
That Mr. Thomas Ince
And Mr. Allan Dwan
Can Make Good Pictures, and
That's Why they Organized
This new Combination—
But Just Now
It Looks as if they Did It
To Brush Up
In their After-Dinner Speaking.
But Say—

© Evans
Not such a bad Director.

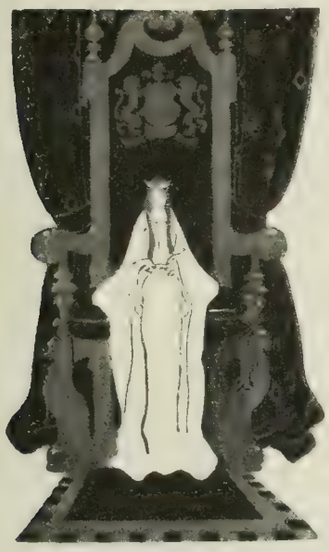
That Publicity Man
Isn't Quite Sure Yet
That the Frame-up was a Joke.
He's Going
To Tote a Gun
Next Time he Comes to New York.

* * *

MY intention had been
To have a Quiet, serious Talk
With Roscoe Arbuckle.
I see Now
How Wrong I was.
Just as we Entered the Dining-room,
Fa— Mr. Arbuckle
Sneezed.
He Couldn't Help it.
Neither could You.
But—
It Came just at the Wrong Time—
And I'm never Going
To Criticize Again
That Old Film Situation
In which the Hero and Heroine,
Successfully Hid from their Pursuer,
Spoil it all with a Good, Healthy,
Old-fashioned Kerchoo.
That's what Roscoe did.
Immediately
It was as If
He was the Only Customer.
The Captain and
The Waiters Came Running and
Fairly Begged him,
With Tears in their Eyes,
To Accept the Best Table.
"Hello, Roscoe!"
It was Joseph Schenck—
Mr. Norma Talmadge.
He Stayed awhile.
"I'm giving up slapstick,"
Said Roscoe,
"I've signed a New Contract
To Make Only Features
In the Future.
I'll Do
'Brewster's Millions'
and 'The Travelling Salesman'
Instead of
The Two-reelers which Take Me
Twenty-four Hours a Day to Make—
(And I Can't Sleep Nights
When I'm making one.)
No—I'm going to let the Other Fellow
Have the Trouble of Directing—
And Devote my Own Time
To Thinking Up
Original Comedy Touches.
Luke?
Luke's Fine.
Weighs—
How are You,
Marcus?"

MARCUS LOEW,
The New York Exhibitor,
(His son married
Adolph Zukor's Daughter)
Sat Down at our Table
And Told us How
He Isn't Going to Let
Any Poor Pictures Get
Into his Theaters, if he
Can Help it—even if
He Produces 'em himself.
And Roscoe Said Dreamily
The Show he'd Enjoyed Most
Not Even Excepting the
New Ziegfeld Roof,
Was "Abraham Lincoln."
And that After All, it was
Serious Things that Counted—
You have to Take Things Seriously
To Make Good. And that
He's Never Going to Let
Anything Unlifelike Creep Into
His Comedies.
And
He Likes Harold Lloyd's Work—
And
I Never Did Find Out
The Weight
Of Luke,
The Dog.

The Lonely Princess



A very modern fairy-tale, with a motion picture star for the heroine.

By
FRANCES DENTON

She would have made a good school teacher, too.

ONCE upon a time there was a fairy princess.

She was a regulation princess with golden hair that didn't come out of a bottle, blue eyes, and a sunkist disposition. She was only nineteen or thereabouts; she was a very human princess—she even had freckles and a sense of humor. She would, in fact, be too conventional to write about, except that—

She was lonely. She had a big white palace, maids, and butlers at the door. She had a lovely blue car with her monogram on the door, in gold-embossed letters. She had pretty dresses, and a diamond ring. She had other jewels that she would wear when she was grown-up. She had everything she wanted—but she was the loneliest girl in the world.

Her mother looked after her. She scarcely ever went outdoors without her mother; or, at least, her grandmother or her duenna. Her mother always inspected everyone who came to see her, before the princess was permitted to know them. That way, of course, she missed meeting an awful lot of interesting people. She was given beautiful books to read; beautiful books—that is, the covers were pretty. The insides were all about science, or art, or literature. While all the time the princess would love to have read some French novel.

Ever since she was a baby, her life had been lived by rules. Certain standards were set; she couldn't do this and she couldn't do that, because she was studying to be a queen and her life was, therefore, not her own. She was to be great—and lonely, and miserable.

But once in a while the gates were let down. Persons with passes and certificates were let in to talk to the princess. Once, one of these persons was even permitted to see her alone; to spend a day—several days—with her alone. When there were no mothers and grandmothers and duennas; not even a maid!

MARY MILES MINTER had been working hard. She probably works harder than any young girl of her age in the world. She is, perhaps, one of the most envied children in this or any other country. And she is the loneliest.

I saw her one day—one rainy miserable day. It was the middle of the week, and Mary, just returned from a tedious location trip, had been working for three nights to catch up on interiors. I had, I was told, arrived at the wrong moment; Mary was busy on the floor, and Mary's mother and grandmother were away. Mary was all alone. So I watched her work a while.

I think Mary is much more than the ingenue many people think she is. Her life has always been mapped out for her; the sunny-haired child has always taken dictation. And she has managed, somehow, to keep within herself a separate shell, which holds her own little individuality, her distinct personality—a personality few know about, a whimsicality few suspect, a depth which would surprise you. Mary Miles Minter is subtle.

She is one of the best actresses I know. She has the greatest art—that which conceals art. To the casual observer, she is a pretty child, very much intent on "getting there" but not quite knowing what she is going to do when she does arrive. There, I think they are wrong. When Zukor took her under his managerial wing, she made up her mind she would not only come up to his expectations, she would exceed them. She is working night and day to do this.

But between times, Mary comes to. To herself, the real, little, lonely girl. She, of all the acting women I have known—and she is a woman, with a woman's mentality, a woman's sanity, and the physical aspect of young girlhood—has two selves—one, for her work; the other, for herself.

She had a white house on upper Fifth Avenue while she was working in New York. She had attendants, personal and domestic, galore. She had a million-dollar contract, which brought her the blue car, and the jewels, and the dresses. Yet, none of these were really hers. Her mother signed her contract, and holds it. Her mother draws her salary. She has no car of her own. And all this is because she wishes it to be so. Of her own volition, she turns over to Mrs. Shelby her earnings; of her own volition, she has nothing of her own beyond a few essentials.

She dresses, except on rare occasions, in the simplest possible fashion. Her tastes are luxurious; so she permits herself only the simplest things.

Like Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter was a stage child. Even then she was gifted with poise.

Her success seemed to come so easily that the professional world unconsciously cherishes a resentment.

She deliberately denies herself; subjects herself to rigorous campaigns of spartanism. Understand, she has the longings and the inclinations of all young girls, for other youth and youths, and a good time. She loves pretty things—she loves them too much, she says. She is a virginal youngster with a woman's understanding. But she does not believe in revealing herself; therefore, she is unpopular.

If you would take an inventory, she would find how few people in her profession,—pictures—know her. They have heard about her; she is a subject for speculation. Prejudiced against her beforehand, the young women of that somewhat exclusive "younger set" of the film world pass her up Mary is super-sensitive. She would never set out to win anyone's regard if she thought they mightn't like her. She does not share the activities and the gayeties of the Hollywood colony; she keeps to herself and earns the reputation, only half-just, of being "particular" and "a little snob." She isn't. But she knows they say that, and the knowledge hurts her.

Within her is the spark that means success. She could be happier perhaps in some other profession. It is quite within the realm of possibility that she might marry before she is thirty, and settle down to raise babies. She loves babies. She was intensely interested in making baby-clothes for her namesake, Juliet Whitney, wee daughter of her secretary, Mrs. Charlotte Whitney. Mary is a domestic little soul; she actually loves to sew and does make very nice things—for other girls' babies.

She would have made a good school teacher, too. But from her first thinking moment, she has been of the theater. She was a real stage-child. She loves it, and she could never do anything else.

She has never dreamed, either, of ever being anything but a star. It is

(Continued on page 119)

Wonder What They Think About?

No wonder Mack Sennett's Pet Menagerie gets the wrong slant on life.

Teddy, the Great Dane, is pretty disgusted with his job. A movie hero at $100 a week, and what does *he* get out of it? One bone—out of one hundred! And John Henry, Jr., heartily wishes the whole thing over with too. He'd stacks rather be playin' with th' fellers. Gee, if he were only growed up like the directors, so's he wouldn't have anything to do but stand around and smoke and swear!

With apologies to Clare Briggs.

Oh dear, but it's a thankless job for Madge, catching the same rat day in and day out and then only getting a saucer of insipid milk. Why, do you know, she's only a cat's paw for those directors. That rat must be about as sick of it as she is. She could end *his* worries in a flash, but every time she even licks her chops somebody throws her a wicked look. Just imagine nine lives of this!

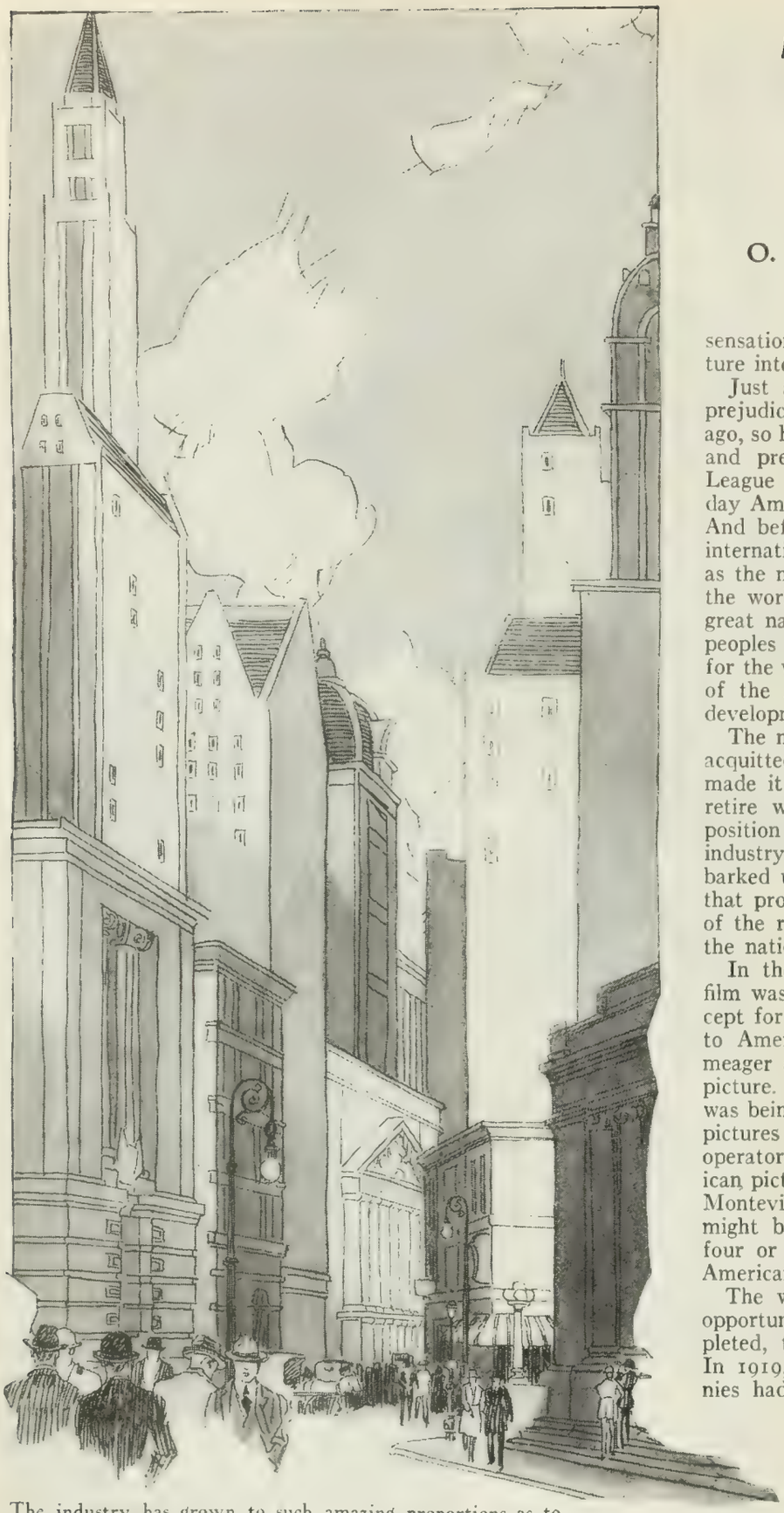
Whew! It's a gay life if you don't weaken, opines Frederick Willum. Stardom may have its fine points, but so have that cat's teeth. Why, the poor little fellow's hide is all calouses now. He doesn't quite know what to make of that cat. She's nice and playful and he's getting used to it now; in fact he's acquiring a sort of an affection for her, but somehow he can't get over that feeling of distrust. Someday—oh, suppose those teeth should slip! No, Frederick Willum can't help smelling a rat.

Now, this is more like it, thinks John Henry, Jr. Playing with Carrie Nation's not so bad, but then *Carrie* doesn't like it worth a cackle. She doesn't know what to make of it. Such nonsense, this continual bustle, being shooed all around when she should be off tending to her household duties and laying her eggs. She just loves babies, but what chance has she: If they don't draw the line at this movie business *some* place, it's going to drive the country to race suicide, you mind what she clucks!

The Gold

By
O. R. GEYER

In the dusk of the the Sailor, now flash the equally wonder-



The industry has grown to such amazing proportions as to spread far beyond the confining walls of American business.

HAVING successfully passed through the various stages of infancy, the American motion picture industry today stands on the threshold of a new epoch, which promises to make an even greater contribution to industrial romance than its mushroom growth of the last decade. During the period of twenty years since its birth, the motion picture has completed its conquest of America, with 15,000 theaters catering to the millions who depend upon the screen for their entertainment.

But, unlike Alexander, the industry does not have to waste time in sighing for other conquests. The other worlds are here, ready to be conquered. And the period of conquest already is well begun. Unless all signs fail, the next twenty years will witness a repetition, on a much larger scale, of the sensational rise to prosperity that carried the motion picture into the billion-dollar class of American industries.

Just as the old international boundary lines and racial prejudices and alignments were cast aside some six years ago, so has the motion picture cast aside its swaddling clothes and prepared itself for a world existence. The World League of Movies came into being on April 6, 1917, the day America tossed its hat into the ring of the World War. And before the war was half over the screen had won its international spurs, having become universally recognized as the most powerful medium of molding public opinion in the world. For the first time in the history of wars, the great nations of the earth attempted to visualize for their peoples their national and international aims and the reasons for the war. Before they were aware of it, the chancellories of the Allied nations had opened wide the door for the development of a universal, living language—the movies.

The manner in which the American-made motion picture acquitted itself in the face of tremendous responsibilities, made it impossible for the country's motion picture art to retire within its own borders and to resume its former position of world aloofness. In fact, almost before the industry's leaders were aware of it, the industry had embarked upon a period of world expansion and development that promises to more than eclipse the wonderful romance of the rise of the motion picture industry to a position as the nation's fifth greatest enterprise.

In the days before the World War the exportation of film was a business of more or less puny proportions. Except for those portions of the globe most intimately related to America, the fans in foreign countries enjoyed but a meager acquaintance with the high grade American motion picture. Until three years ago, the South American public was being asked to find entertainment for itself in American pictures worn with age and with the marks of incompetent operators. With very few exceptions the class of American pictures shown in Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santiago, Valparaiso and other large cities might be classed as junk. Many of those pictures were four or five years old, and had been withdrawn from the American market for several years.

The war quickly and unexpectedly opened the door of opportunity for the exporter, and before it was half completed, this business had grown to enormous proportions. In 1919, the foreign business of one of the largest companies had grown to $5,000,000, a 300 per cent increase in three years, which is remarkable when one recalls the hazards of commercial shipments in the days when the submarines were making the world unsafe for commerce, and when governmental requirements were making shipping space unobtainable except under the greatest difficulties. This one company shipped more than 50,000,000 feet of film abroad during the war, and not one single foot failed to reach its destination.

Italian, French and English producers and exporters were forced by the exigencies of war to suspend business. Four years ago, the South American film market was dominated by the European film interests. This was due to the fact that the South American, because of blood and temperamental ties, preferred to do business with Europe and for the reason that the French and Italian films, in particular, were looked upon as the latest and best visualization of fashions and social usages, matters in which the average South American is keenly interested. Thus the Old World producers were able to get a strangle-hold on the market which it seemed impossible to break.

en Age of the Pictures

Arabian Nights, whence came Haroun-al-Rashid and Sinbad in brilliant light and shadow the new American Nights, with ful adventures of Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks.

TODAY this state of affairs has been reversed. More than two years ago, American exporters entered the South American field in earnest and gave the Latin-Americans their first taste of up-to-date motion pictures. The effect was magical. Almost overnight the far-sighted business men became convinced that the Americans were not so awfully busy chasing dollars that they were not able to keep abreast of the times insofar as fashions and other matters were concerned. And from that time on, the American photoplay has reigned supreme in the South American field.

When the war ended, the European producers found themselves at the bottom of the ladder, in exactly the same position occupied by the Americans for so many years. And although months have passed they have failed to make any inroads upon American prestige, for the South American is no longer satisfied with the exotic brand of film produced in France and Italy. Instead of murderous rage, buckets of emotion and tragedy, he had come to demand the delightful intrigues and graceful romance of the so-called high society picture, with its happy ending. Swiftly moving, clean comedy, he discovered, was much preferable to highly colored, stodgy Old World stories. The result is that the South American exhibitor is no more willing to return to the old business ties than he was willing to hearken to the American missionaries. Prominent exhibitors have declared they could not return to the old days without losing their patrons.

The vampire and over-sexed type of American picture, which was among the first to be shown in South America, has long since waned in popularity. To satisfy and please the exacting Latin-American in the larger cities, photoplays must have a preponderance of cleanliness, and they must be up-to-date. The fans quickly detect an out-of-date picture and manifest their displeasure by leaving the theater.

THE old type of exhibitor has not surrendered to the new order without a struggle. Shortly after the war closed, a former exhibitor of prominence in Buenos Aires opened a new house in which he advertised that he would show European pictures exclusively. He made a great fuss in the papers

(Continued on page 117)

The American photoplay has established itself firmly among the minaretted mosques of the Broadway of Bagdad.

Who Is Houdini?

The only thing secret about him is his friendship with handcuffs.

By
FRED LOCKLEY

A FEW days ago I sat in the patio of the Mission Inn at Riverside at dinner. Above the splash of the fountain, I heard a man at an adjoining table say: "I won my bet. He thought it was a temple bell; as a matter of fact, it's a swallowing bell. I doubt if there is another, except the one I have, outside of China. The knowledge of how to make these bells is the secret possession of a family of famous Chinese acrobats and jugglers, who pass the knowledge down from generation to generation. These are bells within bells. The jugglers swallow them, then they allow people from the audience to hit them on the stomachs, making the bells tinkle."

The speaker was Harry Houdini, handcuff king and film player. Through certain connections I was introduced to him.

"Sure, I'll give you an interview," said Mr. Houdini. "I used to be a newspaper reporter myself. I was born in Appleton, Wisconsin I ran away to Milwaukee when I was nine years old. For a while I was a newsboy, then I carried a route; later, I broke into the game as a cub reporter. I used to run a magazine, called the 'Conjurers Magazine,' and I have written several books which have had a fair sale.

"At one time I apprenticed myself to a locksmith. One day the son of a prominent banker came in with several of his friends, to have a pair of handcuffs removed. For a joke, they had slipped the handcuffs on him, but were unable to release him, as they had no key. I found that they had broken off a bit of wire in the keyhole. By the merest accident I discovered a way in which I could unlock the handcuffs without a key. I took them off and thought nothing more about it.

"The locksmith business tired of me, and soon after I got a job as a trapeze performer with a circus. There was where I laid the foundation for my feats of strength. After a few years I threw up my job with the circus, and took a job with a medicine show which traveled from city to city. I would let any one from the crowd tie me securely and then offer to forfeit twenty-five dollars if I couldn't release myself.

"One evening a deputy sheriff at Coffeyville, Kansas, watched me for a while, and said, 'Will you give me twenty-five dollars if I can fix you so you can't get loose?' I couldn't afford to let him get away with it, so I told him to come on up. There flashed into my memory the way in which I had unlocked the handcuffs from the banker's son, the time I was working for the locksmith. The deputy sheriff took care to see that the handcuffs were on tight. Two minutes later I handed them back to him.

"One day I was hired to give an exhibition at a children's party in Brooklyn. At the close a little girl, about sixteen, said to me, very bashfully, 'I think you are awfully clever,' and then with a blush, 'I like you.' 'How much do you like me?' I said, 'enough to marry me?' We had never seen each other before. She nodded. And so, after talking the matter over, we were married.

"Shortly after our marriage, hard times struck us good and plenty. A great many actors were out of work. Now luck is coming our way—Mr. Lasky is making motion pictures very worth while for me.

"My father is a Rabbi. I have four brothers and one sister. My sister is editor of a magazine for the blind."

These are the kind of stunts that make him famous among the thrill-lovers. At the left—a scene from his Paramount-Artcraft picture, "The Grim Game."

The Round-Up

Sheriff William Henry Harrison Hoover — more familiarly known as "Slim."

A tale of love and adventure in the Southwest, narrated by permission from Edmund Day's play.

By GENE SHERIDAN

DICK LANE stood over the embers of his campfire as the low gleaming rays of the setting sun illumined the cathedral peaks of the Ghost Range, spreading purple-black shadows across the desert and wind-sculptured badlands.

He was nearing the last lone bivouac of the long trail home and back to God's country up there across the American border. And such a homecoming as it would be, he pictured—a homecoming to Echo Allen, the fairest daughter of all sunlit Pinal County.

Close by the prospector's fire were his packs and their precious burden of good, yellow gold, hard won and gleaned as the fruits of Lane's long quest in the wilds of the Mexican mountains. He had come at last to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Now he was going back to make that gold prove its worth in dividends of happiness.

Lane smiled under his matted beard as he recalled that day so many months ago when he bid farewell to the folks at the Bar-1 Ranch. He saw them again standing before the ranchhouse—Uncle Jim Allen and his wife Josephine watching with eager sympathy his parting with their daughter Echo—and his brother Bud, young, ardent and impetuous—and Polly Hope, Echo's orphaned cousin—and Jack—yes, his good pal Jack Payson. The yellow gold over in the packs made Dick Lane feel especially glad for his life-long friend Jack, who had put a mortgage on the Sweetwater ranch to grubstake the prospecting expedition.

Lane's saddle horse, abandoning the society of the pack mules, came nosing up to the fire, seeking companionship and attention.

"Come here, Pete." Lane reached out and patted the horse on his friendly neck. "Only three days more, Pete, and then we'll see *her*. We'll pay old Jack back his three thousand—and then I suspect we'll be taking a leadin' part in a first class wedding."

And there was good luck in his homecoming for Bud and Polly, too, Lane reflected with a glow of generous happiness. For he had promised that if he made a strike Bud should have a stake to buy a business and marry Polly.

While the lone prospector was busy with his anticipations and making camp for the night, a few rough mountain miles to the south, desperate and hard-pressed by the Rurales policing the border country, rode Buck McKee, half-white, half-red, a renegade, at the head of his band of Apache outlaws. They were riding hard to make the temporary safety of the American border.

Abruptly McKee pulled up his galloping mustang to a sharp stop and leaped to the ground to examine the trail. His redskin comrades pulled up beside him. He squatted over the hoof marks left by the passage of the last traveler over that lonely defile, studying each imprint intently. Then he arose, holding out one finger to indicate to his band that it was the trail of one man, and pointed off up the gorge in the direction he had taken. There were a few sharp clucking words in Apache, an apprehensive look back for sign of the pursuing Rurales, and the redskin horsemen with McKee at their head were off again, following the trail as wolves follow the deer.

A snort from Pete, browsing nearby, awakened the attention of Dick Lane, busy making camp. He looked off in the direction that held the curious attention of the horse and made out the tiny spot of desert dust in the distance which spelled the approach of galloping horsemen.

He kicked apart the remains of his fire and stamped them out, hurried to drive his pack mules into the cover of an arroyo, hid his gold-laden packs and stood by to await any possible attack.

McKee and his band came clattering up the trail under the keen-eyed observation of Dick Lane, hidden, rifle beside him, behind a sheltering rock. The prospector gasped as he recognized the outlaw. His decision was swift and inevitable. There was only one way to deal with Buck McKee.

Lane rested his rifle in a notch of the rock and fired.

One of the Indians stiffened up in the saddle and plunged off, rolling down the slope like a spinning log.

With a cry, the Apaches dismounted and scattered to cover. There was a tense silence as they advanced, creeping as si-

"You must bring him back to me."
Echo drew back from her husband.

lently as the desert rattler moves over the sand.

An Apache yell rose from a dozen directions at once and Dick ducked as bullets rained about him and spattered on the rock.

In a flash he rose and fired.

A rifle barked behind him and he felt the sting of a bullet in his arm. As he felt the rush of warm blood under his sleeve he knew it was a losing fight. He moved around the rock to the spot where he had tied down Pete, his faithful horse. Painfully reaching around with his good arm, Lane pulled out his six-shooter, then pressed the muzzle close to Pete's head.

"So long, Old Timer—it's all up with us—and you're too good a horse for any damned Apache to abuse. I'll be following you right close."

Dick Lane shut his eyes and pulled the trigger. Pete was safe from the hideous, torturing Apaches—but not his master.

THE Apaches rushed. Lane threw aside precaution and stood up, firing point blank into them as they came—one—two—three—four cartridges. Then Dick turned the gun to his own forehead.

Before he could pull the trigger an Apache dropped on him from the rock and bore him to the ground. In a moment the Indians had him tied and their leader came to stand over him, grinning.

"I might have expected this from you, Buck!" Lane, twisting with the pain of his bonds, looked his scorn at McKee.

The half-breed toyed with his beaded vest and grinned wider.

"Well—you and your honored sheriff of Pinal County made it hot for me." McKee was deliberate and confident. "So you see I had to come to Mexico for my health—to that you owe the pleasure of this meeting." The white half of McKee could speak excellent English.

But while the half-breed stood taunting his victim, far back down the trail the Rurales were examining the tracks where the Apaches had come upon Dick Lane's trail. The marks in the desert dust told their own story to these vigilantes of Mexico and swiftly they continued up the course taken by McKee's renegade band. McKee seemed to have half-forgotten his flight, so intent was he on hectoring his prisoner.

"Before I kill you, I'd admire to know where you've hidden your dust—Mr. Lane." He was mockingly polite.

"I'll die before I tell you—you dirty half-breed!"

"So?" McKee leered at him. "I'll make you talk—glad to talk."

At a motion from their leader, the Apaches tied Lane up to a sahuaro cactus and brought up a smoldering brand from his expiring campfire. They pulled off Lane's boots and McKee placed the fire under the prospector's naked feet.

Lane cursed and writhed in pain.

"We are waiting for you to say something—something pleasant—where did you say the gold was?" McKee beckoned to one of his redskins to bring more wood.

The flames were licking at Lane's tortured feet. He could stand no more.

"In God's name! Stop! The dust is under that flat rock yonder."

Lane fell limp against the rawhide ropes that held him, fainting. An Indian kicked aside the firebrands and McKee ran to the stone and uncovered Dick's cache of gold dust.

The half-breed was covetously hefting the weight of the bags when a half dozen rifles cracked at once about him. He flattened out on the earth and rolled for cover. In a flash the Indians were in pitched battle with the Rurales.

McKee and his bucks worked their way around a protecting wall of the mountain, leaped aboard their ponies and fled as the Rurales closed in.

The Rurales were in time to rescue Lane and bring him back to consciousness, but Buck McKee and his red outlaws were free and on the open trail again. With Lane's gold in his possession, and leaving Lane, he was sure, as good as dead, McKee conceived a daring plan.

When Lane came back to consciousness he found himself in a Mexican hospital in Chihuahua. He was fighting himself back to life, but not back to reason and sanity. The Apache ordeal had taken heavy toll of his resources.

Back in Pinal County, up in the States, the folks Dick Lane had told good-by a year before were becoming increasingly anxious about him.

Dick was overdue and the reports that filtered in out of the Indian country were disquieting.

Echo Allen spent hours on the veranda of the Bar-1 ranchhouse looking down the road. Bud Lane went daily to Florence, the budding capital of Pinal County, hoping for news. There he met Echo, with Polly Hope.

"Any word from Dick?"

"No." Bud shook his head gloomily. "I'm getting worried. They say Geronimo is on the warpath again, too. If Dick don't show up in another week I'm going looking for him."

Polly's face filled with alarm.

"I won't let you go, Bud. Why, you might get killed!" Polly stood with downcast eyes, embarrassed at her own display of feeling.

Jack Payson, approaching, overheard and joined the group.

"It's no more than right that Bud should go," he observed quietly. "I'll go with you, Bud."

Echo, in turn startled, started to speak, then bit her lips in suppression of her newly discovered emotion. Why should she care if Jack went? Echo was questioning herself. The silent inner answer was disconcerting. Filled with anxiety and loyalty for Dick Lane, she suspected herself in love with Jack Payson, his pal.

It was the morning that Bud and Jack, outfitted and ready to start in quest of Dick Lane, were bidding farewell at the Bar-1 ranch, that Buck McKee, the half-breed outlaw, rode through the Bar-1 gate.

Jack Payson intercepted McKee as he approached.

"What's your business here, Buck McKee?" Jack's voice rang out crisp and sharp.

"Keep your shirt on, Mr. Payson." The half-breed was smiling and self-possessed. "I am here to fulfill the last request of Dick Lane."

McKee strode by Jack, who stood astonished, and approached Echo with a deep bow.

"I was with Mr. Lane at the last, ma'am, and he wanted I should bring this to you as a little keepsake." McKee dropped

his head as one in sadness, then held out Lane's watch to Echo.

Echo slowly reached out for the watch, awe-stricken and wide-eyed. Jack was still suspicious.

"We are waitin' to hear the details, Buck McKee."

McKee replied to Jack with a faint smile, then launched into a graphic story of falling in with Dick Lane in the mountains, of standing shoulder to shoulder with the prospector in a fight against the Apaches, and how Dick fell at last, shot through and through.

"And that's the way it was, Miss. I done my best by him, but the odds was too heavy." Buck McKee ended his story with a heavy sigh.

The outlaw's dramatic recital won his audience. Bud was the first to speak. He crossed over to McKee and held out his hand.

"You put up a game fight to save my brother, Buck—and from now on I'm going to stand by you—even if the whole world is against you."

WHILE this scene was being enacted at the Bar-1 ranch in Pinal County, far to the south and over the border Buck McKee's victim, Dick Lane, lay staring at the ceiling in the Chihuahua hospital, wondering who he was.

But soon the snows of winter passed from the banks of the Sweetwater and in the joys of the spring old sorrows faded. The love of Echo and Jack Payson bloomed with the coming of the spring and the dimming of the memory of the Dick Lane that was. And meanwhile Buck McKee and Bud Lane were fast becoming comrades with results that promised ill for Bud. Much too often they were together at the bar in Florence and more than once William Henry Harrison Hoover, more familiarly known as "Slim" because of his three hundred genial pounds, acting in the capacity and office of sheriff of Pinal County, had to start them on their road home, incurring as often the resentment of McKee.

"Now, you come off your high horse, Mr. Half-breed, or you'll be leaving for Mexico again, right away," Sheriff Slim warned. And be it said Slim's word was known to be backed by a stout heart and the most remarkable ability with the instrument known as Colonel Colt's patent ventilator. The sheriff could sign his name in bullet patterns on a shed at fifty paces.

The anemone was blooming in the uplands when Echo and Jack Payson rode in at the Bar-1 and announced their engagement to her parents, Uncle Jim and Josephine. The wedding date was set for June, "the month when the swell folks back East do their hitchin' up."

When Jack rode back to the Sweetwater ranch that evening he found a pile of newly arrived mail on his desk. He fumbled it over, with his thoughts still awhirl with his coming marriage. He came across an envelope addressed to him in a familiar handwriting and postmarked "Chihuahua, Mexico."

Trembling and assailed with a flood of misgivings, he tore the letter open and read it feverishly. It closed:

"—Buck McKee and his gang of Apaches. But am better now and as soon as I can arrange to sell one of my claims, will be home. Please break it gently to Echo and give her the letter I enclose. Your old bunkie,

"DICK LANE."

Jack Payson stood long at his window staring out across the Sweetwater acres with dazed eyes. A terrific inward battle was raging. He was confronted with the necessity of choosing between the happiness of himself and the woman he loved, or that of his best friend. The selfish cause won. Slowly Payson tore the two letters into tiny bits.

Out in the ranch yard Jack caught sight of Bud Lane, staggering in from his latest debauch with Buck McKee. Recalling with a mingling of blazing hate and burning remorse what Lane had written him of Buck McKee.

In a flash Slim covered the half-breed with a revolver and swept the mob with its mate.

Jack swiftly determined that Bud's friendship with the half-breed should be broken off at once. He called Bud to him.

"I tell you now for fair you've got to shake Buck McKee I've got it straight that he's been with Geronimo, torturing and robbing lone prospectors."

"That's a damn lie!" Bud blazed back. "It was Buck McKee that stood fighting off the Apaches trying to save Dick. You were glad enough to take his story when it left you a full swing to court Dick's girl."

Jack flared with anger at this.

"Either you give up Buck McKee or you leave Sweetwater ranch—now."

"To hell with your job—I'm through with you." And with that Bud left. Soon after, Bud, with Buck McKee, was telling and drowning his troubles over the bar at Florence.

Jack Payson felt many misgivings. He sought out Echo in the garden at the Bar-1.

"Echo, tell me that you love me—that you will always love me—no matter what happens—and that you never loved until you loved me."

The girl stared at him, puzzled, sympathetic, then smiled.

"Just what do you mean, Jack?"

"I mean Dick Lane—I am jealous of him—even of his memory."

A look of hurt flashed into Echo's eyes. She was perilously near to anger, but her new love triumphed.

"I know now I only loved poor Dick as a brother. I really love only you, Jack."

"If Dick had come back would you have kept your promise to him?"

"Yes."

Jack stood in crestfallen silence at her answer. Echo came quickly to the rescue of his mood.

"Don't be a silly goose. Dick is dead. There is no need of this argument."

"Then why wait until June to be married?" Jack urged, speaking with a renewed fervor and cheer in his voice. "Let's be married right away."

"No—there's my trousseau, Jack—but I'll hurry. I'll marry you in a month."

THE day of the wedding arrived with magic speed and mighty were the preparations out at the Bar-1, and many were the comings and goings at Florence. Sheriff Slim Hoover met both the daily trains at the depot seeking the arrival of a "store-built" suit to wear to the wedding, and at last snatched his parcel without at all waiting for the routine attentions of Old Man Terrill, the express agent.

Buck McKee and Bud, now inseparable comrades, sat idling on a baggage truck as Terrill busied himself about the station. McKee observed with narrowing eyes that a money box had been deposited from the train. He watched Terrill carry the heavy package into the station.

Ensconced in the back room of the village saloon, Buck began warily to unfold a plan to Bud.

"What do you say to picking up a little extra change? It's easy. 'Member that box Terrill took off the train? Everybody will be busy getting ready for the wedding. We can stick him up and get away with that money easy as pie."

Bud shook his head. Buck replied by pouring the lad another drink.

"All you need to do is hold the horses and keep an eye peeled, so I can make a clean getaway—and I'll give you half." The half-breed's voice was low and persuasive. Bud, nerved with another drink, nodded assent.

Out at the Sweetwater ranch the cowboys, including the picturesque Sage Brush Charlie, Fresno and Parenthesis, were groomed in the best and most flashy attire, mounted and waiting to ride to the wedding with their employer, Jack Payson. Jack emerged, much preoccupied.

"You boys go ahead. I have to stop at the express office. I'll see you pretty soon at the Bar-1."

When Buck McKee stealthily approached the depot, with Bud waiting with the horses in the ravine below, he saw Jack Payson inquiring of Terrill. As Buck watched through the window, Payson opened the package and proudly displayed a locket to Terrill. It was Jack's wedding present to Echo. As Jack rode away Buck slipped into the depot, unseen from without. He sauntered to the express window and engaged Terrill in conversation. Then suddenly covered the express agent with his gun.

"I'll trouble you to open that express box, pronto!"

Terrill swung and clinched with McKee across the window counter.

There was a shot and Terrill fell, done for.

A hundred yards away at his shack Sheriff Slim was fighting his way into the store clothes that he was to wear to the wedding. He paused with an expression of mild interest at the sound of the shot, leisurely finished dressing, emerged to look about, then headed for the depot.

When Slim entered the depot he found Terrill's body on the floor and the express safe rifled.

Buck and Bud rode pell mell down the ravine and into the shallows of the river, covering their tracks. Well up the river they paused. Buck took his roll of looted money from his shirt and divided it into two parcels, handing a half to Bud.

"I won't take it. You promised there'd be no killin'." Bud was plainly stricken with remorse and terror.

"It was him or me." Buck was sneering and cold. "You take your share or I'll blow it into you." The half-breed touched his six-shooter significantly. Bud pocketed the money.

"That's better." The half-breed grinned. "Now we'll double back on our trail and go to the wedding. That's our best alibi."

At the depot Sheriff Slim stood puzzling over the situation. Robbery and murder. Outside he followed tracks to the river, then decided to return for a posse.

Affairs at the Bar-1 with its merry preparation for the wedding were in gala swing when Slim arrived.

"Sorry I must break up your fun, boys, but I've come for a posse. Somebody has killed and robbed Ol' Man Terrill."

"Now sheriff—we kin have killin's any time, but weddin's is scarce here—let's wait," Sagebrush pleaded as spokesman.

"After the wedding we'll all go with you," spoke up Uncle Jim Allen. So Slim had to assent. Also the day was fading.

Bud and Buck McKee, heavy with drink, rode in. Jack Payson intercepted McKee at the door.

"You were not invited to this wedding and you're not wanted."

There was a clash and Jack threw the half-breed into the yard. He re-entered the house and Sagebrush took up watch at the door to keep the uninvited guest outside. The minister arrived and the ranch-house was made bright with lights.

RIDING out of the sunset hills of Sweetwater valley came Dick Lane, homebound at last, to claim his own. There was a great joy in his face as he rode up the familiar lane to the Bar-1 ranch-house. Here was to be his reward for all his suffering, perils and privation.

Dick took note of the many horses in the ranch yard as he dismounted and stood looking at the brightly lighted house.

"Must be some sort of party going on," he decided. "Won't do to take Echo too much by surprise. I'd better see Jack first."

Dick approached the door and was not recognized by Sagebrush, on guard.

"I'm a friend of Mr. Payson's," Dick explained.

But Dick declined Sagebrush's cordial invitation to enter.

"No, please tell him an old friend from Mexico wants to see him."

(Continued on page 114)

The Round Up

NARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay produced by Paramount Artcraft. Scenario by Tom Forman from the play by Edmund Day. Directed by George Melford, with the following cast:

Slim Hoover, the Sheriff.Roscoe Arbuckle
Echo Allen.....Mabel Julienne Scott
Jack Payson.....Tom Forman
Dick Lane.....Irving Cummings
Bud Lane.....Edward Sutherland
Polly Hope.....Jane Acker
Uncle Jim.....Guy Oliver
Aunt Josephine.....Jane Wolfe
Parenthesis, a cowboy.Lucien Littlefield

"Nobody loves a fat man."

Alice in Wonderland

White

Theda Bara and one of her "victims" in "The Blue Flame," her first stage production.

The Confessions of Theda Bara

And all the time she didn't believe her own press agent.

By AGNES SMITH

HERE is the answer to the riddle of the Sphynx. Here is also the answer to the question propounded by Delight Evans several months ago in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Theda Bara did not believe her press agent.

The story of Theda Bara, as told me by herself, the story of her success in motion pictures, her strange notoriety, is the weirdest—and funniest—tale I have ever heard. It beats Barnum and Doctor Cook.

Frankly, I was afraid to meet Theda Bara. Delight Evan's story weighed on my mind. I had heard of other interviewers who had found her a woman smothered in incense and black velvet, who prattled orientalism and hocus pocus, who maintained a remarkable and ridiculous pose and who defied any sort of human understanding. I remembered all the Theda Bara legends about the strange woman who had been born within the shadow of the Sphynx. I didn't believe them, but I was afraid Miss Bara still did.

Then, too, the day set for the interview was only a few days after the opening of "The Blue Flame" in New York. The audience that had assembled to greet Theda Bara was divided into two factions,—her friends and those who had come in the same spirit that sends people to bull fights. It was a terrible opening and a terrible play. It was considerably worse than anything Theda Bara attempted in motion pictures. It looked like a stage burlesque of one of her films.

"You know how it is," said The New York Times, the day after the play opened, "when you have visitors from out of town who are possessed to go on a perfectly delightful slumming party down on the Bowery or somewhere to see one of those killing melodramas—Oh, come on, won't it be fun?—and you take them, and, after all, the melodrama is not bad enough to be funny and you come home disappointed. Well, 'The Blue Flame' is the kind of play you always expect the cheap theaters to show, and they never do."

In the face of all that I wondered if Theda would still burn incense.

She didn't. About her apartment were the floral tributes of the opening night. The windows were up and open. There was no incense.

Miss Bara lives up on West End Avenue where she shares an apartment with her father, mother and sister. It reminded me of a chapter in "Jurgen." A nice, respectable girl has the serious misfortune to die. On her way to the cemetery a black cat jumps over her coffin. That, of course, makes her a vampire. So she goes to Hell, venturing forth to practice her sinister calling. But she has no real taste for her work, so she fits up a little corner in Hell to look like her old home. When she isn't vamping, she enjoys the comforts of respectable home surroundings.

Theda Bara has fitted up her corner. It isn't luxurious and no interior decorator had a hand in it. Most of the furniture belonged to father and mother. The only traces of Theda's fame are a statue of Buddha on the table and large pictures of Theda on the walls. However, the record on the phonograph is John McCormick singing "I hear you calling me."

Miss Bara herself came in. She was wearing the sort of frock that social workers recommend to working girls—plain, serviceable and neat. She looks younger off the screen than on. She wears her hair becomingly. She has a charming voice and speaks with an accent that has just a touch of the middle west about it. I was embarrassed. Only a few nights before I had heard her pronounce in a hideously strained voice these immortal—and immoral—lines: "Let's get married. All I need is a legal pretext and then I will show you how cold I am. Kiss Me, dearie."

And here was a pleasant young person who had just ordered tea, who had a dog named Petey—"known as a bull terrier because he is part bull"—and who wished she had time to go out and buy herself some new clothes.

WHO made her a vampire? It wasn't Miss Bara's own doing. It wasn't William Fox. It wasn't even the press agent. It was the public—or rather it was the public's imagination. A vampire is a national superstition. Miss Bara capitalized the superstition.

"Of course, there is no such thing as a vampire," she told me. "No women are like that. That is why you can't get good stories for vampire pictures. They aren't real. As for 'The Blue Flame,' it is only meant to be a melodrama. I chose it because it gave me an opportunity to play the sort of part the public wants to see me play."

It was with shrewdness and humor—yes, she has humor—that Theda Bara traced the story of her five years in motion pictures. She talked about it casually. She had no particular motive in making up stories about herself. There wasn't a press agent in the apartment. She spoke as an impersonal and disinterested spectator of her own career.

The best authorities give Theda Bara's birthplace as Cincinnati, Ohio, and her name as Theodosia Goodman. She came to New York about seven or eight years ago because she believed she could act. She played small parts on the stage as Theodosia de Coppet. Her parents had some money and so they allowed Theda to try her luck at finding fame and fortune.

What the New York Dramatic Critics Said about "The Blue Flame."

At the end of the third act Miss Bara said that God had been very kind to her. Probably she referred to the fact that at no time during the evening did the earth open and swallow up the authors, the star and all the company. However, it has often been remarked that the patience of Heaven is infinite. Still, as we remember it, Jonah was eaten by a whale for much less.
—Heywood Brown, New York Tribune.

Miss Theda played her part of it seriously and with average competence. But despite all any body could do, "The Blue Flame" was plainly edged with yellow.
—Burns Mantle, New York Evening Mail.

"Did you bring the cocaine?" demanded Miss Theda Bara, as the heroine of "The Blue Flame," in the Shubert Theater, last night.

It was such a determined, bold-faced intention of being an immediate and unmistakable vampire that the audience fairly shouted in gleeful recognition that the vampire of vampires on the screen was going to be just as devilish on the boards in the spoken drama.
—New York Evening Telegram.

"The thing is not indecent, it is only offensive in its silliness.

"The most encouraging feature of the evening's exhibition was that it was received with derisive laughter by the curious audience which packed every corner of the large theater."
—New York Evening Post.

Perhaps "The Blue Flame" is not a perfect title for Miss Bara's play. Why not: "Tenting on the Old Vamp Ground"?
—F. P. A., New York Tribune.

White

"To be good is to be forgotten. I'm going to be so bad I'll always be remembered."

Like thousands of other young girls, Theda Bara camped in the offices of agents and managers. And like thousands of other young girls, she went to the motion picture studio to make a little extra money in the dull season. There, in the studio, like the girl in "Jurgen," the cat jumped over her and she became a vampire.

She was discovered. The picture was "A Fool There Was." At a time when most pictures were pretty crude, it wasn't conspicuously bad. And it was conspicuously successful. A few weeks after its release, Thedabaraism was causing considerable havoc among the young and impressionable.

According to Miss Bara, it was the original intention of the company to star William Shea, but when the picture was completed it was obviously Miss Bara's picture.

Miss Bara was properly excited because she had landed so quickly and so completely in the golden realm of the movies. In those days, she confesses, she felt a little "set up." Consequently she was a bit irritated when she was told that she wasn't to star in her next picture. Instead she was given a part in Nance O'Neil's film, "The Kreutzer Sonata." She protested, but, being still a newcomer and having no particular influence, it didn't do her any good. So she played in "The Kreutzer Sonata." She repeated her first success. The company didn't star her, but the exhibitors did.

Then the press clippings began to come in. Theda Bara learned a lot of things about herself that she didn't know before. She had been born in Egypt. She had a long line of ancestors. She had played at the Theatre Antoine in Paris. She was "that strange, wild woman," as the side-show barkers say. She worshipped slant-eyed gods.

She used to read her clippings at breakfast, over her coffee and sausages. She says she loves sausages. She and her sister would laugh over the "stories of her life." When the clippings denounced her as a terrible influence on the youth of the country and when the critics waxed vicious, she didn't laugh. She wondered then, as she does now, why people who do not know her could hate her so.

When she was offered a contract, she had to make her choice. This was the choice:

On one side she might have money and notoriety; she might have all the chances she wanted to act; she might have the position of star and the deference that comes to a celebrity. In return for this she must allow herself to be exploited as the strangest sort of freak.

On the other hand, if she gave up the opportunity to take advantage of her first success, she would be obliged to go back into oblivion, to go back to looking for parts, to go back to living on the bounty of her parents.

As they say in sub-titles, a soul hung in the balance. Theda Bara took the contract and lived up to it for five years. She stirred up considerable excitement. She started a school of acting. Every company looked for a rival vamp. She got herself thoroughly denounced. At times it seemed as if there would have to be another amendment in the constitution to check vamping.

All that time Theda Bara "lived her own life." She went on eating sausages for breakfast, instead of live snakes. She had the option of reading her own press stories before they went out, but she says that sometimes she got around to them too late.

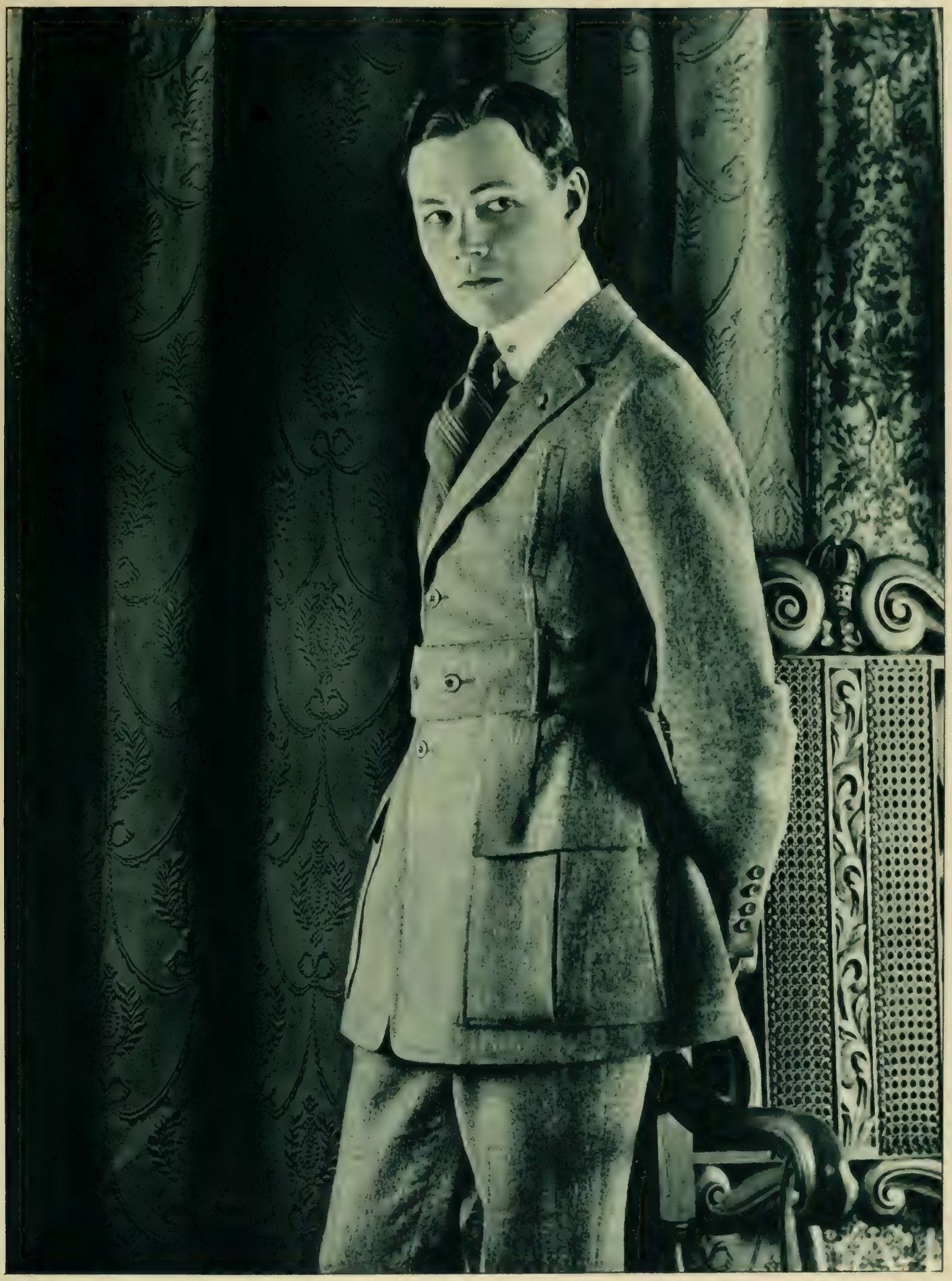
"Anyway," she told me, "some of them were so wild that we didn't think they would be printed or that, if they were printed, they wouldn't be believed. But they were printed; all right, and they were believed, too, I suppose. The wildest press stories are the most successful ones. A lot of young ex-newspaper men wrote them. I think for a while I kept a whole publicity staff working nights.

"And then the interviews. They were staged. It took me hours to get ready for them. I had a special dress made that I never wore at other times. I remember one interview out in Chicago. My dress was black velvet and was made high at the throat. It was a terribly hot day and all the windows were down. When the interview was over, I tore off that dress and my sister and I sat down and laughed about it."

LAUGHTER was what made those vamping years fairly pleasant ones. For instance, there was an interview out in Kansas. A young reporter came down to the train to meet Theda Bara and was admitted to her stateroom.

"Naturally, I held out my hand, but he refused to shake hands with me—dropped my hand as though it had been a snake. After he had gone I made a little bet with the press agent. 'That reporter,' I said, 'thought I was going to kiss him.' I was right. When the interview came out, the man told how I had put out my hand. 'But I didn't take it,' the story went on. 'Because when I met Anna Held, she kissed me. And if Anna Held kissed me, what would Theda Bara do?' "

(Continued on page 110)



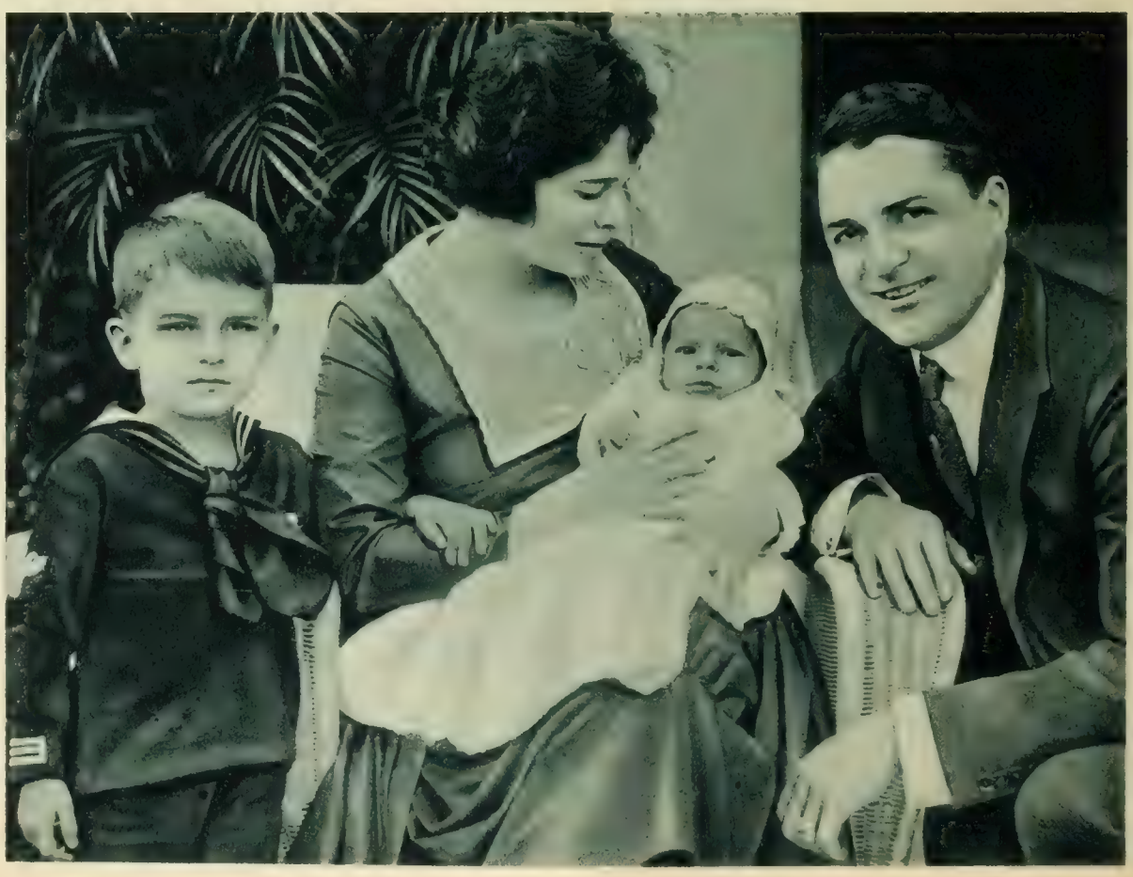
IT may sound funny to call Charles Ray a sort of male Maude Adams of movies, but it's true. His popularity proceeds untroubled in the midst of fly-by-night reputations. Ray's new one is Cohan's "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway."

Above: Constance Talmadge caught at her favorite indoor sport: bobbing. She practiced on Norma, then she bobbed Natalie, her younger sister, shown here, and Dorothy Gish is in daily terror for fear Constance will creep up on her and cut her locks with one fell swoop of the scissors.

The young lady in the circle above is strangely averse to having her picture taken. You would think that with H. B. Warner for a father, and Rita Stanwood for a mother, she would take to it like a veteran. But Joan Warner will probably go in for literature, or interior decoration, or some really exciting profession.

If it were not for the rest of the center picture, on the opposite page, you might think we had snapped Marion Davies out for a little motor ride. But she is working, poor child—for beside her is her leading man, Carlyle Blackwell, and across the page is director Robert Leonard, with his camera.

Sonny Washburn is very proud of the newest member of his family: Dwight Ludlow. In fact, Sonny is a self-appointed guardian of the latest arrival, and presents Pop with daily reports of his progress. Bryant, Sr., and Mabel Forrest Washburn complete this group.



Above: Photoplay offers its first Puzzle Picture. Madge Kennedy assures us that this is a genuine likeness of one of the members of her menagerie. It looks like a tiger-cub with a false nose; Mrs. Kennedy, Madge's mother, says it's a Caola bear, one of Australia's native sons. And—yes, you're right: an admirer of Madge K. Bolster sent it to her, all the way from Melbourne to Culver City.

At the right: Elizabeth France, a seventeen-year-old discovered by Goldwyn. Elizabeth gained entrance as an extra, and has been working ever since. Will she show her stellar temperament by refusing to make anything but chocolate fudge in the future?

Conrad Nagle and Mrs. Nagle, who used to be Ruth Helms. When she went out to the Lasky studio with her young husband, Mrs. Nagle had no intention of becoming an actress. But director Maigne gave her a part in "The Fighting Chance," much to the surprise of friend husband.

INTRODUCING Norma Talmadge in her latest role—as Fashion Editor for Photoplay. Miss Talmadge's good taste in clothes is always evident. The first of her discussions of the whys and wherefores of attractive and practical dressing follows.

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Draining the Old Hokum Bucket. The movie museum of anthropoid freaks, including the "sis" preacher, the fur-whiskered doctor with his bag of screw-drivers, the big business man who can't eat a home dinner without his Tuxedo, and the cowboys who never work—this anthropological collection, we started to say, is about to welcome a new member: the conventional picture college man.

The fraternities are after him, the Greek letters are going to get him, whether he watches out or not. Pi Delta Epsilon, for one, raises its classic arms in defense of the outraged undergraduate. Philip C. Pack, Pi Delta Epsilon's former national secretary, says:

"Despite the fact that now and then a college man kicks over the traces and lands in the newspapers, he is, on the whole, a pretty sober, earnest sort of chap. But the picture producer exhibits him on the screen as a sartorial nightmare, a cross between Lothario and Beelzebub, strangled in fire-risk cravats, suspended in high-water trousers, hiding behind an enormous letter on an enormous sweater, living in a den of pipes and pennants, and dividing his time equally between scrapes and scandals, touches on the old folks at home, and snake-dances at 2 A. M. The college man of today is not a drunkard; he is not a ruffian; he is not a loose spend-thrift; he is not an irresponsible animal. On the contrary, the college man of today, with few exceptions, is a temperate, gentlemanly, conservative young fellow with a real ambition in life."

Slowly, but surely, the old hokum bucket is being drained. May it never be refilled!

The Towel-Throwers of the Orient. A Chinaman, they say, will buy a rosary of rice or a clean collar—but he won't pay real money for something he cannot see. So: he never buys a ticket upon entering one of his native cinema-theatres. He goes in, takes a seat, and watches the picture up to a certain point. If he is, as we say in our vulgar Occidental fashion, "sold" on the proposition, he purchases his ticket and stays to see the rest of the performance. If it happens to be hot in the theatre, during the course of the entertainment ushers will pass through the aisles with wet towels. They fling these towels into the audience when a spectator signifies a desire for temporary relief from the heat; and, as this towel-throwing contest naturally interferes with a vision of the screen, the picture is stopped at regular intervals to allow for it! But if these customs are or seem to be clumsy, consider the up-to-date higher-class houses, where a Chinese lady of good standing may meet her escort in the lobby and dine in the supper-room, which is a feature of all the best cinemas.

A Mile-Stone. The most important thing about a play is .... the play. Or, to modernize Shakespeare's immortal remark, the author.

The author is far more important, as far as a novel is concerned, than the man who illustrates it, the editor who prints it serially, or the publisher who issues it as a book.

Yet, it took nerve to do what the Goldwyn picture publishing house did on the title frame of "Partners of the Night"—give entire and supreme prominence to author Le Roy Scott, to the exclusion of the entire scenarioizing, consulting, assisting, photographing, developing, printing, cutting, releasing, exploiting and advertising regiment who usually come in for croix-de-guerre honors in type.

It wasn't a very great picture. It wasn't by any means the best of Le Roy Scott's stories. But in authorial credit it rose up and slapped old tradition right in the face.

Trusting to Irish Luck—Perhaps. Two worthy Hebrew gentlemen, who, in the film business in Hollywood, had vastly expanded a modest stake hardly and honestly earned in New York suits and clothing, acquired a snappy motor-car as a joint possession.

They also acquired a snappy Irish Chauffeur, who took them, as a try-out, for an exceedingly snappy ride.

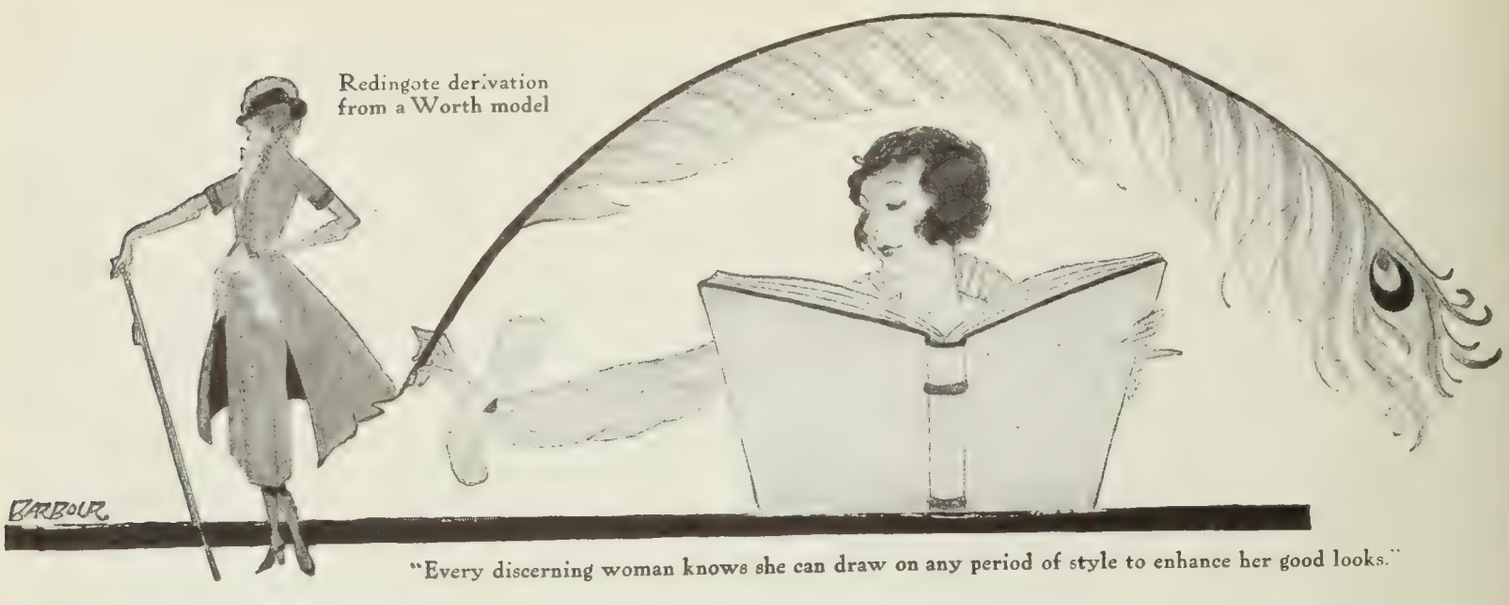
As the car went faster and faster, tearing over busy crossings without as much as a hesitation, missing passing fenders by microscopic fractions of an inch and taking curves on two wheels, Aaron began, naturally enough, to get timorous.

"He'll kill us both!" he shrieked to his partner.

"Nonsense!" answered David. "Ain't he got his own life to look out for as well as ours?"

"But," protested Aaron, "what does an Irishman care for his life if he can kill a coupla Jewish fellers?"

The leading designers of New York and Paris today admit the movies are ***creating*** the styles — not merely following them.



"Every discerning woman knows she can draw on any period of style to enhance her good looks."

What "Fashion" Really Means

The first of a series of articles by the screen's acknowledged leader of fashions.

By NORMA TALMADGE

WHEN I was a very small girl I used to shut myself up with my dollies on a rainy day and discuss clothes with them. Very gravely the dolls and I would go over the subject of new clothes—with me as the active spokesman—or, maybe I should say spokeswoman.

If we weren't interrupted we generally got the winter or summer wardrobe fairly settled before it was time for me to set the table for supper.

After settling *what* we should wear it was up to me to get into mother's good graces for the necessary materials. Many a sinkful of dishes have I washed for the sake of a coveted bit of lace or scrap of silk that meant a party frock for Arabella.

The opportunity to make my first appearance in pictures came just about the time I was through playing with dolls, and for quite some time the only chance I have had to talk clothes has been in regard to my own wardrobe or the gowns of Mother or Constance or Natalie.

And then the editor of PHOTOPLAY asked me one day if I didn't want to be his fashion editor, and talk once a month to all you people about clothes and style, and why one wears a certain gown for certain occasions and what fashion really means.

Would I?

I should say so!

I'm awfully grateful to Mr. Quirk for asking me, for, between you and me, I have lots of ideas about fashions that aren't usually put into print, and every time the editor isn't looking I'm going to tell you some of them.

In the first place I think it might be a good idea if we look at this word "fashion" and think what it really means. You say it is the "fashion to wear embroidered dresses" just as our grandmothers used to say it was "the fashion to wear bustles."

But why are certain things "the fashion" at one period?

Why do styles recur at certain intervals?

Where do fashion influences have their origin?

If you want to be a well-dressed woman—and every normal woman does—you should learn the answers to these questions.

I had to find out the answers for myself when I was studying style from the standpoint of the screen.

The history of this suit may be traced back to the ruffles-and-lace days of King Louis XIV.

Now, this matter is not of much importance to the woman who can afford to engage the services of a great stylist to dress her. But most of you girls can't do this—I certainly couldn't during the first years I was in motion picture work. A great number of my dresses during that period I made myself. And even today, when I am in a position to spend quite a bit of money on my wardrobe, I frequently design my own gowns, and then find someone who can grasp my ideas and translate them into clothes.

Do you mind if I say a very serious word right here? A word meant for you girls who "can't sew a stitch." Sometimes you seem to be proud of it. I wonder why? I had just as soon be proud of a cross eye or any other infirmity.

Do you know, you girls who can't—or won't—sew, that this helplessness leaves you at the mercy of the shopkeeper or the dressmaker? You have to take what they give you, not what you want. A pretty little party frock costs you from $30 to $40 and up—mostly up. You could make the same thing yourself for $10 or $15. More than that, you would have the joy of creating something—and you'd find your hands were good for something besides doing up your hair.

Every time I hear someone adding up the great natural resources of this country I wish with all my heart we could include women in the list. Of course we could add *some* women, but not the big majority, and that worries me.

And I wish the people who make up the qualification list on marriage licenses would add "Can you cook and sew?" to the questions the girl has to answer—and not issue a license until she could prove her claim. My stars! Think of all the bachelors who would be rushing girls to the altar if they had any reasonable hope of obtaining an asset instead of a liability.

But, as I was saying—

About this matter of fashions! Today is above all others the day of the individual, the time when every discerning woman knows that she can draw on any period of style to enhance her good looks—that her individuality but needs the proper medium of dress to give it expression.

For fashion is the fruit of history, the fruit of romance.

Today a costume artist may take an idea for a blouse from an ancient portrait, and the drape of a skirt from an Indian sarong. He may portray a Spanish cavalier in a wrap that has its fulness thrown jauntily over one shoulder, or he may embroider a dress in Chinese patterns.

Some Paris creators studied the portraits of Velasquez last year. As a result — the basque.

Why is it that we today are breaking away from uniformity in style and seeking to take the best from history and tradition that we may apply it to modern uses?

The World War is one reason. Most of the nations that were fighting with the Allies sent representatives to France. And the French style creators borrowed inspiration from the national dress of the peoples who fought shoulder to shoulder with their own men.

Jean Patou, great soldier as he is great stylist, came back to Paris from the trenches last year and brought with him the Algerian inspiration. The bright colored embroideries of this season, the deep sashes and "harem" skirts we are seeing everywhere today, are the result of Patou's genius.

The cavalry inspired Agnes to feature the redingote dress. Now, redingote means "riding coat" and was popular about 1800. In its modern development the silhouette is buttoned from throat to hem and shows an underskirt of one material worn under a long coat of a contrasting fabric.

Some of the other Paris creators studied the portraits of Velasquez last year, and today we have the basque as a result. Remember this when you see one of those quaint little taffeta dresses with the long tight basque and full skirt. If you have clever fingers you can make one for yourself this summer. They are reproductions of the costumes worn by the Spanish Infanta when Velasquez painted her.

In suits the French creators went back this year to the

(Continued on page 112)

The beauteous Clarine Seymour dances hula hulas and otherwise conducts herself with Richard Barthelmess in fiery South Sea fashion as "The Idol Dancer."

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Review of the new pictures by Burns Mantle and Photoplay Magazine Editors

By Burns Mantle

I HAVE a friend, a wise little friend, who insists that John Barrymore's "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde" will be numbered with the classic productions of the screen and, years and years from now, be regularly taken from its tin boxes to be run before the astonished eyes of students of the pictured drama as a perfect sample, not only of what once was accomplished by a great actor before the camera, but of what all actors of even that advanced time should strive to achieve. That is one popular opinion.

I have another friend, not so little and it may be not so wise, who insists as strenuously that "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde" gave her a most terrific attack of the movie blues, from which she has not yet recovered, nor expects ever fully to recover. Its very excellences as an acted horror, says she, have set her advising all the mothers she knows to keep their children away from it and to guard themselves accordingly as their condition and belief in pre-natal influences may suggest.

My own reaction to this cinematographic *tour de force* strikes somewhere between these two. I left the picture cold, not to say clammy, but eager to sing the praises of J. Barrymore and his sincere and quite amazing performance in this famous dual role, by which he reaches the peak of his screen achievements. Eager also to declare it to be the finest bit of directing John Stewart Robertson has ever done, and a job that places him with the first half dozen intelligent directors in the field.

But I felt a lot like the friend who would keep her children away from it and suffer nary a pang of disappointment if I were told I should never look upon its like again. Frankly I do not care for horrors, either on screen or stage. If they possess a soul-purging virtue that does us good it must work subconsciously in my case, for never a satisfying thrill do I get from them, nor more than a fleeting suggestion of entertainment. Invariably I am so very conscious of the actor's acting that I become much more interested in the facility with which he achieves effects than in the effects themselves. Or in the spiritual significance involved.

A physician once told me that medical men never see a person as ordinary people see him; as a good looking, or homely, or thin, or fat, or short, or tall human being, but always as a physical specimen; as one whose features are perfectly assembled or slightly scattered; whose shoulders are evenly squared or curiously twisted; whose legs are sympathetically aligned or humorously mismated.

THIS department is designed as a real service to Photoplay readers. Let it be your guide in picture entertainment. It will save your time and money by giving you the real worth of current pictures.

In somewhat the same way I see actors playing abnormal humans. Sometimes they succeed in stirring my imagination, often they hold my interest, but usually to analyze these emotions is to discover that they are inspired by something commonplace, something plausible, something suggestive of a reasonable human action in the story they are illustrating rather than in the perfect pictures of abnormality they are creating.

So much for "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde." It will easily become the most talked of picture of the time. A door and two windows were broken by the crowds that tried to see it on its first showing in New York. It may tour the country to the tune of similar crashes. Unquestionably it has lifted young Mr. Barrymore to the leadership of his contemporaries of the screen, as his "Richard III." had put him in the forefront of the advancing actors. The curiosity to see it will be great. But as to its continuing popularity I have my doubts.

The story of the good Dr. Jeckyll who, believing that the way to be rid of a temptation was to yield to it, and who succeeded in concocting a drug by means of which he could

transform himself into the brutal and loathsome Mr. Hyde, in which state he was free to revel in all manner of bestial excesses, is too well known to bear repetition. The screen version takes a few more liberties with the Stevenson original than did the Mansfield acting version, but does not overstep cinema license. Hyde is a little more brutal than he was on the stage, Jeckyll far more handsome and soulful (pictorially) than any other actor of our time could make him. The cast is chosen with rare good judgment and includes Martha Mansfield.

"IN SEARCH OF A SINNER"—First National

THE trick of being sanely extravagant in producing comedy is shared by John Emerson and Anita Loos. No one, for instance, will take seriously the premise of their newest Constance Talmadge picture, "In Search of a Sinner." Georgiana Chadbourne's determination to ensnare a styleplus caveman for her second mate, after having lived unhappily for several years with her unco guid first husband, (a geologist who never knew whether she was wearing shadow hose or alpaca bloomers), is palpably overdone. And yet it is so entertaining in its extravagances, and so soundly based in human nature, that even those with just a wee bit sense of humor are happily entertained by it. It is also a use, rather a free use at times, of what the gentlemen of the trade know as "sex stuff" legitimately employed. Georgiana's desires may be suggestively exaggerated, but they are never offensively dragged in for the sake of the sensation they may create. Which marks the difference between the sex theme handled by a normally clean-minded director and one made by a dirt hound. Some day I'm going a-gunning for dirt hounds. Miss Talmadge is gorgeously amusing as this exhibit from her collection of virtuous vamps. A good actress, a good comedienne and a nifty dresser, this young woman.

"THE IDOL DANCER"—Griffith—First National

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH still has his whip in "The Idol Dancer," but he uses it sparingly and only on a slave person who probably was used to it. Many of my confreres report this a disappointing picture, but I suspect if anyone else had made it they would have considered it very good. You can't help expecting a lot from D. G. Merely because he is D. G. I quarrel with him as frequently as any gent whose business it is to comment upon the work he does, but between ourselves the quarreling is largely inspired by the hope that it may make him so doggone mad some day he will take it seriously and double back to the time when he was at once the leader and the promise of the screen. He went all the way to the Bahamas for the local color needed for "The Idol Dancer" and brought precious little back that he cou'd not have ordered in his Westchester studio, or found in Florida. Unless it be the native canoe in which the men of the threatened village paddle umteen miles in umteen minutes to save Clarine Seymour and Richard Barthelmess and the other worth-saving persons of the cast from manhandling, arson and sudden death. However, better a real background that seems a waste of money than an imitation that could be recognized.

The only really disappointing feature of "The Idol Dancer" to me is the commonplace and familiar story—familiar in the sense that it is the old complication of the lost sinner and the hopeful saint with their horns locked in a battle for the girl. It has a little new color in this instance because one boy is a beach-comber, an atheistical youth who is willing to let the faithful worship what god they will so long as they leave him his gin and room on the sand to sleep off his excesses, and the other a New Englander with weak lungs who comes suddenly upon the beauteous Seymour dancing the hula-hula and straightway wants to live. For which neither you nor I could blame him. The Seymour herself is a native girl adopted by an old English salt, to excuse her speaking English tit es, and renamed Mary. She wears not so very much in front and a little less than 'alf of that be'ind, as the gifted Rudyard phrased it, and she is a beauty bright from the bells on her toes to the permanent wave in her hair (a wave she never learned to do in the South Sea Islands.) Moreover she not only negotiates the hula with considerable grace, but she plays the dramatic scenes with enough fire and sincerity almost to convince you that she is what she pretends to be, a dusky island belle. Richard Barthelmess is the heavy-eyed beach comber, a youngish youth to carry his philosophy of life, but handsome and a good screen actor, with personal appeal plus.

Jack Barrymore by his sincere and amazing performance in the dual role of "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde," reaches the peak of his screen achievements.

Seeing "Dangerous Days" is to be thrilled again by those stirring events that gripped us during war times a couple of years ago.

When you've seen Constance Binney in "The Stolen Kiss," maybe you'll go home and have a good cry over the way her beauty and talent are wasted.

"DANGEROUS DAYS"—Goldwyn

THE thrills in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Dangerous Days" have been reduced to pleasantly reminiscent titillations by the element of time. Seeing the picture is a little like picking up a war-time copy of Philadelphia's favorite weekly and re-reading the introduction to a story we recall as having stirred us profoundly a long time ago. But I, for one, find myself still interested in stories of the late war, if they are good stories, and I am quite convinced that there are certain things in connection therewith, certain passions and certain ideals at that time aroused, that no American, now made or being remade, should be permitted to forget, even if it is his confessed desire to forget them. Therefore I indorse "Dangerous Days" as memory-stirring propaganda. It quite frankly recalls the plottings of the enemies within in its pictured blowing up of an American steel mill when the war first broke, but more importantly it presents the influences that were brought to bear upon the youth of the country to weaken their patriotic and manly impulses, and glorifies their strength in overcoming them. Hokum to some, but to me a needful and worthy inspiration that cannot too frequently be given an opportunity to register. "Dangerous Days" is splendidly acted and sanely screened. Lawson Butt, than whom there are few more intelligent leading men of middle years in our cinema lists, plays the leading role, and he is ably assisted, particularly by little Ann Forrest.

"A CHILD FOR SALE"—Ivan Abramson

IVAN ABRAMSON'S idea of how the rich—the oppressively rich—live, move and acquire their frightfully biased opinions respecting the sufferings of the struggling poor, are rather extravagantly set forth in a melodramatic opus called "A Child for Sale." Also Ivan Abramson's idea of what constitutes a coherent and convincing dramatic story, taking this picture as a sample, offers many opportunities for the raucous hoot and the mirthful snort. But Ivan Abramson's belief in himself as a propagandist, and the honest impulse that inspired his attempt to expose the worst of the profiteers and the most shallow of philanthropists protects him from the stabs of this particular pen. His picture is an inartistic jumble of unrelated incidents to me, but to Mr. Abramson it represents the sincere protest of one who would take a hand in setting the world straight by proving, among other things, that striking laborers as well as profiteering capitalists, are responsible for much of the prevalent misery. And I admire his courage.

"THE FAMILY HONOR"—Vidor-First National

KING VIDOR could profitably have given a little more thought to what the experts speak of as the "motivation" of "The Family Honor." Did he wish to emphasize the recovery of that sacred trust by the sweet Southern heroine? Or the fall, and ultimate rise, of her brother, who became a gambler and a waster at college, returned home too proud to work and didn't care a hoot for family honor or anything else? Or the benign influence of a trusting child who, walking blithely into a courtroom at the crisis of a murder trial, immediately so influences everyone concerned that perjured witnesses insist upon reversing their testimony, guilty men are inspired to reform, villainy is completely unmasked and the sun shines in glorious benediction over all? Using all these themes, he rather scatters his best material and just another prettily pictured but plainly manufactured screen story is the result.

Complaints and Suggestions

O MANAGER, dear manager, I pray you lend an ear;
I wish to spill a thought or two before I go from here.
Now, while I'm in the playhouse, I thoughtfully suggest
Your million dollar organ may have a little rest.
I'm strong for "Annie Laurie," but it somehow seems to me,
It's better not to play it for a slapstick jamboree;
And Handel, who has often brought the teardrops to my eyes,
Is never quite so poignant when they're hurling custard pies.

I'm not a noisy person but I'll give a rousing cheer
If you'll page this tall guy just ahead, and park him in the rear.
Why is it only those giraffes who have the biggest feet
Insist on stepping on me as they stumble by my seat?
And why do all the folks ahead, who wait the picture through,
Exactly at the climax get up and block my view?
You're welcome to these ideas, and when you've chewed them o'er,
If still you crave suggestions I can give a dozen more.

"MARY ELLEN COMES TO TOWN"—Paramount-Artcraft

ELMER CLIFTON, who put Dorothy Gish through her star's paces in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town," was forced to work with considerable cinema chaff to get five reels out of his subject. The unsophisticated maid who, clerking in a country store, dreams of the big city and is simply dying to go on the stage, is not one to lift a director to his toes with enthusiasm. But, thanks to Dorothy, who certainly has a way with her, "Mary Ellen" fills in quite satisfactorily in the feature position on the bill. A pleasant trifle, well done. Dorothy's personality and smile are attractive. Ralph Graves is a clean-looking good boy, Charles Gerrard an excellent weasel. The Cabaret is familiar, the raid ditto, but a majority of the scenes are well posed.

"EXCUSE MY DUST"—Paramount-Artcraft

I LIKED Wallace Reid's "Excuse My Dust," first, because it is a good short story, attractively screened, and second, because its creators have not tried to make it anything more than that. One of the eleven or fourteen things we all find to object to in pictures is the obvious effort of scenarioist and director, the one usually abetting the other, to build a mansion out of the material laid down for a bungalow. When the thing is finished the foundation is fairly solid, but the superstructure is so very wabbly and thin you can plainly see through it.

"Excuse My Dust" relates a plausible and interesting incident in the life of "Toodles" Walden, erstwhile demon driver of the good old Darco bus that won the Los Angeles-San Francisco road race in "Speed Up."

No sex stuff here, and no suave young villain. Just a good, interesting, at times exciting, and always well told short story. The ingratiating Reid is as cheering a screen hero as usual. Theodore Roberts is excellent as the blustering "J. D.," and Ann Little is a lovable wife.

"OLD LADY 31"—Metro

I DON'T suppose the president of a motion picture concern could reasonably bring suit against one of his own directors for having failed to extract full value from the picture material given him to work with—a jury of picture fans to render the verdict.

But if Richard A. Rowland of Metro ever wants to sue Supervising Director Karger and Working Director John E. Ince for having missed a fine chance in their screening of "Old Lady 31" I'll serve as a witness for the prosecution. To my way of thinking, there has not been less intelligence, not to say less plain common sense, shown in the adapting of any other picture I have seen this month.

(Continued on page 95)

Your hands express your real self — Be sure you manicure them the right way

How you can have hands as well groomed as these

THE consciousness of unbecoming or unattractive clothes may hurt—but it cannot strike deep down as can the fear that you are judged wanting in real refinement. That you are judged unmistakably lacking in personal nicety.

How uncomfortable this fear can make you! How many times magnified any shortcoming which may cause it becomes in your own eyes!

Of all the indications of personal refinement the most significant, next

Cutex quickly and harmlessly softens and removes surplus cuticle

to personal cleanliness, is well-kept nails. To many, ill-kept nails indicate more than carelessness, they indicate actual vulgarity.

A few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails and cuticle always exquisite. The most important part of the manicure is the care of the cuticle. You must never cut it, for cutting ruins the cuticle. But with the Cutex

Apply a little Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath each nail

way you can always have perfect nails and cuticle.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in Cutex and work around the base of the nails. Then wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, delicate base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nail. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry or grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

Give yourself a Cutex manicure regularly, once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, and you can have nails that you are always proud of.

Cutex is on sale at all drug and department stores.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail this coupon below with 20c and we will send you a complete Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard sets but containing enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least 6 manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West

Put a bit of Cutex Nail Polish on the palm of the hand and rub the nails briskly over it

17th St., New York City. *If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 706, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.*

Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 35-cent and 65-cent bottles. Cutex Cake Polish is 35 cents.

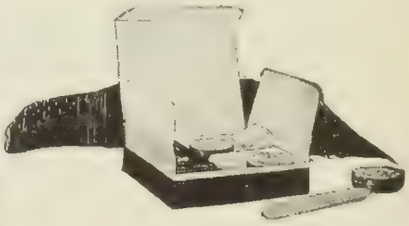
MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY
to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

[706]



When friendship turned to love. Mary and Doug doing their bit in the Liberty Loan Drive that brought them into close companionship.

The Pickford-Fairbanks Wooing

The story of filmdom's greatest real life romance with a moonlight fade-out.

By
BILLY BATES

"Mrs. Charlotte Smith announces the wedding of her daughter, Mary, to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks at the home of Rev. F. Whitcomb Brougher. The bride wore white satin and tulle with a touch of apple green. The groom was garbed in conventional black. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks will be at home following a honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls and other points of interest in the East."

THAT'S the way they would have liked to see it in the papers. Just a quiet little ceremony, with the bride smiling—and perhaps weeping a little, as brides do—and the groom blushing and clumsy and nervous as any plumber might be, facing the future and the installment plan collector with a high heart, a steady job and the woman of his choice.

Instead of that, astonishing newspaper headlines shrieked out the story in giant type. Telegraph and cable wires ticked the details across the world. In every home mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers chatted over the precious news. Cynical, worried old Wall street, harassed by an upset world and a humpty-dumpty market, smiled its cynical, worried smile over the event. It was not hard to imagine President Wilson pausing in the midst of his breakfast egg and remarking to the first lady of the land:

"Think of that, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are married."

After all, it was the only thing to expect. The wooing and wedding of the two great motion picture stars was a romance that the most hectic scribbler of scenarios might have hesitated to tap off on his wheezy typewriter.

It is one of the great love stories of all time.

Well may the two of them—Mary and Doug—long for the pure rays of the moon to silver their romance. It is the moonlight they will seek when they go far away from everything—just the two of them, alone. And it is high time the film of their narrative is tinted with the sentimental blue of eventide that so long has been lacking.

Instead of that they have been forced to their love-making in the glare of the mid-day sun of publicity. To them it has been as if their most intimate and personal moments were lived under the harsh light of noon with the relentless eye of the camera recording their slightest gesture and a case-hardened director criticising their action. To say nothing of the world and his wife, brimming with gossip, waiting for the screening of the scene.

There has been much talk already of the final fadeout. There are those skeptics who are whispering their expectation of still another reel, done once more in the blinding sun. The sad fact remains that this too wise world of ours is rather suspicious of moonlight.

It has reached the age where it loves to whisper during the emotional scene that the tears of the leading woman are achieved by glycerine and that the pair who seem such fond lovers on the screen do not speak to each other once the camera man ceases to mark his magic circles in the air.

But despite the cynic world and despite its wagging tongue, there is a great love story behind this famous wedding. Far above the sly eye-winking and the rib-poking of the scandal

(Continued on page 73)

SILKS—SATINS—LACE

Kept dainty and new through the longest vacationing

MADAME has given instructions to pack only the finest, the filmiest. The silk and valenciennes underthings and the sheerest of the stockings. The georgette frocks with their extravagantly simple air. Two favorite negligées and the loveliest of the blouses.

Always Madame refuses to be bothered with the great number of her possessions—only the most adored. For with Lux these few can be kept so fresh, so exquisite.

At the first speck of dinginess in filet collar or cuff, Marie tosses the beloved one into a big bowlful of Lux suds. The foamy bubbles cover it. The rich lather presses through and through it. Every tiny thread is searched out and cleansed snowy white.

In half an hour the pretty thing will be bright and sweet and summery again, looking as calmly new as if it had just come out of the specialty shop's tissue wrappings!

The old way of washing was so heartless. Many a fragile blouse has Madame wept over in the old days—actually scrubbed to death! But the Lux way is so different. It is so gentle, so careful with her fine things.

There's never a bit of pasty cake soap to stick to the silk thread and be ironed into it! Never a thought of a cruel rub! The pure suds just whisk the dirt away and leave the fabric whole and new, the color clear. The grocer, druggist or department store has Lux always ready for Madame. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to launder silks

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down in the rich lather Squeeze the suds through it—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Roll in a towel. When nearly dry press with a warm iron. Jersey silk and georgette crêpe should be gently pulled into shape as they dry, and should also be shaped as you iron.

LUX

Copyrighted, 1920 by Lever Bros. Co.

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

MAVIS

-TALC-FACE POWDER-PERFUME-TOILET WATER-

Mavis Face Powder and Compacts

There is a vast difference between Mavis Face Powder and ordinary powders. Mavis Face Powder does not have to be "heavy" to make it stay on. It is light and pure—soft as the petal of a flower. It cannot injure the skin as some "heavy" powders do, and yet, it stays on unusually well.

That Mavis Powders are far superior is proven by the fact that millions of women prefer them. They know that the difference in powders shows in their complexions.

Do not be misled by extravagant claims of inferior products.

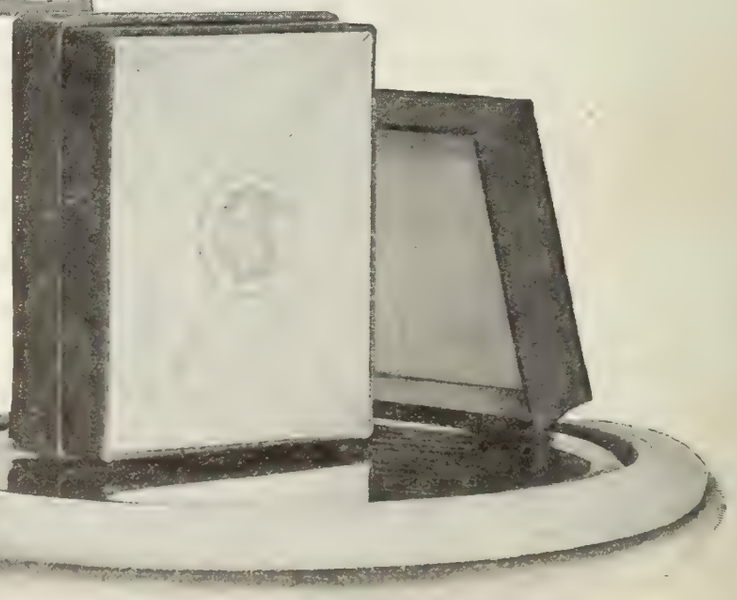
The Vivaudou name is a guide to quality.

Have You Heard the Mavis Waltz?

A beautiful melody that expresses the fragrance of Mavis. It will be mailed to you for six cents in stamps to cover packing and postage.

Irresistible!

Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building, New York, for a generous sample of Mavis Perfume.



(Continued from page 70)

monger and the rumor-peddler, is the love of a woman—a love that has come after great sorrow; a love that would willingly sacrifice the fame that came before it; a love that brings with it the promise, at last, of the errant moonbeam's soothing luster.

When Mary Pickford stood before the minister she stood there as any woman might stand, radiant with love for the man at her side, a bit tearful perhaps for the tender memories left behind, but with smiling hope for the future. Except for the sensation-hungry world waiting just outside the door she might have been the plumber's bride looking forward to the honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls.

If the wily world will not believe this maybe it would consider the viewpoint of the film folk on the lot. Usually the moving picture lot is a place for gossip and careless chatter. Under ordinary circumstances, such a wedding would have the vampire snickering in the camera man's ear, the leading juvenile saying things confidentially to the electrician, and the director smilingly whispering to the animal trainer.

The film folk know all the story. And film folk, from property boy to producer, are hoping that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have found lasting happiness.

For all the fame and fortune that has come to her, "America's Sweetheart" has lived a life tinged with poignant sadness. There has come stalking on the trail of success an unhappiness that sometimes is reflected in her pictures in a way no coaching director could invent. There has been always a heartache and sorrow that might have broken a woman of less capacity.

It is not necessary to dip deeply into the girlhood of the actress. That story has been told and re-told. Just enough, then, to recall when she was only five her widowed mother was forced to go on the stage to support the family—Mary, Lottie and Jack. It was shortly after this that Mary first appeared on the stage as the child in "Bootle's Baby."

Players in the Princess theater in Toronto, Ont., speak today of their memory of her big, sorrowful eyes. Young as she was, she seemed to share her mother's worry over straitened family circumstances. To help her mother, she threw herself into her work with the fervor of a finished actress. The effort was rewarded when she was engaged by Belasco in "The Warrens of Virginia." But the big struggle still was ahead.

Then came the chance in motion pictures.

The "little gray home in the West" of which Mary Pickford Fairbanks becomes mistress.

At once, real fame began to form for the young actress and it seemed that an end of the worrying, sad days was at hand. All over the country she became known as "the Biograph blonde." That was in the day when the names of film actors and actresses were not featured. But the Pickford charm and ability rose above such anonymity.

On the Biograph lot with her was Owen Moore. He acted as her leading man. Their love on the screen soon became the love of their life. It was while in Havana with the Biograph company that Moore proposed and was accepted. When she accepted Moore, Miss Pickford accepted the Catholic church.

Film folk saw in the union a perfect mating. They returned to their work before the camera. Day by day the fame of Owen Moore's talented young wife grew. But the folk on the lot saw that the true measure of happiness was not yet to be Mary's. Ugly rumors and malicious stories began to circulate.

It soon became known that what had started out as glittering romance was ending in bickerings and quarrels. Mrs. Pickford remained always close to her daughter. There can be small doubt that she was jealous of the little girl she had guarded since the days of "Bootle's Baby." That's the way film folk looked at it. One story went the rounds that, during a visit to New York, Moore had engaged a suite of rooms at the Biltmore. Mrs. Pickford and Mary followed him. Mrs. Pickford, the story runs, surveyed the suite and said:

"Very fine, Owen; you take that room in there and Mary and I will sleep in here."

Similar stories came on the heels of this. The full force of the sun began to beat on the two. Moore had no word of complaint, even to his intimates. During this time, he arranged the terms of the first big Pickford contract. But the final reckoning was not far off. Sadly, Mary Pickford surveyed the wreck of her high hopes. Mournfully, she saw the coming of the end. She was a disappointed woman. The glory that had come to her through the living camera made her matrimonial failure the more ironic.

About this time another star began to glitter brilliantly on the moving picture horizon. The bounding personality of Douglas Fairbanks began to win the athletic young actor his place in the history of the silver screen. His career had been of the dashing sort. He had married Beth Sully, daughter of "Cotton King Sully," and had left the stage. Reversals in the "Cotton King's" fortunes had caused his return to the footlights and finally a venture in "the movies."

Under his bubbling optimism and limitless vigor there was a hint of sadness, too. Some spoke of domestic difficulties.

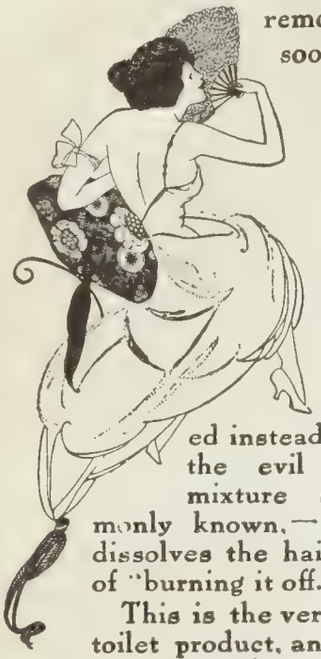
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks first saw each other while they were working on the Lasky lot. He bounded on to the lot and saw her in a character in which she is familiar to millions. She looked up and saw him.

Thus the romance may have had its start —under the full glare of the sun—although the two saw little of each other until the Liberty Loan drive, in the interest of which Mary and Doug and Charlie Chaplin toured the country. At least, the budding of sentiment began with the whole world looking on. Mary Pickford, the saddest and the greatest motion picture actress, had found

One of the spacious bed-chambers of the Fairbanks home at Beverly Hills, California.

Between Friends—

Let me tell you about a hair-remover that soothes and softens the skin instead of reddening and irritating it. That is sweetly perfumed instead of being the evil smelling mixture so commonly known,—and that dissolves the hair instead of "burning it off."



This is the very newest toilet product, and is certainly the last word in refinement and daintiness.

YOU know what the present styles are, and how embarassing it is to have your arms or armpits disfigured by a growth of hair.

And the more you shave it off the worse it gets—just like a man's beard. So of course it is absolutely necessary to use some kind of a depilatory.

Fresca
Hair Remover

Comes to you in a beautiful glass stoppered bottle and looks and feels more like a skin lotion than it does a depilatory.

You apply it to the hairs to be removed—using the finger tips or a little wad of cotton. Almost immediately the hairs dissolve completely and you wipe them right off, leaving not a trace of hair growth. No redness, no smarting, no irritation whatever. No matter how thick or bristly the hairs were, there isn't a sign of them left.

The price of FRESCA Hair Remover is One Dollar. Any druggist can get it for you—but some of them are not yet supplied.

If you wish just send the coupon and receive FRESCA direct by mail.

Fred W. Scarff Co.,
586 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me, postage paid, a bottle of Fresca Hair Remover—for which I enclose One Dollar.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

The Pickford—Fairbanks Wooing

(Continued)

a true companionship. And once more she saw the hope of a ray of moonlight in her life.

One day there was an accident on the Lasky lot. Miss Pickford was suspended high in the air at a rope's end. It began to spin and twist. There was grave danger that she would be injured. Fairbanks, acting on instinct, climbed to her rescue. He carried her to safety and her arms went about his neck.

The story of the rescue and the tableau that finished it was made public. The eager tongue of the gossip began to wag. The friendship of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks was given a sinister significance. That the gossip might be downed, it seemed wiser that their friendship be abandoned. But it had been too strong. Both were too hungry for the comradeship and sympathy they found in each other.

Then there came a supper party at the Algonquin in New York. By this time mutual business had drawn the two closer together. Miss Pickford gave a party for Fairbanks. That capped the climax as far as the gossips were concerned.

Stories flew about that Moore had vowed to challenge Fairbanks to a duel. It was reported he had armed himself and was looking for Fairbanks. Moore is known as a very handy man in a rough-and-tumble affray. Fairbanks, the athlete, was not reckoned as averse to this test of strength with the love of the film star as its inspiration.

Half a dozen times friends intervened and stopped a desperate meeting between the husband and the man he looked upon as his greatest enemy. These stories, of course, went to Miss Pickford. Each time she was put to the torture of suspense and fear. The moonlight she had hoped for seemed a vain promise.

The strain began to tell on her. Fairbanks became worried. It was at this time that the world came close to losing its chosen stars. That their love might unfold its wings, Fairbanks and Miss Pickford had almost decided to leave the world behind, abandon their careers, disappear from the screen and begin life anew in the Orient.

About this time there spread the story that Fairbanks and Moore had met in a hotel lobby and that Moore had drawn a gun on his rival. In the struggle, the story said, Fairbanks was shot in the hand. One of the first versions was that Fairbanks had been killed.

The tragic course of her romance almost caused Mary's complete collapse. She went nowhere unless she was heavily veiled. She chose for her companion Margery Daw. Margery was usually with her when Mary met Fairbanks during discussions made necessary by their business affiliation.

"The Big Four" of the motion picture world—Griffith, Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin—had been formed. It is moving picture history that on the night that combination was discussed, friends prevailed upon Fairbanks to leave the dining room of the hotel in which he was stopping to avoid a scene with Moore.

But there never has been a clash. Owen Moore still cared for his wife and did nothing to cause her added trouble. Fairbanks, on his side, did his best to avoid an unpleasant encounter that might bring more pitiless publicity and add to Mary's burden.

"My whole life is ruined," Mary told Miss Daw, shortly afterward. "Just at a time when I should be at the height of my career I am surrounded by misery and sorrow. I can't stand the worry and strain much longer."

From an unexpected quarter there came a new promise of the moonlight. Mrs. Fairbanks obtained a divorce from Douglas. At the time she made bitter accusations against "a certain woman." The name was not mentioned in the newspapers, but the gossips looked after that. By this time Mary Pickford had stopped weeping. She could only call upon her love of her art to rescue her from her melancholy. At other times they would find her sitting in her room, staring blindly with unseeing eyes.

Mary Pickford was fighting her greatest battle—with herself.

She was facing the whole troubled situation once and for all. She was nerving herself for the final ordeal—the move upon which she staked her future, her fame and her fortune.

The world learned of her decision on the day she obtained her divorce from Owen Moore in Nevada, and the world smiled a bit when it read that Miss Pickford appeared in somber clothes and heavily veiled. They saw in this an affectation and a pose, but it wasn't either. The black of Miss Pickford's garments matched the black sorrow in her heart. Not even the cynical world, had it seen within her heart, would have suspected glycerine in the film favorite's tears.

The gossips were not through with her yet. She was hounded and harassed. If she appeared on the same lot with Fairbanks, which her work required her to do, there was a fresh outburst of rumors.

Into the situation came another distressing point. That was her relation to the church whose faith she had professed when she married Moore. What her plans were at the time of her divorce from Moore cannot be flatly stated. It may be recalled that shortly afterward a story circulated that she would be excommunicated if she married again.

"Then I shall never be excommunicated," said Miss Pickford. "Only today I received a beautiful letter from the priest who knows me best. In the eyes of the church my divorce is not illegal. It sanctions such an act but would not sanction my second marriage, although recognizes my legal separation from Mr. Moore."

She was asked if she intended to marry Fairbanks.

"That rumor is absurd," she declared. "My divorce does not signify that. I just wanted to be free—free as I have wanted to be for years."

As has been stated, it is impossible to judge whether she meant what she said. But there can be no doubt that she was aware of what her move meant on the day she consented to marry Fairbanks. There can be no doubt that she realized she must consider herself no longer a communicant of the church.

It meant something more, too. Among her millions of admirers are many of the Catholic faith. In leaving the church, Miss Pickford realized that she might be risking their friendship and their support.

She knew, too, that her second marriage in any event would start the tongues wagging again. She would be made a symbol of the popular version of faithlessness on the stage.

All these things must have been placed in the balance against the yearning of her woman's heart—the longing for the light of the moon. But Mary made her choice.

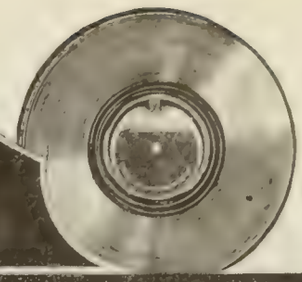
That is why it was written in the beginning of this narrative that there is a real love story behind the most famous wedding of the century.

From the studios comes word that Mary Pickford already is a changed woman, infecting everyone on the lot with her buoyancy. At Beverly Hills they are busily

(Continued on page 113)

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



Leopold Godowsky
Pianist

Dorothy Jardon
Prima Donna Soprano

Archer Chamlee
Tenor

Elias Breeskin
Violinist

A great welcome for Brunswick Records

Music lovers overwhelm us with orders. Tremendous eagerness shown for this latest Brunswick Triumph

HARDLY had Brunswick records been announced than orders came in from all parts of the country—an avalanche of orders.

We had planned and made preparations for what we considered a very large production.

But the instant approval and the enormous demand compelled us to greatly increase our production facilities.

This reception of Brunswick Records has created a sensation in the phonograph world. No welcome could be more sincere—nothing could prove more certainly the place of the House of Brunswick in the hearts of the people.

Something different in records

JUST as we brought advancements in phonographs when we introduced The Brunswick several years ago, so do we again contribute to better music through improvements in recording.

We come with Brunswick Records at a time when reproduction seems to have reached perfection. But you will quickly appreciate the betterments. We felt 'midst all the wonderful advance of modern recording, that there was still a final development, one that would bring complete synchronization.

The outcome is remarkable. It brings hidden beauty, magnetic personality. It brings life into phonographic music that might otherwise be mechanical.

Pictured here are some of our great artists—famous the world over. Their selections on Brunswick Records set new standards. Hitherto hidden qualities are now brought out sympathetically.

Each Brunswick Record is interpreted by a noted director or an accomplished artist technically trained in the art of recording.

Thus we bring that rare charm into Brunswick renditions which you will recognize instantly.

We invite you to join the thousands of critical music lovers now judging Brunswick Records. Hear them. Make comparisons. Note their superiority.

We're sure you'll want to add many Brunswick selections to your collection of records.

Remember, Brunswick records can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

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Tenor

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Coloratura Soprano

Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Let Her Be Different

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, when she and her employer go to a cabaret, is the only one that has a hat on.

J. B. M., New Orleans.

"Yo Ho Ho—"

IN "Piccadilly Jim," we see Owen Moore and his leading lady standing well forward on the starboard side of an ocean liner. The weather, we are told, is keeping most of the passengers below. There is a strong wind blowing from the starboard quarter, whipping the lady's veil, into Jim's face. Such a wind would make even the Aquitania not only pitch, but roll; but you couldn't even make a match roll on that deck, it was so level!

Dorothy C. Dodd, Chicago, Ill.

Sears-Roebuck Mountaineering

IN "Heart of the Hills," Mary Pickford's charming picture, *Steve* smooths his oiled hair down with a silver-backed brush. Neither he nor his cabin fit in with that brush, somehow.

M. V. P., Malden, Mass.

We'd Like to Know, Too

IN "Checkers," a fellow named "Push" buys shoes, suit, and straw hat for $5.00. Where?

D. G., Media, Pa.

A Question of Time

ANTONIO MORENO, in "The Invisible Hand" has been thrown into an underground tank and is swimming around for probably twenty minutes and then is let out into a sewer by Pauline Curley. He swims to liberty through that sewer and as soon as he gets out of the water he pulls his watch out of the vest pocket and says, "I have just five minutes to catch the train the bandit is on." I'd like to have a watch like that.

J. A., Slidell, La.

An Improved Model

IN "Double Speed" Wanda Hawley is seen jumping into Wallace Reid's car in a very becoming little hat and coat to match; at the end of the ride she has an automobile bonnet, street suit, and large cape fur. That car must have been a wonder.

Mrs. H. F. E., Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Thrifty Hostess

IN Norma Talmadge's picture, "She Loves and Lies" Conway Tearle and Norma, dressed as an elderly lady, have tea together. Norma pours—but strange to say she doesn't offer her guest any cream or sugar. Lots of us noticed this.

Edith W., Corona, L. I.

No Wonder They Were Seasick

I NOTICED, in watching the Charlie Chaplin picture, "A Day's Pleasure," that not only the boat rocked, in the excursion scenes, but also the entire ocean and horizon!

A. T. Shearer, Sierra Madre, Cal.

"It Was Back In—"

I SAW "Beyond the Law," with Emmett Dalton. The scenes and plot date back to the Eighties. In the scene on the ranch, on an old cabin (in which the boys are roughing it) appears in big blazing numbers the year "1918."

R. J. C., New Mexico.

'S All Right: The Shero Didn't Do It

SPEAKING of movie reporters, in Dorothy Dalton's "L'Apache" about twenty French newspaper men scribble excitedly during the trial of the star on a murder charge. When a policeman rushes into the courtroom with the news that a dying man has confessed to the crime, do the reporters beat it for the nearest telephone or hike for the office with the "big story?" Gosh no—they yawn and polish their finger nails.

Dick Harrison, Saskatoon, Sask.

What Kind of a Houdini is O'Brien?

EUGENE O'BRIEN, in "Sealed Hearts," goes upstairs to see his dad (Robert Edeson). He wasn't wearing a vest when he started up the stairs, but when he got to the top, he had one on, and all buttoned, too.

E. M. J., Los Angeles.

Even the Walls Quivered

I KNOW that the scene where Lionel Barrymore rests his hand on the wall while looking at the mask of Lincoln, in "The Copperhead," was a fine emotional one, but why should an ordinary wall "give?" Why didn't they cut those few feet of film where the wall shook instead of allowing it to creep into such a good picture?

A. D., Denver.

This Sounds Suspicious

IN "The Lost Princess" I read in the sub-title that the heroine said she had "Suite 16." On her door I plainly saw "Suite 23."

DONALD FISHER, Crawfordsville, Ind.

There Is Something New

BILL FARNUM rescues a box of rifles from a rocky pinnacle and *floats* them to shore in "The Wings of the Morning."

F. G. Mc., Iowa City, Ia.

Correspondence School Art

WE see Sessue Hayakawa painting in "The Dragon Painter." He smashes his first through the picture and casts it aside. A few moments later his bride runs in, in grief, and picks up the picture. It seems to be in perfectly good shape.

And in "The Broken Melody" Eugene O'Brien takes a canvas painting on which he had just been working and tucks it under his arm to convey it to another room. His colors must have possessed some magic drying quality which all artists would like to know about.

C. H. S., Oklahoma City.

Sousa and His Band 1919-1920

A Band Like This—And You

TEN times as many bands as have ever been organized in any one year of American history will be organized this year. People are hungry for bands. Election time is coming on. Here's opportunity for you; get busy.

Any number of renowned virtuosos have built their fame with Conn Instruments. Nine-tenths of the brass instrument artists of all the leading American concert bands and symphony orchestras use them.

They are famous for their ease of blowing, lightness in action, perfect intonation, exceptional tone quality, artistic design and finish.

They are made with the best instrument-building facilities in the world and embody all of the finest and latest improvements. A guarantee bond accompanies every Conn Instrument sold.

Free Trial---Easy Payments

Choose any instrument from the 3,000 different classes we manufacture for six days' free trial. If you keep it you can pay for it on our easy payment plan.

Ernest Pechin, Cornet Virtuoso, Soloist with Innes' and Conway's Concert Bands, pronounced the greatest living Cornetist by both bandmasters. "I find the C. G. Conn, Ltd. Victor Cornet most wonderful in every respect easiest blowing, most perfect in tune, richest in tonal quality. No other cornet can compare with it."

Ralph E. Corey, Trombone Virtuoso. Soloist with Sousa's band. "I attribute the success of my career in very great measure to the use of the Conn Trombone, which possesses everything a performer could hope for. I could not possibly do the work on any other make of instrument that I find easily rendered on the Conn."

H. Benne Henton, Saxophone Virtuoso. Soloist with Sousa's and Conway's Bands and Victor Talking Machine Co. "The Conn Saxophones are used almost exclusively by capable Saxophonists. They are superior in every detail, possessing improvements not found on any others and a rich tonal quality—a mechanism that is a work of art."

John J. Perfetto, Euphonium Virtuoso and Soloist of Sousa's Band. "The Euphonium manufactured by C. G. Conn, Ltd. stands in a class by itself, far superior to any others I have ever tried, easy to play, rich and powerful in tone, perfect in intonation, reliable in valve action."

FREE BOOK NOW is the time to prepare for a summer band. Get a Conn Instrument NOW; you can quickly master it. Just mention the instrument in which you are interested and we will send a special booklet and beautiful photo of it, **free**.

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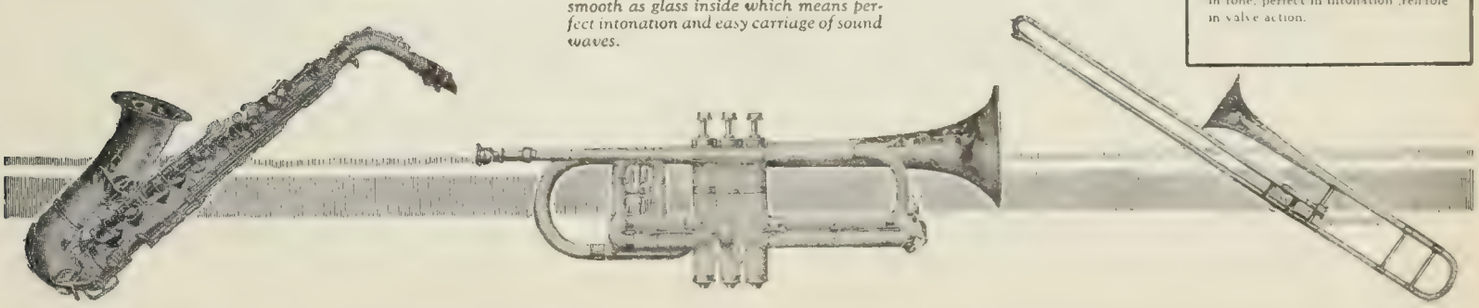
ONLY in Conn Instruments are the taper branches expanded by hydraulic pressure. This makes them smooth as glass inside which means perfect intonation and easy carriage of sound waves.



WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

What the Motion Pictures Mean to Me

Winners of First Photoplay Magazine Letter Contest.

"IF a person thinks of suicide and first goes to a motion picture, he changes his mind. And I ought to know—I've tried it."

That is the gist of one among the thousands of letters received in response to our question: "What Moving Pictures Mean to Me." They came from Alaska, from Mexico, from California, from Newfoundland; but whether the writer was from "a drab little Western town of less than 6,000," or the largest city, the one dominant note sounding above the chorus of these thousands of film devotees is—loneliness. It eats into the heart of the man in the backwoods of Kentucky as it wears down the spirit of the young waitress who retires to her hall bedroom only "to look out upon a dirty alley where garbage cans stand in the muddy yards of tumble-down shacks."

But those who "feel the world is about to crumble about you, and everything is blue-blue-blue" are not the only ones to whom the pictures mean more than they are capable of expressing in words. There are the patients in the tubercular sanitoriums, in the deaf asylums and in the hospitals for the hopelessly crippled to whom a picture, shown once a week, is all the pleasure and connection with the outside world they have. One patient from a tubercular sanitorium writes: "Once a week the patients gather in the assembly hall and are treated to a moving picture. A sufferer is naturally downcast and glum, but these weekly pictures give him a new lease on life and before sleep comes to give him peace, he thinks: 'If the hero on the screen can make such a fight and win out—why can't I?'"

Thousands of women are left alone for weeks while their husbands are touring the country and to them the evenings are long and lonesome. Theaters are prohibitive in price for the average mother of a family, but the motion picture saves her day and gives her the company and courage to wait through the long months. To the young and lonely worker who comes to the larger cities friendless and, figuratively speaking, homeless, there is *only* the photoplay to fill these two great wants. Dreams become realities and the happy face of the Prince of Wales nods from the screen and gives the impression that he is glad to know you.

Sometimes friends fail and you "feel yourself slipping down, down, down—to you don't care where, and you go into a moving picture theater mostly because it is dark and the dark is in tune with your spirits," then—*presto!*—the happy smile of Charlie Chaplin is directed straight at you and good-by blues; before your eyes is a friend who has not failed you, one who has entered your heart and to whom you can always turn and be sure that he'll be waiting for you with the same humorously pathetic antics and the same old smile, which, even across the span of years, knows no location or longitude. Oh, it is almost worth being down-hearted and lonesome to find "the best friend you ever had, except your mother."

How Would You Run a Motion Picture Theater?

This is the subject for *Photoplay Magazine's Third Letter Contest*

"WHAT sort of a motion picture theater?" you will ask, no doubt, when you read this question.

And you are justified in asking it.

There are so many sorts of picture theaters—

The magnificent down-town palace with its gorgeous stage effects, its symphony orchestra;

The less pretentious, more friendly neighborhood house;

The small town "show" which is open, perhaps, two or three times a week.

Each type of picture theater fills a distinct need. There is an ideal way in which each one of them may be conducted.

Run over in your mind the picture theaters you have known.

Some of them have been small, almost shabby, perhaps—and yet, and yet. What was it about them that made them the choice of every one who lived near?

Others have been fitted out with every known success-making device that money could buy—and yet they have been unsuccessful.

Every one who enjoys motion pictures has said, no doubt, at some time or other, "I should like to run a motion picture theater."

What sort of a motion picture theater would you like to manage, and what would you do with one if you had it on your hands?

PHOTOPLAY WILL PAY FOR YOUR IDEAS of the most attractive, useful and effective way of running a picture theater: $25 for the best letter, $15 for the second best letter; and $10 for the three next best letters of not over 300 words telling how you would play manager. All letters, addressed to Letter Contest Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York, must be in by July 1, 1920.

From an "Old Maid" Who Loves Mankind

FIRST PRIZE

I COULD never in the allotted three hundred words give full justice to "What the Motion Pictures Mean to Me," but I *can* give a few very concrete facts.

I am an old maid, as you might say, full of experiences and possessor of a flood of tender memories, associated with a college, surrounded by the acme of literature and ideals, leader of a group of adolescents — in full bloom of life, friend to the good and the wicked, and a faithful devotee of the motion pictures. And in every branch of my life, the motion pictures are my most advising and understanding helper.

In the first place, they help me to forget my age (not so easy a thing to do) by letting me live the yesterdays over again; in my college association they intensify my capacity for human sympathy and understanding; in my world of literature, they reveal many hidden truths, and they strengthen my ideals; in my leadership of the young they give me power, and stimulate my love of youth and romance.

Besides this, motion pictures are a tonic for keeping afire

(Continued on page 100)

Painted by R. K. Ryland for Standard Kid Manufacturing Co.

Vode KID

The Leather for Fine Shoes

In White and Colors

FOR snug fit, style, comfort, and service, there is no better leather than Vode Kid. It has a soft, uniform texture and a depth of color possible only in kid leather made of the best skins carefully treated with pure dyes, by skilled workmen.

It is these qualities of Vode Kid which are responsible for its increasing vogue among discriminating women.

Vode Kid is found in all fashionable styles, from the walking boot with Cuban heel to dainty slippers for evening wear. Vode Kid is made in all the shades demanded by the smartly-dressed woman—Camel, Gray, Chippendale, Tan, Blue, Black, and White.

Your shoe salesman will be glad to show you shoes of Vode Kid. Write us for an illustrated booklet.

Ask for shoes of Vode Kid to be sure of getting genuine Kid Leather in your shoes.

STANDARD KID MANUFACTURING CO., BOSTON, MASS.

—like oranges ?
drink
ORANGE-CRUSH
THERE is a lingering charm in the chilly deliciousness of Ward's Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush—a suggestion of fruit-laden groves in wonderful settings of sunshine and color. All the refreshing flavor comes from the delicate oils pressed from the freshly gathered fruit combined by the exclusive Ward process with purest sugar and citric acid—the natural acid of oranges and lemons.
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Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago
Laboratory: Los Angeles
Send for free book, "The Story of Orange-Crush"
ORANGE-CRUSH
CONTAINS NO
ORANGE JUICE

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL. YORK

A recent picture of Charlie Chaplin. His wife is threatening him with divorce.

WILL ROGERS has an endless supply of two things—ropes and stories. He was explaining the other day why he had so many ropes.

"You never can tell when you may be unable to get any more rope," he said. "Of course it wouldn't seem anybody would prohibit rope, but they might—some folks just love to prohibit, you know. Don't make much difference what it is, so long as somebody else wants it.

"Anyway, once I couldn't buy any rope. I went into a store in a part of a town where a lot of Bohemians and Poles and Lithuanians and other folks like that lived. They were noted for being a gloomy bunch and about the only way any of 'em ever seemed to die, was by suicide. Well I asked the man for some rope and he looked at me hard and said:

"'You don't get one inch of rope in this store without a doctor's prescription. See?'

"Since then I never miss a chance to buy a little rope."

WANDA HAWLEY is to be starred. There would seem to be no reason why this up-and-doing young blonde has not attained stellar prominence before this. Realart, an arm of the Zukor octopus, reached out and grabbed Wanda off the DeMille tree, where she has been doing faithful leading business for Wallace Reid and Bryant Washburn, and where she celluloided J. Hartley Manners' "Peg o' My Heart" which, by the way, we hope will soon free itself of litigation and be released. Miss —— or Mrs. —— Hawley's first individual vehicle will be "Miss Hobbs," a screen translation of Jerome K. Jerome's play.

THE little daughters and almost-grown-up nieces of the girls who used to worship at the shadow-throne of Francis X. Bushman, may have a new idol in Ralph Bushman, husky son and heir of the ex-Essanay king. Ralph, a Christie leading man, isn't exactly handsome, but he seems an athletic and personable enough boy.

THE Harold Lloyd company was on "location" in a small Southern California hamlet on the San Gabriel river. All work was stopped for a few minutes to watch an old fashioned colored baptismal service. Producer Hal E. Roach, Harold Lloyd and Harry "Snub" Pollard moved up close that they might see and hear all that was taking place.

One by one the candidates waded waist deep into the water for the solemn ceremony. Finally all had been baptized but one lone mammy. She moved cautiously down to the river's edge, touched her hands in the cold stream and then started walking away.

"What's matter, Martha?" shouted the deacon, "Yo' hasn't got cold feet is yo'?"

"No, sah," she answered, "An' that ain't all; ah ain't gonna have."

GERALDINE FARRAR has put an end to her Goldwyn activities. According to her present plans, she and Lou Tellegen will go abroad sometime this summer. As to her future film plans, a persistent rumor has it that she is going with the company that Theda Bara made famous. Farrar made one of the greatest successes of a career studded with personal triumphs when she created the role of "Zaza" in the operatic version of this drama in the Metropolitan opera season of '10-20

THE frisky heroine of "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath" and "Breakfast in Bed"—Miss Florence Moore—soon will make her flicker debut with Metro.

YUP, you're right—Lillian Gish will be "Anna Moore" in Griffith's production of "Way Down East." The heroine of Lottie Blair Parker's famous old melodrama is the real original, we might say, of all those persecuted girls Lillian has been playing in her screen career. Richard Barthelmess will have the leading juvenile lead opposite Miss Gish. Robert Harron, whom many thought the logical hero of the rural piece, is a candidate for individual stardom.

IF everybody on Broadway, New York, doesn't see "The Virgin of Stamboul" it won't be the fault of Universal's publicity department. The astute gentleman comprising it—by name Mr. Harry Reichenbach—recently concocted one of the best campaigns ever "pulled" in Manhattan. An Arabian Shiek, seeking Sari, a virgin of Stamboul, descended upon a surprised and flattered metropolis, registering at one of the better hotels with a retinue of servants and all sorts of mysterious-looking luggage. Sari, you see, was reported to be the missing heiress to several millions of Arabian dollars, and the fiancee of some Amir, or something, of Persia. Almost all the newspapers fell for it.

BRYANT WASHBURN is round telling all his friends the latest cute remark of his well-advertised heir, Bryant Washburn IV., generally known as "Sonny."

"Sonny" was to speak a piece at an entertainment. His mother toiled long and hard in an effort to teach him his lines, but in all his rehearsals he stumbled over them boldly.

The night of the entertainment, however, the five-year-old youngster's inborn histrionic talent came to the surface and he conducted himself like a little hero.

When the Father Washburn returned from his studio, his wife told him of the lad's success. But Washburn wanted to hear the story from his son's lips.

"How did you get along, son?" he asked.

"Oh," the little fellow answered. "The act went over big! They called me back!"

AN interesting phase of photoplay development is the recent purchasing of old plays first produced some years ago on the screen, for reproduction by different companies.

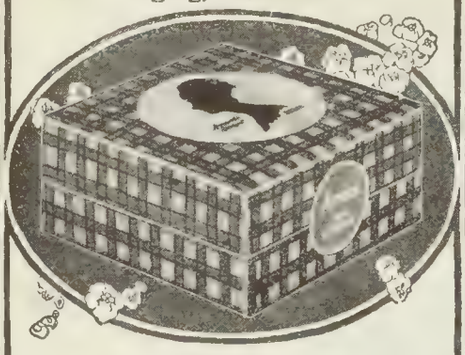
Paramount bought "The Witching Hours" and other Frohman plays from Frohman Amusement Corporation, or Wm. Sherrill. Christie bought "A Texas Steer," "A Bunch of Keys," "The Milk White Flag" and other old Hoyt comedies from Selig. All of these will be given new and much more elaborate presentations.

Paramount will make over "Snobs," "The Travelling Salesman" and "Brewster's Millions" for Roscoe Arbuckle, and has already revived "The Sea Wolf." Universal will do "Jewel" again. The new "Jewel" of Clara Louise Burnham's book is Edith Roberts; the first one was Ella Hall.

ARMAND
COMPLEXION POWDER
In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

ARMAND Complexion Powder speaks for itself. One trial will prove to you how wonderful it really is!

Buy a box of Armand at any of the better shops. Armand Bouquet is a fairly dense powder, at 50c, and Armand Cold Cream Powder, very dense and clinging, is $1.



Or send us 15c and your dealer's name for samples of Powder and Rouge. Address

ARMAND, Des Moines
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"GOLD MEDAL" Folding Furniture

is known the world over for its neat appearance, comfort, convenience and strength. It's the ideal Folding Furniture.

A comfortable porch or camp chair. Weighs only 14½ lbs. and folds to 4" x 21" x 27".

"Gold Medal"—"The Cot of Many Uses"—for emergencies, porch, camp and summer home, there's nothing better. Light, compact when folded, quickly set up.

For washing and dressing the baby—a convenient strong dress ing table. Has pockets for powder, brushes, napkins, etc. Weighs only 8¾ lbs., folds to 3½" x 2" x 4".

Sold by Furniture, Hardware, Sporting Goods Dealers—and Tent-Makers—everywhere.

Write for complete catalog.

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co.
1733 Packard Ave., Racine, Wis.

GOLD MEDAL
Furniture For Home and Camp

Ask your exhibitor when he is going to show the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement — *Glimpses of the Players in Real Life.*

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 81.)

Somebody out in Oklahoma City wrote and asked for a photograph of Bull Montana, holder of the world's handsomest cauliflower ear—since Bat Nelson had his fixed up, so here's Bull. Bull was a truck driver when Douglas Fairbanks "found" him. Now he's a very important member of a Universal cast. The marcelled young lady is Claire Anderson.

REMEMBERING her "Cherry Melnotte" of Rex Beach's "The Spoilers," we're glad to hear that Kathlyn Williams, the emotional blonde, is to be a feature in the B. B. Hampton productions of well-known American novels. She will only play parts which particularly appeal to her.

IT must be gratifying to an actor to be cast for the star part in a picture called "Determination." But Richard Travers has a strong chin and a rugged disposition; he was in the Army for thirty-two months, so we suppose he can stand it.

"HE has his Captain working for him now" is true of Joseph Henaberry. Henaberry is directing Major Robert Warwick at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. While Henaberry was in the army, Warwick was a Captain. And Joe is the sixth director "Bob" has had since the war.

HOW old is—not Ann, but Mary? This eternal question of the movies has been revived again, in the Federal Court this time, when Mary Miles Minter will swear that the American Film Company owes her $4,125 in back pay and expenses. The contract with "Flying A" was made by Mrs. Shelby, mother of Mary, and gives Miss Minter's age as seventeen years. The attorney for the defendant was mean enough to say that Miss Minter is more than twenty-six years old!

THE Presbyterian Church and the Methodist are planning the publication of a "white list" of pictures, which they will recommend to picture patrons. Church officials of both denominations say they have no wish to make a wild crusade against the films; rather they hope to discover sufficient wholesome plays to enable them to give a real guide. *(Continued on page 86.)*

How famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

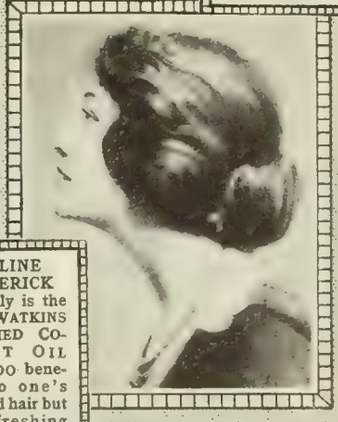
NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."

MABEL NORMAND
"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why the leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use



PAULINE FREDERICK
"Not only is the use of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO beneficial to one's scalp and hair but the refreshing and stimulating after effects are delightful and indescribable."

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO.
Cleveland, O.

MAY ALLISON
"Of all shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."

ETHEL CLAYTON
"I like WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO because it leaves my hair so soft and lustrous and easy to manage."

Be SURE it's
WATKINS
If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't MULSIFIED

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The Better Phonograph For Less Money

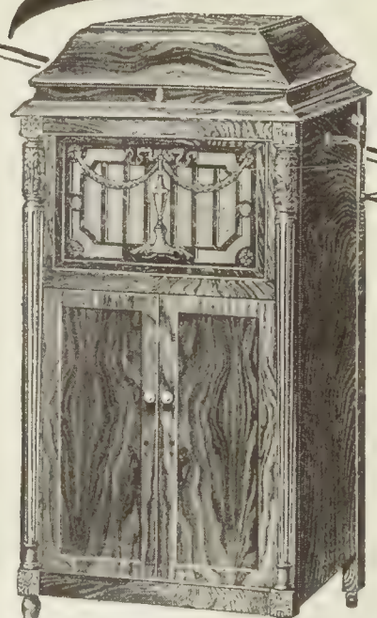
Louis Quinze Period Design.

Mahogany or Walnut. Gold Plated Metal Parts.

Model XVI Price, $195.00

Dimensions over all, 50⅝ inches high, 24⅝ inches wide and 24¾ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 120 pounds. All visible metal parts are heavily gold plated. Assortment of needles included.

$6.00 A Month



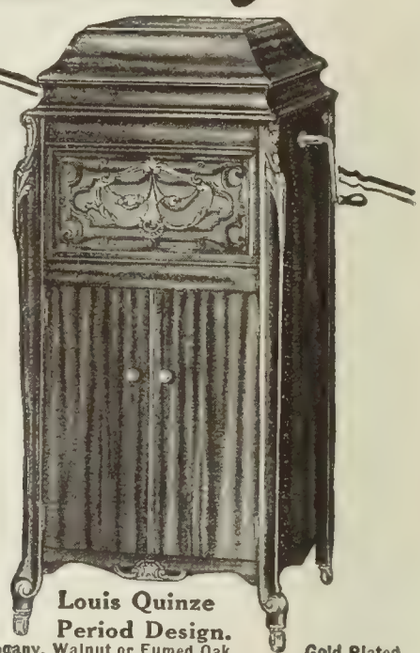
Louis Seize Period Design.

Mahogany or Walnut. Gold Plated Metal Parts.

Model XV Price, $175.00

Dimensions over all, 49⅝ inches high, 23 inches wide and 23½ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 108 pounds. All visible metal parts are heavily gold plated. An assortment of needles included.

$5.50 A Month



Louis Quinze Period Design.

Mahogany, Walnut or Fumed Oak. Gold Plated Metal Parts.

Model XI Price, $145.00

Dimensions over all, 46¼ inches high, 19½ inches wide and 21¼ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 82½ pounds in mahogany or walnut and 87½ pounds in oak. All visible metal parts are heavily gold plated. An assortment of needles included.

$5.00 A Month

Send No Money

THE SILVERTONE Phonograph was designed and built to meet the demand for a good phonograph at a reasonable price. That it succeeded in fulfilling these requirements is proved by the fact that over two hundred and fifty thousand satisfied owners are unanimous in their praise of the SILVERTONE.

No effort or expense has been spared to make the SILVERTONE the best phonograph we could build. Experts in acoustics and mechanics have been kept constantly at work developing and perfecting new and better phonograph devices and mechanisms for use in the SILVERTONE. Skilled furniture designers have created cabinets worthy of SILVERTONE quality—artistic, harmonious and dignified. None but the finest of woods and other materials enter into SILVERTONE Phonograph construction, and they are fitted and finished with exquisite care and perfection. SILVERTONE quality is supreme.

And we have kept the price of SILVERTONE Phonographs within the reach of all. Building phonographs in enormous quantities, as we have to do to meet the requirements of our six million customers, has enabled us to reduce the manufacturing cost per phonograph to the very minimum. And selling them direct from factory to customer makes it possible for us to offer SILVERTONE Phonographs at prices which are much lower than those of any other instrument of the same high quality.

We believe that when you see the SILVERTONE and hear it play, you will be convinced of the truth of our claims for it. That is why we are making this liberal trial offer. We want you to try a SILVERTONE in your home for two weeks without the payment of one cent, and without obligating you in any way. Here is the offer:

No Money Down—Two Weeks' Trial

Select any SILVERTONE Phonograph shown on this page, fill in the order blank at the bottom of this page, and mail it to Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Ill. **Send no money with it!** We ship SILVERTONE Phonographs on two weeks' trial. This trial will not cost you one cent, nor obligate you in any way. All we ask you to do is to give the phonograph a thorough trial. Examine its mechanical features, cabinet work and finish. Try it with any records you desire and note its beauty of tone, how faithfully and accurately it restores every delicate shading of tone quality, every minute variation of volume, every sound vibration. Give it every test necessary to prove the truth of our claims for it. And then compare the price of the SILVERTONE with that of any other phonograph of the same size, quality and musical excellence. If at the end of this two weeks' trial you are not fully satisfied with the phonograph, if you do not believe that mechanically, musically and in workmanship, material and finish it is the equal of any other phonograph on the market selling at from 25 per cent to 50 per cent higher in price, simply notify us and we will take away the phonograph at our own expense, and will return any transportation or cartage charges you have paid.

Small Monthly Payments

If, at the end of two weeks' trial, you are fully satisfied with the SILVERTONE and desire to keep it, send us the price of the phonograph you have selected in equal monthly payments until the total is paid. The amount of the monthly payment is shown under the illustrations of the various models. There is no interest or extras of any kind to pay.

Fill out the order blank today, before this paper gets out of your hands, and let us send you one of these beautiful 1920 SILVERTONE models for two weeks' trial in your home, without having to pay a cent down on the phonograph, and without obligating you in any way. You are to be the sole judge of the quality and value of the SILVERTONE.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

The Reproducer.

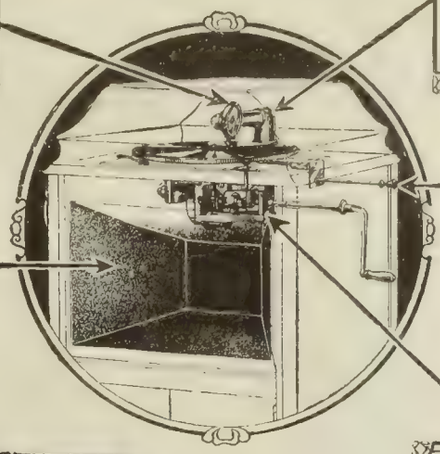
Tone quality is dependent upon the reproducer, tone arm and amplifying chamber. Each must be designed and harmonized in its relation to the other two in order to produce a sweet, pleasing tone. The SILVERTONE reproducer restores every sound vibration. Designed so that all scratching and mechanical noises are reduced to the minimum.

Plays All Disc Records.

The SILVERTONE convertible tone arm permits the playing of any make of disc record. A universal joint in the tone arm makes it possible to adjust the reproducer at will so that it will play either vertical or lateral cut records. It is almost as easy to adjust the reproducer for different types of records as it is to change needles.

Amplifying Chamber.

The sounds carried from the reproducer through the tone arm are given volume and resonance in a scientifically designed amplifying chamber or horn. This chamber is built of carefully seasoned wood and, like the sounding boards of a fine violin, imparts to the reclaimed sound vibrations sweetness and resonance.

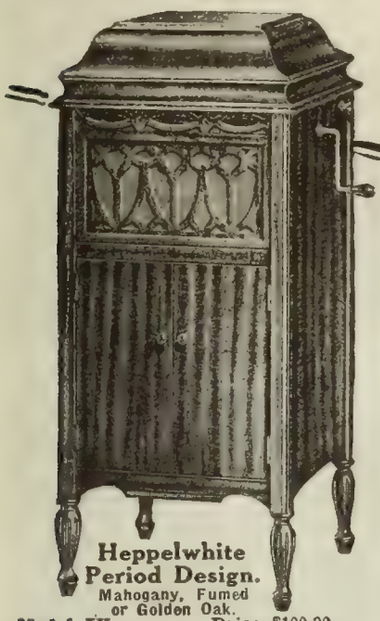


Tone Control.

The tone modulator with which each SILVERTONE is equipped gives complete control over the volume of sound. You may set the modulator at any desired point, thus giving a uniform volume of sound, or the modulator may be manipulated while a selection is being played, thus enabling you to impart your own interpretation to the music.

Powerful, Silent Motor.

Every part of the SILVERTONE motor is made and fitted with care and precision, and gears mesh silently. Powerful springs furnish an abundance of power, and a perfectly designed governor keeps the turntable speed absolutely uniform. The motor is equipped with a silent winding device and cranks with very little effort.

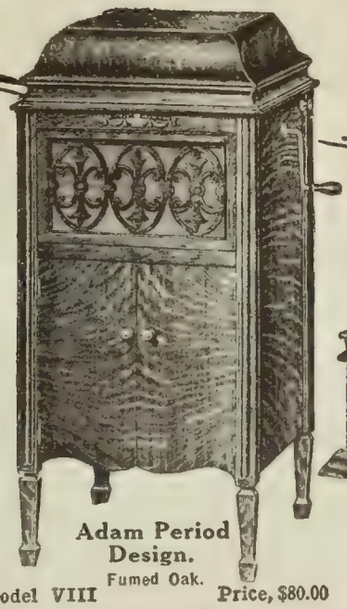


Heppelwhite Period Design.
Mahogany, Fumed or Golden Oak.

Model IX — **Price, $100.00**

Dimensions over all, 46⅜ inches high, 20 inches wide and 22 inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 69 pounds in mahogany and 74 pounds in either fumed or golden oak. Metal parts are heavily nickel plated and polished. An assortment of needles included.

$4.50 A Month



Adam Period Design.
Fumed Oak.

Model VIII — **Price, $80.00**

Dimensions over all, 42¾ inches high, 19⅞ inches wide and 22 in. deep. Net weight, ready to play, 76¼ pounds. All visible metal parts are heavily nickel plated and polished. An assortment of needles included.

$4.00 A Month

Queen Anne Period Design.
Mahogany.

Model VII — **Price, $57.00**

Dimensions over all, 14¾ inches high, 19¾ inches wide and 23⅞ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 39¼ lbs. All visible metal parts are heavily nickel plated. Assortment of needles included.

$3.50 A Month

Golden Oak.

Model VI — **Price, $48.00**

Dimensions over all, 14⅜ inches high, 18⅛ inches wide and 22⅛ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 42¼ lbs. All visible metal parts are heavily nickel plated. Assortment of needles included.

$3.00 A Month

Period Design Cabinets.

SILVERTONE Cabinets are the finest product of the skilled cabinetmakers' art. Made in the most popular period designs, every one is a handsome piece of furniture—dignified, graceful and artistic in appearance. Only the finest selected woods are used in their construction and they are finished and fitted with that exquisite care and perfection which mark the work of the painstaking artisan.

Chicago

USE THIS ORDER BLANK—CLIP ALONG DOTTED LINES.

Order Blank

SHIP BY Freight ☐ Express ☐

Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago. Date_____ 19____

You may ship me the SILVERTONE Phonograph which I have marked with an [X] for two weeks' trial.

If, after two weeks' trial, I decide to keep and use the instrument, I will send you the first payment for the phonograph, and pay the same amount each month, until paid in full; then the SILVERTONE becomes my property.

Should I decide, after two weeks' trial, that the SILVERTONE is not satisfactory, I will notify you, and you are to give me instructions so that I may send it back at your expense. You are also to return to me any transportation and cartage charges I have paid.

I have always been faithful in paying my obligations and am making this statement for the purpose of inducing you to grant me these terms, and I give you my pledge that you may feel safe in trusting me to pay as agreed.

Sign Here ☞ _____

(Sign your name here plainly and carefully. If under age, some member of your family who is of age and responsible should sign this order with you.)

R. F. D. No. _____ Box No. _____ Street and No. _____

Post office _____ State _____

Shipping Point _____ State _____

I have been located in this town since _____ If less than 5 years, give former address _____

My business, occupation or profession is _____

Please give name of head of household to prevent mistakes and simplify the keeping of our records.

Name of head of household _____

(Please give names of TWO references.) *REFERENCES:*

Name		
Address		
Business or Occupation		

☐ **Model VI Golden Oak.** Price, **$48.00** $3.00 a Month.

☐ **Model VII Mahogany.** Price, **$57.00** $3.50 a Month.

☐ **Model VIII Fumed Oak.** Price, **$80.00** $4.00 a Month.

☐ **Model IX Mahogany.** Price, **$100.00** $4.50 a Month.

☐ **Model IX Golden Oak.** Price, **$100.00** $4.50 a Month.

☐ **Model IX Fumed Oak.** Price, **$100.00** $4.50 a Month.

☐ **Model XI Mahogany.** Price, **$145.00** $5.00 a Month.

☐ **Model XI Walnut.** Price, **$145.00** $5.00 a Month.

☐ **Model XI Fumed Oak.** Price, **$145.00** $5.00 a Month.

☐ **Model XV Mahogany.** Price, **$175.00** $5.50 a Month.

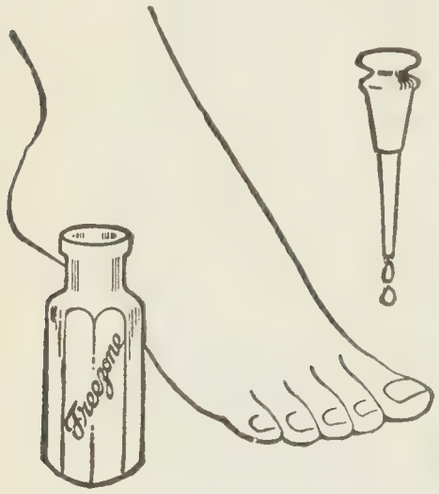
☐ **Model XV Walnut.** Price, **$175.00** $5.50 a Month.

☐ **Model XVI Mahogany.** Price, **$195.00** $6.00 a Month.

☐ **Model XVI Walnut.** Price, **$195.00** $6.00 a Month.

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

Fear no criticism—be sure of admiration—if you use Carmen. It stays on. *White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and the New CARMEN-BRUNETTE Shade.*

CARMEN Complexion Powder

50c Everywhere

Trial Offer—Send 12c to cover postage and packing for purse size box with 3 weeks' supply—state shade preferred.

STAFFORD-MILLER CO. St. Louis, Mo.

Cultivate Your Beauty

ve a youthful appearance, clear com-xion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows l lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxu-nt hair, attractive hands, comfortable Remove wrinkles, lines, pimples, black heads, ngthen sagging facial muscles—all through fol-ng our simple directions. Thousands have done No drugs no big expense and quick results. Send latest catalog and many Beauty Hints—all **free.**

GRACE MILDRED CULTURE COURSE
t. 17, 624 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois
(A Branch of [illegible] 2428A

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 82)

Is your grandmother a good sport? Bebe Daniels' came to the studio to watch her enact some scenes in a picture opposite Wally Reid—and when Grandma saw Bebe dressed as Eve she never even batted an eyelash. Bebe says that's the kind of grandmother to have.

A SLIGHT reversal of the usual procedure occurred recently when a local church of Brownsville, a thriving town in Oregon, selected a picture it wanted projected in a local picture-theater, and the manager of the picture-theater, after viewing the selected subject, branded it as "unwholesome, unworthy of a place on the theater program, and neither clean nor entertaining!"

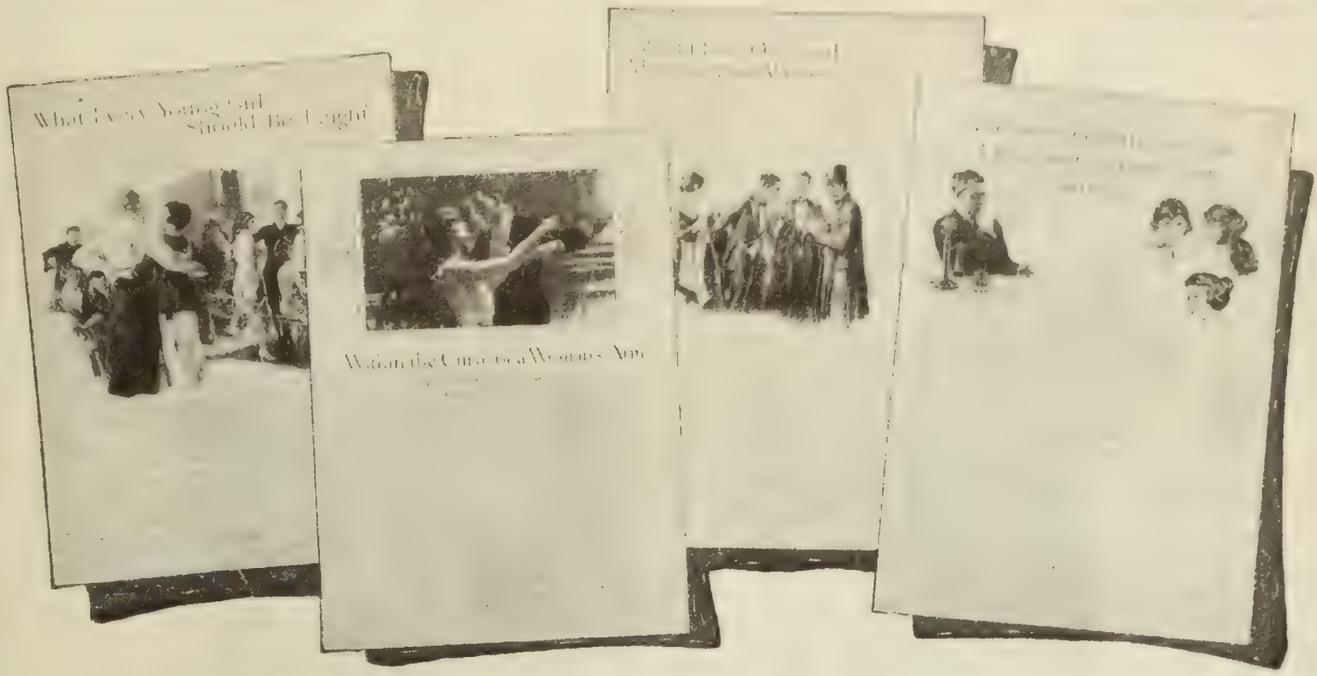
THE three Barrymores appeared together in a benefit performance given for the S. Rankin Drew Post of the American Legion, in April. S. Rankin Drew was a brilliant young director who met his death in the air, in France; the son of Sidney and the nephew of John. The Post is composed of ex-service men who are affiliated with the theater or the screen.

DESPITE the fact that help is scarce on the western coast, the companies are flocking there in droves. From all that we have heard, the warm weather came east just in time to prevent D. W. Griffith from leaving New York forever.

MARION SWAYNE must have had a good laugh all to herself at Mr. Golden when she heard him call her a "kid." And another one when she read Mr. Wolfe's column. Five years ago we remember we had an interview with Miss Swayne when she was playing in pictures made by the Gaumont company. At that time she was a grown-up lady, though we must admit she didn't look grown-up, and she had a husband Joseph Levering, who played with her.

THOUGH he does not say so, there was strategy in the move that Rev. J. E. Price, of the Universalist Church in Auburn, N. Y., made a few Sunday nights ago. He announced for the topic of his evening service, "The Storm." But he kept to himself the secret that "The Storm" was a motion picture. If he had let it be known before hand that he intended showing pictures in his church, very likely some of the dear sisters would have made it so unpleasant that he would have had to give up his plans.

(Continued on page 88)



"YOUR ARTICLES ARE UNFAIR TO YOUR SEX!"

Criticism and commendation, abuse and applause, poured in on Ruth Miller after the publication of these stories. Did you read them? What do you think?

WHEN I started these discussions I knew I would have to tread carefully in addressing women on such a delicate personal subject.

I have received an immense amount of both commendation and condemnation.

But what has surprised me has been the attitude taken by those women who resented my remarks.

The burden of nearly all such letters has been: Get after the men. They, not women, are the real offenders in this matter.

One New York woman, for instance, writes: "Your articles are an insult to your sex. What kind of women are you addressing, pray? Not a single woman whom I know intimately fails to guard herself as you recommend, against even the *chance* of offending in this matter. But men—there are the real offenders. Address your remarks to them and you will do your sex a very great favor indeed."

I replied: "I know, my dear, how you feel about men. But I can only hope to reach them through the standards set for them by women. And I know, of course, that many, many women do maintain this standard. Where they do not it is simply because they are unconscious of the facts about perspiration, and it is to such women I am trying to bring home the truth about themselves."

An old fault — common to most of us

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

> *Arnold Bennett says:*
>
> *"Discord exists between the sexes. It always has existed and it always will.... The sex discord may be the most exasperating thing in existence, but it is by general agreement the most delightful and the most interesting"*

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really *corrects* the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 512 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and $1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Address mail orders or request as follows: For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont. For France to The Agence Americaine, [illegible] de l'Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agence Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneva. For England to The American Drug Supply Co., [illegible] Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2. For Mexico to H. [illegible] ber & Cia., 2a Gante, [illegible] Mexico City. For U. S. A. to

The Odorono Company
512 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Infection

would have been prevented if Absorbine Jr. had been applied when this "little accident" happened and the wound would have healed promptly.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

It cools and soothes, takes out the pain and soreness and helps the injured tissues to heal. And being a positive germicide it makes any infection quite impossible.

Absorbine Jr. is especially good for all the little hurts the children are constantly getting, being made from herbs and essential oils and therefore perfectly safe.

$1.25 a bottle at your druggist or postpaid. A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10 cents in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
18 Temple Street Springfield, Mass.

What Do They Use

to have that beautiful, soft, silvery-white baby-skin and those

"Pretty Little White Noses"

They use Pure and Exquisite

Lila

A wonderful preparation. 75c and $1.00 at dealers or direct by mail.

ANSEHL PHARMACAL CO.
17 Preston Place, St. Louis, Mo.

Kill The Hair Root

method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture.
J. MAHLER, 196-X Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)

BESSIE McCOY DAVIS is going with Fox. And thereby hangs a tale. A certain theatrical man managed to purchase a goodly number of the stories of the late Richard Harding Davis for a small sum. It was known he could not make use of them himself. He couldn't—but he could sell them to William Fox—and he did. The widow of the popular novelist complained that the sale was made without the knowledge or consent of herself or her small daughter Hope Davis; and she might have taken legal steps—so the story goes—if William Fox had not approached her with an offer for her film services. A test was made of the Yama-Yama dancer, and it was declared most satisfactory. So watch out for her on the screen, as the heroine of her husband's stories.

ETHEL BARRYMORE is taking another flier in films. She has agreed to make a picture for a new concern headed by Joseph Byron Totten, an actor and author who was once affiliated with Essanay. Miss Barrymore's camera work will not interfere with her performances in "Declasse," her most popular play in years.

INASMUCH as many ministers have been doing it, the announcement that the Reverend C. C. McLean will show pictures as a supplement to his religious services is not of extraordinary interest except for the fact that this pastor of the Lincoln Road M. E. Church in Washington, D. C., is the father of Douglas McLean. McLean, Sr., says he will show Mack Sennett films in future, as well as offering of the O. Henry and Mrs. Drew type. As yet he has not exhibited any of his son's celluloid efforts. If he shows Sennetts, what's the matter with "Mary's Ankle?"

THE films had another Eternal Triangle—this time an executive rather than a dramatic triangle. But it was broken when P. A. Powers, treasurer of the Universal Company, sold his holdings in the concern to Carl Laemmle and R. H. Cochran, president and vice-president respectively. Powers, it is said, has other interests that claim his attention. The position of Universal in the world of film companies is a unique one; and its rise to prominence is worthy of a passing word. The Cochran brothers—for R. H. has a brother who is associated with him—once conducted an advertising agency in Chicago. Among their accounts was a department store in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Carl Laemmle was one of the officials of the store. Having amassed a goodly sum, he thought he would like to go into business for himself. He consulted his friends, the Cochrans; and together the three of them entered a brand-new field—the moving picture. With Vitagraph and Biograph, Universal shares the distinction of having been among the first in the field. Laemmle, with his Imp company, joined a combine of independent producers to fight the Patents Company, which was then striving to monopolize the industry. The independents made a stiff fight, and won; the rest is picture history. Universal today is not only a producing organization; it distributes as well. Its slogan has been: "The Play's the thing." And it believes firmly that advertising—in large letters—pays.

One of the winners in PHOTOPLAY'S first, and last, Beauty and Brains contest four years ago, was Claire Lois Butler Lee. Now just Lois Lee, she provides piquant support to some of our best known he-stars, notably Bill Russell.

ISN'T there an appalling waste of beauty and talent right now in film production? We can call to mind three young women of promise: not mere promise of beauty, they have that in abundance; but, one of them, with more than the usual amount of acting intelligence; another, with a decided fund of humor with which proper coaching might develop her into a fine comedienne; a third, with a power of pathos rare indeed in dramatic circles. And yet: the youngest of these young women is forced to do meaningless "Pollyanna" imitations in which she registers abounding love for everything and at which the spectator registers proportionate disgust. The potential comedienne is sadly directed, her sense of humor gone astray. While the dramatic actress is so loaded down with good-looking gowns, duly advertised, and mediocre vehicles that she hasn't a chance. What's the matter? Their producers have only one object in view, apparently: to make money. Why, then, do they not realize that to make money they first must make capital of the appealing points of the three young stars?

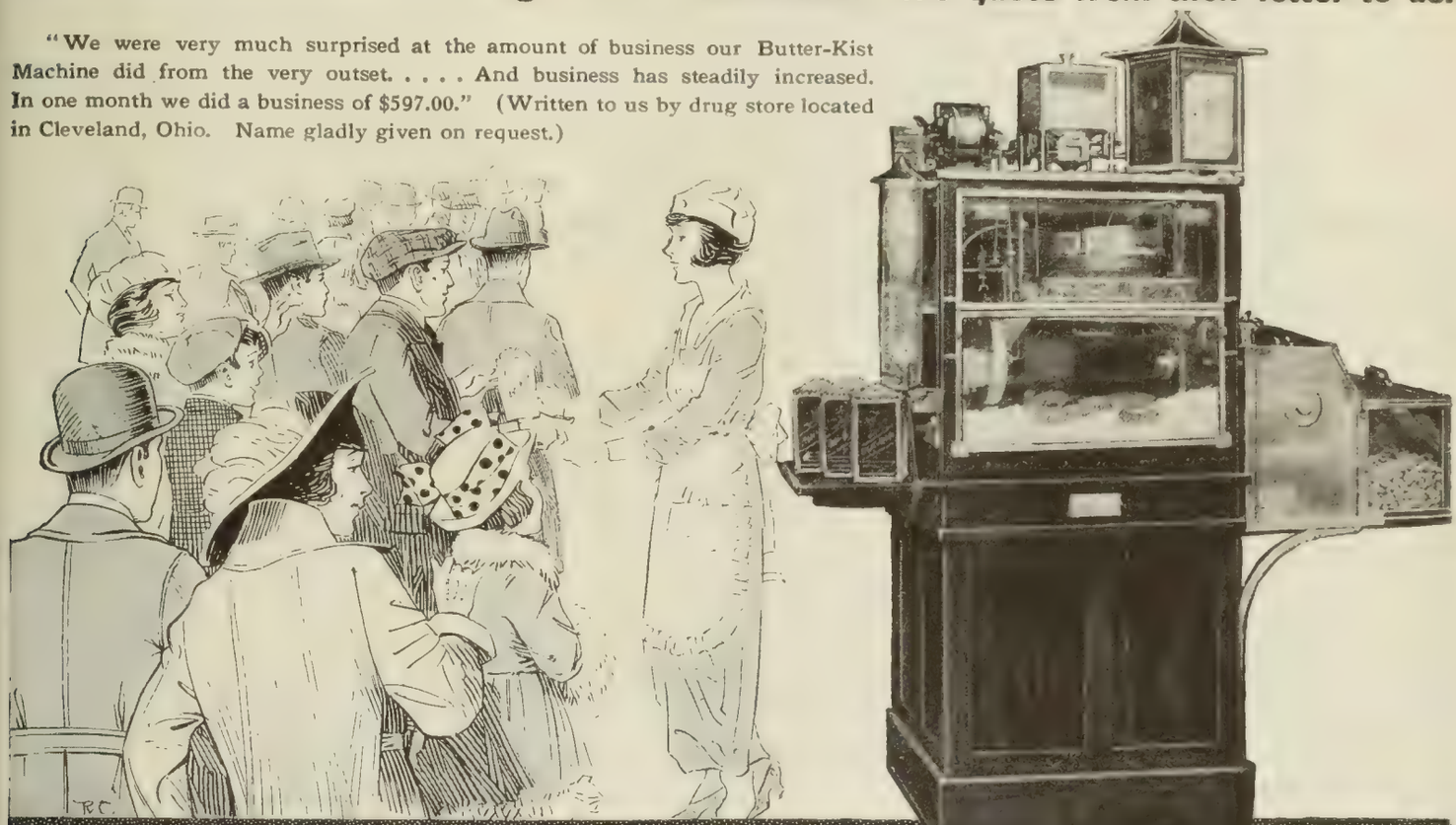
CONRAD NAGLE evidently made a good impression in "The Fighting Chance." He has the opposite lead to Sylvia Breamer

(Continued on page 90)

We Took in $597.00 In One Month

That's the statement of a drug store in Cleveland. We quote from their letter to us.

"We were very much surprised at the amount of business our Butter-Kist Machine did from the very outset. . . . . And business has steadily increased. In one month we did a business of $597.00." (Written to us by drug store located in Cleveland, Ohio. Name gladly given on request.)



$600 to $3,120 From a Little Waste Space

The Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine brings new profits and new trade to stores and theatres

We keep records on what storekeepers and theatre owners are making with the Butter-Kist Machine. And we have the actual figures to prove that the return in net profits is from $600 to $3,120 a year. This means an extra $600 to $3,120 in clear cash profits! And all from the use of a space 26 in. by 32 in., that has been going to waste.

But that is not all you can count on making with the Butter-Kist Machine. It draws trade. It multiplies all your other sales. It will amaze you to see the full possibilities. Let us tell you all that this wonderful machine means to you. We'll send you proof of profits, photos of stores with the machine, etc.—all free and postpaid.

Let Us Send You Letters Like These
MAIL THE COUPON

49,015 Sales

"Made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist Pop Corn the first year," writes W. O. Hopkins, a storekeeper in Evansville, Ind., "also my magazine sales increased 97 per cent through new patrons brought in."

Over $1200 Profits in One Year

"Profits in 12 months bought me a $1200 motor car and also paid for machine," writes owner in Electra, Texas. (Population 640.)

BUTTER-KIST POPCORN AND PEANUT MACHINE

Pays Four Ways

1—Motion makes people stop and look.
2—Coaxing fragrance makes them buy.
3—Toasty flavor brings trade for blocks.
4—Stimulates all store sales or theatre attendance.

You know how fond every one is of pop corn and peanuts. The Butter-Kist Machine makes these goodies doubly inviting. You only have to average 90 nickel bags of Butter-Kist a day to make about $1,000 a year profit. For on every sale you make 150 per cent profit. The Butter-Kist Machine runs itself. Requires no operator—no extra help or expense.

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
568 Van Buren Street
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Full particulars sent free to established merchants.

Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist Book—"America's New Industry" with photos, sales records and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

Name .....

Business .....

Address .....

Mail This Coupon for Free Book ☞

We sell the Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine on easy payments. A small amount down puts the machine in your store. You can pay the balance a little at a time out of your profits. Write us today for all information and prices. No obligation. Mail the coupon—NOW!

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. COMPANY, 568 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A Corn?

Why, a touch will end it!

A corn today is needless, and millions of people know it.

Years ago nearly every woman had them. Now women who know Blue-jay never suffer corns.

Ask your own friends.

Blue-jay comes in liquid form or plaster. One applies it in a jiffy—by a touch.

The pain stops. In a little time the whole corn loosens and comes out.

The proof is everywhere. Tens of millions of corns have been ended in this simple, easy way.

This is the scientific method—the modern way of dealing with a corn. It was created by this world-famed laboratory, which every physician respects.

One test will solve all your corn problems. Make it tonight. Buy Blue-jay from your druggist.

B&B Blue=jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
827 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

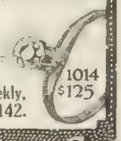
DIAMOND BUYING 10 Months To Pay

DON'T BUY
Without This Book

It's filled with solid facts about the values of high grade Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry that will double the purchasing power of your purse

Write for the Royal Catalog

A wholesale jewelry house in a nutshell; goods at prices minus middlemen's profits. Get a copy NOW, it is FREE; learn how to open a charge account and pay monthly or weekly, if you like. Liberty Bonds accepted. Ask for edition 142.



ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH Co
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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

WHAT are the hairs of Napoleon compared to the locks of Pearl White? A few weeks ago, according to "The Comoedia," a small lock of the Emperor's hair brought at an auction in London the miserly price of one hundred dollars while a blonde curl of Pearl White, which it was claimed she had sold for a benefit, brought eight hundred dollars. The other locks brought the standard after-war prices and one sees that the H. C. L. has entered into the field of souvenir collecting. A lovely ringlet of the late Gaby Deslys brought two hundred dollars but one of Adelina Patti went at two hundred and fifty.

The Astor family seem to be the largest collectors of these strange souvenirs and it is said their collection catalogued and under glass, represents most all of the famous personages of the day and is valued at half a million dollars.

MARSHALL NEILAN will take his company and cross the ocean in July to make at least two productions in England and on the continent. Margery Daw is the only player so far named to go. While he is abroad, Mr. Neilan will maintain a company in his Hollywood studio.

MADAME PETROVA'S vaudeville contract is about at an end and Madame and her very svelte figure are to be seen again in pictures. It is more than likely that she will make her own pictures.

AFTER being out of producing touch with the films for some time, William A. Brady is returning to the fold. His company plans to produce Mr. Brady's stage successes. Travers Vale will be director general.

A COMEDY without any subtitles has been completed by Ward Lascelle in Los Angeles. It is called "Uneasy Feet." There has been a great deal of discussion recently about the importance of subtitles anyway.

WHAT do you think about Wallace Reid's return to the stage? He received $1,000 weekly for appearing as the chauffeur in "The Rotters" for a three weeks' run in a west-coast theater. It's been a long time since Wally has heard applause.

RENNOLD WOLFE, theatrical columnist on the New York Morning Telegraph, writes this:

"John Golden, the theatrical producer, in company with Wallace Munro, who imagines things for him, dropped in one evening at the Broadway Theatre, where The Deemster was being shown on the screen. Golden, admiring the work of the young girl in the picture, remarked to Munro, Where do these picture people find these wonderful kids? That girl would be great as the ingenue in 'Howdy, Folks.'"

"Howdy Folks" has since been put on in Chicago.

"A voice came out of the dark nearby muttering: 'I'd like to have a chance at that. I'm getting a little tired of being shot, and wouldn't mind letting the public know I am not a mute.'

"'Who are you,' stammered Golden.

"'Hawkshaw, the detec—,' the voice stammered. 'I mean I'm Marion Swayne the kid you seem to like.'

"Golden a moment later had the girl out in the lobby, and there he jotted down with a pencil a memorandum of a contract of two years with the youngster."

Of course, Marion is in the leading role.

The World Shortage of Theaters

By O. R. Geyer

DUE to two causes—the cessation of all theater building operations for six years in the leading countries of the world and the enormous increase in the number of fans—the world motion picture industry today finds itself confronted with a shortage of high-grade motion picture theaters numbering from 10,000 to 15,000.

This is the second year of peace, but as yet little or no progress has been made towards a reduction of the shortage of motion picture theaters. The nations more or less directly affected by the war have had to turn all of their building resources to the construction of such necessary buildings as homes for workers and factories and office buildings for the industries.

Great Britain, according to conservative estimates, has urgent need of at least 1,000 motion picture palaces of the type now more or less common in the large cities of the United States. France needs an equal number, as many of its cities of from 10,000 to 50,000 are practically movieless.

Germany and Central Europe, also, are movie hungry. In Berlin, more than 600 new theaters have been improvised from store rooms and other buildings, and in Frankfort there is a movie theater for practically every street. Central Europe, including Germany, Poland, Hungary, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and the Balkan nations, could make good use of several thousand new theaters.

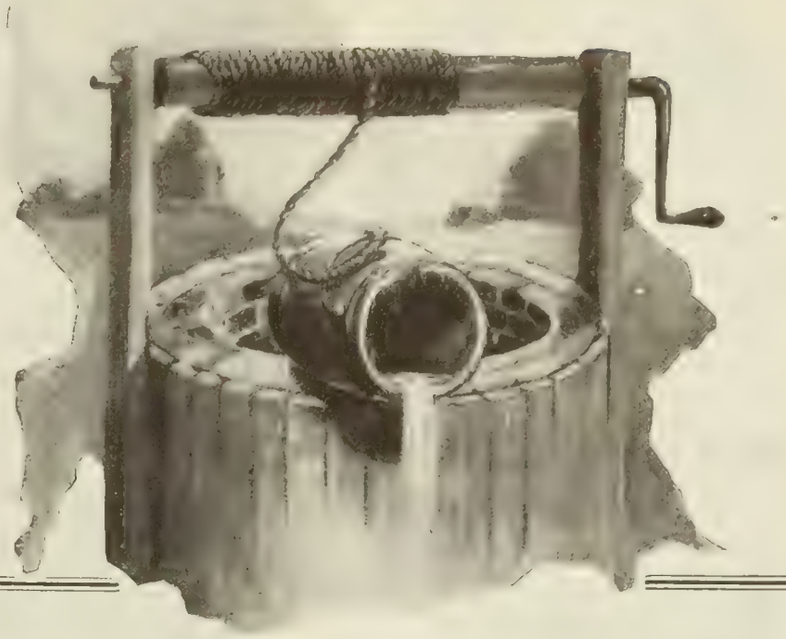
Spain, Italy, Switzerland and other small European nations have either been too busy fighting or trying to keep neutral to build high-class motion picture theaters, and today find themselves from six to ten years behind the times. In the days before the war Russia was just beginning to turn to the motion picture for surcease from its sorrows and troubles. It is estimated that when peace and order are restored that many hundreds of new theaters, seating from 1,000 to 5,000 will be required there to care for the millions who have become interested in motion pictures.

China, with its 400,000,000 population, has about sixty theaters, located principally in Shanghai and Hong Kong. When interior transportation is improved, hundreds of new theaters will be required to stem the tide of new fans. Already Japanese, American and European capitalists are casting hungry eyes upon the millions to be made from entertaining the Chinese with screen plays.

South America did little or no theater building during the war, and today Argentina, Brazil, Chile and the other republics could make use of several hundred fine new theaters.

India, with its huge population, Asia Minor, as yet undeveloped, but which will be exploited on a large scale during the coming year, Africa, Australia, and the other nations of the world are turning their attention to the building of houses for the proper presentation of the best motion pictures of the day.

Despite the resources now available for the construction of new theaters, it will be a matter of many years before the standing room only signs are abolished from the larger cities of the world.



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Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

Percentage of water

In Quaker Oats	7%
In round steak	60%
In veal cutlets	68%
In fish	60%
In hen's eggs	65%
In oysters	88%
In tomatoes	94%
In potatoes	62%

The cost of your breakfasts

Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

Cost per serving

Dish of Quaker Oats	1c
Serving of meat	8c
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Two eggs	10c

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* * * *

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Yet it costs only one cent per dish.

Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Start the day on this one-cent dish of the greatest food that grows.

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But after all, it is the ungloved hand with its ring finger that is the most important. See her, as she stands like a queen, to receive the homage of her friends! It is the new-ringed hand their eyes rest upon! Not only for this "day of days" but for every day, the use of

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The Stage and the Screen

Albert Parker knows some things about both.

By BETTY SHANNON

WOULD you be *too* upset if you learned that David Wark Griffith did not make the first "close-up" after all?

It appears that the "close-up" and the "fade-in" and the "fade-out" and the "cut-back" and those two flighty sisters "iris in" and "iris out" have not been, and are not now being, true to the motion pictures by any means. As a matter of fact, most of them — under other names, or without names at all—were jazzing about with the stage before they ever met the screen. And all the while we've been saying, "O yes indeed, yes indeed, Griffith invented the 'close-up' and introduced it in 'The Adventures of Dolly' in 1908," we've been wrong.

It may be that the first "close-up" known to history came into being on the walls of some vanished Egyptian city. Perhaps some Cleobara Patra, wanting to give the populace a treat, permitted herself to be gossiped about in hieroglyphics, and posed while the press agent chiseled out the "close-up" in a good, big likeness.

Albert Parker cannot remember that far back, but he can tell you about the "great close-up of 1899," which appeared nine years ahead of the adventurous Dolly. Only it wasn't called a "close-up." That name had not been invented then.

"It was in 'Sherlock Holmes' with William Gillette," says Mr. Parker, peering back into his memory files. Mr. Parker was an actor before he became a motion picture director, and he has always noticed things like that.

"At the beginning of each act, the curtain went up in the darkness on an unlighted stage which gradually brightened. At the end of each act, the stage lights dimmed again and the curtain rang down in the dark. The house remained dark for several seconds before the lights were turned on again. What would you call these lighting effects but 'fade-ins' and 'fade-outs'?

"Then—as the stage lights went out on the last act, the spot light was left on at its full intensity. It was directed at the heads of William Gillette and his leading woman, framing their faces, which were close together, in a circle of light, while their bodies were blotted out in the shadow that gradually enveloped the stage. Now I ask you, what was that but a 'close-up'?

"Though the faces of these two people were not actually enlarged or brought up closer to the audience, as they would have been in a screen 'close-up,' nevertheless, by fading out the background full of objects to distract the eye, and focusing the light and attention on their faces, the stage director gained the same intensifying effect that the motion picture director seeks in picture 'close-ups.'

"Playgoers who saw Richard Bennett in

The Stage and the Screen

(Continued)

'For the Defense' during the past season," says Mr. Parker, "will recall many 'motion picture effects' adapted to the stage in this melodrama by Elmer L. Rice, the same young man who, under the name of Elmer L. Reizenstein, wrote 'On Trial' several years ago.

"For instance, the sets were all shallow, or at least gave the appearance of shallowness, and were set in a plain strip of dark canvas frame, which looked like the border to a motion picture theater screen. A flatness of impression was given by the lighting, which, in the case of every set but one, came from the back. Too, as in the case of 'Sherlock Holmes,' the curtain went up and down at the opening and closing of each act in darkness, in the 'fade-in' and 'fade-out' effect that is now quite common to the stage.

"The chief bit of dramatic construction that linked the technique of this play with the technique of the popular motion picture drama was a 'cut-back' in the last act. In the judge's chambers, the woman who had committed the mysterious murder of the piece commenced to tell her story of the murder in order to save the woman unjustly accused of it. As she began, the stage lights snapped out, the scenery was hurriedly shifted, and the audience was transplanted back to the room where the murder took place, and her story was given in action. When the mystery was thus cleared up, there was again a moment of darkness while the stage hands brought back the judge's court room set, and the play ended there.

"'On Trial' was a much talked of play for the reason that Mr. Reizenstein 'wrote it backwards' as critics said. In other words, he began with the court room scene which was really the climax, and switched back to the action which had brought this trial about.

"Of course this particular trick of dramatic novelty is not new. It was a feature of Israel Zangwill's play, 'The Moment of Death,' produced in New York in 1899. 'Romance,' Doris Keene's stage success, starts out with a clergyman telling the story of the romance of a beautiful singer and a young clergyman to his grandson—and his tale is what makes the chief action of the play."

"Irene," the musical comedy in which Edith Day has appeared all season, is very unique and entertaining because of its "iris" curtain. This curtain rolls away from the center in the form of an ever enlarging diamond—disclosing the fire escape of the Irish Edith's Ninth Avenue tenement home, and closes together again. It is decidedly a steal from the motion pictures.

Mr. Parker himself borrowed and adapted from the stage in "The Eyes of Youth," Clara Kimball Young's recent successful photodrama, which he directed. He used "curtains" throughout the picture.

The "curtains" were momentary darkenings of the screen after all intensely dramatic or poignant moments. To many, these "curtains" might seem just ordinary "fade-outs." But what made them "curtains" was the fact that they gave an end to impressions, they closed the action, for a few seconds. They were like the silences that follow tense moments on the spoken stage—or any like situations in real life. They emphasized and heightened effects. They gave the spectators a chance to dwell on an important scene or sub-title for a long enough time for it to sink in before they must turn their attention to something new.

One of these "curtains" was especially dramatic. It was after the court scene in which the heroine was being tried on a

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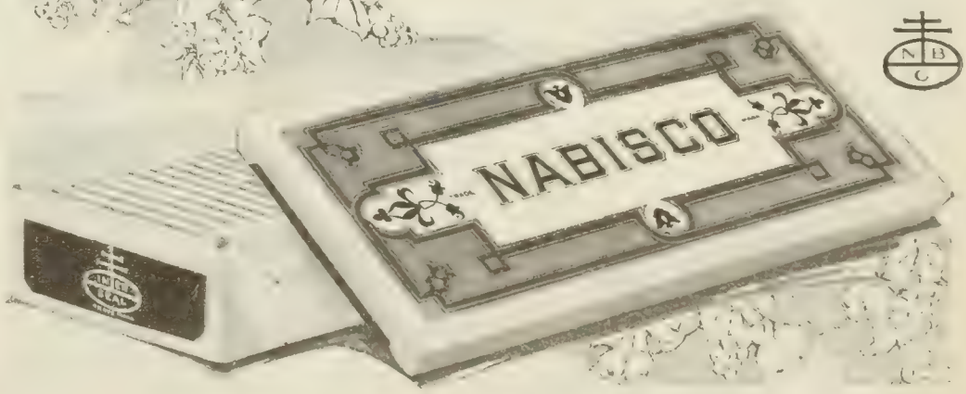


The Stage and the Screen

(Concluded)

framed up charge of her husband. She said, "If this be justice, then God pity all women!" Dramatic silence would follow these words in the court, or in a courtroom scene on the stage. The careless or unknowing motion picture director would not have stopped for the "curtain." He would have gone right on without giving the mind of the spectator the equivalent of silence, a moment of blankness from fresh impression. But we have said that Albert Parker has a mind for details.

"The stage and screen are becoming more and more inter-dependent and supplementary," says Mr. Parker. "Though, of course, there are still prejudiced motion picture directors who rail against stage actors, and who say that they would rather have players with no experience and train them in picture technique than to take people trained for the stage.

"There are stage producers who say the pictures are going to be the ruination of art and the stage and everything—but that isn't true either, I believe. You only have to look at the prosperity of the theater during the past season to mistrust what these people say. If they give the public what the public wants, and look to their art, instead of wasting their time decrying pictures, they will get along all right."

Mr. Parker believes the pictures are suffering from a super-abundance of noseyness on the part of the public.

"Would bankers, would manufacturers, would men in any other line of business under the sun stand for the poking into it, and the criticism of it from people who don't know anything about it, that the motion picture industry does?" he asks. "It has been a mistake to let visitors into the studios wholesale as has been done.

"Oh, isn't the waste in a motion picture studio terrible?' yowls some choir leader from Peoria, Texas. 'Why, when I was in California I went to see them make pictures at the Toogood studio, and they had to sit around two hours, make up on and all, while somebody went and got a pistol. I think it's a sin. The government ought to do something about it.'

"You do not hear people howling about the waste on the stage. There is just as much time lost. The difference is this. A play rehearses for weeks and weeks. During this spell of rehearsing a play can be rewritten five times, recast again and again, and fitted out with any number of different sets of scenery. Each rehearsal is a 're-take.' The screening of a picture is a constant dress rehearsal. And when this dress-rehearsal has been recorded in celluloid it is usually too expensive to take it over, even if, on looking at the film after development, the director finds that a retake would greatly improve the finished production."

There is one other thing that ought to be said about Mr. Parker before we close. He does not believe that a director has any right to be temperamental.

"It's a director's business to harmonize, not upset, and if he gets temperamental and snappy and peevish how can he expect to get good work out of people?" he says. "I remember how, when I was a young actor, I used to get terrified when people shouted at me, and I have always tried to spare people I have since worked with the embarrassment I suffered at the hands of thoughtless people."

Mr. Parker started his directing days under Allen Dwan at Triangle. Among others he has directed Douglas Fairbanks and Clara Kimball Young.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 68)

Here is excellent picture material. The values, sentimental and dramatic, are so simple that it is difficult to understand how they could have been missed, or so shabbily treated when recognized.

Mr. Ince's use of the leads is conventionally extravagant. And he had only to be simple and human and reasonable. It's a great pity so fine a chance was thrown away by Metro. Miss Emma Dunn, by the fine art that is hers, plays beautifully such episodes as are properly built up for her.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER—
Paramount-Artcraft

THERE are indications in "His House in Order" that Elsie Ferguson was already tired of the studio and the screen when the picture was made. She is quite as beautiful as usual, and as effectively dramatic when drama is called for, but she is lifeless and heavy in many of the episodes—notably those of the fancy dress party in Paris. She could have attended her father's funeral with quite as much joy as she puts into this adventure. Any young woman with the spirit to go to the party, in defiance of her husband's orders, would have extracted a little fun out of it. Like so many of the later Pinero plays, "His House in Order," even as an acted drama, developed a negative rather than a positive appeal. In the screen version it is saved by the distinction with which Mr. Ford has cast and directed it. The players are ladies and gentlemen of quality, the settings are in splendid taste and there is a human note sounding through the story. Miss Ferguson, as said, seems tired and lackadaisical. Her scenes with the child, however, are well played and he is, as always, extremely decorative.

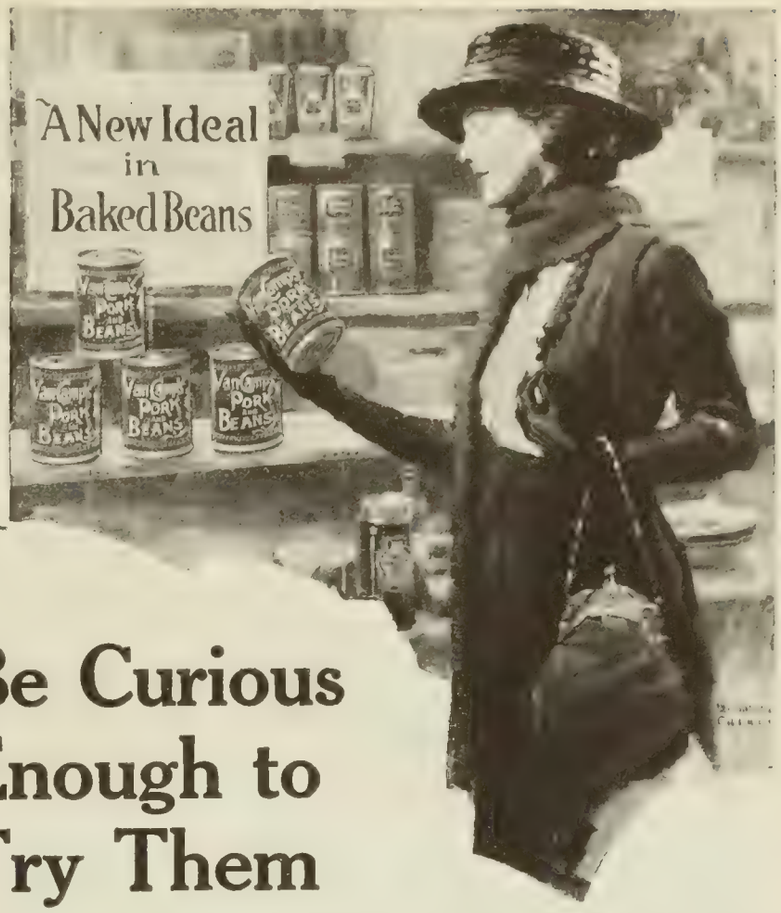
DUDS—Goldwyn

ANOTHER incidental picture, saved by the star, is Tom Moore's "Duds," made by Goldwyn from an S. E. P. story by Henry Rowland. An incidental picture, in the sense that it will inspire neither the rousing cheer nor the sibilant hiss, but hold its audience reasonably interested during the hour of its showing. Thomas is a detective in this one; a capable soldier back from the wars with nothing on his mind but his snappy little officer's cap and the disquieting thought that soon he will have to go to work. Strolling down the street one day what should Capt. Tom run smack into but a raid on a gem smuggler's den. And then into a pretty girl trying to escape from the den. Into a taxi, immediately thereafter, and away on the trail of Romance and Adventure. An engagingly self-assertive hero is Tom Moore, and Naomi Childers the alluring type of heroine who justifies a hero's sticking on the job until she is his'n.

THE VILLAGE SLEUTH—
Paramount-Artcraft

TO an amateur detective, all things are criminal. In "The Village Sleuth," Charles Ray continues his series of the adventures of a country boy. This time he is a bucolic Sherlock Holmes and the world just seethes with clues and crimes. He works as "hired man" in a sanatorium and uses all his best disguises in trying to solve a murder mystery, which is neither murder nor mystery, but only a practical joke. Like all the Charles Ray pictures, it is the best kind of amusement, although it hasn't the appealing pathos or the dramatic quality of some of his films.

(Continued on page 99)



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We bake by live steam under pressure. Thus we bake the beans for hours at high heat without bursting or crisping.

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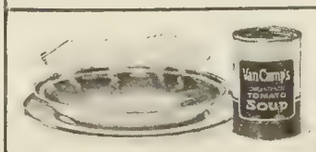

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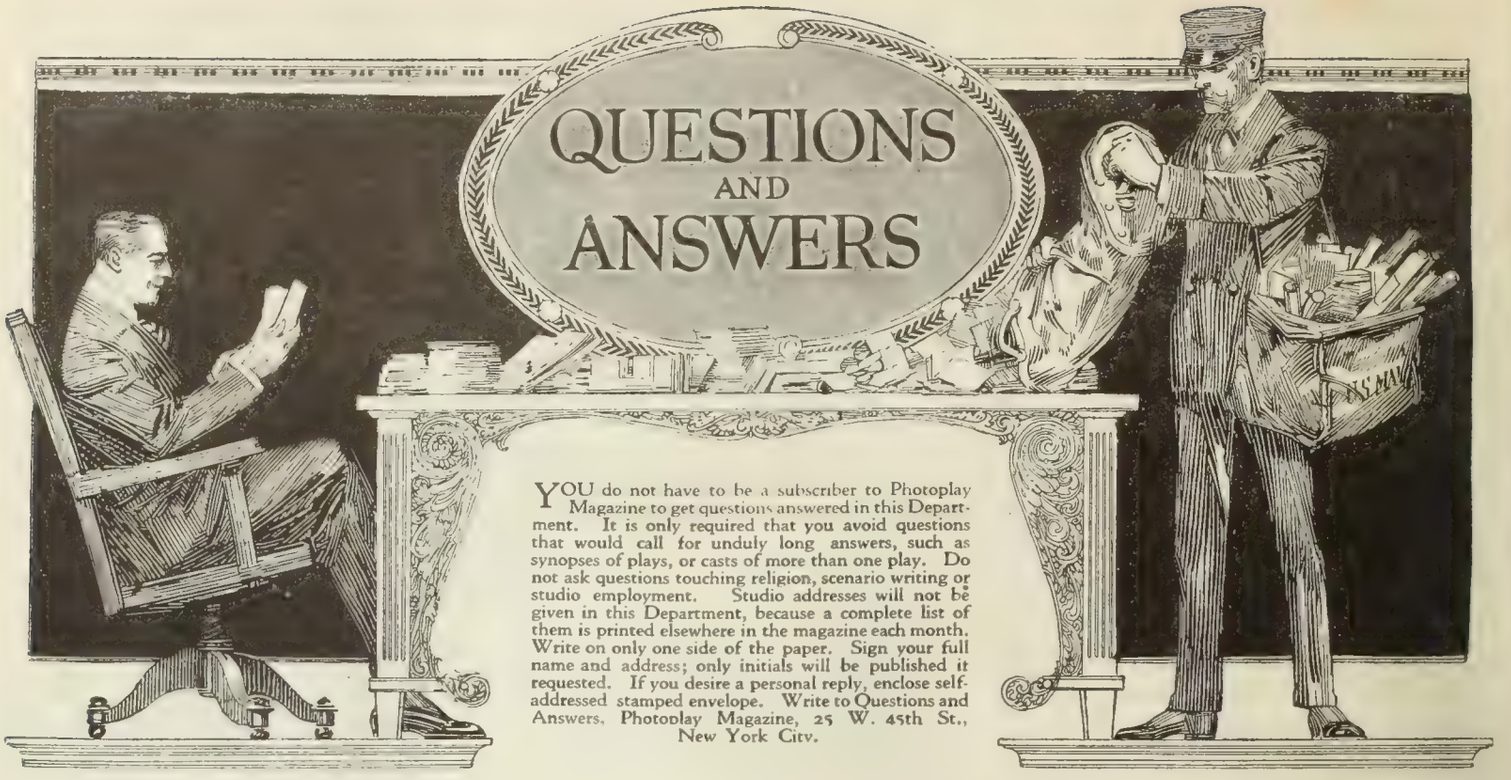

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

PEARL JEAN, MCALESTER, OKLAHOMA.—A little widow is indeed a dangerous thing. So you expect to be a genius some day. So did I. Ben Wilson was married, the last I heard. The Wilsons have several children, too. I don't know how "The Trail of the Octopus" ends; I don't even know how it begins.

F. B., BUFFALO.—Your rainbow letter received. Please wire me when to expect more. I have ordered a pair of smoked glasses. It was really too much trouble for you to hunt up all those variously-colored stationaries; I don't want to put you to so much trouble again. I can't help it; it's true: Dorothy Gish is not married to Dick Barthelmess and I don't know what you or I can do about it. Neither of these youngsters is married at all. That's flat!

THIRTEEN, SANDY CREEK.—My three favorite correspondents? Let's see: The Mystic Rose, and Donalda, and—what did you say *your* name was? I may add, if I care to be truthful, that my favorite correspondent is always the last one. Or the considerate one who typewrites his letter, asks a sensible question sans matrimonial conjectures, and doesn't call me Old Lady or Old Man. I shouldn't be surprised if Mary Pickford really likes little girls; I would advise you to hurry with your letter—addressed to her in Hollywood—because it is said Mrs. Fairbanks is going abroad soon.

C. S. F., BUCKNER, LA.—Suppose they will be abolishing spirit-lamps, next. "That wonderful" Billie Burke may be reached at the 56th Street, Manhattan, studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Company. Still playing in pictures; still married to Florence Follies' Ziegfeld.

B. E. B, OMAHA.—In calling me down for an alleged mistake, you say, "If it weren't for me, you'd be the biggest liar in the world." I wonder if you know how funny that sounds. Read it over. The small son of Francis X. and Beverly Bayne Bushman is not the one who's appearing in Christie comedies. That's Ralph Bushman, son of F. X. by his first wife. He's nineteen. Eugene O'Brien hasn't been married since the last time you wrote. Sorry to have to disappoint you.

M. M., CASTLEWOOD, S. D.—Mary Pickford and Owen Moore were divorced in March, 1920. They were married when Mary was only seventeen and both were with the old Imp motion picture company. Moore is with Selznick on the west coast. His latest is "Stop That Man," by George Hobart. The other Moore—Tom—was divorced from Alice Joyce, who is now married to James B. Regan, son of the proprietor of one of Manhattan's largest hotels, the Knickerbocker. She has a daughter, Alice Mary Moore. Connie Talmadge isn't engaged to Harrison Ford. She isn't engaged to anybody.

Poor Gish!

By S. KING RUSSELL

Will they stop hounding Gish?
(You know which one I mean,)
La pauvre belle Gish.
Every time that I see
Her perform on the screen
I shudder, and wish
They would treat her kindly;
Will they hark to my plea
And stop hounding Gish?

She's such a weak child—
Such a pitiful prey!
But as soon as she's smiled,
The men all run riot
To chase and to seize her—
She drives villains wild.
They hunger to squeeze her
(It's done on the quiet)
And then steal away.

Now I really wish
They would do this for me,
(Or else it's her fate
For being kow-tish)
It's D. W.'s fault
(He directs her, you see,)
If they don' call a halt
Before it's too late—
And stop hounding Gish.

H. R. F., NEW ROCHELLE.—Marcus Loew pronounces himself and his theaters "Low," not "Lowee." What do I know about him? Well, he is a well-known exhibitor in New York, his son married Adolph Zukor's daughter, and he is interested in Metro Pictures, having bought a very large share in that concern. That's all.

NELLIE, BROOKLYN.—You women are wise. I know, you are only flattering me, but I can't help having the pleasant glow that comes from fulsome praise. Buster Keaton is playing in the Metro version of "The New Henrietta." Now that Arbuckle is going in for features, wonder what'll become of Buster? He'll probably become highbrow, too. Ruby Lafayette was with Universal. So you want pictures of some of the older players, in other words, character actors, in our art section. I'll speak to the editor about it right away.

BERNARDINE, WILMINGTON.—You're absurdly literal. Reminds me of the young man who, when asked by the girl's father if he could keep her in clothes, replied that he wasn't worrying; he could keep her in gloves—he'd only asked for her hand. Thomas J. Carrigan in "Checkers." Charles Meredith was recently married. He's with Blanche Sweet in "Simple Souls."

EDWARD E. JENKINS, PHILADELPHIA.—I have handed your poems to the Gish girls—that is, to Lillian, who will see that Dorothy reads the verses you dedicated to her. You will probably hear from them So you adore Theda Bara!

MRS. G. G., NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—Some leave town for a rest; some leave to avoid it. I do not know the details of the Nicky Arnstein case—but Mrs. Nicky, or Fannie Brice, has never been seen on the screen, except—if my memory serves me—in a brief flash in the cabaret scene of a Norma Talmadge picture. Madlaine Traverse is with Fox, in that company's western studio. She does drama—very heavy drama; one of her best was "The Hell Ship." I don't know

J. H. P., ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.—You are absolutely right. Valeska Suratt is now touring the varieties in "Scarlet," a playlet Except for one Lasky picture, "The Immigrant," she always appeared for Fox.

LA DORINE

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(Continued from page 95)

THE HARVEST MOON—Gibralter-Hodkinson

JUST why this very nicely photographed photodrama featuring Doris Kenyon is called "The Harvest Moon" is difficult to determine from the picture—unless it is that Miss Kenyon's silhouette in the arms of her young playwright-lover against a very big and round moon is very satisfying to look at in the final fade-out. The theme of Augustus Thomas' play from which this picture was adapted is the power of mental suggestion. Miss Kenyon is pretty but more screen experience would help her.

DAREDEVIL JACK—Pathe

MR. JACK DEMPSEY became automatically world famous in about two minutes in the course of a debate over in Toledo one afternoon. It looks like he had become a finished screen actor with about the same celerity. Considering how Mr. Dempsey was drafted for the films most largely because of the ready-made value of his name, you might be expected to hold some large questions about his merits as an actor. The prize ring is not classified among the "required courses" in dramatic training—though it is true that many pugilists are coming into pictures. But a screen examination of the opening chapters of the Dempsey serial proves a rather pleasing experience.

LOCKED LIPS—Universal

TSURU AOKI'S accomplishments as an actress and her frequent beauty on the screen call for a dramatic mounting chosen with peculiar and particular taste. A very thin line divides intense drama from trashy improbability and in this picture it is feared the story has crossed to the wrong side of the line. The story gives Tsuru Aoki the role of Lotus Blossom, a mission teacher on the island of Hilo, who salvages a human derelict and then through propinquity and loneliness marries him, with disastrous consequences.

THE TORCHY COMEDIES—C. C. Burr

INTRODUCING Torchy, the office boy. He is life-like in every respect except th t nothing can make red-hair register on the screen. The Sewell Ford stories make pleasant additions to the two reel comedy productions. Johnny Hines plays Torchy.

HAUNTED SPOOKS—Rolin-Pathe

A GOOD many of you people seem to think Harold Lloyd is just a naturally funny young man who walks out on a stage and does a lot of tricks. See this latest exposition and admit you're wrong. Lloyd has done it again, this time a little more ingeniously than ever before. Such bits as the gentleman of Hebraic extraction in an automobile which Lloyd, in his flivver, vainly endeavors to pass on the road, mistaking their gesticulatory conversation for signals, are not made up on the spur of the moment. And the rest of this scream of a two-reeler is filled with other "gags" just as funny. Mildred Davis is just as nice as Bebe ever was; she is increasingly deft and correspondingly charming. Much of the credit for this comedy belongs to H. M. Walker, who wrote the titles. If Harold Lloyd keeps up this hard and fast work, there's no limit to his possibilities.

ALARM-CLOCK ANDY—Ince Paramount-Artcraft

THIS is the only Charles Ray picture at the conclusion of which we wouldn't go right out of the theater and stop anyone on the street and say: "Go in and see it—you'll like it." And the scenario seems to be the fault. It is built on an idea that was much more interestingly illustrated in "Skinner's Dress-Suit." Agnes Johnston, when she is older, will probably look back on this effort with a studied tolerance. For it is amateurish and Charles Ray does all he can to make Andy engaging and plausible.

THE STOLEN KISS—Realart

ANY sympathetic person, having seen this, would go home and have a good long cry. The picture isn't so bad; it's just the feeling that's bound to come over one of the appalling waste of talent and beauty on such lukewarm stuff. If Constance Binney isn't pretty and capable, who in—filmdom is, and why don't they ever let her illustrate? So much charm going to waste in so much dull direction and draggy scenario is a real crime.

THE LOST CITY—Warner Brothers Serial

HERE is an up-to-date edition of the "Adventures of Kathlyn." If you like serials, you're going to love this one. If you don't like them—and I don't, as a rule, you'll sit through seven reels without flinching. Reasons: Selig, who made it; Mary, the monk; costly sets and well-dressed extras; Juanita Hansen, and the character of a happy-go-lucky Irishman who always makes just the humorous remarks you would make if you could think of them in time.

POLLY OF THE STORM COUNTRY—First National

AGAIN "gladness" triumphs over all in the end. Again the poor and illiterate heroine of the curls and Pollyanna spirit marries the rich and cultivated young hero. This story is supposed to be a slice right out of Ithaca, New York, life. But you can count on it that the Ithaca Commercial Club will not try to tie up an advertising campaign to it. Neither will Cornell University. As Pollyop, the squatter's "glad" girl, Mildred Harris Chaplin is effective with the sun shining through her hair. She is all right so long as they do not show her close-up crying.

MOLLY AND I—Fox

"MOLLY AND I" might have been called "The Unknown Wife," because it concerns a girl who, to help a young novelist who has lost his eyesight, poses as a rich old maid and marries him to give him the money he needs to consult a specialist. The story is a good sentimental romance. But it has been produced in slap-dash fashion.

LOVE WITHOUT QUESTION—Jans

"LOVE WITHOUT QUESTION" is a mystery story. Several murders take place in a haunted room and naturally the owners of the house are considerably worried. The story, which was produced by B. A. Rolfe, is improbable but it is interestingly told. Olive Tell is an attractive star and James Morrison is her leading man.

THE EMOTIONAL MISS VAUGHN—Pathe

IF a susceptible, rotund and slightly bald married gentleman believes he has fallen in love with you and bores you with his attentions—offer to defy conventions, insist on flying with him to some distant clime and live with him as his unwedded wife, and see him edge toward the door. The emotional Miss Vaughn did so with great success. If all of Julian Street's "After Thirty" stories, which Mrs. Sidney Drew is producing with John Cumberland in the leading role, are as filled with the foibles of the middle-aged male as this, they will indeed prove excellent entertainment to those who want their comedy subtler than slap-stick.

SIMPLE SOULS—Pathe

PROVING that satire, unless expertly handled, cannot "get over" on the screen. In book form this was an excellent piece of satirical writing; in translation by a too faithful scenarioist, it loses everything it had of satire and becomes merely a simple tale of a simple English shop-girl who marries a simple English Duke and who lives simply, and we hope happily, ever after. Blanche Sweet, a thoughtful actress and a good one, isn't a comedienne, and fails absolutely to make you believe in her shop-girl.

SHORE ACRES—Metro

THE real star of this picturization of James Herne's stage classic is Edward J. Connelly. His "Uncle Nat" is a finely drawn study that no other actor in our collection could have accomplished as well. The melodrama which your mother or grandmother could tell you about has been carefully, almost too painstakingly done by Rex Ingram. Alice Lake does not equal her fine appearance in "Should A Woman Tell?" All in all, it's a praiseworthy production.

THE WOMAN GAME—Selznick

MARRIAGE, says the heroine of this picture, is a woman's game. And all is fair in love and business. Consequently, Elaine Hammerstein, to win the love of a rich man, pretends that she is an old-fashioned girl, instead of a sophisticated young society person, and makes a slight story interesting.

A MANHATTAN KNIGHT—Fox

THIS George Walsh picture must have wandered far and wide from the original plot, written by Gelett Burgess. For the story is just about as active as the star. And the star is so active that he makes you think of nothing so much as a squirrel in a cage. Mr. Walsh is supported by Virginia Hammond.

SOONER OR LATER—Selznick

A BASHFUL bachelor, who is helping a careless friend to find a missing wife, kidnaps the wrong woman by mistake. This is the principal, and about the only, comedy situation in "Sooner or Later." It is not a merry comedy and Owen Moore is not particularly funny in it. Seena Owen plays the role of the kidnaped girl.

PARTNERS OF THE NIGHT—Goldwyn

LE ROY SCOTT'S entertaining stories of the underworld are the basis of "Part-

(Continued on page 116)

A New Art is Calling to People With Story-Ideas

G. Leroi Clarke
After studying the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing he sold his first story for $3,000. Mr. Clarke was formerly a minister.

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new, workable story-ideas. Never before in the history of the industry has such a demand for story-plots confronted them. New writers must be developed if the industry is to survive. Learn how you can now write for the screen.

Mrs. Caroline Sayre
Wrote the photoplay "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan, one of scores of new writers we are developing by correspondence instruction.

A Famine In Photoplays

5000 New Motion Picture Stories Wanted

Somewhere in America this year, scores of new motion picture writers will be developed. (For the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to survive.)

Most of these new photoplaywrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people with good ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their plots laid out. Producers will pay them $100 to $500 each for clever comedies; $250 to $2,000 for five-reel dramatic scripts.

In Two Short Years

It was a little over two years ago when the famine in story-plots first became acute. Public taste changed. Play-goers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable. For writers did not know how to adapt their stories for the screen. Few could come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised.

Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal), finally assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence.

The Palmer Course and service have now been indorsed by practically every big star and producer.

In two short years we have developed dozens of new writers. We are proud of the records they have made, and we prefer to let them speak for us.

A Co-operative Plan—Not a Tedious Course

Our business is to take people who have ideas for stories and teach them by correspondence how to construct them in a way that meets a motion picture producer's requirements. We furnish you the Palmer Handbook, with cross references to three stories already successfully produced.

The scenarios come to you exactly as used by the directors. Also a glossary of studio terms and phrases, such as "Iris," "Lap Dissolve," etc. In short, we bring the studio to you.

Our Advisory Service Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for one year. Criticisms come only from men experienced in studio staff writing.

Special Contributors

Twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry have contributed special articles to the Palmer Course. These printed lectures cover every phase of motion picture production.

Among others, these special contributors include: Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Advisory Council

Back of the Palmer Plan, directing this work in developing new writers, is an advisory council composed of the biggest figures in the industry. It includes **Cecil B. De Mille**, Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; **Thomas H. Ince**, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; **Lois Weber**, America's greatest woman producer and director; **Rob Wagner**, well-known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

Our Marketing Bureau is headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs, so that when our members so desire, we submit their stories in person for them. Thus we not only train you to write; we help you to sell your story-ideas.

$3,000 for One Story Plot

Our members come from all walks of life—mothers with children to support, school teachers, clerks, newspaper men, ministers, business men, successful fiction writers. In short, we have proven that anyone with an average imagination and story-ideas can write successful photoplays once he is trained.

One student, G. Leroi Clark, formerly a minister, sold his first photoplay story for $3,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and the play "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan lately starred, were both written by Palmer students. Many students now hold staff positions, four in one studio alone.

We have prepared a booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which will inform you of the Palmer Course and service in greater detail. If you desire to consider the unusual opportunity in this new field of art seriously—this booklet will be mailed to you free.

At Least Investigate

For there is one peculiar thing to consider in the Palmer Plan. One single successful effort immediately repays you for your work. Not all our members begin to sell photoplays at once—naturally. But most of them do begin to show returns within a few months. If seriously interested, mail the coupon.

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What Motion Pictures Mean to Me

(Continued from page 78)

my own wit and sense of humor; they are a cure for satisfying my ever alarming wanderlust nature, and spirit of adventure. And then, motion pictures, in making others happier, in refreshing and interesting tired minds, in educating the unfortunate ones, in helping to ease heartbroken mothers, in making little tow heads chuckle and old grey heads shed tears, *and in uplifting and restoring weary souls in general, make me happier, because—I love Mankind.*

CELESTE HUNTER,
Box 430, A. C. W., Greensboro, N. Carolina.

A Future of Dreams to a Tired Husband

SECOND PRIZE

TO sit in a cozy chair, lie back and with closed eyes let my thoughts wander back over the past, with its joys and sorrows, just as my forefathers used to do, is very relaxing after a strenuous day, but it requires a certain amount of concentration, and, as a usual thing ends up with "Joe! go to bed—You are snoring horribly," from my wife.

To sit in a cozy chair with wide open eyes, see somebody else's thoughts wander back and forth over somebody else's actions, which coincide and dovetail with my own—all this in vivid life-like motion pictures accompanied by appropriate music from a good orchestra—what a comparison!

To one of my temperament, inclined to give my imagination full play at all times, the motion picture is the elixir of life. It means the lengthening of life to two or three times more than its usual span. It requires no concentration and no effort of the imagination. I look with wide open eyes, as a child, and not as the "wise guy" who can see the photographer turning the handle all the time, and who knows all about make-up, lighting effect, and fake scenery. He does not know enough not to know anything.

The pleasures of anticipation, of realization and reflection, are all there. Moving pictures mean this much to me—that without them I should have to look forward to a life of empty dreams all with the same sad ending "Joe! go to bed—You are snoring horribly."

JOSEPH B. ROSS,
5 Chelsea Bank Apartments, 1315 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

A Mother of Four Finds Courage at the Movies

THIRD PRIZE

DO you ask me what motion pictures mean to me? Well, then, I shall endeavor to answer. But I am afraid words can't fully express their value.

They mean rest to my tired body and comfort to my troubled soul. They drive away cares and renew my hopes.

I am the mother of four children. We are too poor to hire help, so I am obliged to run both the day and night shift of the home. During the day I am wash-woman, scrub-woman, cook, dish-washer, seamstress, nurse-maid and many other things too numerous to mention. Then night comes and still my work isn't ended, for a good share of my time I am giving soothing syrup, greasing the croup and calming fears. When I think I have things quieted and I can rest, some baby's shriek announces the dreamman with his mad-cows, lions, monkeys and bears. I have to trot myself out of bed, light the lamp, and waltz through the house to make sure the dreamman has gone.

What Motion Pictures Mean to Me

(Continued)

TIRED, TIRED, TIRED, that is I. Evenings when hubby toasts his feet by the fire and has his nose in a newspaper, I ask him for the price of the movies and away I go to find rest. I am never disappointed, Through the excitement and thrills that follow I forget my cares, my body relaxes and I am rested.

In comparing my troubles with the troubles of the people on the screen and seeing how they are conquering and make good, I find comfort. I take courage again and new hope is kindled within me. I go home a different woman than when I went to the movies.

MARGUERITE HURST,
Wray, Colorado.

Pictures are Friends to the "Lonely Sisterhood."

THIRD PRIZE

THE shepherd of the plains is held to be the symbol of utter loneliness. Until the moving pictures appeared, I considered myself his rival.

My husband, an employee of a great corporation, is likely to be transferred with out warning. I grew up among friends and relatives who filled my days with sociability. Then I married, and went a thousand miles away to a big city. No one ever rang my telephone. Only the postman ever whistled up the tube. How I rushed to get that mail from home! What voluminous answers I wrote, about nothing!

I walked miles that winter, on sunny days; when it stormed, more letters, or I took the long ride down town to the reading room at the dingy public library, or wandered in the shops. Once we ventured to church, for back home that was the way strangers got acquainted, but the chill smugness of the congregation froze our enthusiasm; we did not go back.

Spring came, and in the park near our apartment, I made friends with the young mothers, airing their babies. But the first of that long series of messages sent us to Arizona, and I began all over. Do you wonder I became a "movie fan" when I discovered the first little theater? Think what it meant to me!

Nowadays, when we land in a strange place, we hunt for the moving picture directory, and there are our own friends. Mary's smile is as sweet in Davenport as Austin; Fatty just as funny.

This little letter cannot express what a desolate void these genial folk have filled in my life, as well as thousands of other members of the Lonely Sisterhood.

GRACE VANDEVENTER DYKE,
685 Maryland Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

He Became an Outcast, the Pictures Reclaimed Him.

THIRD PRIZE

FROM a far eastern part of Canada I came, some years ago, to this port of the Far West. My objective point was the Klondike, but I never gained it. Here I settled and went to work in a shingle mill. Motion pictures then were young, so was I. Gambling was an open sport in this "neck of the woods," also was the free-and-easy dance hall. My home training had been strict, this condition of moral looseness was new to me, I proved susceptible, I fell and fell far.

Once a week, regular as daylight, came a loving and scripture-filled letter from

Teach Them To Say

"Hires"

HIRES is good for all ages—at all times. Every one of the sixteen Hires ingredients is a product of Nature from the woods and fields, collected from all parts of the world.

Nothing goes into Hires but the pure healthful juices of roots, barks, herbs, berries—and pure cane sugar. The quality of Hires is maintained in spite of tremendously increased cost of ingredients. Yet you pay no more for Hires the genuine than you do for an artificial imitation.

But be sure you say "Hires" to get Hires. At fountains, or in bottles, at your dealers. Keep a case at home and always have Hires on ice as first aid to parched palates.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Hires

Hires contains juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries

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FOR FASTIDIOUS FOLKS. An assortment of chocolates without cream centers which has helped to build for Whitman's a nation-wide reputation as makers of good chocolates—famous since 1842. An aristocratic package in green and silver, prized for gift-giving but also bought regularly by those with a special fondness for pure, rich chocolates with nut and hard centers.

These include Honey White Nougat, Hard Nougat, Pecan Nut Caramels, Amaracenes, Almonds, Filberts, Caramels, Double Walnuts, Brazil Nuts, Pecans, Marshmallows, Molasses Blocks, Nut Brittle, Nut Molasses Chips, etc. The "Fussy" and other Whitman's packages are sold by selected agents everywhere—usually leading drug stores. Every package guaranteed.

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How to Put on Flesh

I can improve your figure — build up your strength — fill out your neck, chest, etc.

I KNOW I can because I have helped over 40,000 women gain 10 to 35 pounds.

One pupil writes: "One year ago I weighed only 100 pounds—now I weigh 126, and oh, I feel so well and SO rested!"

I can help you attain your proper weight. In your room. Without drugs. By scientific, natural methods, such as your physician approves.

If you only realized how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased, I am certain you would write me at once.

Tell me your faults of health or figure.

I respect your confidence and I will send you my booklet, free, showing you how to stand and walk correctly.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 35 **624 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago**

What Motion Pictures Mean to Me

(Continued)

mother; she warned me in her gentle way. She cautioned me against bad companions and strong drink, the only horrors of her limited knowledge. I smiled at her simplicity. "O! Mother o' mine you never knew."

The degradation to which I sank eventually made me a bum. Yes, that's the word. I had no job, no home. I was kicked out of the joints where I had spent all my money, I hadn't a friend.

One day I dropped into the old Searchlight Theater. The film I saw there put me to work and cured me of my dilatory habits.

The story was: Young man comes to city from farm, honest, clean-cut, meets bad companions, falls, arrested for stealing, does time, three months later is released, old companions endeavor to persuade him to further crime, he refuses, he swears on the name of his sainted mother that he will hereafter follow the straight and narrow path. Picture shows him back at decent labor in which he finally rises to a position of importance.

I left the theater resolved to make a fresh start. I did. Therefore, the motion pictures mean *uplift* to me.

J. A. SHANKS,
1281 Fairfield Road, Victoria, B. C., Canada.

Making People Want to Read

IN an effort to entice the people of America to read more books, the America Library Association is urging the librarians of the country to co-operate with the motion picture exhibitors of their towns. Co-operation has been tried out in many places during the past few years and has been found mutually advantageous to the libraries and the pictures.

When such a picture as "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Huckleberry Finn" or "Treasure Island" is announced at a local theater, the librarian puts copies of the novel and all the material she has about the author or the subject together on reserved shelves. Then she posts some such sign as this: "Last Days of Pompeii Coming to Fairview Theater. Brush up on your history. Get Books Here Telling All About Pompeii," or: "You will want to know Mark Twain's story of 'Huckleberry Finn.' The picture is coming to the Fairview Theater."

Certain St. Paul, Minn., librarians cooperated in this manner with the theaters running special matinees for children five years ago.

Miss H. I. Scranton, of Ellwood, Indiana, discovered several years ago that four exhibitors in that town of 15,000 were just as willing to co-operate with her as she with them. When pictures of especial literary or historic interest were to be shown, they ran slides saying: "Get books about this picture at the library."

The librarian at Gary, Indiana, induced one theater to put on Saturday Morning Children's entertainments at five cents admission. The librarian and his assistant chose the picture, advertised it in the branch and school libraries, sold tickets and ushered. All the money went to the theater, but the librarians felt fully repaid for their efforts by the increased interest on the part of the townsfolk in what they had to offer—books.

Similar cooperation in other cities has done wonders both for the libraries and for the picture theater.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 96)

I. S., GEORGIA.—"The Wildersness Trail" is a Fox production, and was filmed on the Coast. Write Dorothy Dalton at the Century Theatre, New York City, where she is at present starring in Aphrodite—a naughty tale of old Alexandria days.

MISS BILLY, BOSTON.—I am amazed that you dare refer in such flippant fashion to those department store duchesses. I am afraid to approach any of those young ladies who lean so gracefully upon their glass counters and stare so scornfully at the mere male who presumes to ask to see a selection of choice hairpins or something equally prosaic. Fortunately—else you grow suspicious instantly—I don't need hairpins. I have never been rich enough to ask for any of the valuable articles such as silk stockings mention of which invariably brings a welcome smile to the cold lips of the salesladies. Jack Mulhall is married; yes. There is a Jack, Jr.,—also a picture of Jack, Sr., in this issue of the Magazine. Have not heard from George Fisher, former American leading man, for the age of one of the proverbial dark-complexioned gentlemen. Where are you, George? (Pretty soon I'll be running one of these "Advice to the Love-Lorn" Columns, I am becoming so sympathetic.)

FRENCHY, HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.—I am neither a Graybeard nor a Bluebeard. I shall threaten to tell all if you girls don't stop pestering me. And then you would be sorry—because I wouldn't interest you any more. Suppositions are so much more intriguing than facts. Charlotte Burton is divorced from Williiam Russell. Zena Keefe opposite Eugene O'Brien in "His Wife's Money." Alice Joyce is divorced from Tom Moore. Neither has married again.

ESTELLE CLAIRE, HOBOKEN.—There are some people I should never attempt to argue with, even though I am convinced that I am in the right you are one of them. But I natheless repeat that Dorothy Dickson-Hyson was a member of the cast of George Cohan's musical comedy "The Royal Vagabond" when I saw it in New York. When it left Manhattan, the dancer doubtless stepped out, inasmuch as she seldom if ever leaves her home and fireside—which is the Algonquin Hotel on 44th St., N. Y. And all these theatrical facts are quite outside my province, too. Your own name is so much more fascinating than any nom-de-plum—particularly Buddie; so why not use it?

BEA, OAKLAND, CAL.—Right pert and snappy, young 'un! The story, "Oh, Annice!" was changed for Viola Dana's Metro use to "The Gold Cure." *Annice Parish,* Viola Dana; *Michael Darcy,* Wm. B. Davidson; *Vance Dunton,* John McGowan; *Dr. Rodney Parish,* Howard Hall; *Edna Lawson,* Elsie McLeod; *Michael Connors,* Franklin Hanna; *Dr. Dumbbel,* George Dowling; *Cord, the Detective,* Fred Jones; *The Gardner,* Ed Muck; *The Gardner's Wife,* Julia Hurley. That's what I call a complete cast. Buzz around again soon.

TAN SWEE, PARIT BUNTAR.—Good of you to send me a letter all that distance to tell me you liked my column. I am sorry, but I do not send out photographs of screen stars. Mr. and Mrs. Francis X. Bushman are playing on the legitimate stage at present. When they will return to films is doubtful, just now; but I will let you know when it happens. They have a baby son. The name of their play, is "The Master Thief." Thanks once more.

A woman's charm

See how white teeth enhance it

[All statements approved by high dental authorities]

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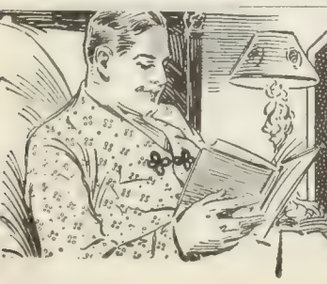

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MACK E. R., EUGENE, OREGON.—Another new one! Louise Huff isn't playing just at present, but she is just resting between engagements. She recently married a Manhattan millionaire, by name Edgar Stillman. She has a little girl, Mary Louise, by her first husband Edgar Jones, once a Lubin director. She lives on Park Avenue. Conrad Nagel is playing in "Athalie." Ralph Graves still with Griffith. Gaston Glass has a contract with International.

VALENTINE, PEOTONE.—You remind me of the little boy who, when he saw a zebra for the first time, asked his mother if it was a white horse with black stripes or a black horse with white stripes. Dorothy Gish wears a wig on the screen, but not in real life. Lillian does not wear a wig at all. I asked Lillian what you asked me, and she laughed. Her own hair is very nice, so why should she change it? Dorothy wears one so that she can play different types from her sister. Two blonde Gishes would be distracting.

GREG E. A., MANILA.—Ah—you and I both! Where, oh where, are those peaches of the beaches of yesteryear, you wail? I'll tell you: Bebe Daniels has gone to act in DeMille's little domestic dramas. Alice Lake has forsaken comedy for tragedy at the Metro studios. Gloria Swanson never did like slapstick, anyway. Juanita Hanson prefers thrilling serial stunts to high-diving. Mildred Davis is Harold Lloyd's new leading woman—but who can replace Alice, and Gloria, and last but never least, our glorious Mary Thurman?

K. A., TORONTO.—Bert Lytell is an American; married to Evelyn Vaughn. No to your children query on Mary Pickford and Elsie Ferguson. Alice Brady is doing both screen and stage work, plus posing for photographs and doing the shopping necessary for an extensive wardrobe. Outside of this, she has nothing to do. Lillian Gish is still heartwhole and fancy free. Our March issue gives the answer to Mae Marsh. It is six months old Mary Marsh Arms. Your "how many" on Mary Pickford amused me. Never. Norma Talmadge is twenty-five. Rumor has Constance engaged, but as *an* engagement is as uncertain as a stock transaction, I'd rather keep mum on the lucky man's name until the wedding bells do chime.

KATINKA, IND.—Caesar's ghost, what a Wallie Reid fan you are! I'm breathless from your impetus questions. In our June and April, 1918, issues we had interviews with this Adonis. Write to our Chicago office for copies of the magazines. Dorothy Davenport is his wife. She is twenty-five, has red hair and is confessedly proud of it. If Wallie has a middle name he hasn't told the census man about it. A letter to the Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal., would reach him. The cute little girl with curly hair you refer to is Mildred Davis. Thurston Hall came back to the stage in "Civilian Clothes." Write and tell Wallie's director that your warm youthful enthusiasm demands a longer fade-out on his kisses. His *screen* kisses.

MARIA LUISA.—Swarthy toreadors in the arena, black-eyed, gayly scarfed women, artistes of the castanet, flashed before my eye when I came upon your note. Eugene O'Brien will doubtless be glad to know of his Spanish admirer. His address is appended elsewhere. Wallie Reid's address you will find in another spot in this department. Your visit to Mexico interests me. You might give Carranza, side-swipe for me.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

NEWPORT MAID.—By the day, or week? I couldn't give you lessons in make-up. That comes naturally to most women. Your other questions answered elsewhere.

FRANCES P., TERRE HAUTE.—Rockcliffe Fellowes' latest picture is "In Search of a Sinner"—Rockcliffe being the good young man whom Constance Talmadge finally diverted into wicked ways. You want a story about him? Maybe.

HENRY, CHICOPEE.—I'm glad to hear of your town. For a while I had been pretty cocky, telling myself there wasn't a town I hadn't heard of. It doesn't pay to be so conceited—somebody from Luskaloo, Ohio, or Chicopee, Mississippi, is sure to come along and take me down. Harry Carey in "Overland Red" and "Marked Men," both corking pictures. Universal City, Cal., is Carey's address. He and his wife live on a big ranch near there. Bryant Washburn, Lasky studio, Hollywood. Washburn is a comedian for Paramount-Artcraft; lately seen in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

MISS JOHNNIE, HOUSTON.—I like your name; it's different. Don't be ashamed of it. Olive Thomas is in her very early twenties; she is a really beautiful girl, with creamy skin and deep blue eyes with long, long lashes—every one of the ninety-six of them—and a piquant nose, and a mouth—well, you've seen Olive, yourself. She lives on 59th Street in New York City, and has a nice brother, who is an assistant director. Olive has been called the prettiest show-girl in the world and is Irish as they make 'em. Incidentally, she is Mrs. Jack Pickford. She works for Selznick and one of her latest pictures is "Youthful Folly"; working now on "The Flapper" from an original story by Frances Marion.

LILLIAN, ONTARIO.—I am not a grandpa, but I am glad to write to you anyway. If I were a Daddy-Long-Legs I should adopt you. Baby Marie Osborn's pictures are released through Pathé. She must be about your age, isn't she?

PETER, MOUNT VERNON.—I was up your way the other day, brother Pete. But I was on my way to the thriving town of Mamaroneck, and couldn't drop in to see you. About Douglas Fairbanks—he is mentioned elsewhere. Charles Ray is married.

BOBBIE, SHAWNEE.—I don't give funny answers to girls who write to me when they are eating divinity candy, knowing that I like it and then not offering to send me any. I am strictly business, young lady. Herbert Rawlinson IS married! (Ah—sweet revenge!). To Roberta Arnold, an awfully nice girl to be married to, I should judge. She's an actress, and pretty. Mary Miles Minter, Realart star, is working at the Lasky studios in California.

TAXI, SALINA.—I happened to be looking over a batch of new popular songs the other day. If some of those critics who rant and rave at the motion pictures would take the trouble to investigate some of these "songs" they would find something new to reform. They correspond only to the very worst of our pictures. And I mean the "program" songs, not some of the tuneful things that come from our modern comic opera, the higher-class musical comedy. I whistle those myself. Constance, not Norma, Talmadge in "A Virtuous Vamp." Norma is an emotional actress; Connie, the comedienne of the family.

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TIMES have certainly changed! When grandmother was a little girl, Johnnie and Annie sat under the old bowl while mother snipped neatly around the edge of it without a murmur. Children knew their place in those days. But look at them now. The juvenile heads to the modern family have taken to making such a fuss about hippity-hopping to the barber shop that the ingenious managers of a department store hair cutting establishment in New York have hit upon the cheerful idea of removing the stiff old straight-back chairs and installing merry-go-round hobby horses in their stead. Now New York children cry for a hair cut.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MALCOLM LOCKHART, DECATUR, GEORGIA.—Glad to hear from you. You can reach Raymond Wells, the director who has undertaken the task of filming the Bible in fifty-five reels, at 407 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California. The Historical Film Company is handling his enterprise. You neglected to enclose customary stamped addressed envelope; hence your question is answered in these pages. Please write again.

GLADYS R., BUFFALO.—When a wife assures you proudly that her husband never goes out looking for trouble, you can safely bet that he gets all he wants of it at home. I am not married. I doubt if I ever will be married—this is Leap Year, yet nobody has asked me. Norma Talmadge always sends her pictures to admirers, without any charge, I believe. Don't know about Gloria Swanson. Write her care Lasky studio, Hollywood, and see.

A. C. R., WASHINGTON, D. C.—I don't wonder that you get mixed. You see the Paramount-Artcraft Corporation has many different branches, the film output of which used to be listed as Famous Players-Lasky, etc. Now, however, all the photoplays released by the Zukor organization go out under the one brand name of Paramount-Artcraft. There are Ince Paramount-Artcrafts; Sennett Paramount-Artcrafts—but no more Lasky or Famous Players pictures. The big Hollywood studios are still known as the Lasky plant, however; and the New York studio on 56th Street is still the Famous Players for all practical purposes. Mary Miles Minter is with Realart, working in the West. Eileen Sedgwick is a Universal serialette; she was recently divorced. Bert Lytell's wife is Evelyn Vaughn.

ELLA V., MILWAUKEE.—I am having a flood of Wisconsin correspondence this month. Some film favorites, must have stopped over in your city and reawakened your interest in the silent drammer. J. Warren Kerrigan is an American; he isn't married. Mary Pickford question answered elsewhere.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.—Charlotte Burton is divorced from William Russell. You have not seen her lately because she has dropped out of pictures. Look around for another star to adore. Anna Q. Nilsson is or was married to Guy Coombs. I heard they were divorced. That you are a blonde, rather pretty, with blue eyes and curly hair will never get you into pictures. There are a great many other essentials—adaptability and flexibility to the camera being among them.

M. W., WASHINGTON.—You are right—that's David Powell in "On With the Dance" and "The Man Who Killed," both George Fitzmaurice productions. David is a modest young man with an English accent and a French moustache. I know and like him very much. Marguerite Clark won't make any more pictures for a while, I believe. She is now down in New Orleans, her husband's home, and there are some rumors in connection with a stork. They say there is no more devoted couple than the H. Palmerson Williamses.

ELAINE, BAY CITY.—Lloyd Hughes is the man you ask about in "The Turn in the Road." Did you land that year and a half contract? In the evolution of time, I suppose I shall be answering fan queries about you Good luck, sweet Elaine.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

FASHION DANCER.—You *are* pretty—I'll say that much for you. But for one but seventeen how comes that wistful look in the eyes? Anyone who can earn the munificent sum of seventy-five dollars a night ought to look like a burst of sunshine. Or is it wistful you are because it was not one hundred a night? Jack Gilbert was born in Utah in 1895. Before going in for pictures he played in stock for three years. He is five feet eleven, with brown hair and eyes. We'll keep your suggestion about him in mind.

AUSTIN M., NEW HAVEN.—Harry Ham may be reached c/o Christie, Hollywood, Cal. Any suggestion of food makes me hungry, persistently hungry. Oh, I wish I had reached this "Ham" epistle a little nearer dinner hour.

MILDRED K., BUFFALO.—Dick Barthelmess will certainly be all upset when I tell him you do not think him good-looking. But before I upset him, here are the addresses you ask for. Eugene O'Brien, Selznick, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. Wallace Reid, Famous Players, Hollywood, Cal. Richard Barthelmess, Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Norma Talmadge, 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C.

A FLATBUSH GIRL.—Lew Cody was Ethel Clayton's leading man in "Men, Women and Money." Dick Barthelmess has his own special typewriter to answer fan mail, so I am sure not only a picture would come to you but possibly a letter with his very own signature. I've heard that when Dick is too busy to answer all his mail his best sweetheart helps him with it. No, I haven't let the cat out of the bag; I mean his Mother.

ELSIE ANDERSON.—Clara K. Young is divorced. James L. Crane is Alice Brady's husband. Both Ethel Clayton and Irene Castle are still being "shot." That's a teknickle term, as they say in the Dere Mable letters. Mebbe in her new stage production, "The Blue Flame," there will be more money spent (in quantity bought) for Theda Bara's wardrobe. With apologies to W. S. Gilbert, "A vampire's lot is not a happy one."

DEAK.—That "please, please, please" stirred my heart, and my stenographer jumped at the splash from the large salty drops which landed on your letter. I hope that one please will get a rise out of the Answer Man in future. No, Beverly Bayne was not married before she wedded Francis Bushman. David Powell did not play in "Stella Maris." *Please* write me again.

JUST RUTH.—I'll have to watch my p's and q's if you are such an authority on film stars that your family stand in awe of you. It must be great to have one's family stand in awe of one. Almost as good as being a genius. Marion Davies has not a brother in pictures. Did Mary Pickford convert you to being a Pollyanna for the rest of your life? Margarita Fischer has been married. I might add laconically, "divorced."

JACK KERRIGAN FAN.—In your case I laughed. How could I cuss with your winsome face looking up into mine? That's not a bad sentimental line, is it? Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. But, ah, the fascinating Eugene. That's another story—he escaped. That was a very intimate question you asked me. I hope my stenographer didn't see it, poor child. While in my sanctum, I hold myself custodian of her morals.

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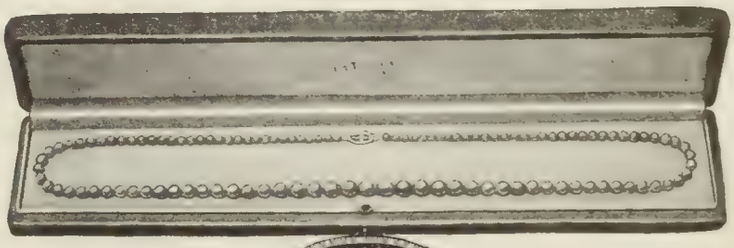

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

I. W., NEW YORK.—Dorothy Gish works in the Griffith studios in Mamaroneck, and lives in Mamaroneck, too. Dick Barthelmess may be reached care same studio; but he has an apartment in New York and commutes. Dick may be a writer some day as well as an actor; he has literary leanings—but don't tell him I told you so. Naomi Childers, the Grecian Girl that was, is now a Goldwyn Duchess in Culver City, Cal.

MABEL S. G., PEORIA.—You wrong me; I do not have a contempt for sixteen-year-olds. That's a glorious age to be—ask any actress of thirty. Norma Talmadge's hair is not bobbed; it is shoulder length. Constance and Natalie have short hair, however. I never said Constance was engaged. I said she might be, for all I know. So you would hate to have been my high-school teacher. I may say that your detestation is not reciprocated; I should love to be yours.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—You're the first woman I ever knew who became incensed when accused of being in love. But perhaps you were only camouflaging. I take it back—the vampire is not dead; she will never die, any more than the ingenue. But some of the Cleopatra counterfeits are so bad, I sometimes wish they would. I join you heartily with your enthusiasm over Pearl White's picture. I am sure if she sent me one I'd be tickled to death. No, no—Dick hasn't married anyone. I think your White surmise—the first—is right. Lift the old knocker again soon.

BETSY JANE, RED OAK.—You know, you got yourself in awfully wrong in the beginning. I resent being called Mrs. Questions and Answers, just as the old newspaper man who conducts the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column must resent it when the letters come in saluting him as "Dear Lady." I smoke a pipe, not big black cigars. Cullen Landis is married; he's the father of a little girl. He's with Goldwyn on a long-term contract. That's his real name. That's all.

J. D., RICHMOND.—My dear lady, you misread me entirely. I didn't say Richard Semler Barthelmess is married, for I know he is not. I didn't say I had an aversion to answering questions about him, for I haven't. It took a lot of bravery—it must have—for you to ask me that age-old question about Dick—again. Don't worry—when Barthelmess marries, or gets himself engaged, I'll use all my influence to have the Editor carry the announcement on the front cover. If the Editor won't do that, I'll wire you. Is that a bargain? Shake!

BETTY GRAY, DETROIT.—I am not in Chicago any more; I'm sorry. Manhattan is holding me. A young lady of twenty-seven is not too old to embark upon a screen career.

B. H., UTICA.—I should say about you that you had good taste. You wish to know how to reach Phyllis Haver, Kay Laurell, and Lucille Zintheo. Kay is on the ocean right now sailing to Europe. Her personal address is 125 East 56th Street, New York City, from whence her mail will be forwarded to her. I am sure she will send you her picture. Lucille Zintheo-Carlisle is with the Larry Semon comedy company, care Western Vitagraph. She was a PHOTOPLAY Beauty-and-Brains contest winner. Phyllis Haver—also Mister Ben Turpin—may both be reached care Mack Sennett studio, Los Angeles, California. Ah, there, B. H.!

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

CADET JOHN C. J., CORNWALL, N. Y.—I commend you for your choice of favorites. Bill Hart has his own studio in Los Angeles. Tom Mix is with Fox, Western. Mildred Reardon is in New York right now; that story we had about her is really true. Wallace Reid, Lasky studio, Hollywood. Charles Ray, his own studio, Los Angeles. Roscoe Arbuckle, care Lasky studio. Owen Moore, Selznick. Pearl White, Eastern Fox. See other answers elsewhere. Drop in again.

ELEANOR-MARGARET-BESSIE, NASHVILLE.—You think I am about twenty-one, with dark brown hair, slightly wavy, brown eyes, and a very pleasant voice. All right—that description suits me. I don't know how to judge whether a player is conceited. However, I am sure that those you mention are not. Lillian Gish is not dead—whatever gave you that idea? She is playing now in "Way Down East." Jack Pickford married Olive Thomas.

VIRGINIA, MONTROSE.—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for writing to the Editor in my praise. Maybe now I shall get a raise. Bobby Vernon is with Christie Comedies. George Chesebro plays opposite Juanita Hansen in that blonde star's new serial, "The Lost City"—which is by the way reviewed in the Shadow Stage department. Jane and Katherine Lee are in vaudeville now, in a spoken sketch called "The New Director."

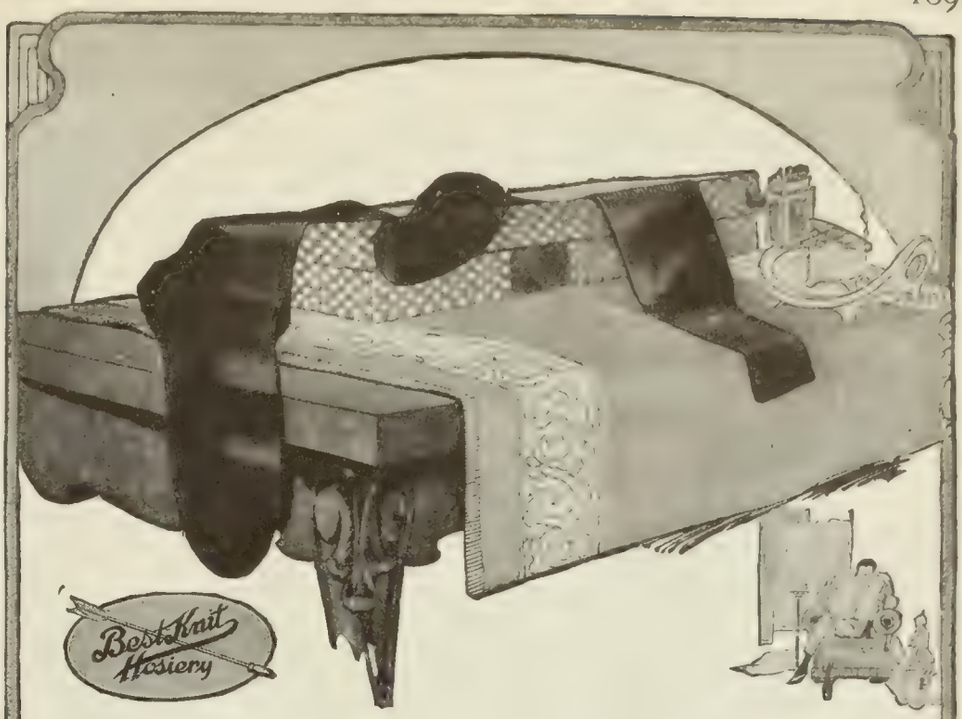
G. W., TORONTO.—Go to any reliable bookshop for Pearl White's life story, "Just Me." Pearl is in Europe now—not picture-making, but taking a five or six weeks' vacation. ("The Mystic Rose" please note.) She sailed the middle of March on the Savoie. Sorry I can't tell you Pearl's exact height—I'll find out this important point and let you know later.

MERRIE, MEDFORD, MASS.—You are quite correct. In fact, if all who write to me were as correct as you, I would have no fun at all. You ask, mostly, about people who are not cast. Kay Laurell only had a small "try-out" part in Wallace Reid's "The Valley of the Giants." She had the lead in "The Brand" and is the star in "Lonely Heart," a story written for her by Edgar Selwyn. Mary Pickford Fairbanks is twenty-six. Hazel Dawn may do more pictures some day—who knows? Right now she is touring in "Up in Mabel's Room."

MARJORIE S., MOLINE.—You can just bet I'll be good to you. I have no way of illustrating right now, however, for most of your questions are answered elsewhere. You use suitable stationary, writing on only one side, so I am not showing favoritism by refraining from reprimanding you. I don't quite see, however, how you can remind your friends of Norma Talmadge and Dorothy Gish at the same time. They are not at all alike. Tom Moore and Alice Joyce question answered elsewhere.

DOTTY DIMPLES.—The best thing to do, if you don't like the musicians in your theater, is to come early and avoid the overture. Richard Barthelmess in Griffith's "Scarlet Days," "The Idol Dancer" and "Way Down East," now in course of completion. In the first two plays he acts with "Cutie Beautiful" or Clarine Seymour; in the latter, as in "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish. Harrison Ford has signed a new contract with Paramount and may be reached at the Lasky studios.

(Continued on page 113)



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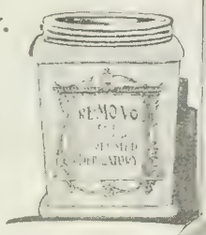

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The Confessions of Theda Bara

Continued from page 58

On her short tour with "The Blue Flame" before the play burst upon Broadway, Miss Bara had many opportunities to test the deep-rooted conviction of the vampire superstition. In Washington, she and her sister got into an elevator. In the car were a man and his wife. The wife looked around and saw Theda Bara. She ordered the elevator to stop at the next floor, seized her husband and gave him a terrified shove, out of the elevator and harm's way.

Esther Bara, the sister, asked Theda exactly how she would go about vamping the man in the elevator. Theda didn't know, but she was interested in the attitude of the wife.

"In the first place," she said, "what could I have done to him? I would have had to work fast: And in the second place, why do women always think that every woman is after their husbands. I have seen plenty of husbands belonging to other women that I wouldn't even look at."

I had seen the pretty, young Esther Bara and I was sorry I didn't meet her. She was evidently a loyal and cheerful companion to her vamping sister. The criticisms of her work sometimes hurt Theda Bara. But she had her mother and father to tell her not to mind them. She didn't read the reviews of her play. A. H. Woods told her in advance what the critics would say. She likes Mr. Woods for his friendliness and for his faith in her.

"Not all my screen work was bad," she told me. "I can look over some of the old films and find scenes that were good. I know when I have done good work. There is a little bell inside of me that rings when I hit the mark. In 'Cleopatra' I was criticized for showing my legs. The reviewers said the costumes were all wrong. But I studied with Mr. Lithgow, the expert on Egyptology at the Metropolitan Art Museum, for several weeks in order to get the costumes and settings correct. Liberties were taken with the story, but not with the settings. And if you will look back on my pictures, you will remember that I did not go in for undress parts.

"A funny thing happened in the opening night of 'The Blue Flame.' In the first act, I am killed by an electric shock and my fiance puts me on a couch that brings me back to life without a soul. Allen Dinehart, my leading man, picked me up and threw me down on the couch so that my skirts went up to my knees. My first impulse was to sit up and pull them down. Fortunately, I remembered that I was dead. And so I lay there and said to myself, 'Now everyone is saying that I want to show my legs.'

"After the performance, I told Mr. Dinehart to be careful about pulling down my skirts, that I am supposed still to be a good girl with a soul. Now, he is so conscientious that he nearly rips my skirt off.

"The first night was a terrible ordeal. I had a cold and I was so nervous that my voice went back on me. I thought I wouldn't live through some of the long speeches. My throat was tight and I felt as though I couldn't make a sound. Some one told me to go out and apologize for my voice. But I wouldn't. I suppose my fighting blood was up. Many of those in the audience were people who hated me. I don't know why they hate me, but they do. They do not know me personally and I haven't done anything to them, but they hate me. And I wouldn't go out and apologize to them.

"I am going to stay on the stage and I am going to make pictures, too. In two years—well, you will see. After all I have been through, do you think that I would give up now?"

When Theda Bara left the screen there were plenty of rumors about her. She was going to be married. She had fallen in love with a minister and had "reformed." She was temperamental. She had lost her hold on the public.

This is what Miss Bara says:

"My health was bad and I needed a rest. I had been getting wretched stories. Studio life was beginning to get on my nerves. The inefficiency is appalling. I stopped reporting for work in the morning. Nothing was ever ready. We would wait for hours and hours until some carpenter had corrected a mistake in the setting. And all about you there is a grinding and a pounding. The mechanical staff have a way of blaming all the delays on the star. The star has no come-back because she cannot go and tell tales on men who need their day's wages. Mr. Fox seldom came to the studio: he was busy at the home office. I only saw him a few times a year. Directors spend a great deal of money on unimportant things and then they economize in small ways that prove expensive in the end. It used to hurt me to see money wasted.

"J. Gordon Edwards was the nicest director I ever had. He was kind and considerate. Some of the directors are wonderful. They give you such funny advice on manners and deportment. One time I asked my director about a certain scene. 'Do I repulse the advances of this man or do I lead him on?' I asked. The director was stumped. He hadn't any idea of what to do. Finally he hit upon a lively answer. 'Oh, just keep the audience guessing,' he said."

Like Susie Jones, star of the plays in the Zanesville High School, Miss Bara wishes that she had worked under D. W. Griffith.

THERE is no use claiming a sensitive soul for Theda Bara. If she had possessed one, she couldn't have done what she has done. Her manufactured personality seems to have had no effect on her real self. The criticisms hurt her only when they touched upon some bit of sincerity that came through the fantastic pose. Personally, she is not insincere. She is the sort of girl who is "good to her folks." I suspect her of being an excellent business woman.

For five long years she appeared in nothing but the most blatant sort of sex stories, and yet you cannot get a sex interview from Theda Bara. She won't talk about love, marriage or any of those delightful subjects that make such spicy yet refined reading on the magazine pages of evening newspapers. Neither will she talk about anything occult. In fact, I think she is heartily sick of sex and the orient as subjects for publication.

Theda Bara's artistic sins have been many. In "The Blue Flame," she hasn't reformed, artistically. She still blames it on the public. That is her greatest sin—this taking for granted that the public likes the cheap, the impossible and the vulgar. It is her biggest failing. When she lives it down, she won't have to wonder why people who do not know her, hate her.

One of the curious things about the first night audience was that those who knew Theda Bara defended her. The many friends of her family proclaimed her goodness, her charity, her desire to be kind to her motion picture public and her pleasant home life. Somehow, when you meet her personally at a press-agent-less interview, you find yourself being shocked at the enormity of the hoax on the public and yet

The Confessions of Theda Bara

(Concluded)

condoning the woman who, almost in spite of herself, permitted it.

In shedding the snake skin of the vampire and telling the story of five years of organized deceit, Theda Bara did not pretend to emerge as a lamb. She says nothing is so restful after a day of hard work. Moreover, she didn't say she had the dearest mother in the world. She didn't say it hurt her to be misjudged because she is really so good and pure. She didn't say she wanted to get married and be the sainted mother of six children.

Her sense of humor is her saving grace. Perhaps it was cruel of her to laugh during all those years, but if she hadn't she would have emerged an impossible person—much worse than a vampire. After all, she was ridiculous—a sacrifice to the Great God Bunk on the altar of publicity. And I am glad she laughed.

Allah Il Allah

I

THEY were sisters in the movies. Priscilla, the elder, and Patsy, the younger.

Priscilla played in pictures in which she wore cambric frocks, black velvet sashes, sandals with ankle ties, baby-blue hair-ribbons and always and always the director threw in a lot of animal stuff; you know, puppies and kittens and ducks and chickens (not the Mack Sennett kind) and old Dobbin in the one-hoss chaise. And there were close-ups of Priscilla in Reel V kissing the Hero in a nice chaste way.

Now Patsy, the younger, has orange-flame hair and her pictures are *that* kind. Studio stuff, you know; Greenwich Village fluff and iris-in and iris-out on Patsy posing for Venus-at-the-Bath; and sometimes a wronged wife in the background and always and always the pistol in the top right-hand drawer of the dressing-table.

. . . And yet, Priscilla and Patsy smoke the same brand of cigarettes.

Allah il Allah!

II

Saidee was born in Manitowoc, Wis., and just adored Mary Pickford and Mary Miles Minter and Marguerite Clark and all the pretty and proper posies in the pitchers.

When they had a Saturday matinee at I. O. O. F. Hall with any of Saidee's favourites on tap she was always on hand and sat through both shows.

Finally Saidee's great-aunt died and left her a thousand dollars and Saidee hastened to the great city and bought herself some swell raiment and fared forth to the studios.

But Saidee forgot that she had black hair and eyes that somehow could not behave, for they put her in a Custard Comedy and now she has a Jelly-Rolls car and a Pekingese and wears those shimmie shoes 'nevery-thing!

Allah il Allah!

III

Once upon a time a kind-hearted Director saw a good-looking little minx among the Extras who was doing soup-and-fish in an Uncle Tom show.

"I will her into stardom," he muttered.

And so he worked and worked and worked, and presently the little minx was indeed a screen star of the uttermost importance. Ah! Then she quit the kind-hearted Director, huh?

No, she kept right on feeding out of his hand and doing just like what he told her. (Yes she did!)

Allah il Allah! —Justin Fair.

The Event of the Day

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HOW the kiddies do love their JAP ROSE bath! The gay little bubbles of pureness—pearly, iridescent, elfish things—what joy they brin . All the distemper and grumbling, so natural to children when a bath is in order, are gone completely when the pretty cake of golden transparent JAP ROSE is used.

And what a satisfaction to the mother to know that a JAP ROSE bath brings not only happiness to her little tots, but also cleanses their tender skins hygienically as well as thoroughly.

It isn't alone the absolutely pure oils, of which JAP ROSE soap is made, but the scientific blending of these oils, that gives the big, golden transparent cake healing and cleansing properties that other toilet soaps do not possess. It cleans perfectly and hygienically every pore of the skin and scalp while its c. p. glycerine is most soothing and healing.

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Every touch a soothing, refreshing delight, for the grown-ups as well as the kiddies, when it's JAP ROSE either for the bath, for the hair or for the face and hands.

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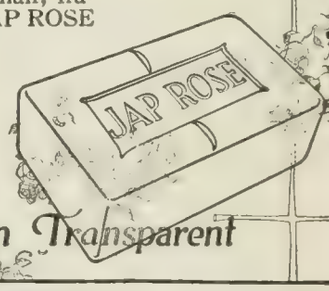

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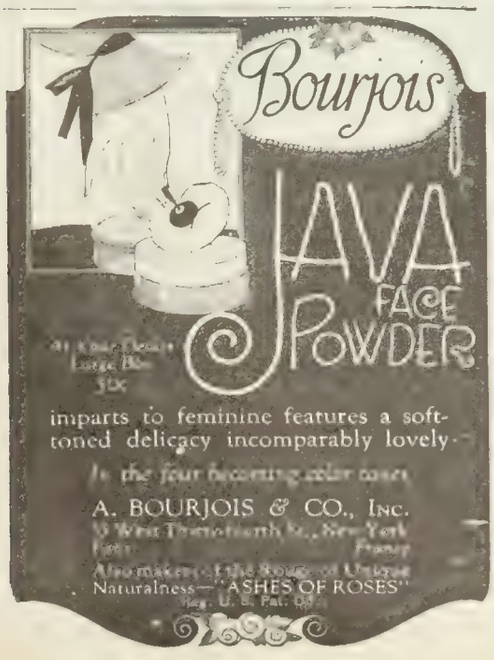

What Fashion Really Means

(Continued from page 65)

picturesque periods of Louis XIV. But don't be awed when some exclusive shop advertises its "Louis XIV styles." It simply means they are showing suits with full ripple skirts and jackets that have wide revers opening over a double breasted waistcoat of fancy weave. If they are true to the period they will show these suits with three-quarter sleeves, wide at the hand, with an inset lace ruffle.

When you saw those pretty little dancing dresses last winter that were wired to stand out at the hip and had the wiring covered with artificial roses, did you know where the style originated? It came from the old Roman days when the victors in a great battle were wreathed with flowers. Logically it appeared last year. It will not be due again until the year after another great war.

Just because I have talked about these styles you mustn't think I believe all styles originate in France. On the contrary. Sometime—if you have the necessary time and patience—try getting a tailored suit in France! That is the time when your mind will turn yearningly to the good old U. S. A. for the kind of tailoring that "keeps its shape." Little old Paris may beat the world at creating dresses—and she does—but when it comes to tailored things and sports clothes you have to come back to your Uncle Samuel's land.

Now, this matter of clothes is much more than a matter of money. Some of the badly dressed women you meet are women with lots of money and the idea that money can get one everything in the world. It can do a lot of things, naturally, else we all wouldn't be after it so hard. But some women with money remind me of the woman whose husband "struck it rich in oil" last year. The lady in question discarded the old house and had a rococo sort of palace built. There were a lot of windows to the thing and she had each window decorated with a red and white striped awning that bore the family monogram!

A lot of the clothes I see make me think of this Oklahoma lady. There's money to burn, but mighty poor results from the bonfire.

Good dressing is in its last analysis a matter of line, a matter of studying one's own figure, learning the good and bad points, and then finding out the styles that will make the most of the good points and minimize the bad ones.

For example, if your arms are thin you should wear long sleeves that are rather full. If your heart is set on short sleeves you should have them cut so as to reach at least an inch below the elbow. Don't, please don't, wear things that will call attention to sharp elbows.

If your legs are short in proportion to the rest of your body, don't wear a flounced skirt or a skirt of two colors set horizontally. Build your skirts with the thought of length of line in mind. And if you are a short-waisted woman don't cut yourself off with a deep sash. The short-waisted woman wears best the long, loose type of dress that has the sash dropping well down on the hips.

If you are working hard and are tired you would better keep away from the little hats that turn sharply off the face. Try a hat that droops a bit with a soft line about the face, if you want to take ten years off your age.

One of the best things this year's styles has brought us is an abundance of bright colors. Brown runs the whole gamut from the palest sand tint to *tête de negre;* reds and coppers and brilliant yellows abound. Champagne is a favorite color this year with the French, but we probably sha'n't wear it. There's no use in stirring up painful memories.

People from other countries used to think women in America had a "navy blue uniform" from the amount of that color they saw in the streets. This year, however, we are turning to the brilliant things, the delicate pastel shades, everything that is bright and gay. Doesn't it make your fingers just tingle for a needle? Mine do. And I am glad we are getting over our dread of bright-colored clothes. Bright colors have the same effect on the wearer's mind as sunshine has on the flowers. Sometime this year I'm going to talk a whole lot about color and the shades that bring out the best in different types of women.

Incidentally, I've a good joke to tell you about color, but I'm afraid I shall have to leave it over until next month, when I intend to talk to you about sport clothes and other things.

"PICTURE-HOUSES jump prices."—*News item.*
"All the world's a stage and we are only payers."

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Of Photoplay Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1st, 1920.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook. }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert M. Eastman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary and Treasurer of the Photoplay Magazine and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Illinois. Editor, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Illinois. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Illinois. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

R. M. EASTMAN,
Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribeed before me this 23rd day of March, 1920.
[SEAL]

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY.
(My commission expires June 17, 1920.)

The Pickford-Fairbanks Wooing

(Continued from page 76)

packing up for the journey along the honeymoon trail to Europe in June—away from the sorrowful past.

The film folk are hoping that the sensation of the marriage will quiet down and leave the two to their work and their happiness. They hope Mary's days of trial and trouble are over, and they are sure the two great idols of the screen living their new life together, will bring a new charm to their art. Their hopes may seem optimistic with the gossips reluctant to leave so toothsome a topic and with an investigation of Mary Pickford's divorce from Moore started twenty-four hours after her marriage to Fairbanks.

But it hardly seems likely that her millions of friends on the other side of the silversheet are to turn from her and consign the one who once was "America's Sweetheart" to the limbo of forgotten loves. It would appear more reasonable that her pictures and Doug's—like their future—are to be just what they make them. But that is for time to decide.

After all, life is just one cross-roads after another, and this is probably the greatest problem of Mary Pickford's life. We must all choose our own roads to happiness. Friends or advisors can be of little help.

May the judgment of the future be gentle, and may the coming reels bring her the moonlight of romance she has so long sought. Whatever is ahead, the present seems the time for a suffusion of blue on the sympathetic screen.

For Mary Pickford has made her choice.

Questions and Answers

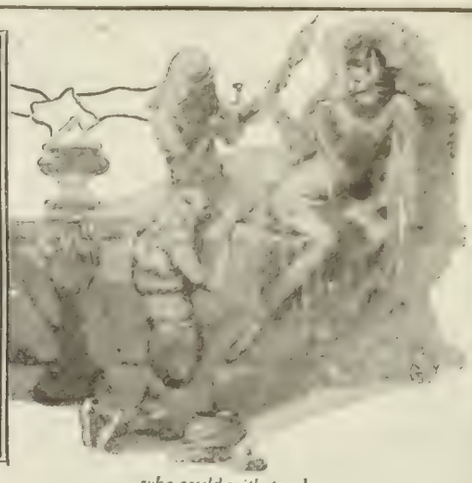
(Continued)

JENNIE ALLEN, DEVILS LAKE, N. D.—You are indeed a tonic for this tired business man. Your consideration for my feelings touched me deeply. The best I can do in return is to give you the sorry information that Gladys Leslie is no longer with Vitagraph; however, you may be able to reach her care Ivan Abramson, for whose company she made a picture recently. She is not permanently affiliated with any company at present. I'll look it up for you.

B. B., ALBANY.—I have a good many "Tomboy" noms-de-plume among my correspondents, so we'll just let yours ride by. No no—you're wrong. The Wally Reids have only one child: his name is William Wallace Jr. You were under the impression evidently that they had two sons: one named William and one named Wallace. Wanda Hawley is married to J. Burton Hawley; she's a Realart star now.

ROBERT A. STONE, RALEIGH.—Mary is divorced; I am sure I do not know if she has any intention of marrying again. She has no children. She is twenty-six years old and will send you her picture. So you are not looking for a wife as you already have one and experience has taught you—or is it experience teaches all of us—that one is beaucoup at a time.

ALENE W., ST. LOUIS.—I am sure I don't know whether Eugene O'Brien reads his mail himself or lets his secretary do it for him. The best way to find out is to write to him and see if he answers personally—although he might even fool you then. I know this much: his wife doesn't act as his secretary because he hasn't any wife. Louise Lovely plays with Lew Cody in "The Butterfly Man."



. . . . who could withstand
The charms seen in the mirror she holds in her hand?—Jami

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Is a touch of perfection which gives that indescribable charm so potent to attract and hold admiration

Smoothly clinging
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The Round-Up

(Continued from page 54)

Sagebrush looked at him curiously, then went to call Jack.

Jack emerged and stood overwhelmed at seeing Dick standing before him. In a moment he recovered and planned. He seized Dick's hand and tried to seem cordial and joyous. Dick Lane read a message of perturbation in Jack's shaking voice.

"What the matter, Jack?" he demanded. "Where's Echo?"

Dick started for the house. Jack quickly stepped before him and raised a warning hand.

"You mustn't go in now—you see, she's not been well. The shock might be too much for her."

"You are right, Jack," Lane responded. "You tell her I'm here and I'll wait in the garden. And say, Jack, I promised to pay up for that grubstake the minute I got back. Here's the money." Dick pressed bills into Jack's unwilling hands and turned him toward the house. "Tell Echo I am waiting."

Buck McKee, sulking by the hedge, saw and overheard.

At the door Jack paused and drew Sagebrush aside.

"I want you to stand there and don't let anybody at all in. Echo's happiness is at stake."

Dick, wandering in the garden, impatiently walked about the house until he was in range of a window. He stood frozen at what he saw. The wedding ceremony was in progress. He could almost hear the words.

"For as much as John Payson and Echo Allen have consented in holy wedlock—"

Dick turned and walked to his horse. His face set hard in the hour of his torture, he rode back into the hills from where he had come.

WEEKS passed and no clue to the slayer of Old Man Terrill had been found. It was still the matter of gossip everywhere, more especially at the Florence saloon. Slim there overheard Buck McKee drunkenly declaiming:

"Well, for my part, I think Jack Payson did it—he was the last man that saw Old Man Terrill alive—and where did he get that three thousand he paid off the mortgage on the Sweetwater ranch with?"

"You lyin' halfbreed, I'm a friend of Jack Payson's," Sheriff Slim broke in. "You're coming with me and face him."

Bud Lane accompanied the Sheriff and McKee. It was a curious group that gathered on the porch at the Sweetwater ranch, Echo and Sagebrush, standing by Jack Payson, facing the sheriff.

"Jack, there's a few questions, I—" Slim cleared his husky throat, "a few questions I want to ask you. Where did you go by yourself that day you were married?"

"I went to the express office and got my wedding present for Echo." Jack was firm and cool.

"And where'd you get the three thousand you paid off the mortgage on this ranch?"

Jack flushed, went cold and stood silent.

"Why don't you tell them, dear?" Echo spoke ever so softly.

"I—I can't."

"In that event I'll have to put you under arrest." Slim spoke with evident pain at his official necessity.

"Slim—I can explain this thing to you—but first I must have a few words alone with my wife."

Slim nodded assent. Savage Buck McKee objected.

"It's a frame-up, men," he shouted to the gathering cowboys. "It's a frame-up to let this guilty man escape. Let's take the law in our hands and have a little necktie party right now."

A mob was born of the moment. But they did not justly measure Slim the sheriff. In a flash he covered McKee with a revolver and swept the crowd with its mate.

"You'll deposit your shooting irons with Mr. Sagebrush there and leave peaceably or the sheriff of Pinal County will take action immediate." Slim's blue eyes blazed. He won. They left.

Inside the ranch house Jack poured out his confession to Echo, of his duplicity about Dick Lane, of Lane's coming the night of the wedding, the payment of the money and all.

"You must bring him back to me." Echo, dry-eyed in her grief, drew back from her husband.

In the hard silence of his misery, forgetting quite the waiting sheriff, Jack Payson seized his rifle and saddle bags, stalked out and, mounting his horse, rode away, on the long trail in quest of Dick Lane.

Echo was dumfounded in her emotions and grief. She ran calling into the yard. Sheriff Slim appeared.

"Jack has gone—Jack has gone—I sent him away—please, please, bring him back."

"That's what I'm sheriff of Pinal County for," answered Slim. And shortly a posse was riding on Payson's trail. But Lane joined the posse.

It was a long hot quest that led at last to Fort Grant, the outermost post of civilization in the lava bed country.

"Payson outfitted here a week ago and struck straight into the Indian country," the officer in command told the sheriff. "Troop F is leaving tomorrow to round up a bunch of renegades out there. You'll stand a better chance of findng your man if you go with them."

OUT in the hell-blazing rocks of the lava beds at the Apache spring Dick Lane lay unconscious, his life all but gone, when Jack Payson overtook him.

Riding again at the head of his red raiders, Buck McKee crossed the two trails leading toward Apache Spring. An evil light came to his eyes. He reconnoitered and saw Jack Payson bending over Dick Lane with his canteen in hand. McKee read the story at a glance and grinned. Here, out under the desert sun in the wild waste, he had the two men of all the world whom he wanted most in his power. He signaled his waiting Indians and they closed about the spring in a circle.

Jack leaned close to Dick as he revived.

"I've been hunting you for weeks—to bring you back, Dick. Echo wants you. I lied to her—she thought you were dead."

Dick, weak but hot with hate, flamed up.

"Jack, I ought to kill you for this."

Payson spread his arms in a resigned gesture.

"All right, I'm ready."

Dick shook his head. The men faced each other with their problem between them.

"Dick—you'll find my horse there, and the pack mule, loaded with grub and water. You take them and go back to her—I'll stay here."

"It's justice, and I'll do it," Jack answered and rose.

Buck McKee peered over a rock, raised his rifle and fired. Dick fell with a bullet wound in his leg. Together, they took cover of the rocks at the spring and stood battle with the Indians.

A lull came. Again Payson urged Dick Lane to go, while yet he might.

"No, I'll stay and fight it out beside you."

The Round-Up

(Continued)

"If you don't go, Dick, I'll stand up and let them get me."

Payson sprang up and Dick pulled himself up beside him.

The Indians shouted and fired in volley. Both men went down, Jack with a broken arm, Dick shot through the lungs.

The Indians were creeping up for a rush when they heard the clatter of hoofs and the sounds of a bugle. The Fort Grant cavalry had come. The rattle of carbines swept the scene. Swiftly the troopers rounded up the Indians, among them desperate Buck McKee, badly wounded.

They gathered at the spring, the troopers, Sheriff Slim and his posse with Bud Lane. They found Dick Lane dead, and Jack Payson, wounded and grieving, beside him.

Bud drew Sheriff Slim over to Buck McKee.

"Now, Buck, you're 'bout done, tell the sheriff all about it—all about Old Man Terrill."

Haltingly and with pain, the halfbreed told of the express robbery. He ended with a plea.

"And don't be too hard on Bud—he's a good kid."

The sheriff looked at Bud, then down at the halfbreed. McKee was dead.

Without a word Bud handed the sheriff a roll of bills, carried concealed in his shirt. The sheriff felt the body of McKee and discovered a similar roll tied with a rawhide thong.

"Bud—" Slim spoke slowly. "Only you and me know about this little deal. Go straight from now on and I'm forgettin' I ever knew it."

When the homebound posse neared the Sweetwater, Jack Payson spoke to the sheriff.

"I'm going straight home—you stop by the Bar-1 and tell the folks."

Payson found Sagebrush at the house when he entered.

"Where's Echo?"

"Boss, she's been living at the Bar-1 ever since you left." Sagebrush averted his face.

Jack went slowly into the house and threw himself into a chair with bowed head. So this was the end of it all—to lose everything.

AT the Bar-1 Sheriff Slim was telling his tale to Uncle Jim Allen and Polly and all the rest. Echo lingered inside the door listening.

"—And Now Jack's gone right home to Sweetwater," Slim concluded.

Echo, riding crop in hand, emerged from the door, looking neither to right nor left.

"Where you going, Echo?" her father called after her.

"I am going home to my husband."

Sheriff Slim rolled a cigarette and sighed—

"Hell! Nobody loves a fat man."

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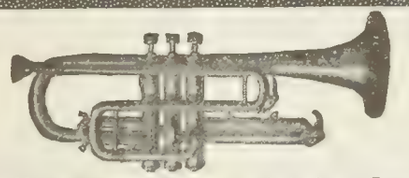

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 99)

ners of the Night." Mr. Scott, like other well known writers, believes that a crook is almost always a dramatic success when presented as a sympathetic character. In this case the crook is a woman who helps a detective trap the real villain. The picture keeps you wondering. The plot contains a great deal of entertainment and has been presented in good style by Paul Scardon. The real star is Pinna Nesbit.

THE BELOVED CHEATER—Robertson-Cole

KISSING is a great art. And so Lew Cody is undoubtedly a great artist. A kiss is the entire plot of "The Beloved Cheater." A timid man, engaged to a chilly girl, calls upon a gay young bachelor to assist him in his wooing. Posing as the fiance, the bachelor kisses the girl. And, having known the original, she will accept no substitutes. Who can blame her?

THE SPORTING DUCHESS—Vitagraph

"THE SPORTING DUCHESS" was presented on the stage years and years ago with Rose Coghlan as the Duchess of Desborough. It is a melodrama of high life and low tricks. The high life is furnished by Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont. The low tricks are the work of Gustav Suyffertitz. The horse race climax is very well filmed; in fact, the whole picture has the proper gallop for a melodrama.

THE DAREDEVIL—Fox

TOM MIX at his very best, as a tenderfoot who makes the west too wild for its native. It has action, it has humor, and it has stunts. The picture gives him plenty of opportunities for landscape gardening—that is breaking up the scenery. And he doesn't have to emote. Once we saw Tom Mix emote and we shall never forget it.

THE EVIL EYE—Hallmark

MEET our friend Benny Leonard, the lightweight champion, who is starred in a serial. Roy MacCardell wrote the story. Don't ask us what "The Evil Eye" is about. We only saw the first three episodes and we only saw them once. Benny is a heroic bank messenger whose aim in life it is to protect a million dollars' worth of bonds. Stuart Holmes is working with a band of crooks. Benny doesn't look like a prize fighter and you rather like him but he isn't going to snatch any acting honors from John Barrymore.

THE FALSE ROAD—Paramount-Artcraft

IF you ever get a picture crook into the country—the nice, clean, wholesome country, where he or she comes under the influence of a sweet old lady—his or her life of sin is done for; you can count on that. In this picture a young man and a young woman were started down the false road with a gang of crooks—but the false road led to the grand and glorious country and a simple-souled old woman. So they were saved, and settled down in the country for life. Enid Bennett and Lloyd Hughes play the leading roles. The picture is no world beater, but a nice little evening's entertainment for those who like their crooks, and like them reformed.

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The Golden Age of the Pictures

(Concluded from page 49)

over such matters as the so-called superiority of European productions, and sat down to wait for the return of the prodigal fans. Having been wined and dined upon swiftly moving, high grade motion pictures from North America, the prodigals were a bit wary about returning. A few did visit the theater, in memory of the old days, but they came away to return no more. Cobwebs quickly covered the ticket window, and the exhibitor threw up the sponge in the first round.

THE popularity of American pictures in Europe has grown on an enormous scale despite the fact that Europe is America's chief and only competitor in the world's film markets. Great Britain, with millions invested in the producing business, continues to exhibit a fondness for American pictures, approximately 90 per cent of the productions being shown having come from America. So great is the demand for the high grade of American photoplay and so few are the theaters in which they can be exhibited that the British exhibitor is compelled to book far in advance to get the pictures he wants. The average theater is booked from one to two years in advance, and booking for 1922 soon will be under way.

A new departure for American producers has been the establishment of a large studio in London by a prominent company for the production of the American type of picture on Old World locations. The foremost American and European stars and artists will co-operate in making these productions. The stories of the greatest writers of Europe will be produced upon the locations actually described in the stories, instead of hand-picked California and New Jersey exteriors.

By far the most far-reaching development from a distribution standpoint, however, is the opening of the huge territory in Central Europe, which has been closed to American pictures for six years. More than 8,000 theaters and approximately 200,000,000 people are included in this territory—Germany, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Bulgaria. Although Germany and Austria have been important producers, American pictures are expected to duplicate their enormous success in other European countries once the ban on the importation of films is removed.

Another important step in the world-wide conquest of the American movies will be taken this year when Western Asia and India will be exploited on a large scale. The Garden of Eden, the valley of the Tigris, and the ancient cities of Mesopotamia and Persia will shortly be viewing the latest and best American motion pictures. India, while it has been developed on a small scale, will be the center of important film activities, which will radiate in all directions.

The countries of Asia Minor obtained their first view of American pictures during the war, when adventurous Y. M. C. A. men came to entertain the Allied soldiers. Bedouins, Turks, Kurds, Armenians, Jews and Greeks quickly forgot their differences once they were fortunate enough to squeeze their way into an improvised motion picture theater, and their grunts of satisfaction would have been sweet music to American producers had they been able to hear them.

Bagdad, with a population of 200,000, has three theaters and is building others in anticipation of an enormous increase in the importation of films. Mosul, a city of 100,000, also has several motion picture theaters, and there are a few other cities fortunate to possess a theater of this sort. A rattling good detective story, provided it has no complication that conflict with the teachings of the Koran, makes an instant hit. Screen vamps and romantic matinee idols with kissing tendencies and who persist in clasping exotic heroines to their bosoms are strictly taboo, for they run counter to the Koran, and that ends it.

HUNDREDS of high-grade theaters will be required to entertain the great masses of Orientals once they become acquainted with the motion picture. Capital to develop such enterprises soon will become available for the producers and distributors are quick to visualize the vast profits of those fortunate to get in on the sand floor, as it were. The dearth of theaters is exemplified by Teheran, capital of Persia, which is without a single movie house for the entertainment of its 70,000 population. Hundreds of other cities and towns are in the same position, and to keep abreast of the times they must begin soon, for a leisure-loving people must have its entertainment.

Although it is apparent that the dove of peace will scarcely find a resting place in what was once the Russian Empire for months to come, far-sighted producers already are making their preparations for the opening of this vast territory. They readily appreciate the profit awaiting those who can induce the Russian to forget his Bolshevistic sentiments for a saner view of the world, and are preparing to put themselves in the way of the high voltage prosperity that is to come.

Scandinavian countries offer an excellent illustration of the tremendous hold American photoplays have in Europe. The productions of one American company, it is said on good authority, are shown in practically everyone of the 1,300 theaters in Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Long runs are regular occurrences in those theaters exhibiting American pictures. One theater in Christiania was compelled to show one American picture continuously for six weeks before it could satisfy the public's desire to see it.

The city of Bergen, Norway, having a population of 100,000 and desiring a short cut solution of its revenue problems, has taken over the seven motion picture houses and is now operating them as municipal theaters. Under private ownership these seven houses last year did a business of $650,000, an average of $6.50 from each fan. This was an increase of 200 per cent in two years. Nine-tenths of the films shown in this territory are made in America.

Far-sighted producers and exporters now have their eyes on the juicy melons to be cut when Africa and Eastern Asia are ready for exploitation. It is expected that another year will see the opening of an intensive drive upon China. Once the sleeping giant is awakened, American producers believe they will have their hands full catering to the 400,000,000 potential motion picture fans. Except in the larger coastal cities, motion pictures are unknown in China. But that part of China that has had its taste of the movies is showing such an increasing appetite as to bring joy to the American producer, who can see millions of dollars ready to be harvested from films that long since have lived out their allotted span of usefulness in America and other countries. The Chinese fan looks upon the dashing cowboy as America's foremost citizen, which accounts for the popularity of this type of film in the Far East.

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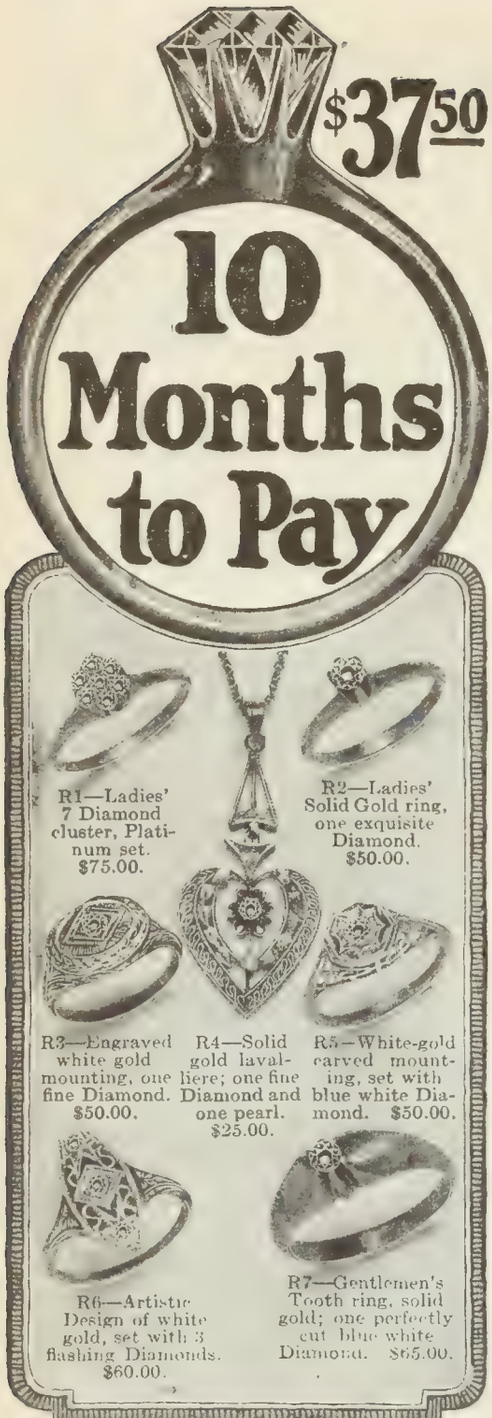

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Dollars and the Woman

(Continued from page 40)

"I learned at the hospital that someone paid your bill, Madge. You told me that no one did it. That was not true."

Madge looked at Dan in silence.

"And then I found this," Dan continued, producing the cancelled check.

"I paid nothing at the hospital. Neither did Mr. Crewe. That check was for—another matter." For a moment she was tempted to tell him the truth, but decided not.

"Some one paid, I tell you! And why not Crewe? He was your old sweetheart," Dan continued, beside himself with jealousy and rage. "But how did you repay the rest? This would not have paid your bills for a week. Men like Crewe don't pay bills for women they love without a reason—and wives don't lie without—"

Madge looked into the white face and the blood-shot eyes of her husband with evident loathing.

"Go!" she said between taut lips. "If you don't, I—I think I shall kill you!"

Dan took his hat, and went out, leaving her alone.

* * * *

ARTHUR CREWE, arriving at the Hillyer door a few minutes later, came just in time to interrupt Madge in the act of throwing all her clothes and those of the baby into bags and trunks. Dan's distrust of her had killed all the love she had for him. She was going to leave him—to find a place where she might have peace.

"Why did you come?" Madge asked angrily of Crewe.

"Because I cannot bear to see you unhappy in spite of my sacrifices," he answered quietly. "It was to save your life that I demanded the $300, Madge. I made you despise me, so that you would fight for your life. Otherwise you never would have pulled through. I never would have told you—in my heart I had given you up forever—but Madge, Madge, I saw how unhappy your were last night. You must come with me, dear. You could not earn a living. I want you to go to my sister till you can get a divorce. Then I want you to marry me."

Madge's expression changed from loathing to wonder as Crewe talked, then her eyes filled with tears.

"I don't ask your love. I won't force mine on you," Crewe added gently. "I just ask for the right to make you happy."

Dan, entering the hall door with his pass key, heard the last words.

"Your wife is leaving you," Crewe said, turning to Dan. "I have asked her to divorce you and marry me."

Dan turned to Madge. His walk in the air had calmed him.

"Yes," she said hysterically, "I am going. I wanted to get away before you came back."

Dan went to the desk and got his revolver, then broke it, took out the cartridges and handed the gun to Crewe.

"My temper is none too sweet at times," he said. "There will be no scene unless you make it, Mr. Crewe. Now as I understand it, you wish to marry Mrs. Hillyer to atone—"

"I wish to marry her because I love her. In her case there can be no question of atonement, and if you were not an utter fool you'd know it," answered Crewe.

"But why did my wife give you this?" Dan held out the check.

"It was money she borrowed to send you West. The money she drew from the bank was stolen on the way home."

"Then who paid the hospital expenses?" Dan demanded.

"I did," answered Crewe. It was Madge's turn for bewilderment now.

"That was a matter of which your wife was entirely ignorant."

There was silence in the little room, then Dan Hillyer spoke.

"Crewe, if Madge decides to marry you, she'll get a *man,* a real man clear down to the ground."

It was several moments before Madge raised her voice.

"You will understand, Dan," she said, "that when I leave you, I shall go wholly out of your life. If the baby is to be with me, you can never see him."

"He belongs to you. You would not be happy without him," Dan replied. "I have been selfish enough. I have nothing more to say."

Madge looked for a moment at her husband. The thought that Dan was willing to make this sacrifice for her, that he was willing to give up his child as well as her for her happiness' sake, proved that he loved her—and her old love for him came tumbling over the barriers.

"Arthur," she said, turning to Crewe, "you have sacrificed much for me, but could you do—what he has done?"

Arthur Crewe was too honest to pretend. He turned away and went out silently as Madge found her old happy place in Dan's arms.

"I don't care if you spend everything you have," she whispered in his ear.

"Spend? Why, I'm a miser from now on. I'll choke the Indian on every penny I get," answered Dan Hillyer. And he kissed her.

* * * *

BUT neither Madge nor Dan ever knew that the reason for Colonel Barnard's change of mind over night in regard to the smelter process patent was an order that came from certain directors of the company in New York, who demanded that the deal be closed—and that the reason back of the directors was a rich young man named Arthur Crewe.

Ave et Vale

THE great clock in the courthouse struck the mystic hour of twelve. The city was as silent as the age-wreathed column of Karnak or the sad-eyed lion that keeps constant tryst with the immortal dead upon the sand-strewn plains of Troy.

Hushed was the plaint of traffic; mute the voice of discord and stilled the clamor of golden commerce. Policemen stood upon the streets as motionless as the marble caryatides that forever guard the pulseless sleep of the great Napoleon.

A shower was falling, such a rain as chilled the ardor of the noble Ten Thousand ere the glad cry, "Thassala! Thassala! The sea! The sea!" burst from the home-hungry hearts and sand-parched lips of the followers of Thucydides. Still the rain fell! It was Niobe, the great Nature-mother mourning over the death of her loved and lost. All earth felt the solemnity of the hour: the halcyonic calm, for the great photoplay actress had lost her wad of chewing gum and nothing could be done in the studio until it was found.

The Lonely Princess

(Continued from page 46)

not conceit. But consider that she was New York's best-known child star in "The Littlest Rebel," with these Corsican brothers, William and Dustin Farnum. She was in other classics of the old legitimate with such stars as Mrs. Fiske, Robert Hilliard and Kalich. But if you think Mary never had any but an easy row to hoe—

Mary's only real hobby is her sister, Margaret Shelby. Mary is convinced she will some day be a singer in the Metropolitan. Margaret is to go abroad, to study music. The things Mary herself would love to have, has dreamed about and denied, turned over and over in her serious mind, she has given to Margaret. Last Christmas, she gave her an automobile she wanted herself. She admires Margaret for her sense of humor and her youthfulness. Mary herself, the personification of youth, is not young at all. Of course if she were really young, she could not portray youth so well.

An odd little mind she has, too. She knows more about the law than some lawyers. She knows her ancient history, her medieval and modern history. She can give you dates and statistics. Talk to her, for an hour, and you will leave her feeling that it must have taken more than a hundred years to learn all that she knows. She has a well-oiled mind, but she is not a parrot. Anyone can recite dates and statistics; not everyone can argue about them.

The world in general, particularly the professional world, unconsciously cherishes resentment against Mary Miles Minter. Her success has seemed to come to her; she has risen so easily. She has never gone through a period of theatrical idleness; her services, once she was established, have always been more or less in demand. And she has always been guarded, cherished, protected. But don't think that she has not struggled—though her "struggles" may have been mental. It has been harder for her, surrounded and protected always by a good and devoted mother and family, to keep her own viewpoint, her own individuality, than it would have been had she starved to succeed. She has a fine mind; she has her own ideas—not for the world; she has protected her personality even as her mother protected her material being. That she has succeeded up to this point would seem to mean real success; she is well on the way to do some good honest work, to attain some good honest ambition.

She may never be great; but when I sit and talk to her I feel that there is in her the indomitable quality which makes for greatness. Such a tiny little girl—and such a fund of knowledge, of common-sense! Fluffy ingenue she is not; that she acts the part now does not mean that she will always act it.

Her career is pretty well-known; besides, it is not with Miss Minter's past performances with which we are concerned. She has proved her place in the theatre and in the films. It is with her future—the future of the girl in whom Adolph Zukor has such faith that he predicts for her a throne like Mary Pickford's—that we are concerned. Will she be a future queen of the movies? Will Mary Miles Minter live up to the prophecies made for her? Or will she, like our conventional princess of the fairy-tale, listen to the wooing of some future fairy prince (note: he will *not* be an actor) and ride off with him to a conventional kingdom of her own and live happily ever after?

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Broadway's Royal Family

(Continued from page 33)

personal, but Ethel Barrymore was never censorious.

She had returned from a week-end at a magnificent country estate. She told the story of the visit. She told us of the magnificence of the house, the splendor of the furnishings.

"But the hostess?" we asked.

"She is very charming, but she is one of the kind of women who is always expecting compliments and trying to extract them from the men. It is tiresome." She added contritely: "But I shouldn't have said that."

Even the lodging-house cat, a huge, lumbering beast in a Maltese coat, that had been brought from England, was the object of her scrutiny and interest. I passed her one day on the stairs. She held the beast in her arms and admonished him.

"You are more like a dog than a cat. You must remember that you are a cat," he adjured. "We must all remember what we are."

Anyone of the horde of admiring girls she accumulated might have studied Ethel Barrymore as a model of tact. Her smile was always ready. If she said little she never said the wrong thing.

A whirlwind woman caught her up in a storm of enthusiasm.

"A girl who crosses herself when she speaks your name has been raised to a seventh heaven. She is transported because while you were away she rented your room. I think she said her prayers to your picture. You remember her of course? She says she knows you. Her name is Carey?"

The Barrymore smile and Barrymore graciousness were in evidence. Ethel sat on the edge of her bed and smiled and smiled. I, who witnessed the breezy call and the speaker's exit, was sure Miss Barrymore had known the woman who rented her room and slept in the bed made sacred by her. Not knowing the breadth and depth and height of her tact I was unprepared for her calm inquiry:

"Who the devil is Carey?"

Outwardly serene, the young actress whose future loomed larger and more brilliant than she knew was a victim of inward nervousness. She played *Mme. Trentoni* with firmness and authority while older members of her company marvelled at her poise. She would hurry home and order a cab.

"I can't sleep. I must drive and wear off this nervousness," she would say. Her cousin, Georgia Mendum, who had begun her stage career as maid in "Catherine," and who abode with her, was her companion in the sleep-wooing drives. Or one of her brothers, the big one Lionel, or the boy Jack, would climb into the hansom beside her to woo the air that quiets aching nerves.

In consequence she was not visible before noon. She breakfasted in bed on fruit and coffee. She ate an orange and sipped her coffee while reading her letters. There was a huge heap of the letters, invitations for the most part, but bills too, for she was the self-constituted treasurer of the family. Lionel was not then launched in his successful career. Jack was a slim, pale, handsome boy, an inveterate borrower of quarters.

Her father, who had transmitted to her his brilliance and good looks, was slowly dying in a hospital in Long Island.

"It's a shame that that girl should bear the heavy expense of Barry's keep at the hospital," said a Lamb looking out the window and across the street. "Let's do something for him ourselves, if only in memory of his jokes. They were priceless."

The offer was repeated to Maurice Barrymore's daughter.

"No," was her answer. "Thank you, no."

No one had the temerity to urge.

"It's like her. She's a thoroughbred," said one of the most famous Lambs. "Don't you remember her cross-continent funeral journey when she was fifteen? She had been in Southern California with her mother. Georgie Drew Barrymore was dying. She wanted her daughter with her. The boys were in school. Barry was playing in the East. The girl started back to Philadelphia alone with her mother's body. At every long stop she would get out and go back and stand beside the baggage car. She made the journey alone. When she arrived with the remains and persons talked to her about the experience she only said: 'Mme. Modjeska was in California. She was very kind to me.'"

Deep inborn reticence is one of her dominant characteristics. No dowager of Mayfair dislikes scenes more than does she. Our landlady of the memorable lodging-house had a peppery temper and a rebel tongue, as Miss Barrymore, with all other dwellers beneath her roof, knew.

Came the time when Miss Barrymore had prospered sufficiently to justify her in moving to ampler quarters. A servant brought the news: "Miss Barrymore is packing up to go away."

The landlady climbed the stairs. She rapped resoundingly on the door.

"I hear you are going to move, Miss Barrymore."

"Move? Not at all. I'm going to lie right here where I am for a long time," was the smiling answer.

That afternoon she arose and dressed and went for a walk. The walk ended at her new domicile. A half hour after her departure a drayman called for the trunk. The landlady, exasperated, climbed to the Barrymore door once more. Three trunks were packed, locked, strapped. On one of them lay a letter. Beside the letter was a box of the long stemmed roses which, as often happened, the popular young actress had not opened.

The landlady opened the envelope to find a check for her reckoning and a card bearing the message: "So sorry. But I hate to say Goodbye."

Out of this girl of soft speech and conquering smiles gradually evolved a definite woman, yet one in whom the girl's characteristics endured. One sees her at roof restaurants after a play. I saw her at a dance given by Blanche Bates at the Club de Vingt, where she did not sit out a dance. In the garage which Mrs. William Courtenay (Virginia Harned) periodically converts into a ball-room I have seen her sit long at the piano playing for a hundred of the Courtenay's dancing friends. She goes to teas for charity and teas for chat. She and Grace Weiderseim, the artist and creator of fantastic child figures, met and embraced at a Fifth Avenue home.

Daniel Frohman escorting Miss Barrymore said: "I want you two to know each other."

"O Uncle Dan," Miss Barrymore said with her fascinatingly dragging speech, "I know that girl. How I know her! We knew each other in school in Philadelphia umptyum years ago. She hasn't changed a bit except in length of skirts."

Mingling is obedience to her creed. "I believe that an actress ought to go everywhere and see everything and know everyone," she informed me. "She portrays life. To portray it she must know it."

Ethel Barrymore is quite capable of ad-

Broadway's Royal Family

(Concluded)

miring other women. And generous enough to express that admiration. Seeing Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way," she said: "The Venus de Milo has found her arms."

Maxine Elliott's beauty is one of Miss Barrymore's enduring enthusiasms. Miss Elliott's midnight orbs being a subject of discussion, the question was raised about the reality of the dusky shadow that lies ever beneath them as though cast by their purple blackness.

"Certainly it is real." She spoke more quickly than usual and with more emphasis. "I have seen her wake up. I know she does not make up."

A survival of the girl Ethel Barrymore in the woman is her habit of rest. "The way to rest is to lie in bed. A doctor told me that. When I am tired I go to bed. And I stay there until I am rested."

A habit that has caused anguished folk to cry "anathema!" The habit of remaining in bed until rested cannonades her day's programme and rends her engagement book as the Huns rent the Cathedrals of France.

Very amiably she consents to pose for special photographs. The person who has arranged the appointment with the photographer arrives at the agreed upon studio. He and the photographer pretend to entertain each other with anecdotes, the while casting occasional furtive glances at the clock. A half hour passes. An hour. Another half hour.

"Ought we not phone?" asks one.

"Perhaps we should. There may have been an automobile accident. You know she has to come from her home in Mamroneck."

Anxious phoning. A British butler's voice answers with a butler's majesty.

"Mrs. Colt is still in bed. No sir. I cannot call her. She left word that she was not to be disturbed."

The recording angel would never enter in the celestial ledger the virtues "system" or "punctuality" after her illustrious name. If these were the keys to heaven she could never pass her celestial life in Paradise.

(In the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Miss Patterson will tell more of Ethel Barrymore's remarkable character, of her children and of her brothers, Lionel and Jack.)

Just Speechless

T. ROY BARNES is working out on the Goldwyn lot in Culver City. When he isn't on the "set" playing he can be found with a group around him, telling a funny story of which the following is a sample:

"A man rushed into a wet goods place in Mexicali the other day, giving every evidence of having made a quick trip across the Mexican border. He ran up to the bar, and scribbled on a pad which he pulled from his pocket:

"'Give me a drink of whisky.'

"The bartender followed instructions and almost immediately the man wrote:

"'Give me another drink of whisky.'

"The second drink followed the first. Then the man wrote on the pad:

"'How much do I owe you?'

"The bartender took the pencil and wrote under the question:

"'That's all right. I don't want any money from deaf and dumb folks.'

"The man made a desperate effort to speak and finally managed to say:

"'Deaf and dumb nothing! I'm from Los Angeles and my throat was so dry I couldn't talk.'"

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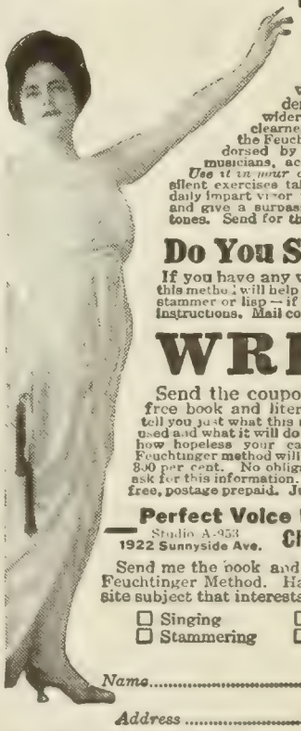

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What Do You Think?

Letters from PHOTOPLAY readers are invited by the editor. They should be not more than three hundred words in length, and must have attached the writer's name and address.

An Open Letter to Alice.

My dear Miss Brady:

Apropos of your letter in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY, have you ever put your plan of clothing yourself on $5 per into practice? The figures, to me, were so absolutely ridiculous and inconsistent I wondered if that was just a press-agent yarn or the result of actual experience. If the former—well, the story hasn't aroused much enthusiastic comment from anyone I know, and if the latter, I should be only too glad to learn the details, for, you see, I myself have tried to devise ways and means to make ends meet without much success, and these helpful suggestions one reads now and again in various newspapers are rather amusing, to say the least.

Because a girl longs for something more than a mere "union suit at $1.00 each" and Georgette waists instead of the attractive lawn ones you suggest, does that necessarily imply that she aspires to be a "little daughter of the rich?"

But to get down to bare facts—the actual figures you have down—where can one buy sufficient stockings for $6 that will last a year? And just what is meant by a "storm coat?" Where is the store now that sells comfortable, well-wearing shoes that will guarantee to keep you in them for $30 yearly? The storm coat and the $10 hats are to be considered luxuries rather than actual necessities when compared with the aforesaid union suits and lawn waists. Does one eat and sleep in that one suit?

And what does one do the first year while the $5 per is accumulating? Ten weeks savings to buy a suit, if one takes one item at a time, and at the end of that ten weeks what is the condition of one's wardrobe? Pleasant prospects! It is so easy to juggle with a handful of figures and map out other people's expenses when one is drawing a most comfortable income, but would you—and *could* you honestly put your scheme into practice?

More information on this most interesting problem would be appreciated by

One who is still struggling to solve it—
KATHLEEN HUNT.

No Discrepancy Hound, BUT—

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Sir:

In justice to "high brows, and those who think they are high brows," is it not a fact that unfavorable comment and "brick throwing" at motion pictures is not confined exclusively to the incredulous, but is indulged in to a considerable extent by the confirmed picture-patron and others as well?

Education, a knowledge of literature and the fundamentals from a-b-c to the classics, or arithmetic from simple addition to quadratic equations, or higher mathematics, have nothing whatever to do with the case, but inconsistencies in the pictures themselves are mainly responsible, and for obvious and well defined reasons.

As an instance: there occurred, not long ago, in a prominent motion picture theater, a visualized play, very mediocre in character, in which the heroine is represented to be on an errand of mercy, when suddenly she poses in a doorway to the home of a supposed to be indigent family, bearing a large basket of eatables and other essentials. The costume of this particular character consisted chiefly of a modish coat and a most conspicuous picture hat of huge proportions, trimmed with a fringing of small white feathers, the affair topped off with an enormous white plume that shook serenely in the onerous silence. The scene was so amazingly ridiculous, that a small boy in the audience, quickly comprehending the significance of the absurd situation, piped out in a loud shrill voice: "Merry Christmas!" His interpretation of the vision was quite infectious, and it became necessary for the management to turn on the lights before the uproar that followed was quelled.

In tropical pictures we sometimes find the heroine comfortably walking about clad in a becoming costume seen any cold day on Fifth Avenue, New York, while the native populace find it difficult to keep cool in a paucity of clothing. In the frigid North, the heroine occasionally appears unconcernedly moving about in the snow, thinly gowned and minus a coat, while others close by are clad "Eskimo" fashion to keep them from freezing.

It quite frequently happens that the hero, having rescued his sweetheart from a watery grave, triumphantly carries her dripping to a waiting automobile in which they ride "bone dry" to a safe haven of refuge. In arid regions of the West we find sometimes the cattle ranch surrounded by an attractive fence, while in the yard and about the premises there is a profusion of shrubs and trees indigenous to the Middle States, or the East.

However, these discrepancies in the motion picture are not regarded seriously by most people, but are attributed, of course, to a lack of knowledge, or carelessness, on the part of an incompetent director. Nevertheless, occurring frequently, they are exceedingly harmful to the art, and cannot be dismissed with the excuse that they are "bent poker" incidents, or typographical errors of the business; they are too glaring for that, and the "discrepancy hound," always on the alert, is quick to grasp the significance of the situation, and the prestige of the begetter suffers in consequence.

To picturize successfully the writings of Scott, Hugo, Dickens, Shakespeare, Thackeray, and scores of other inspired authors can be, with a few exceptions, but a futile effort. The sublime expressive sentiment, the pathos, and "technique" of these noble

What Do You Think?

(Continued)

old masterpieces of fiction would present only an incongruous vision of the idea the author intends to convey; hence it is by word of mouth or reading that they are elaborated and understood in the mental picture so vividly drawn by these gifted writers.

The motion picture of today is a magic and most pleasing diversion, bringing to the very doorstep instructive and interesting features, that many people could not see or experience in any other way or fashion.

As a scientific achievement the motion picture stands on a firm pedestal of its own, and any adverse criticism leveled at it should have as little effect on its future as the yapping of a vicious dog can have on a rapidly moving express train, with which it runs and races, hoping to overtake and annihilate.

HENRY C. PAIGE.

It Sometimes Happens

INTO a picture show I went, to spend an hour or two,
The lights went out, and on the screen, there flashed upon my view—
Gazoophus Piddle Papp presents, Miss Sassafrassa Crow,
Assisted by Jules Stoople Gunk—in—"Did she love him?—No."
Scenario by L. Wopper Guff
Adapted from "It's all a bluff,"
Directed by Chimpazzle Chuff,
The photos by Jazz Snow.

Art titles made by Guzzle Flitt,
And ladies' hats by Lott,
The gowns by Zeetle, Zigg, and Zitt
(Their gowns are such a perfect fit)
"Vamp" shoes, "Bears" furs, that ended it, but here's what they forgot. .

They mentioned nothing of the make,
Of collars, sox, or Christmas cake,
No word of whether Jules S. Gunk,
Packed all his wardrobe in a trunk,
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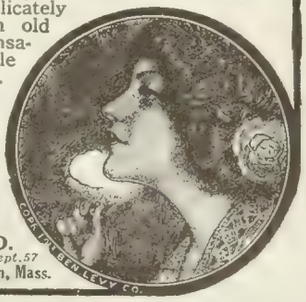

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And She was a Viking's Daughter

By A. B. BERND

THREE volumes of "art" photographs got a job for the Baroness Brunhilde de Retz. One hundred and fifty pictures of herself, posed in the flowing veil and the glowing hair, finished in black and white or sepia or red or mellow blue, snapped by the most renowned camera artists of the world, handsomely mounted and glued in her big leather scrap-books,—these little things urged Terry Donovan into making the contract to which she affixed her signature.

The Baroness was "there," Donovan argued. Beauty and grace of form were proved in those pictures; if she "screened" half as well, a fortune awaited the producer who signed her. With the double attraction of a noble name and a noble figure, she could make even a poor picture profitable.

Whereupon it was stipulated in the bond that she should make one photodrama for Donovan at a good salary. If he liked it, he had the option of signing her for a term of years at a four-digit sum. She should be starred in the production under her name of the Baroness de Retz. Terry, knowing human nature, realized the attraction which a title exercises over us democratic Americans.

"Give me something that's half naked," he said to his scenario chief. "Her title will attract women and her figure attract men. If her first film succeeds, she's made."

"I've been working on Ibsen's Lady from the Sea,'" said the chief. "We'll play up the ocean and beach stuff, change the name, refuse credit to Ibsen, and magnify sex interest. I can do it."

And he did. As "A Mother's Trial," the feature was handed to Director Jimmy Batty, with instructions to "make it snappy." The Baroness, her husband, her dog, her maid, several non-essential members of the cast, the director, his staff, a scanty wardrobe, and a couple of cameras, moved to Bar Harbor. They were going to start the film with ocean scenes.

Three days later they were back in New York.

"Say, she's a hunk of cheese," confided the director's assistant as soon as he could rush to friends in the publicity office. "Legs? She ain't got none. Act? She never heard the word. Brains? You could put 'em in your eye. But nerve,—well, that's all she has got."

Under a rapid fire of questions from editors, writers, stenographers and office boys, he told his story:

No one had asked the Baroness whether she could swim. When she made no objection to the story offered her, natatorial ability was taken for granted. On the first day of filming, she was instructed to dive from a rock into the ocean. It was the sort of thing any seashore child could have done. And the Baroness Brunhilde de Retz was said to be descended from a long line of Scandinavian sea-rovers. (Her scrapbooks announced that the Baron had proposed o'er the grave of the melancholy Dane.)

She was descended from a long line.

Without objection Brunhilde dived. Rather, she jumped; for the most amateur Kellermann would have been shamed at such a leap. She struck the water, cameras grinding. She disappeared. A moment later, she came up, gasping for breath, and crying to those on shore. They didn't understand. She went down again. When she came up, almost senseless, the Baron himself leapt in, seized her and dragged her to safety.

Then the truth appeared. She could not swim.

"I won't change the picture," said Donovan when he heard the story. "We'll teach her to swim. She'll need to know it for other features."

Palisades Amusement Park was not far from the Fort Lee studio. To it, the Baroness began going each morning. An instructor taught her the gentle art of keeping afloat. In the afternoons, she worked before the camera on indoor scenes. The ocean episodes were postponed until the last.

One afternoon, Donovan walked into the projection room to see some of the work she had done. He came out wild-eyed.

"Where is her beautiful figure?" he wailed. "Where is the grace and charm she showed in her scrap-books?"

He found the answer when he saw the books again. The retoucher's pencil had aided. Ugly lines had given place to luxurious curves; bony ankles had been filled out; a close scrutiny revealed how the

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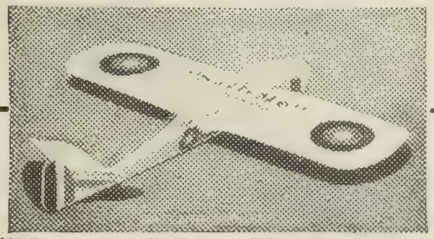

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And She Was a Viking's Daughter

(Continued)

photographer's artist had made beauty grow where there was none. Donovan began to think that the Baroness would not be the enormous success he had hoped.

Then came the climax. Publicity department had been busy for weeks preparing elaborate press books on "A Mother's Trial." They had emphasized the highly titled lady who played its leading role. The first copy of an expensive advertising sheet lay on the editor's desk when the Baron and his wife entered the office.

They looked at it.

"'Donovan Films, Inc., present the BARONESS DE RETZ in "A Mother's Trial,"'" they read; and immediately retired to a corner for consultation.

"You musn't say that," cried the Baron to the editor. "Don't call her 'Baroness.' We don't like to commercialize our title. Call her 'Brunhilde,' and omit 'Baroness.'"

"Sorry," said the editor. "Orders. From the front office. You'll have to see Donovan."

Which they did. They saw him for two solid hours, two golden hours during which various press sheets were being printed which were later to be destroyed. At the end of that time, Baron and Baroness took the elevator to the street. Terry Donovan burst into the publicity office. Because he had shifted his quid of tobacco from left jaw to right, the editor knew he was angry.

"Tear up all your copy on 'A Mother's Trial,'" he stormed. "If you've printed anything, throw it away. I'll send you down new billing."

In the calmer hours, it came.

"Donovan Films, Inc., present 'A Mother's Trial,' with Warren Grande and an all-star cast."

Furthermore orders stipulated that all mention of the Baroness was to be deleted and all pictures of her thrown out. In the cast of characters she was to be mentioned merely as 'Brunhilde.' No other reference was to be made.

"Warren Grande?" the director's assistant said when asked about him. "Oh, he's some unimportant slob that plays in three or four scenes. Of course there ain't no stars in the thing. The biggest part is played by the Baroness.

"Only she ain't a Baroness. She got scared when she saw it printed in your advertising book. She was a Swede servant girl and her husband was a life saver at Coney Island. Sure, Donovan knew it all the time."

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARIE, CANADA.—House Peters is still in pictures. His recent release was "Love, Honor and Obey" in which he starred. Address Brunton Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. Elsie Ferguson is thirty-seven and married to a man in private life. Ah, Marie, thank you for your expression of love. I am quite, quite fussed. I know not ze French.

M. L., PITTSBURGH.—Your Irishman, Eugene O'Brien, was born in Denver—but write to him anyway. If one went to Fort Lee would one meet the film stars? I don't know about stars—but I do know about ferries, and rocky roads, and slow street-cars—I went to Fort Lee once. O'Brien, Selznick, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

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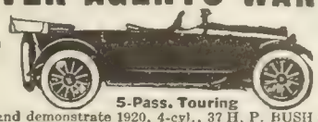

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

GOLDEN GLOW.—Elsie Ferguson is married to Thomas B. Clark, Jr. He is not of the theatre or film world. I can't account for that wistful expression except that she is a deep thinker in life, and all deep thinkers are inclined to be wistful. Life's a hard nut to crack. Elliot Dexter has been ill, but he's now in great shape and coming back to the screen. I side-step expressing opinions about lovely ladies. Let me out on this, won't you, golden glow?

S. B., MANILA.—Bebe Daniels is not married. I'm all with you in your admiration. Nor is Pearl White married. She never told the old Answer Man her age. Suppose you write her at Bayside, Long Island, and ask her? It isn't a case of who *is* the most beautiful actress; rather, it's who *are* the most beautiful actresses.

S. B., ENGLAND.—Come, come—you don't really expect me to remember you when you identify yourself simply and solely as "the young lady who wrote you a month ago asking about Sessue Hayakawa." The Japanese actor is a good deal more sought-after than you would seem to imply. He was born in Nippon and educated both in his native country and in America. He is married to Tsuru Aoki, the charming little Universal star. Hayakawa is an intelligent and well-read man, I hear, and takes an interest in music and other arts besides his own profession. I don't know him personally. Thanks for wishing PHOTOPLAY continued popularity. Same to you.

M. L. S., IND.—Yes, a third sister is Natalie. She is going to have an important part with Constance in "The Love Expert." In answer to what you ask about Norma, I would say most emphatically "Rather not." She'll enhance the screen for an aeon to come, we hope. I don't know how he has escaped, but Eugene O'Brien is not married. Harrison Ford is divorced.

M. RUBY S., ENID.—Almost every play has its dope-fiend. We might call him, if we care to be facetious, the playwrights' protest against prohibition. After asking me about two dozen questions about the lady, you confide to me that you are simply crazy about Norma Talmadge. Kitty Gordon's play, "Lady Kitty, Inc.," didn't get very far; it failed. You cannot have my picture.

MARY CARR, ANN ARBOR.—Your letters always cheer me; you are a delightful—writer, at any rate. I should certainly follow my artistic talents if I were you, Mary. If a man can build a better mouse-trap—you know the rest. But I am sure I would never get well if you were administering to me in your dainty cap and apron. Let me know which you decide to be: if a nurse, I'll get sick immediately. If an artist—I'll start a new magazine and buy all your stuff. Please write to me soon again.

JESSIE, TORONTO.—That was Jim Kirkwood you liked so well in "The Eagle's Mate" with Mary Pickford. Jim is a fine upstanding Irishman; he has the leading role of the Irish shoe-maker in "The Luck of the Irish," the Allan Dwan production, and he may be seen soon in Goldwyn's "The Branding Iron." Kirkwood is as good a director as he is an actor, but he is always so much in demand as a leading man, he doesn't have much time to handle a megaphone. He directed "The Eagle's Mate," too, you know; also Mary's "Behind the Scenes" and Jack Pickford's two pictures for First National, "Bill Apperson's Boy" and "In Wrong."

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—I never heard of Eugene pronouncing his last name as they pronounce potatoes in fashionable restaurants, "O-bri-enne." However, I suppose it can be done. I certainly think your getting two photographs and a personal letter each from Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin is good and sufficient proof of your prowess with the pen. But then I didn't need any proof. Pearl White has several cars of her own. I know this is so, although I have never had a ride in any of them. (Adv.) As to your question: when any gossip repeats a slanderous story, *I*—stare her—or him into silence. Try it sometime. Don't stay away so long, again.

WAYNE EDSON, OGDEN, UTAH.—Don't worry about your letter not being friendly enough. Most of them are too deuced friendly to suit me. I weary of the eternal "Sweet Rips" and "Old Dears." Gladys Brockwell in "Flames of the Flesh." I note your suggestion about her. Write to our Circulation Department in Chicago for that information.

HELEN J., MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—My dear child—you are most disturbing! Honestly I don't write books. Call me anything you like; say I am a hopeless low-brow who wears glasses and pink shirts and green ties; but, for Shakespeare's sakes, don't accuse me of being an author. So, you saw Jean Sothern in vaudeville and you want a great big darling picture of her in the art section. That's up to the editor. You'll get your Jack Holt prayer answered in this issue.

ROWENA, L. I.—Where is Ivanhoe? I don't see why some enterprising producer doesn't recreate this Walter Scott romance; it is very adaptable to the screen. We have a series of fashion articles by Norma Talmadge, beginning in this issue. The Elsie Ferguson story on "Good Taste and Clothes" was not a part of the regular fashion department inaugurated by Miss Talmadge. Norma is, I believe, generally considered the best-dressed star on the screen. I don't know much about such things, but Norma always looks good to me.

DOROTHY JUNE, OHIO.—The longest dinner party I ever heard of was one given by a monarch of France and which consisted of 160 courses. I believe this was Louis XIV. Nowadays, we eat a little and dance a little; then eat a little and dance some more. I never get enough to eat. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone, who sometimes appears in pictures. Mabel Normand is not and never has been married. Mabel's latest is "The Slim Princess."

GWENDOLYN, CHICAGO.—I am not staying awake nights worrying about whether we'll be able to communicate with Mars. If it were Venus, now—Conway Tearle is to be starred by a California company; his wife is Adele Rowland, at present appearing on the New York stage in "Irene," which musical comedy role Edith Day created.

IRENE, NEWTON, MASS.—I have seen John Barrymore in "Richard III." He gives an impressive performance. But as one critic remarked, "I enjoyed the first five hours of Richard." It's an exceedingly long play. Pearl White questions answered elsewhere.

M. V., NEWARK.—You ask if Mary Pickford didn't take off two parts in "Stella Maris" and, presuming that you mean did she play two roles, my answer is yes.

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- ☐ Telegraph Engineer
- ☐ Telephone Work
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- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
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- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
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- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ Window Trimmer
- ☐ Show Card Writer
- ☐ Sign Painter
- ☐ Railroad Trainman
- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Private Secretary
- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
- ☐ Stenographer and Typist
- ☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
- ☐ Railway Accountant
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ GOOD ENGLISH
- ☐ Teacher
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

MERCIA, SIOUX CITY.—There's a woman in almost every case—that is, watch case. We do not answer questions about religion. Ethel and Marguerite Clayton are not related. Clarine Seymour, Griffith studios, Mamaroneck. Ethel Clayton, Lasky studios, Hollywood.

B. LAMB, HAYWARD, CAL.—Where can you go to learn all about how to become a movie star? I don't know, little Lamb.

LOIS, OF IDAHO.—Why, the largest airplane I have heard of, carries one hundred passengers. I have been up, but only once, and we didn't do any spiral twisting or nose-diving or looping the loop, so I might just as well have spared the aviator his trouble, and gone to see "The Great Air Robbery" again. Robert Ellis, now a director with Ollie Thomas in "The Spite Bride." Nazimova has no children. Grace Cunard has come back—again—in a series of two-reel comedies. Yep—I know Antonio Moreno. He's one of the most eligible young stars on the screen—but he's very elusive, Tony is.

MARY B., CARSON, IOWA.—I haven't even been able to buy myself a new necktie this spring. I have been so harassed by collections of various sorts. I have sympathy for the needy, I assure you—in fact, have *nothing* but sympathy for them. Priscilla Dean is married to Wheeler Oakman; Tom Mix to Victoria Forde, daughter of Eugenie. George Walsh was married to Seena Owen; they have a little girl. Divorced. R. A. Walsh is Miriam Cooper's husband—Miriam, the dusky "Evangeline" and "The Friendless One" of Griffith's "Intolerance."

SUSIE, VICTOR, COL.—What do you mean—will I "let a stranger ask a few questions?" Do you honestly think I am personally acquainted with everyone who writes to me? I'd like to be, but I really haven't the time. William S. Hart isn't, has no intentions of being, and never was married. I am very sure he will send you his photograph. He writes books in addition to scenarios. His newest screen story, "The Toll Gate," which PHOTOPLAY carried in fiction form, is by Hart and his director Lambert Hillyer.

FRANCES BRAWNER, HOPKINSVILLE.—You ask me if I can detect any signs of genius in your handwriting. My dear girl, I am not a detective, but an Answer Man. Anita Stewart, who is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron in private life, lives with her husband, her mother, and her younger brother George, in a nice home in a mountain-top within motoring distance of Los Angeles. Brother George, by the way, has been doing a picture with Douglas Fairbanks. Cameron played in a Vitagraph picture or two with his wife; he is now her business manager. Constance Talmadge has her own company, working at the Talmadge studios, which she shares with sister Norma. Joseph Schenck, Norma's husband, manages both the girls, but they release their pictures through First National. Now I hope I've told you everything you were thirsting to know. I'm glad I can do something in that direction—not many thirsts are quenched these days.

M. BETTY A., CAIRO.—I have heard the song and tasted the corn-syrup, but I have never been in Cairo, Illinois. I see I shall—now that I have heard from you—have to mend my ways. I can't answer your question; I'd advise you to write to the Postmaster, Los Angeles, California.

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